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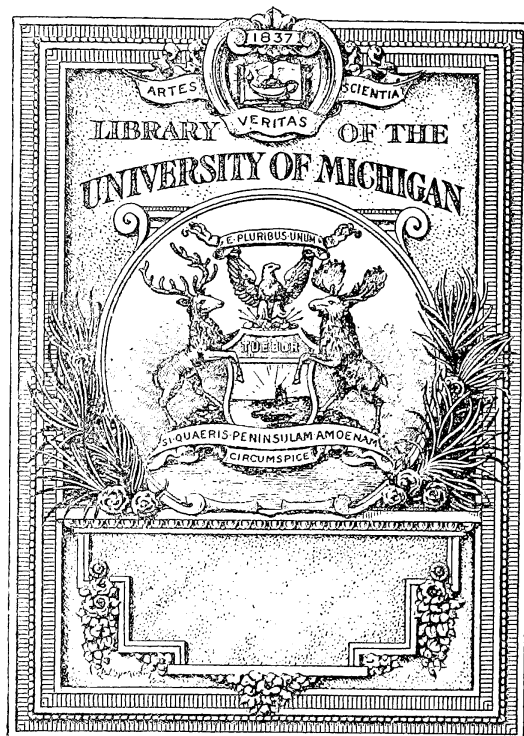
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MACMILLAN'S  
MAGAZINE

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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE



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W. J. LINTON, S<sup>r</sup>



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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

## THE NAVY.

BY E. J. REED, C.B.

It is no longer possible to take up one's pen to write upon "the Navy" without pain and humiliation. For a long time to come we shall be unable to hear even the name pronounced without finding the mind involuntarily revert to that melancholy night off Finisterre, in which a perfectly new and highly extolled British man-of-war turned quietly over, and went to the bottom, with five hundred souls on board of her. There have been tragedies at sea in which lives as precious and more numerous have been sacrificed, and although the finished *Captain* cost nearly £400,000, and therefore exceeded in value a whole squadron of such ships as Nelson fought with, more treasure has sometimes been sunk at sea than went down with her. But the greatness of the tragedy in her case lay in the needless nature of the sacrifice, and in the magnitude of the dangers to which, as her loss now reveals even to the least observant, the Navy has been and henceforth is exposed. If there were ground for hope that the capsizing and foundering of the *Captain* would at once fully convert all the influential advocates and admirers of dangerous types of ships, and give to science its just weight in naval affairs, her loss would not be too high a price to pay for that result. But the turret-ship agitation

has spread too widely, and won too many supporters in high places, to justify the hope that the present Revenge of Science will suffice; and I, for one—possessing, as I may safely say, a fuller knowledge of the danger than the public can possibly possess—feel bound to express my apprehension that we may have witnessed but the first of a succession of naval tragedies.

Let us briefly recall the circumstances. Captain Coles was, in England, the reputed inventor of the turret system of mounting naval guns—a system having some advantages and some disadvantages, the number and magnitude of the latter increasing greatly when the system came to be applied to sea-going ships. In the Press, and in Parliament likewise, turret-ships found, however, many advocates, for sea-going as well as for harbour purposes; and as numerous naval officers likewise enrolled themselves on the same side, and declared it desirable to build a sea-going ship of the kind, the Government determined to make the experiment, if it could be made with safety. It became my duty to state that it was an experiment which *could* be made with safety, and to design the ship. I saw nothing in the circumstance that the guns were to be placed in revolving turrets to justify the resort in this ship to very much lower

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sides than were usual in other large sea-going iron-clads, although from the central position of the guns some decrease in the height of side appeared practicable. As there was no substantial difference of opinion between the admirals of the Board, the Admiral Controller of the Navy, and myself on the subject, the height was fixed by their Lordships' authority at 14 feet, and my design was prepared accordingly. Captain Coles, however, objected to this height of ship; stated that such a ship would not represent his views; and urged the building of a vessel with a much lower side. He was placed in communication with private persons, who undertook to design such a vessel satisfactorily, and he and they together accordingly produced a design which was found to be free from serious objection in all other respects. Attention was called, however, by myself, after making certain calculations, to the necessity for special care in regulating both the weight and the stability of this vessel. The Admiralty ordered a ship from each design, and named them respectively *Monarch* and *Captain*, the former to be built under official care and responsibility, the latter to be committed to the care and responsibility of others. This is the origin of the two great rival iron-clads. In due time both ships were built and completed, the *Monarch* conforming, as I feel bound to say, with singular exactness to her design, and the *Captain* proving as singularly heavy, and having her turret-deck brought down to within  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet of the water—less than even half the height of the *Monarch's*—a state of things which, in my judgment, put all reasonable hope of her ultimate success, as a sea-going man-of-war, out of the question in many ways. The *Monarch* is admitted by all to have been as successful a sea-going vessel as any of the broadside ships, and is certainly free not only from the particular defect which occasioned the loss of the *Captain*, but also from those other defects which attended the low freeboard of the latter ship, and endangered her in other ways as well.

Up to the fatal night of the 6th of September, the *Captain*, however, was as fortunate as the *Monarch* in her reputation. Captain Coles accepted her, and went to sea in her apparently with the most perfect confidence. The designers and builders did the same. Captain Burgoyne, who was for months watching her completion, and must have known every visible feature of her intimately, professed to be one of her warmest admirers. Nor did confidence in the ship stop here. It rose high, and still higher—higher than I will here mention—and away she went to sea. She joined the Channel Squadron, went well through a moderate gale of wind, won very favourable opinions from the admiral in command, and returned proudly to port with the rest of the ships. She was welcomed with a chorus of praises, and when in the course of service she again sailed with the squadron, the chorus was loudly renewed:

“We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel.  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.”

The triumph of the *Captain* was complete; the defeat of her opponents, of whom I was the first and worst, was no less complete. It was well for the Navy that I was gone from office, and no longer able to resist the multiplication of similar ships. In vain I spoke in the *Times* of the “alarming” nature of the error committed in building the *Captain*: I was told that even the errors made in her contributed to her superiority to all my ships. More definite information of her actual condition reached me at the moment, and I answered that “her stability was compromised;” but the victorious party only saw “animus” and “antagonism” in my suggestions, and would have none of them. The construction of the British Navy had obviously passed out of my hands into the hands of Captain Coles, who better deserved to be trusted. It was only necessary to increase the number of *Captains* largely, and the omnipotence of England would be secured.

For years I had been combating, with

all the advantages of an official position, not the turret system, but the abandonment of scientific principles in its application; and in particular the building of ships with the bad features of this *Captain*; and with no better result than this! For the last year, in particular, the pressure brought to bear upon me in favour of the system had been very great and hard to resist, and added much to that sense of relief with which I relinquished office. The hour of justification would certainly arrive; but for the present—as I had myself no means of calculating her stability in her actual condition, and could not therefore give precise details of her danger—I could only say with Faust—

“Spirit of Contradiction,—well, lead on!”

As my objections to the ship were, however, founded upon the laws of nature and the truths of science, all this clamour—notwithstanding the official character of part of it—did not serve to remove them. On the contrary, I seemed to hear Goethe’s Proetophantasmist:—

“How they beard me, in defiance  
Of every inference of science!  
Friends,<sup>1</sup> I tell you to your faces,  
I will make you know your places.”

It must now be patent to the world that all the confidence in the *Captain* which I have sketched, involving as it did a corresponding depreciation of almost the entire iron-clad navy of this country, and a wanton trampling down of scientific principles, was utterly baseless. It has been admitted in evidence that this vaunted ship—from all charge of which I, as the scientific adviser of the Admiralty, had been carefully excluded—was designed, built, and sent to sea by Captain Coles and his coadjutors without any one taking the trouble to calculate whether she possessed the quality of standing up under her canvas or not, her stability at any but small angles of inclination never having been calculated at all! The calculations of her stability at small angles of inclina-

<sup>1</sup> In Dr. Anster’s version, from which these lines are taken, the word here employed has a letter less than I have written.

tion, which alone were made, of necessity missed altogether the essential feature of her case, viz. the loss of stability after the immersion of the deck commenced. Those gentlemen who in Parliament were continually urging the Government to adopt Captain Coles’ plans never took the trouble to inquire how this was; that little knot of naval officers who pursued a similar course took as little trouble; the “able editors,” who (with more excuse, perhaps) joined them in the same cry, were equally indifferent; and so the thing came to pass as we have seen. To mock at me for requiring conformity to scientific principles was of a piece with this recklessness. And there is this most curious circumstance connected with this tragical affair. The danger of a full-rigged ship with such low sides as the *Captain* actually had—with no side at all worth mentioning when inclined a little—ought to have been suspected by every nautical man who beheld her. I was told, by a naval officer present at the court-martial, that he could not then look at the model of the ship, which was there, without a feeling of horror, so utterly deficient of power to withstand the pressure of her canvas did the ship appear. And yet many a seaman looked at the ship herself without suspecting this obvious danger, so blinding and so baleful is the confidence which public agitation begets, especially when carried into the domain of science.

At the same time there was this truly awful feature in the *Captain’s* case: the stability of the ship was of that nature, that when it failed her it would fail her utterly, and almost without note of warning. Insufficient stability in an ordinary ship usually gives abundant evidence of its existence, and the remedy for it is well known. But it is the fatal quality of a rigged ship with low freeboard that she may give no sign of undue crankness, and may even, on the contrary, give evidence of ample stability under ordinary conditions, and up to a certain angle of inclination, and yet be liable at any moment to find her stability fail her utterly under the freshening of the

breeze or the passing of a squall. And this is precisely what happened with the *Captain*. The confidence of Captain Coles in her, which (from some letters that have been printed) appears to have been seriously shaken by my published descriptions of the dangers of rigged ships with low freeboards, is said to have increased as he saw her stand up well under canvas in moderate winds: if this really be so, it is supremely tragical to think of the height to which his natural pride and enthusiasm in his ship probably rose as he saw her careering successfully along at a considerable inclination under the eyes of his distinguished commander-in-chief, Sir Alexander Milne. But, alas! even in those moments she was rocking on the very verge of perdition, as the eye of science would clearly have discerned. It is this awful proximity of triumph and ruin—this terrible nearness of life-pride and death-peril, in experiments with ships,—this grinning of the skeleton in the very face of the seaman,—that makes me tremble for the future. Little do many of those who are even now expressing their confident opinions upon the turret-ship question dream of the many subtle dangers that beset it, or of the stern responsibilities and obligations which rest upon those who undertake to create and control the navies of the world in these days of change and innovation.

I have dwelt at this length upon the *Captain's* case (notwithstanding Mr. Scott Russell's very able sketch of it, from another point of view, in the last number of this Magazine), because the future of the Navy is greatly involved in it. It is so, first, because the successful construction of the Navy for the future must absolutely depend upon the disposition and ability of the Government to give its confidence to proper persons, and it is easy to see what risks we run in this respect. And unhappily the stronger the Government, the greater is the risk. I have more to say on this head, but the time for saying it is not yet come: I hope, for the credit of the country and the Government, it may

never come. One thing is perfectly certain, viz. that good political administration will not supply the place of scientific skill in the Admiralty offices.

The next consideration is that if the Government is misleadable, there are, unhappily, plenty to mislead it. That limited class of naval officers, who may almost be counted upon the fingers, but who are active and influential out of all proportion to their numbers and professional knowledge, have already been at their dire work in the columns of the newspapers and elsewhere. One maintains that the great fault in the *Captain* was that she had too little beam; another, that she had too much beam; another, that the position of her centre of gravity only was in fault; another, that the ship was not faulty at all, but faultily handled. They are all most anxious to guard the public against accepting scientific views, and they all, or nearly all, appear to entertain two fixed opinions—first that the centre of gravity of a ship is like an article of store, which can be drawn from the dockyard, and stowed on the upper deck, or in the hold, just as may be convenient; and, secondly, that the laws of nature are like a file of marines, and can be ordered about in the same manner, provided only the proper degree of authority be thrown into the word of command.<sup>1</sup>

It is much to be apprehended that some of the more industrious of these gentlemen will ere long be found acting together in favour of some one of the many dangerous forms of the turret-ship which still offer themselves for selection;

<sup>1</sup> The manner in which these gentlemen discuss questions affecting the life and death of thousands of British officers and seamen is well illustrated in the following case:—Rear-Admiral Gardiner Fishbourne found himself so anxious to refute my opinions, which are based upon many years of careful study and experience of this subject, that he wrote a letter, a column and a quarter long, to the *Times*, abounding with figures which were very inaccurate, and at the end said: "I have written off-hand and without any books of reference, and without having given more than a casual thought on the subject for years."

and bring the same insensate pressure to bear upon the Government, through Parliament and the Press, as has proved so disastrous in the present case, the great bulk of the members of the naval service preserving the dignified silence which characterises all but the blatant few.

But it would not be in the least degree fair to the naval service to suppose that members of that profession only will be found among the advocates of fallacious principles and dangerous schemes. That extremely clever and versatile engineer, who by his inventive genius has transformed the iron manufacture of the world, and conferred immense benefits upon all nations—Mr. Henry Bessemer—has furnished a striking example of the lengths to which amateurs may run when they undertake to regulate that great and intricate work, the construction of an iron-clad ship. Mr. Bessemer's scheme<sup>1</sup> has for its object the preservation of the low freeboard in rigged ships, and his method of preventing them from capsizing consists in balancing the topweights by fitting a large mass of iron in a cavity along the line of keel, and lowering it down to a depth of 10 or 12 feet below the keel, by means of massive hydraulic rams, when it is considered necessary, in a gale of wind, for example. That a thoughtful engineer should propose to add to the present accumulation of machinery and heavy weights in an iron-clad cumbrous and costly devices of this nature, for serving such a purpose, is a remarkable circumstance in itself; but I mention the subject here for the purpose of stating that in advocating the proposal he wholly misconceives the very first principles of nautical science. To illustrate this I must quote a few sentences from Mr. Bessemer's letter. He says:—

“As a first condition for stability, it is essential that the centre of gravity of the vessel should in all cases be below the line of flotation. This will insure

the stability of the vessel, so long as the mast is in a vertical position, or nearly so; but the weight of the several parts may nevertheless be so distributed at different distances from metre centre that, on the mast making a considerable angle to the horizon, the centre of gravity may be shifted to a point far above the line of flotation, and then the stability of the vessel will be wholly destroyed, and she would necessarily heel over more and more until she falls on her beam ends. Now, these conditions are but too likely to obtain in ironclad turret-ships, because the chief weight of their armour is above the line of flotation, and the massive turret and guns are placed still higher up, and above all are the heavy masts, easily enough balanced while the vessel remains upright.”

Now, in the first place, it is absolutely wrong in science, and contrary to the commonest experience, to say that it is a condition of stability that the centre of gravity of the vessel should in all cases be below the line of flotation. Thousands of ships and vessels have their centres of gravity above the line of flotation, and have abundant, not unfrequently excessive, stability notwithstanding. Imagine a large raft, very broad as well as long, formed of logs of a light wood, say of somewhat less than one-half the specific gravity of water, the logs composing it being placed close together. Its centre of gravity will obviously be situated at the middle of its depth; its line of flotation will be somewhat lower than the middle of its depth; the former will therefore be above the latter. According to Mr. Bessemer, such a raft will not float flatwise. Or imagine a light wooden or steel barge of rectangular sections, and of large proportionate breadth, with its deck equal in weight to the flat bottom. The centre of gravity of this barge, like that of the raft, will be at half its depth, while the water-line may be much below it. Yet is it not contrary to all experience to say that such a barge must capsize? The fact is, Mr. Bessemer's condition is not a condition imposed by

<sup>1</sup> Published in a letter to the *Times* of September 24th.

science, but is a pure chimera. His later observations, quoted above, appear to imply further that the stability of a vessel, even when his condition is fulfilled, will be greatest at and near the upright position—another radical error; and he also seems to speak of the centre of gravity shifting in a fashion unknown to science. I could go on to fill pages of this Magazine with exhibitions of the fallacies put forward, even since the loss of the *Captain*, for the guidance of the Government; but I have already said enough, probably, to show that the task of the Government still is, as it has heretofore been, to steer a right course, not only

“In spite of rock and tempest’s roar,”  
but also

“In spite of false lights on the shore.”

The next question is, How far are the naval architects of the Admiralty likely to keep sound principles in mind through all the mass of error that surrounds them, and to make a good fight for such principles whenever necessary? Political influence is often hostile to science,—will they fight it? Naval influence is often equally hostile,—will they contest that? Newspaper influence is the same,—will they resist that? I have already spoken highly of the professional skill and education of Mr. Barnaby, Mr. Barnes, and their colleagues at the Admiralty. I well know also that they are as honest and true to principle as they are able. If I had not had long experience of the weight of the demands that will be laid upon them, I should have no doubt about their perfect success. I regretted to observe, however, that a firmer stand was not made by them at the court-martial respecting the absolute danger of the *Captain*, especially with the actual details of her instability in their hands. I must repeat—at the risk of standing almost alone—that it is to close our eyes to the true scientific import of the late catastrophe, to look to a less spread of canvas, or a more wary use of the sail power, or a somewhat lower centre of gravity, as a sufficient remedy for the

radical and fatal defect which the low freeboard involved in that ship; and I shall not feel satisfied until this is thoroughly admitted by all who seriously influence the designs of our future ships. To lay stress upon the magnitude of the angle of *vanishing stability* is entirely fallacious: the ship is lost long before that inclination is reached, even in a smooth sea. She is on the brink of ruin when the righting force of the sea is not substantially greater than the wind’s force.

Let us now consider what should be the development of the Navy in the future. With regard to iron-clads, there is no doubt in my mind that the great experiment of sea-going turret-ships which has been made in the *Monarch* and the *Captain* should be continued. The *Captain* herself has illustrated the practicability of carrying and working large guns at sea with great efficiency in turrets. The *Monarch* has done the same, the great success of the latter ship having shown that the experiment failed in the *Captain*, not from any inherent defect in the turret system, but from its association in a rigged ship with too low a freeboard. There is much evidence tending to show that the freeboard was in her case too little, even for the thoroughly efficient working of the guns in rough weather. I have been informed by officers of the Channel squadron, who watched the ship most carefully, that it was quite a common thing, with a sea running, for the guns and turrets of the *Captain* to disappear altogether from the view of the other ships; and it must be obvious that at the same time the other ships disappeared from the view of her gunners. Her firing under such circumstances clearly must have been subject to disadvantages which would not have attended, in the same degree, at least, a similar ship with higher freeboard. At the same time, looking at the many advantages in other respects of keeping the ship low, there is reason to believe that a somewhat less height of side than the 14 feet of the *Monarch* would, on the whole, have been preferable. I cannot, at the present moment, speak with

certainly upon this point, because it is by no means established that the sails of the *Captain* were worked satisfactorily on the hurricane-deck. On the contrary, it is pretty certain that the space of that deck was too contracted for the purpose, as I always believed it would be. Taking it for granted that the sails of such ships must be worked from the turret-deck, it does not appear that the *Monarch's* side is at all too high for a ship of her type.

It is not possible, however, to pursue the detailed discussion of the subject in this article: the conclusion at which I have arrived is, that while the construction of sea-going turret-ships should undoubtedly be pursued, it must still be considered an experimental question, both as regards the proportions and details of the turret-ship itself, and as regards the fitness of the best possible ship of the kind to compete with the best ships of the broadside type. I need hardly say, however, that it is the duty of the Government to rigidly exclude from the next sea-going turret-ship that is laid down every feature which would tend to compromise the safety of the ship under the ordinary conditions of the naval service. I shall, I hope, be excused for quoting here the following sentences from the introduction to my work on *Our Iron-clad Ships* bearing upon this point. It was written and published towards the end of 1868, and the last sentence had special reference to what I even then believed to be the defective features of the *Captain* herself:—

“The efficiency of its iron-clad fleet is of foremost importance to a small, isolated maritime country like this; anchored on the edge of a continent like Europe, entrusted with the care of world-wide interests, and charged to maintain its power upon the sea at a time when the spirit of invention is setting at naught all past systems of ocean warfare, and mocking at every trace and tradition of the times when we won our naval renown. In proportion as the past is prolonged into the present we are weakened and endangered; in proportion as the novel capabilities of iron and steam are developed, we are strengthened and made safe. This is no time, then, for clinging to any type of ship, or any feature of naval construction, merely because it is old and

accustomed — no time for rejecting things because they are new and unaccustomed. But, on the other hand, this being pre-eminently a time of risk because of the transitions we are passing through, it is pre-eminently a time for making our great experiments with scrupulous care, and for wasting nothing on method which *cannot* succeed.”

It will be inferred from what I have just stated, that I believe it to be our duty to continue the construction of broadside ships for the line of battle, taking care to give to such ships that powerful bow and stern fire which will be so very essential in steam warfare, and to which it is now generally acknowledged the broadside system has lent itself more readily than the turret system. It is a very noteworthy fact, and one which it is instructive to reflect upon, that the turret system, which originally professed to give us an all-round fire with large ordnance in sea-going ships, has failed hitherto to accomplish this object. The *Captain*, which we are bound to consider as the most perfect embodiment of the system, in respect of her turret fire, yet produced, was, as I have stated elsewhere, the only iron-clad of her time in which it was impossible to fire even a single gun, no matter how small, right ahead or right astern, from behind the protection of armour. I am not myself convinced that this grave defect is unavoidable; on the contrary, I believe (and on this point I fully concur with Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds, who lately commanded the Channel squadron) that bow and stern fire may be secured with turret guns in a sea-going ship, and that when secured it would give the turret system an element of superiority to other systems which would constitute one of its foremost claims to adoption. Meantime broadside ships, especially those of the larger class, have undergone great developments in this respect, and I have in my possession information respecting the progress that other naval powers are making in this matter, which enables me to state that the duty of giving powerful bow fire to our iron-clad ships presses more strongly than ever upon us.

But although the careful and con-



tinual development of thickness of armour, power of gun, and horizontal range of gun, steadily pursued for the last eight years, under successive Boards of Admiralty of both political parties, and under the enlightened and wisely progressive administration of Sir Spencer Robinson, who has been the Controller of the Navy throughout that eventful period, has contributed enormously to the power of this country, and placed our Navy above the rivalry of foreign nations, it must now be discerned and acknowledged that the time for looking mainly to the above-water armour of our ships, and to the power and scope of their guns, has passed away. The already extended use of the ram for war purposes, and the certainty that torpedos will henceforth be extensively used in ocean warfare, both impose upon the country the necessity of developing the defensive powers—in many classes of vessels the evasive powers—of its war-ships with a view to the resistance and avoidance of these systems of attack. It has long been obvious to thoughtful persons accustomed to reflect upon modern agencies of naval warfare, that the very strength of recent war-ships above water would invite under-water methods of attack, and it is only fair to state that in anticipation of this consequence all our recent ironclads have been constructed below water with an elaborate system of water-tight cellular compartments, in order to localize as much as possible injuries sustained below the armour. Recent experience with torpedos—first with the towed torpedo of Captain Harvey, and secondly with the travelling torpedo of Mr. Whitehead—has shown, however, that the extended use of torpedos against ships at sea will be a matter of such comparative ease, that a new weight of obligation to seek to counteract these terrible devices is laid upon us. It would not be prudent, nor is it necessary, for me to shadow forth in this article the changes in naval construction to which we are thus driven; their development will lay upon the designers of our war-

ships new and difficult duties, requiring them to bring largely into play not only the fixed resources of science to which all may resort, but also those restricted resources to which daring and inventive genius alone can secure liberal access. It is sad to think—although it is undoubtedly true in this as in many others of this world's affairs—that just in proportion as original power and faculty are brought to bear upon the task, misapprehension, misrepresentation, antagonism, and even calumny, will attend upon those who exercise them for the good of the country. But, on the other hand, it is the fortunate ordination of nature that with the power to serve the State is usually associated the power to disregard the revilings of the ignorant and the malevolent.

The only other class of iron-clads requiring special consideration is the coast-defence class. An important question arises with reference to this description of vessel, viz., Will mere harbour ships suffice for the defence of the coast, or should we not for this purpose possess vessels capable of crossing the sea with an assurance of safety? Nothing has been more common during the discussions of late years than the assumption that almost any kind of vessel will do for coast defence, and it has been taken for granted that sea-going ships of an extremely experimental character might be built, on the understanding that, if they failed as ocean cruisers, they would nevertheless be of almost their full value for use on the coasts. The case of the *Captain*, of which I have already said so much, shows that a vessel which proves a failure for sea-going purposes is not always available for the secondary use; but apart from this aspect of the case it is in my opinion a grave error to assume that a ship built for one service is equally useful for the other. My conviction is, first, that a coast-defence vessel should possess features special to herself—such, for example, as moderate draught of water, and steam-power only; and, secondly, that such a vessel should be in all respects capable of taking the sea,

and performing a short voyage in the worst weather, without much risk of loss or injury. Now, it must be acknowledged that, in view of these requirements, the only coast-defence vessels which we at present possess—such as the turret-ships *Royal Sovereign* and *Prince Albert*—are extremely unsuited for the purpose. They have steam-power only, it is true; but they have great draught of water, and neither of them is fit to perform a winter voyage round our own coast. In such a voyage they may encounter conditions of wind and sea as extreme as almost any met with in any part of the globe; and this fact alone indicates the necessity for giving good sea-encountering qualities to all such vessels. The further fact that such vessels ought to be available for a hostile expedition to an enemy's port, is an additional reason for this. I understand that the Government have recently ordered a few turret-ships of moderate draught for coast service; if so, we may admit that a right commencement has been made, but we cannot admit more. The existing coast vessels are unfit even for harbour purposes, owing to their excessive draught of water.

We have but little space left for the consideration of our unarmoured fleet; and fortunately we require but little. In the *Inconstant* we have a ship which far surpasses every other war-ship in the world for fleetness; and in the *Volage* and *Active* we have vessels inferior to her only in so far as their diminished size entails inferiority. The Admiralty are wisely multiplying vessels of both classes, with some minor modifications which will tend to their improvement, and with some, I am sorry to say, which will not. The production of still smaller ships than the *Volage* class, possessing an extreme speed, has lately been made practicable by Sir Joseph Whitworth's improvements in steel, and will no doubt be attempted before long; for it must be acknowledged, to the credit of the Admiralty, that that fatal resistance to outside progress, and that tenacious adherence to what ought long to have passed away, which characterize the action of the War Department,

are unknown in these days at Whitehall. Let justice be done in this matter, and let it be said that if the administrators of the Navy were to change places to-morrow with the administrators of the Army, we should at once cease to present to the world the spectacle of a Government Department busily occupied even now with the manufacture of short-range rifles, bronze field-guns, and ordnance of almost every possible combination which the non-scientific mind of the soldier can devise. There is one respect, however, in which the Admiralty is open to blame in this matter: up to the present moment the Navy is without a projectile which it can fire with confidence and assured success against the armour of an enemy, and equally without those flat-fronted projectiles which alone are efficacious for penetrating an enemy below water. The day may be approaching when the apathy with which the Admiralty have accepted these disabilities from the War Department, who furnish it with guns and projectiles, will be bitterly repented of.

We must now say a few words upon that very important branch of the naval question which concerns the degree of efficiency with which our fleets would be handled in time of war. In considering this I shall not attempt to enter upon a discussion of the numbers of our officers and men, because it is well known that we have officers of nearly all ranks in excess of the actual and prospective requirements of the service; and because the continual development of steam warfare renders the mere question of numbers less and less a matter of anxiety, even as regards our men. At the present time the all-important consideration is the measure of skill which both officers and men possess, and are having imparted to them, in the handling of our ships of war of all classes, including the most modern.

It is but fair to admit at once that the present Government has in more ways than one contributed to the improvement of the service in this respect, for the measures which it has taken have

had a very immediate and active influence of the right kind, so far as they go. The great risk that we run as a nation, in a time of swift transition like the present, is that of neglecting to bring the new agencies of warfare within the ready reach of our officers and men for purposes of *drill*, which is but another word for experience. Now, the distribution of our iron-clad ships, with modern guns and gun-carriages, and modern steam-engines, throughout the various large mercantile ports of the United Kingdom, all in commission as a Coast Guard reserved force, has had a most beneficial effect in this respect, affording the best possible facilities for the training both of the regular and of the reserved naval forces of the country. This policy of giving these forces the very ships and guns which in war they would bring into action, instead of those effete and useless vessels in which formerly nearly all the training of the service was misdirected, cannot be too highly approved; for it effectually banishes that unreadiness which has usually been our bane, and would enable us in the event of a war to strike a prompt as well as a heavy blow.

The system of employing flying squadrons to circumnavigate the globe and visit our distant possessions has likewise the merit of securing a large measure of efficiency in seamanship for our fleet. That this should not be neglected is obvious, when we remember that the naval service of the country abroad must of necessity be very largely performed under sail, and the peculiar fitness of the flying squadron to develop nautical skill, in both officers and men, lies in the fact that the use of coal is all but prohibited in the ships composing it. A very important point to be observed in the working of the flying squadron system is the great desirability of passing as many as possible of our officers and men through this school of practical experience at sea.

The great weakness of the Navy, in

so far as its efficient working is concerned, is the lack of skill that exists in the manœuvring of iron-clad squadrons under steam, and especially at high speeds. And this inefficiency is not confined to squadron duties only, but extends to the performances of the ships taken singly. It is so great, that when a signal is made for the ships to steam at full speed, after due preparation, no one knows whether one of the slower ships of the squadron will not steam away ahead of all the others, and the fastest lag behind, using the words slow and fast as indicative of the comparative performances of the ships when working at their best. This most serious defect in our naval service arises from two causes: first, the enormous expense of repeatedly trying such powerful ships under full steam (in consequence of the coal consumption which would take place), and the consequent inexperience of stokers and engineers; and, secondly, the want of a fuller education on the part of the officers of our Navy, who often baffle the engineering skill of the fleet by arbitrary and ill-advised orders when full-power steam trials and other like experiments are attempted.

For this and other reasons I, for one, hail with pleasure the steps which have been lately taken, and which are understood to be in contemplation, for the purpose of improving the scientific education both of naval cadets and naval officers, Mr. Childers being assisted in this matter by an officer of the very highest qualifications for the purpose—Dr. Woolley, the Director of Education to the Admiralty. No man is more fitted than he to advise measures which will combine a very careful regard to the circumstances of youngsters and officers of the navy with a thoroughly sound and complete knowledge of what the service requires them to know; and I venture to say that in this field the present Admiralty will reap some of the fairest and best fruits of their labours.

## SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE NEW SMITH.

SIR HARRY was sitting alone in the library when the tidings were brought to him that George Hotspur had reached Humblethwaite with a pair of post-horses from Penrith. The old butler, Cloudesdale, brought him the news, and Cloudesdale whispered it into his ears with solemn sorrow. Cloudesdale was well aware that Cousin George was no credit to the house of Humblethwaite. And much about the same time the information was brought to Lady Elizabeth by her housekeeper, and to Emily by her own maid. It was by Cloudesdale's orders that George was shown into the small room near the hall; and he told Sir Harry what he had done in a funereal whisper. Lady Altringham had been quite right in her method of ensuring the general delivery of the information about the house.

Emily flew at once to her mother. "George is here," she said. Mrs. Quick, the housekeeper, was at that moment leaving the room.

"So Quick tells me. What can have brought him, my dear?"

"Why should he not come, Mamma?"

"Because your papa will not make him welcome to the house. Oh, dear,—he knows that. What are we to do?" In a few minutes Mrs. Quick came back again. Sir Harry would be much obliged if her ladyship would go to him. Then it was that the sandwiches and sherry were ordered. It was a compromise on the part of Lady Elizabeth between Emily's prayer that some welcome might be shown, and Sir Harry's presumed determination that the banished man should continue to be regarded as banished. "Take him some

kind of refreshment, Quick;—a glass of wine or something, you know." Then Mrs. Quick had cut the sandwiches with her own hand, and Cloudesdale had given the sherry. "He ain't eaten much, but he's made it up with the wine," said Cloudesdale, when the tray was brought back again.

Lady Elizabeth went down to her husband, and there was a consultation. Sir Harry was quite clear that he would not now, on this day, admit Cousin George as a guest into his house; nor would he see him. To that conclusion he came after his wife had been with him some time. He would not see him, there, at Humblethwaite. If George had anything to say that could not be said in a letter, a meeting might be arranged elsewhere. Sir Harry confessed, however, that he could not see that good results could come from any meeting whatsoever. "The truth is, that I don't want to have anything more to do with him," said Sir Harry. That was all very well, but as Emily's wants in this respect were at variance with her father's, there was a difficulty. Lady Elizabeth pleaded that some kind of civility, at least some mitigation of opposition, should be shown, for Emily's sake. At last she was commissioned to go to Cousin George, to send him away from the house, and, if necessary, to make an appointment between him and Sir Harry at the Crown, at Penrith, for the morrow. Nothing on earth should induce Sir Harry to see his cousin anywhere on his own premises. As for any meeting between Cousin George and Emily, that was, of course, out of the question,—and he must go from Humblethwaite. Such were the instructions with which Lady Elizabeth descended to the little room.

Cousin George came forward with the

pleasantest smile to take Lady Elizabeth by the hand. He was considerably relieved when he saw Lady Elizabeth, because of her he was not afraid. "I do not at all mind waiting," he said. "How is Sir Harry?"

"Quite well."

"And yourself?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"And Emily?"

Lady Elizabeth knew that in answering him she ought to call her own daughter Miss Hotspur, but she lacked the courage. "Emily is well too. Sir Harry has thought it best that I should come to you and explain that just at present he cannot ask you to Humblethwaite."

"I did not expect it."

"And he had rather not see you himself,—at least not here." Lady Elizabeth had not been instructed to propose a meeting. She had been told rather to avoid it if possible. But, like some other undiplomatic ambassadors, in her desire to be civil, she ran at once to the extremity of the permitted concessions. "If you have anything to say to Sir Harry——"

"I have, Lady Elizabeth; a great deal."

"And if you could write it——"

"I am so bad at writing."

"Then Sir Harry will go over and see you to-morrow at Penrith."

"That will be so very troublesome to him!"

"You need not regard that. At what hour shall he come?"

Cousin George was profuse in declaring that he would be at his cousin's disposal at any hour Sir Harry might select, from six in the morning throughout the day and night. But might he not say a word to Emily? At this proposition Lady Elizabeth shook her head vigorously. It was quite out of the question. Circumstanced as they all were at present, Sir Harry would not think of such a thing. And then it would do no good. Lady Elizabeth did not believe that Emily herself would wish it. At any rate there need be no further talk about it, as any such

interview was at present quite impossible. By all which arguments and refusals, and the tone in which they were pronounced, Cousin George was taught to perceive that, at any rate in the mind of Lady Elizabeth, the process of parental yielding had already commenced.

On all such occasions interviews are bad. The teller of this story ventures to take the opportunity of recommending parents in such cases always to refuse interviews, not only between the young lady and the lover who is to be excluded, but also between themselves and the lover. The vacillating tone—even when the resolve to suppress vacillation has been most determined—is perceived and understood, and at once utilized, by the least argumentative of lovers, even by lovers who are obtuse. The word "never" may be so pronounced as to make the young lady's twenty thousand pounds full present value for ten in the lover's pocket. There should be no arguments, no letters, no interviews; and the young lady's love should be starved by the absence of all other mention of the name, and by the imperturbable good humour on all other matters of those with whom she comes in contact in her own domestic circle. If it be worth anything, it won't be starved; but if starving to death be possible, that is the way to starve it. Lady Elizabeth was a bad ambassador; and Cousin George, when he took his leave, promising to be ready to meet Sir Harry at twelve on the morrow, could almost comfort himself with a prospect of success. He might be successful, if only he could stave off the Walker and Bullbean portion of Mr. Hart's persecution! For he understood that the success of his views at Humblethwaite must postpone the payment by Sir Harry of those moneys for which Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber were so unreasonably greedy. He would have dared to defy the greed, but for the Walker and Bullbean portion of the affair. Sir Harry already knew that he was in debt to these men; already knew with fair accuracy the amount of those debts.

Hart and Stubber could not make him worse in Sir Harry's eyes than he was already, unless the Walker and Bullbean story should be told with the purpose of destroying him. How he did hate Walker and Bullbean and the memory of that evening;—and yet the money which now enabled him to drink champagne at the Penrith Crown was poor Mr. Walker's money! As he was driven back to Penrith he thought of all this, for some moments sadly, and at others almost with triumph. Might not a letter to Mr. Hart, with perhaps a word of truth in it, do some good? That evening, after his champagne, he wrote a letter:—

“DEAR MR. HART,—Things are going uncommon well here, only I hope you will do nothing to disturb just at present. It *must* come off, if a little time is given, and then *every shilling* will be paid. A few pounds more or less won't make any difference. Do arrange this, and you'll find I'll never forget how kind you have been. I've been at Humblethwaite to-day, and things are going quite smooth.

“Yours most sincerely,

“GEORGE HOTSPUR.

“Don't mention Walker's name, and everything shall be settled just as you shall fix.

“The Crown, Penrith, Thursday.”

The moment the letter was written he rang the bell and gave it to the waiter. Such was the valour of drink operating on him now, as it had done when he wrote that other letter to Sir Harry! The drink made him brave to write, and to make attempts, and to dare consequences; but even whilst brave with drink, he knew that the morning's prudence would refuse its assent to such courage; and therefore, to save himself from the effects of the morning's cowardice, he put the letter at once out of his own power of control. After this fashion were arranged most of Cousin George's affairs. Before dinner on that day the evening of which he had passed with Mr. Walker, he had resolved that certain hints given to him by Mr. Bull-

bean should be of no avail to him;—not to that had he yet descended, nor would he so descend;—but with his brandy after dinner divine courage had come, and success had attended the brave. As soon as he was awake on that morning after writing to Mr. Hart, he rang his bell to inquire whether that letter which he had given to the waiter at twelve o'clock last night were still in the house. It was too late. The letter in which so imprudent a mention had been made of Mr. Walker's name was already in the post. “Never mind,” said Cousin George to himself; “None but the brave deserve the fair.” Then he turned round for another nap. It was not much past nine, and Sir Harry would not be there before twelve.

In the meantime there had been hope also and doubt also at Humblethwaite. Sir Harry was not surprised and hardly disappointed when he was told that he was to go to Penrith to see his cousin. The offer had been made by himself, and he was sure that he would not escape with less; and when Emily was told by her mother of the arrangement, she saw in it a way to the fulfilment of the prayer which she had made to her father. She would say nothing to him that evening, leaving to him the opportunity of speaking to her, should he choose to do so. But on the following morning she would repeat her prayer. On that evening not a word was said about George while Sir Harry and Lady Elizabeth were together with their daughter. Emily had made her plan, and she clung to it. Her father was very gentle with her, sitting close to her as she played some pieces of music to him in the evening, caressing her and looking lovingly into her eyes, as he bade God bless her when she left him for the night; but he had determined to say nothing to encourage her. He was still minded that there could be no such encouragement; but he doubted;—in his heart of hearts he doubted. He would still have bought off Cousin George by the sacrifice of half his property, and yet he doubted. After all, there would be some consolation in that



binding together of the name and the property.

"What will you say to him?" Lady Elizabeth asked her husband that night.

"Tell him to go away."

"Nothing more than that?"

"What more is there to say? If he be willing to be bought, I will buy him. I will pay his debts and give him an income."

"You think, then, there can be no hope?"

"Hope!—for whom?"

"For Emily."

"I hope to preserve her—from a—scoundrel." And yet he had thought of the consolation!

Emily was very persistent in carrying out her plan. Prayers at Humblethwaite were always read with admirable punctuality at a quarter past nine, so that breakfast might be commenced at half-past. Sir Harry every week-day was in his own room for three-quarters of an hour before prayers. All this was like clock-work at Humblethwaite. There would always be some man or men with Sir Harry during these three-quarters of an hour,—a tenant, a gamekeeper, a groom, a gardener, or a bailiff. But Emily calculated that if she made her appearance and held her ground, the tenant or the bailiff would give way, and that thus she would ensure a private interview with her father. Were she to wait till after breakfast, this would be difficult. A very few minutes after the half-hour she knocked at the door and was admitted. The village blacksmith was then suggesting a new smithy.

"Papa," said Emily, "if you would allow me half a minute——"

The village blacksmith and the bailiff, who was also present, withdrew, bowing to Emily, who gave to each of them a smile and a nod. They were her old familiar friends, and they looked kindly at her. She was to be their future lady; but was it not all important that their future lord should be a Hotspur?

Sir Harry had thought it not improbable that his daughter would come to him, but would have preferred to avoid

the interview if possible. Here it was, however, and could not be avoided.

"Papa," she said, kissing him, "you are going to Penrith to-day."

"Yes, my dear."

"To see Cousin George?"

"Yes, Emily."

"Will you remember what we were saying the other day;—what I said?"

"I will endeavour to do my duty as best I may," said Sir Harry, after a pause.

"I am sure you will, Papa;—and so do I. I do endeavour to do my duty. Will you not try to help him?"

"Certainly, I will try to help him; for your sake rather than for his own. If I can help him with money, by paying his debts and giving him means to live, I will do so."

"Papa, that is not what I mean."

"What else can I do?"

"Save him from the evil of his ways."

"I will try. I would,—if I knew how,—even if only for the name's sake."

"For my sake also, Papa. Papa, let us do it together; you and I and Mamma. Let him come here."

"It is impossible."

"Let him come here," she said, as though disregarding his refusal. "You need not be afraid of me. I know how much there is to do that will be very hard in doing before any,—any other arrangement can be talked about."

"I am not afraid of you, my child."

"Let him come, then."

"No;—it would do no good. Do you think he would live here quietly?"

"Try him."

"What would people say?"

"Never mind what people would say: he is our cousin; he is your heir. He is the person whom I love best in all the world. Have you not a right to have him here if you wish it? I know what you are thinking of; but, Papa, there can never be anybody else;—never."

"Emily, you will kill me, I think."

"Dear Papa, let us see if we cannot try. And, oh, Papa, pray, pray let me

see him." When she went away the bailiff and the blacksmith returned; but Sir Harry's power of resistance was gone, so that he succumbed to the new smithy without a word.

## CHAPTER XX.

## COUSIN GEORGE'S SUCCESS.

THOUGHTS crowded quick into the mind of Sir Harry Hotspur as he had himself driven over to Penrith. It was a dull, dreary day in November, and he took the close carriage. The distance was about ten miles, and he had therefore something above an hour for thinking. When men think much, they can rarely decide. The affairs as to which a man has once acknowledged to himself that he may be either wise or foolish, prudent or imprudent, are seldom matters on which he can by any amount of thought bring himself to a purpose which to his own eyes shall be clearly correct. When he can decide without thinking, then he can decide without a doubt, and with perfect satisfaction. But in this matter Sir Harry thought much. There had been various times at which he was quite sure that it was his duty to repudiate this cousin utterly. There had never been a time at which he had been willing to accept him. Nevertheless, at this moment, with all his struggles of thought he could not resolve. Was his higher duty due to his daughter, or to his family,—and through his family to his country, which, as he believed, owed its security and glory to the maintenance of its aristocracy? Would he be justified,—justified in any degree,—in subjecting his child to danger in the hope that his name and family pride might be maintained? Might he take his own desires in that direction as any make-weight towards a compliance with his girl's strong wishes, grounded as they were on quite other reasons? Mr. Boltby had been very eager in telling him that he ought to have nothing to say to this

cousin, had loaded the cousin's name with every imaginable evil epithet; and of Mr. Boltby's truth and honesty there could be no doubt. But then Mr. Boltby had certainly exceeded his duty, and was of course disposed, by his professional view of the matter, to think any step the wisest which would tend to save the property from dangerous hands. Sir Harry felt that there were things to be saved of more value than the property;—the family, the title, perhaps that reprobate cousin himself; and then, above all, his child. He did believe that his child would not smile for him again, unless he would consent to make some effort in favour of her lover.

Doubtless the man was very bad. Sir Harry was sick at heart as he thought of the evil nature of the young man's vices. Of a man debauched in his life, extravagant with his money, even of a gambler, a drunkard, one fond of low men and of low women;—of one even such as this there might be hope, and the vicious man, if he will give up his vices, may still be loved and at last respected. But of a liar, a swindler, one mean as well as vicious, what hope could there be? It was essential to Sir Harry that the husband of his daughter should at any rate be a gentleman. The man's blood, indeed, was good; and blood will show at last, let the mud be ever so deep. So said Sir Harry to himself. And Emily would consent that the man should be tried by what severest fire might be kindled for the trying of him. If there were any gold there, it might be possible to send the dross adrift, and to get the gold without alloy. Could Lady Altringham have read Sir Harry's mind as his carriage was pulled up, just at twelve o'clock, at the door of the Penrith Crown, she would have been stronger than ever in her belief that young lovers, if they be firm, can always conquer opposing parents.

But alas! alas! there was no gold with this dross, and in that matter of blood, as to which Sir Harry's ideas were so strong, and indeed so noble, he entertained but a muddled theory

*Noblesse oblige.* High position will demand, and will often exact, high work. But that rule holds as good with a Buonaparte as with a Bourbon, with a Cromwell as with a Stuart; and succeeds as often and fails as often with the low-born as with the high. And good blood, too, will have its effect,—physical for the most part,—and will produce bottom, lasting courage, that capacity of carrying on through the mud to which Sir Harry was wont to allude; but good blood will bring no man back to honesty. The two things together, no doubt, assist in producing the highest order of self-denying man.

When Sir Harry got out of his carriage, he had not yet made up his mind. The waiter had been told that he was expected, and showed him up at once into the large sitting-room looking out into the street, which Cousin George had bespoke for the occasion. He had had a smaller room himself, but had been smoking there, and at this moment in that room there were a decanter and a wine-glass on the chiffonier in one corner. He had heard the bustle of the arrival, and had at once gone into the saloon, prepared for the reception of the great man. "I am so sorry to give you this trouble," said Cousin George, coming forward to greet his uncle.

Sir Harry could not refuse his cousin's hand, though he would willingly have done so, had it been possible. "I should not mind the trouble," he said, "if it were of any use. I fear it can be of none."

"I hope you will not be prejudiced against me, Sir Harry."

"I trust that I am not prejudiced against any one. What is it that you wish me to do?"

"I want permission to go to Humblethwaite, as a suitor for your daughter's hand." So far Cousin George had prepared his speech beforehand.

"And what have you to recommend you to a father for such permission? Do you not know, sir, that when a gentleman proposes to a lady it is his duty to show that he is in a condition fit for the position which he seeks; that in

character, in means, in rank, in conduct, he is at least her equal."

"As for our rank, Sir Harry, it is the same."

"And for your means? You know that my daughter is my heiress?"

"I do; but it is not that that has brought me to her. Of course, I have nothing. But then, you know, though she will inherit the estates, I must inherit——"

"If you please, sir, we will not go into all that again," said Sir Harry, interrupting him. "I explained to you before, sir, that I would have admitted your future rank as a counterpoise to her fortune, if I could have trusted your character. I cannot trust it. I do not know why you should thrust upon me the necessity of saying all this again. As I believe that you are in pecuniary distress, I made you an offer which I thought to be liberal."

"It was liberal, but it did not suit me to accept it." George had an inkling of what would pass within Sir Harry's bosom as to the acceptance or rejection of that offer. "I wrote to you, declining it, and as I have received no answer, I thought that I would just run down. What was I to do?"

"Do? How can I tell? Pay your debts. The money was offered you."

"I cannot give up my cousin. Has she been allowed to receive the letter which I left for her yesterday?"

Now Sir Harry had doubted much in his own mind as to the letter. During that morning's interview it had still been in his own possession. As he was preparing to leave the house he had made up his mind that she should have it; and Lady Elizabeth had been commissioned to give it her, not without instruction and explanation. Her father would not keep it from her, because he trusted her implicitly; but she was to understand that it could mean nothing to her, and that the letter must not of course be answered.

"It does not matter whether she did or did not," said Sir Harry. "I ask you again, whether you will accept the offer made you by Mr. Boltby, and give

me your written promise not to renew this suit."

"I cannot do that, Sir Harry."

Sir Harry did not know how to proceed with the interview. As he had come there, some proposition must be made by himself. Had he intended to be altogether obstinate he should have remained at Humblethwaite, and kept his cousin altogether out of the house. And now his daughter's prayers were ringing in his ears: "Dear Papa, let us see if we cannot try." And then again that assurance which she had made him so solemnly; "Papa, there never can be anybody else!" If the black sheep could be washed white, the good of such washing would on every side be so great! He would have to blush,—let the washing be ever so perfect,—he must always blush in having such a son-in-law; but he had been forced to acknowledge to himself of late, that there was infinitely more of trouble and shame in this world than of joy or honour. Was it not in itself a disgrace that a Hotspur should do such things as this cousin had done; and a disgrace also that his daughter should have loved a man so unfit to be her lover? And then from day to day, and from hour to hour, he remembered that these ills were added to the death of that son, who, had he lived, would have been such a glory to him. More of trouble and disgrace! Was it not all trouble and disgrace? He would have wished that the day might come for him to go away, and leave it all, were it not that for one placed as he was placed his own life would not see the end of these troubles. He must endeavour to provide that everything should not go to utter ruin as soon as he should have taken his departure.

He walked about the room, again trying to think. Or, perhaps, all thinking was over with him now, and he was resolving in his own mind how best he might begin to yield. He must obey his daughter. He could not break the heart of the only child that was left to him. He had no delight in the world other than what came to him reflected

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back from her. He felt now as though he was simply a steward endeavouring on her behalf to manage things to the best advantage; but still only a steward, and as such only a servant who could not at last decide on the mode of management to be adopted. He could endeavour to persuade, but she must decide. Now his daughter had decided, and he must begin this task, so utterly distasteful to him, of endeavouring to wash the blackamoor white.

"What are you willing to do?" he asked.

"How to do, Sir Harry?"

"You have led a bad life."

"I suppose I have, Sir Harry."

"How will you show yourself willing to reform it?"

"Only pay my debts and set me up with ready money, and I'll go along as slick as grease!" Thus would Cousin George have answered the question had he spoken his mind freely. But he knew that he might not be so explicit. He must promise much; but, of course, in making his promise he must arrange about his debts. "I'll do almost anything you like. Only try me. Of course, it would be so much easier if those debts were paid off. I'll give up races altogether, if you mean that, Sir Harry. Indeed, I'm ready to give up anything."

"Will you give up London?"

"London!" In simple truth, George did not quite understand the proposition.

"Yes; will you leave London? Will you go and live at Scarrowby, and learn to look after the farm and the place?"

George's face fell,—his face being less used to lying than his tongue; but his tongue lied at once: "Oh yes, certainly, if you wish it. I should rather like a life of that sort. For how long would it be?"

"For two years," said Sir Harry, grimly.

Cousin George, in truth, did not understand. He thought that he was to take his bride with him when he went to Scarrowby. "Perhaps Emily would not like it," he said.

"It is what she desires. You do not

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suppose that she knows so little of your past life as to be willing to trust herself into your hands at once. She is attached to you."

"And so am I to her; on my honour I am. I'm sure you don't doubt that."

Sir Harry doubted every word that fell from his cousin's mouth, but still he persevered. He could perceive though he could not analyse, and there was hardly a tone which poor Cousin George used which did not discourage the Baronet. Still he persevered. He must persevere now, even if it were only to prove to Emily how much of basest clay and how little of gold there was in this image.

"She is attached to you," he continued, "and you bear our name, and will be the head of our family. If you will submit yourself to a reformed life, and will prove that you are fit for her, it may be possible that after years she should be your wife."

"After years, Sir Harry?"

"Yes, sir,—after years. Do you suppose that the happiness of such an one as she can be trusted to such keeping as yours without a trial of you? You will find that she has no such hope herself."

"Oh, of course; what she likes——"

"I will pay your debts; on condition that Mr. Boltby is satisfied that he has the entire list of them."

George, as he heard this, at once determined that he must persuade Mr. Hart to include Mr. Walker's little account in that due to himself. It was only a matter of a few hundreds, and might surely be arranged when so much real money would be passing from hand to hand.

"I will pay everything; you shall then go down to Scarrowby, and the house shall be prepared for you."

It wasn't supposed, George thought, that he was absolutely to live in solitary confinement at Scarrowby. He might have a friend or two, and then the station was very near.

"You are fond of shooting, and you will have plenty of it there. We will get you made a magistrate for the county,

and there is much to do in looking after the property." Sir Harry became almost good-humoured in his tone as he described the kind of life which he intended that the blackamoor should live. "We will come to you for a month each year, and then you can come to us for a while."

"When shall it begin?" asked Cousin George, as soon as the Baronet paused. This was a question difficult to be answered. In fact, the arrangement must be commenced at once. Sir Harry knew very well that, having so far yielded, he must take his cousin back with him to Humblethwaite. He must keep his cousin now in his possession till all those debts should be paid, and till the house at Scarrowby should be prepared; and he must trust to his daughter's prudence and high sense of right not to treat her lover with too tender an acknowledgment of her love till he should have been made to pass through the fire of reform.

"You had better get ready and come back to Humblethwaite with me now," said Sir Harry.

Within five minutes after that, there was bustling about the passages and hall of the Crown hotel. Everybody in the house, from the august landlord down to the humble stableboy, knew that there had been a reconciliation between Sir Harry and his cousin, and that the cousin was to be made welcome to all the good the gods could give. While Cousin George was packing his things, Sir Harry called for the bill and paid it,—without looking at it, because he would not examine how the blackamoor had lived while he was still a blackamoor.

"I wonder whether he observed the brandy," thought Cousin George to himself.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### EMILY HOTSPUR'S SERMON.

THE greater portion of the journey back to Humblethwaite was passed in silence. Sir Harry had undertaken an experi-

ment in which he had no faith himself and was sad at heart. Cousin George was cowed, half afraid, and yet half triumphant. Could it be possible that he should "pull through" after all? Some things had gone so well with him. His lady friends had been so true to him! Lady Altringham, and then Mrs. Morton,—how good they had been! Dear Lucy! He would never forget her. And Emily was such a brick! He was going to see his Emily, and that would be "so jolly." Nevertheless he did acknowledge to himself that an Emily prepared to assist her father in sending her lover through the fire of reform, would not be altogether "so jolly" as the Emily who had leaned against him on the bridge at Airey Force, while his arm had been tightly clasped round her waist. He was alive to the fact that romance must give place to business.

When they had entered the park-gates Sir Harry spoke. "You must understand, George,"—he had not called him George before since the engagement had been made known to him,—"that you cannot yet be admitted here as my daughter's accepted suitor,—as might have been the case had your past life been different."

"I see all that," said Cousin George.

"It is right that I should tell you so; but I trust implicitly to Emily's high sense of duty and propriety. And now that you are here, George, I trust that it may be for your advantage and for ours."

Then he pressed his cousin's hand, if not with affection, at least with sincerity.

"I'm sure it is to be all right now," said George, calculating whether he would be able to escape to London for a few days, so that he might be able to arrange that little matter with Mr. Hart. They couldn't suppose that he would be able to leave London for two years without a day's notice!

Sir Harry got out of the carriage at the front door, and desired Cousin George to follow him into the house. He turned at once into the small room

where George had drunk the sherry, and desired that Lady Elizabeth might be sent to him.

"My dear," said he, "I have brought George back with me. We will do the best that we can. Mrs. Quick will have a room for him. You had better tell Emily, and let her come to me for a moment before she sees her cousin." This was all said in George's hearing. And then Sir Harry went, leaving his cousin in the hands of Lady Elizabeth.

"I am glad to see you back again, George," she said, with a melancholy voice.

Cousin George smiled, and said that "it would be all right."

"I am sure I hope so, for my girl's sake. But there must be a great change, George."

"No end of a change," said Cousin George, who was not in the least afraid of Lady Elizabeth.

Many things of moment had to be done in the house that day before dinner. In the first place there was a long interview between the father and daughter. For a few minutes, perhaps, he was really happy when she was kneeling with her arms upon his knees, thanking him for what he had done, while tears of joy were streaming down her cheeks. He would not bring himself to say a word of caution to her. Would it not be to paint the snow white to caution her as to her conduct?

"I have done as you bade me in everything," he said. "I have proposed to him that he should go to Scarrowby. It may be that it will be your home for a while, dear."

She thanked him and kissed him again and again. She would be so good. She would do all she could to deserve his kindness. And as for George,—*"Pray, Papa, don't think that I suppose that it can be all done quite at once."* Nevertheless it was in that direction that her thoughts erred. It did seem to her that the hard part of the work was already done, and that now the pleasant paths of virtue were to be trod with happy and persistent feet.

"You had better see him in your mother's presence, dearest, before dinner; and then the awkwardness will be less afterwards."

She kissed him again, and ran from his room up to her mother's apartment, taking some back stairs well known to herself, lest she should by chance meet her lover after some undue and unprepared fashion. And there she could sit down and think of it all! She would be very discreet. He should be made to understand at once that the purgation must be thorough, the reform complete. She would acknowledge her love to him,—her great and abiding love; but of lover's tenderness there could be but little,—almost none,—till the fire had done its work, and the gold should have been separated from the dross. She had had her way so far, and they should find that she had deserved it.

Before dinner Sir Harry wrote a letter to his lawyer. The mail-cart passed through the village on its way to Penrith late in the evening, and there was time for him to save the post. He thought it incumbent on him to let Mr. Boltby know that he had changed his mind; and, though the writing of the letter was not an agreeable task, he did it at once. He said nothing to Mr. Boltby directly about his daughter, but he made it known to that gentleman that Cousin George was at present a guest at Humblethwaite, and that he intended to pay all the debts without entering into any other specific engagements. Would Mr. Boltby have the goodness to make out a schedule of the debts? Captain Hotspur should be instructed to give Mr. Boltby at once all the necessary information by letter. Then Sir Harry went on to say that perhaps the opinions formed in reference to Captain Hotspur had been too severe. He was ashamed of himself as he wrote these words, but still they were written. If the blackamoor was to be washed white, the washing must be carried out at all times, at all seasons, and in every possible manner, till the

world should begin to see that the blackness was going out of the skin.

Cousin George was summoned to meet the girl who loved him in her mother's morning-room, before they dressed for dinner. He did not know at all in what way to conduct himself. He had not given a moment's thought to it till the difficulty flashed upon him as she entered the apartment. But she had considered it all. She came up to him quickly, and gave him her lips to kiss, standing there in her mother's presence.

"George," she said, "dear George! I am so glad that you are here."

It was the first; and it should be the last,—till the fire had done its work; till the fire should at least have done so much of its work as to make the remainder easy and fairly sure. He had little to say for himself, but muttered something about his being the happiest fellow in the world. It was a position in which a man could hardly behave well, and neither the mother nor the daughter expected much from him. A man cannot bear himself gracefully under the weight of a pardon as a woman may do. A man chooses generally that it shall be assumed by those with whom he is closely connected that he has done and is doing no wrong; and, when wronged, he professes to forgive and to forget in silence. To a woman the act of forgiveness, either accepted or bestowed, is itself a pleasure. A few words were then spoken, mostly by Lady Elizabeth, and the three separated to prepare for dinner.

The next day passed over them at Humblethwaite Hall very quietly, but with some mild satisfaction. Sir Harry told his cousin of the letter to his lawyer, and desired George to make out and send by that day's post such a schedule as might be possible on the spur of the moment.

"Hadn't I better run up and see Mr. Boltby?" said Cousin George.

But to this Sir Harry was opposed. Let any calls for money reach them there. Whatever the calls might be,

he at any rate could pay them. Cousin George repeated his suggestion; but acquiesced when Sir Harry frowned and showed his displeasure. He did make out a schedule, and did write a letter to Mr. Boltby.

"I think my debt to Mr. Hart was put down as 3,250*l.*," he wrote, "but I believe I should have added another 350*l.* for a transaction as to which I fancy he does not hold my note of hand. But the money is due."

He was fool enough to think that Mr. Walker's claim might be liquidated after this fashion. In the afternoon they rode together,—the father, the daughter, and the blackamoor, and much was told to Cousin George as to the nature of the property. The names of the tenants were mentioned, and the boundaries of the farms were pointed out to him. He was thinking all the time whether Mr. Hart would spare him.

But Emily Hotspur, though she had been thus reticent and quiet in her joy, though she was resolved to be discreet and knew that there were circumstances in her engagement which would for a while deter her from being with her accepted lover as other girls are with theirs, did not mean to estrange herself from her Cousin George. If she were to do so, how was she to assist, and take, as she hoped to do, the first part in that task of refining the gold on which they were all now intent? She was to correspond with him when he was at Searrowby. Such was her present programme, and Sir Harry had made no objection when she declared her purpose. Of course they must understand each other, and have communion together. On the third day, therefore, it was arranged that they two should walk, without other company, about the place. She must show him her own gardens, which were at some distance from the house. If the truth be told, it must be owned that George somewhat dreaded the afternoon's amusement; but had she demanded of him to sit down to listen to her while she read to him a sermon, he would not have refused.

To be didactic and at the same time demonstrative of affection is difficult, even with mothers towards their children, though with them the assumption of authority creates no sense of injury. Emily specially desired to point out to the erring one the paths of virtue, and yet to do so without being oppressive. "It is so nice to have you here, George," she said.

"Yes, indeed; isn't it?" He was walking beside her, and as yet they were within view of the house.

"Papa has been so good; isn't he good?"

"Indeed he is. The best man I know out," said George, thinking that his gratitude would have been stronger had the Baronet given him the money and allowed him to go up to London to settle his own debts.

"And Mamma has been so kind! Mamma is very fond of you. I am sure she would do anything for you."

"And you?" said George, looking into her face.

"I!—As for me, George, it is a matter of course now. You do not want to be told again what is and ever must be my first interest in the world."

"I do not care how often you tell me."

"But you know it; don't you?"

"I know what you said at the waterfall, Emily."

"What I said then I said for always. You may be sure of that. I told Mamma so, and Papa. If they had not wanted me to love you, they should not have asked you to come here. I do love you, and I hope that some day I may be your wife." She was not leaning on his arm, but as she spoke she stopped, and looked steadfastly into his face. He put out his hand as though to take hers; but she shook her head, refusing it. "No, George; come on. I want to talk to you a great deal. I want to say ever so much,—now, to-day. I hope that some day I may be your wife. If I am not, I shall never be any man's wife."

"What does some day mean, Emily?"

"Ever so long;—years, perhaps."

"But why? A fellow has to be con-



sulted, you know, as well as yourself. What is the use of waiting? I know Sir Harry thinks I have been very fond of pleasure. How can I better show him how willing I am to give it up than by marrying and settling down at once? I don't see what's to be got by waiting."

Of course she must tell him the truth. She had no idea of keeping back the truth. She loved him with all her heart, and was resolved to marry him; but the dross must first be purged from the gold. "Of course you know, George, that Papa has made objections."

"I know he did, but that is over now. I am to go and live at Scarrowby at once, and have the shooting. He can't want me to remain there all by myself."

"But he does; and so do I."

"Why?"

In order that he might be made clean by the fire of solitude and the hammer of hard work. She could not quite say this to him. "You know, George, your life has been one of pleasure."

"I was in the army,—for some years."

"But you left it, and you took to going to races, and they say that you gambled and are in debt, and you have been reckless. Is not that true, George?"

"It is true."

"And can you wonder that Papa should be afraid to trust his only child and all his property to one who,—who knows that he has been reckless? But if you can show, for a year or two, that you can give up all that——"

"Wouldn't it be all given up if we were married?"

"Indeed, I hope so. I should break my heart otherwise. But can you wonder that Papa should wish for some delay and some proof?"

"Two years!"

"Is that much? If I find you doing what he wishes, these two years will be so happy to me! We shall come and see you, and you will come here. I have never liked Scarrowby, because it is not pretty, as this place is; but, oh, how I shall like to go there now! And when you are here, Papa will get to be so fond of you. You will be like a

real son to him. Only you must be steady."

"Steady! by Jove, yes. A fellow will have to be steady at Scarrowby." The perfume of the cleanliness of the life proposed to him was not sweet to his nostrils.

She did not like this, but she knew that she could not have everything at once. "You must know," she said, "that there is a bargain between me and Papa. I told him that I should tell you everything."

"Yes; I ought to be told everything."

"It is he that shall fix the day. He is to do so much, that he has a right to that. I shall never press him, and you must not."

"Oh, but I shall."

"It will be of no use; and, George, I won't let you. I shall scold you if you do. When he thinks that you have learned how to manage the property, and that your mind is set upon that kind of work, and that there are no more races,—mind, and no betting, then,—then he will consent. And I will tell you something more if you would like to hear it."

"Something pleasant, is it?"

"When he does, and tells me that he is not afraid to give me to you, I shall be the happiest girl in all England. Is that pleasant?—No, George, no; I will not have it."

"Not give me one kiss?"

"I gave you one when you came, to show you that in truth I loved you. I will give you another, when Papa says that everything is right."

"Not till then?"

"No, George, not till then. But I shall love you just the same. I cannot love you better than I do."

He had nothing for it but to submit, and was obliged to be content during the remainder of their long walk with talking of his future life at Scarrowby. It was clearly her idea that he should be head-farmer, head-steward, head-accountant, and general workman for the whole place. When he talked about the game, she brought him back to the

plough;—so at least he declared to himself. And he could elicit no sympathy from her when he reminded her that the nearest meet of hounds was twenty miles and more from Scarrowby. “You can think of other things for a while,” she said. He was obliged to say that he would, but it did seem to him that Scarrowby was a sort of penal servitude to which he was about to be sent with his own concurrence. The scent of the cleanliness was odious to him.

“I don’t know what I shall do there of an evening,” he said.

“Read,” she answered; “there are lots of books, and you can always have the magazines. I will send them to you.” It was a very dreary prospect of life for him, but he could not tell her that it would be absolutely unendurable.

When their walk was over,—a walk which she never could forget, however long might be her life, so earnest had been her purpose,—he was left alone, and took another stroll by himself. How would it suit him? Was it possible? Could the event “come off”? Might it not have been better for him had he allowed his other loving friend to prepare for him the letter to the Baronet, in which Sir Harry’s munificent offer would have been accepted? Let us do him the justice to remember that he was quite incapable of understanding the misery, the utter ruin which that letter would have entailed upon her who loved him so well. He knew nothing of such sufferings as would have been hers;—as must be hers, for had

she not already fallen haplessly into the pit when she had once allowed herself to fix her heart upon a thing so base as this? It might have been better, he thought, if that letter had been written. A dim dull idea came upon him that he was not fit to be this girl’s husband. He could not find his joys where she would find hers. No doubt it would be a grand thing to own Humblethwaite and Scarrowby at some future time; but Sir Harry might live for these twenty years, and while Sir Harry lived he must be a slave. And then he thought that upon the whole he liked Lucy Morton better than Emily Hotspur. He could say what he chose to Lucy, and smoke in her presence, own that he was fond of drink, and obtain some sympathy for his “book” on the Derby. He began to feel already that he did not like sermons from the girl of his heart.

But he had chosen this side now, and he must go on with the game. It seemed certain to him that his debts would at any rate be paid. He was not at all certain how matters might go in reference to Mr. Walker, but if matters came to the worst the Baronet would probably be willing to buy him off again with the promised income. Nevertheless, he was not comfortable, and certainly did not shine at Sir Harry’s table. “Why she has loved him, what she has seen in him, I cannot tell,” said Sir Harry to his wife that night.

We must presume Sir Harry did not know how it is that the birds pair.

*To be concluded in the next Number.*

## UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

## A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE old Hebrew necromancers were said to obtain oracles by means of Teraphim. A Teraph was the decapitated head of a child, placed on a pillar and compelled by magic to reply to the questions of the sorcerer. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the legends of such enchantments rest on some groundwork of fact; and that it might be possible, by galvanism or similar agency, to make a human corpse speak, as a dead sheep may be made to bleat. Further, let us suppose that the Teraph only responded to inquiries regarding facts known to the owner of the head while living, and therefore (it may be imagined) impressed in some manner upon the brain to be operated on.

In such a Teraph we should, I conceive, possess a fair representation of the mental part of human nature, as it is understood by a school of thinkers, considerable in all ages, but especially so at present. "The brain itself," according to this doctrine, "the white and grey matter, such as we see and touch it, irrespective of any imaginary entity beside, performs the functions of Thought and Memory. To go beyond this all-sufficient brain, and assume that our conscious selves are distinct from it, and somewhat else beside the sum-total of its action, is to indulge an hypothesis unsupported by a tittle of scientific evidence. Needless to add, the still further assumption, that the conscious self may possibly survive the dissolution of the brain, is absolutely unwarrantable."

It is my very ambitious hope to show, in the following pages, that, should physiology establish the fact that the brain, by its automatic action, performs all the functions which we have been wont to attribute to "Mind," that great discovery will stand alone, and will not determine, as supposed, the

further steps of the argument; namely, that our conscious selves are nothing more than the sum of the action of our brains during life, and that there is no room to hope that they may survive their dissolution.

I hope to show, not only that these conclusions do not necessarily flow from the premisses, but that, accepting the premisses, we may logically arrive at opposite conclusions. I hope to deduce, from the study of one class of cerebral phenomena, a presumption of the *separability* of the conscious Self from the thinking brain; and thus, while admitting that "Thought may be a function of Matter," demonstrate that the Self in each of us is not identifiable with that which, for want of a better word, we call "Matter." The immeasurable difference between such a remembering lip-moving Teraph as we have supposed and a conscious Man indicates, as I conceive, the gulf leaped over by those who conclude that, *if* the brain can be proved to think, the case is closed against believers in the spirituality and immortality of our race.

In brief, it is my aim to draw from such an easy and every-day psychological study as may be verified by every reader for himself, an argument for belief in the entire *separability* of the conscious self from its thinking organ, the physical brain. Whether we choose still to call the one "Spirit" and the other "Matter," or to confess that the definitions which our fathers gave to those terms have ceased to be valid in the light of modern science—that "Matter" means only "a form of Force," and that "Spirit" is merely "an unmeaning term for an unknown thing"—this verbal controversy will not in any way affect the drift of our argument. What we *need* to know is this: Can we face the real or supposed tendency of science to prove that

"Thought is a Function of Matter," and yet logically retain faith in personal Immortality? I maintain that we may accept that doctrine and draw from it an indirect presumption of immortality, afforded by the proof that the conscious self is not identifiable with that Matter which performs the function of Thought, and of whose dissolution alone we have cognizance.

My first task must be to describe the psychological facts from which our conclusions are to be drawn, and which seem in themselves sufficiently curious and interesting to deserve more study on their own account than they have yet received. Secondly, I shall simply quote Dr. Carpenter's physiological explanation of these facts. Lastly, I shall, as shortly as possible, endeavour to deduce from them that which appears to me to be their logical inference.

The phenomena with which we are concerned, have been often referred to by metaphysicians,—Leibnitz and Sir W. Hamilton amongst others,—under the names of "Latent Thought," and "Preconscious Activity of the Soul." Dr. Carpenter, who has discovered the physiological explanation of them, and reduced them to harmony with other phenomena of the nervous system, has given to them the title of "Unconscious Cerebration;" and to this name, as following in his steps, I shall in these pages adhere. It will probably serve our purpose best, in a popular paper like the present, to begin, not with any large generalizations of the subject, but with a few familiar and unmistakeable instances of mental work performed unconsciously.

For example; it is an every-day occurrence to most of us to forget a particular word, or a line of poetry, and to remember it some hours later, when we have ceased consciously to seek for it. We try, perhaps anxiously, at first to recover it, well aware that it lies somewhere hidden in our memory, but unable to seize it. As the saying is, we "ransack our brains for it," but failing to find it, we at last turn our attention to other matters. By and by

when, so far as consciousness goes, our whole minds are absorbed in a different topic, we exclaim, "Eureka! The word, or verse, is—So and so." So familiar is this phenomenon that we are accustomed in similar straits to say, "Never mind; I shall think of the missing word by and by, when I am attending to something else;" and we deliberately turn away, not intending finally to abandon the pursuit, but precisely as if we were possessed of an obedient secretary or librarian, whom we could order to hunt up a missing document, or turn out a word in a dictionary while we amused ourselves with something else. The more this very common phenomenon is studied, the more I think the observer of his own mental processes will be obliged to concede, that, so far as his own conscious Self is concerned, the research is made absolutely without him. He has neither pain nor pleasure, nor sense of labour in the task, any more than if it were performed by somebody else; and his conscious Self is all the time suffering, enjoying, or labouring on totally different grounds.

Another and more important phase of unconscious cerebration, is that wherein we find our mental work of any kind, a calculation, an essay, a tale, a composition of music, painting, or sculpture, arrange itself in order during an interval either of sleep or wakefulness, during which we had not consciously thought of it at all. Probably no one has ever written on a subject a little complicated, or otherwise endeavoured to think out a matter any way obscure, without perceiving next day that the thing has somehow taken a new form in his mind since he laid down his pen or his pencil after his first effort. It is as if a "Fairy Order" had come in the night and unravelled the tangled skeins of thought and laid them all neatly out on his table. I have said that this work is done for us either asleep or awake, but it seems to be accomplished most perfectly in the former state, when our unconsciousness of it is most complete. I am not now referring to the facts of

somnambulism, of which I must speak by and by, but of the regular "setting to rights" which happens normally to the healthiest brains, and with as much regularity as, in a well-appointed household, the chairs and tables are put in their places before the family come down to breakfast.

Again there is the ordinary but most mysterious faculty possessed by most persons, of setting over-night a mental alarm-clock, and awaking, at will, at any unaccustomed hour out of dreamless sleep. Were we up and about our usual business all night without seeing or hearing a timepiece, or looking out at the stars or the dawn, few of us could guess within two or three hours of the time. Or again, if we were asleep and dreaming with no intention of rising at a particular time, the lapse of hours would be unknown to us. The count of time in dreams is altogether different from that of our waking life, and we dream in a few seconds what seem to be the events of years. Nevertheless, under the conditions mentioned, of a sleep prefaced by a resolution to waken at a specified hour, we arrive at a knowledge of time unattainable to us either when awake or when sleeping without such prior resolution.

Such are some of the more striking instances of unconscious cerebration. But the same power is obviously at work during at least half our lives in a way which attracts no attention only because it is so common. If we divide our actions into classes with reference to the Will, we discover that they are of three kinds—the Involuntary (such as the beating of the heart, digestion, &c.), the Voluntary, and the Volitional. The difference between the two latter classes of actions is, that *Voluntary* motions are made by permission of the Will and can be immediately stopped by its exertion, but do not require its conscious activity. *Volitional* motions on the contrary require the direct exertion of Will.

Now of these three classes of action it would appear that all Voluntary acts, as we have defined them, are accom-

plished by Unconscious Cerebration. Let us analyse the act of Walking, for example. We intend to go here or there; and in such matters "he who wills the end wills the means." But we do not deliberately think, "Now I shall move my right foot, now I shall put my left on such a spot." Some unseen guardian of our muscles manages all such details, and we go on our way, serenely unconscious (unless we chance to have the gout, or an ill-fitting boot) that we have any legs at all to be directed in the way they should go. If we chance to be tolerably familiar with the road, we take each turning instinctively, thinking all the time of something else, and carefully avoid puddles or collisions with fellow-passengers, without bestowing a thought on the subject. Similarly as soon as we have acquired other arts beside walking,—reading, sewing, writing, playing on an instrument,—we soon learn to carry on the mechanical part of our tasks with no conscious exertion. We read aloud, taking in the appearance and proper sound of each word and the punctuation of each sentence, and all the time we are not thinking of these matters, but of the argument of the author; or picturing the scene he describes; or, possibly, following a wholly different train of thought. Similarly in writing with "the pen of a ready writer" it would almost seem as if the pen itself took the business of forming the letters and dipping itself in the ink at proper intervals, so engrossed are we in the thoughts which we are trying to express.

We unconsciously cerebration,—while we are all the time consciously buried in our subject,—that it will not answer to begin two consecutive sentences in the same way; that we must introduce a query here or an ejaculation there, and close our paragraphs with a sonorous word and not with a preposition. All this we do not do of *malice prepense*, but because the well-tutored sprite whose business it is to look after our p's and q's, settles it for us as a clerk does the formal part of a merchant's correspondence.

Music-playing however is of all others

the most extraordinary manifestation of the powers of unconscious cerebration. Here we seem not to have one slave but a dozen. Two different lines of hieroglyphics have to be read at once, and the right hand is to be guided to attend to one of them, the left to another. All the ten fingers have their work assigned as quickly as they can move. The mind (or something which does duty as mind) interprets scores of A sharps and B flats and C naturals, into black ivory keys and white ones, crotchets and quavers and demi-semi-quavers, rests, and all the other mysteries of music. The feet are not idle, but have something to do with the pedals; and, if the instrument be a double-actioned harp, a task of pushings and pullings more difficult than that of the hands. And all this time the performer, the *conscious* performer, is in a seventh heaven of artistic rapture at the results of all this tremendous business; or perchance lost in a flirtation with the individual who turns the leaves of the music-book, and is justly persuaded she is giving him the whole of her soul!

Hitherto we have noticed the brain engaged in its more servile tasks of hunting up lost words, waking us at the proper hour, and carrying on the mechanical part of all our acts. But our Familiar is a great deal more than a walking dictionary, a housemaid, a *valet de place*, or a barrel-organ man. He is a novelist who can spin more romances than Dumas, a dramatist who composes more plays than ever did Lope de Vega, a painter who excels equally well in figures, landscapes, cattle, sea-pieces, smiling bits of *genre* and the most terrific conceptions of horror and torture. Of course, like other artists, he can only reproduce, develop, combine what he has actually experienced or read or heard of. But the enormous versatility and inexhaustible profusion with which he furnishes us with fresh pictures for our galleries, and new stories every night from his lending library, would be deemed the greatest of miracles, were it not the commonest of facts. A dull clod of a man, without an ounce of fancy in his

conscious hours, lies down like a log at night, and lo! he has got before him the village green where he played as a boy, and the apple-tree blossoms in his father's orchard, and his long-dead and half-forgotten mother smiles at him, and he hears her call him "her own little lad," and then he has a vague sense that this is strange, and a whole marvellous story is revealed to him of how his mother has been only supposed to be dead, but has been living in a distant country, and he feels happy and comforted. And then he wakes and wonders how he came to have such a dream! Is he not right to wonder? What is it—*who* is it that wove the tapestry of such thoughts on the walls of his dark soul? Addison says, "There is not a more painful act of the mind than that of invention. Yet in dreams it works with that care and activity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed" (*Spectator*, 487). Such are the nightly miracles of Unconscious Cerebration.

The laws which govern dreams are still half unexplained, but the most obvious of them singularly illustrate the nature of the processes of the unconscious brain-work which causes them. Much of the labour of our minds, conscious and unconscious, consists in transmuting Sentiments into Ideas. It is not in this little essay that the subject can be developed in its various branches, the ordinary passions of life,—the religious and moral sentiments (wherein our translations are the source of all our myths and half our errors),<sup>1</sup>—and lastly, insanity, wherein the false sentiment usually creates the intellectual delusion. Suffice it that our conscious brains are for ever at work of the kind, "giving to airy nothing" (or at least to what is a merely subjective feeling) "a local habitation and a name." Our unconscious brains accordingly, after their wont, proceed on the same track

<sup>1</sup> "E.g. Out of the Sentiment of the justice of God come Ideas of a great Final Assize and Day of Judgment. Out of the Sentiment that He is Author of all things, a definite Idea of six days' world-making," &c. &c. (From a Sermon by Rev. James Martineau.)

during sleep. Our sentiments of love, hate, fear, anxiety, are each one of them the fertile source of whole series of illustrative dreams. Our bodily sensations of heat, cold, hunger, and suffocation, supply another series often full of the quaintest suggestions,—such as those of the poor gentleman who slept over a cheesemonger's shop, and dreamt he was shut up in a cheese to be eaten by rats; and that of the lady whose hot bottle scorched her feet, and who imagined she was walking into Vesuvius. In all such dreams we find our brains with infinite play of fancy merely adding illustrations like those of M. Doré to the page of life which we have turned the day before, or to that which lies upon our beds as we sleep.

Again, the small share occupied by the Moral Law in the dream world is a significant fact. So far as I have been able to learn, it is the rarest thing possible for any check of conscience to be felt in a dream, even by persons whose waking hours are profoundly imbued with moral feeling. We commit in dreams acts for which we should weep tears of blood were they real, and yet never feel the slightest remorse. On the most trifling provocation we cram an offending urchin into a lion's cage (if we happen to have recently visited the Zoological Gardens), or we set fire to a house merely to warm ourselves with the blaze, and all the time feel no pang of compunction. The familiar check of waking hours, "I must not do it, because it would be unjust or unkind," never once seems to arrest us in the satisfaction of any whim which may blow about our wayward fancies in sleep. Nay, I think that if ever we do feel a sentiment like Repentance in dreams, it is not the legitimate sequel to the crime we have previously imagined, but a wave of feeling rolled on from the real sentiment experienced in former hours of consciousness. Our dream-selves, like the Undines of German folk-lore, have no Souls, no Responsibility and no Hereafter. Of course this observation does not touch the fact that a person who in his con-

scious life has committed a great crime may be haunted with its hideous shadow in his sleep, and that Lady Macbeth may in vain try and wash the stain from her "little hand." It is the imaginary acts of sleeping fancy which are devoid of moral character. But this immoral character of unconscious cerebration precisely tallies with the Kantian doctrine, that the moral will is the true *Homo Noumenon*, the Self of man. This conscious Self being dormant in dreams, it is obvious that the true phenomena of Conscience cannot be developed in them. Plutarch says that Zeno ordered his followers to regard dreams as a test of virtue, and to note it as a dangerous sign if they did not recoil, even in their sleep, from vice; and Sir Thomas Browne talks solemnly of "Sinful Dreams," which ecclesiastical history abundantly shows have proved terrible stumbling-blocks to the saints. But the doctrine of Unconscious Cerebration explains clearly enough how, in the absence of the controlling Will, the animal elements of our nature assert themselves—generally in the ratio of their unnatural suppression at other times—and abstinence is made up for by hungry Fancy spreading a glutton's feast. The want of sense of sin in such dreams is, I think, the most natural and most healthful symptom about them.

But if moral Repentance rarely or never follow the imaginary transgressions of dreams, another sense, the Saxon sense of Dissatisfaction in unfinished work, is not only often present, but sometimes exceedingly harassing. The late eminent physician, Professor John Thomson of Edinburgh, quitted his father's cottage in early manhood, leaving half woven a web of cloth on which he had been engaged as a weaver's apprentice. Half a century afterwards, the then wealthy and celebrated gentleman still found his slumbers disturbed by the apparition of his old loom and the sense of the imperative duty of finishing the never-completed web. The tale is like a parable of what all this life's neglected duties may be to us, perchance in an absolved and glorified

Hereafter, wherein, nevertheless, *that* web which we have left undone will have passed from our hands for ever! Of course, as it is the proper task of the unconscious brain to direct voluntary labours started by the will, it is easily explicable why it should be tormented by the sense of their incompleteness.

But leaving the vast half-studied subject of dreams (a whole mine as it is of psychological discovery), we must turn to consider the surprising phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, developed under conditions of abnormal excitement. Among these I class those mysterious Voices, issuing we know not whence, in which some strong fear, doubt, or hope finds utterance. The part played by these Voices in the history both of religion and of fanaticism it is needless to describe. So far as I can judge, they are of two kinds. One is a sort of lightning-burst suddenly giving intensely vivid expression to a whole set of feelings or ideas which have been lying latent in the brain, and which are in opposition to the feelings and ideas of our conscious selves at the moment. Thus the man ready to commit a crime hears a voice appealing to him to stop; while the man praying ardently for faith hears another voice say, "There is no God." Of course the first suggestion is credited to heaven, and the second to the powers of the Pit, but the source of both is, I apprehend, the same. The second class of Voices are the result, not of unconscious Reasoning but of unconscious Memory. Under some special excitement, and perhaps inexplicably remote association of ideas, some words which once made a violent impression on us are remembered from the inner depths. Chance may make these either awfully solemn, or as ludicrous as that of a gentleman shipwrecked off South America, who, as he was sinking and almost drowning, distinctly heard his mother's voice say, "Tom! did you take Jane's cake?" The portentous inquiry had been addressed to him forty years previously, and (as might have been expected) had been wholly forgotten. In

fever, in a similar way, ideas and words long consigned to oblivion are constantly reproduced; nay, what is most curious of all, long trains of phrases which the individual had indeed heard, but which could hardly have become a possession of the memory in its natural state, are then brought out in entire unconsciousness. My readers will recall the often-quoted and well-authenticated story of the peasant girl in the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, who in her delirium frequently "spouted" Hebrew. After much inquiry it was found she had been cook to a learned priest who had been in the habit of reading aloud his Hebrew books in the room adjoining her kitchen. A similar anecdote is told of another servant girl who in abnormal sleep imitated some beautiful violin playing which she had heard many years previously.

From Sounds to Sights the transition is obvious. An Apparition is to the optical sense what such a Voice as we have spoken of above is to the hearing. At a certain point of intensity the latent idea in the unconscious brain reveals itself and produces an impression on the sensory; sometimes affecting one sense, sometimes another, sometimes perhaps two senses at a time.

Hibbert's ingenious explanation of the philosophy of apparitions is this. We are, he says, in our waking hours, fully aware that what we really see and hear are actual sights and sounds; and what we only conjure up by fancy are delusions. In our sleeping hours this sense is not only lost, but the opposite conviction fully possesses us; namely, that what we conjure up by fancy in our dreams is true, while the real sights and sounds around us are unperceived. These two states are exchanged for each other at least twice in every twenty-four hours of our lives, and generally much oftener, in fact every time we doze or take a nap. Very often such slumbers begin and end before we have become aware of them; or have lost consciousness of the room and its furniture surrounding us. If at such times a peculiarly vivid dream takes the form of an apparition of a dead friend, there is nothing to



rectify the delusion that what we have fancied is real, nay even a background of positive truth is apparently supplied by the bedstead, curtains, &c. &c., of whose presence we have not lost consciousness for more than the fraction of time needful for a dream.

It would, I think, be easy to apply this reasoning with great advantage, taking into view the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration. The intersection of the states wherein consciousness yields to unconsciousness, and *vice versâ*, is obviously always difficult of sharp appreciation, and leaves wide margin for self-deception; and a ghost is of all creations of fancy the one which bears most unmistakeable internal evidence of being *home-made*. The poor unconscious brain goes on upon the track of the lost friend, on which the conscious soul, ere it fell asleep, had started it. But with all its wealth of fancy it never succeeds in picturing a *new* ghost, a fresh idea of the departed, whom yet by every principle of reason we know is *not* (whatever else he or she may have become), a white-faced figure in coat and trowsers, or in a silk dress and gold ornaments. All the familiar arguments proving the purely subjective nature of apparitions of the dead, or of supernatural beings, point exactly to Unconscious Cerebration as the teeming source wherein they have been engendered. In some instances, as in the famous ones quoted by Abercrombie, the brain was sufficiently distempered to call up such phantoms even while the conscious self was in full activity. "Mrs. A." saw all her visions calmly, and knew that they were visions; thus bringing the conscious and unconscious workings of her brain into an awful sort of face-to-face recognition; like the sight of a *Doppel-gänger*. But such experience is the exceptional one. The ordinary case is, when the unconscious cerebration supplies the apparition; and the conscious self accepts it *de bonne foi*, having no means of distinguishing it from the impressions derived from the real objects of sense.

The famous story in my own family, of the Beresford ghost, is, I think, an

excellent illustration of the relation of unconscious cerebration to dreams of apparitions. Lady Beresford, as I conjecture, in her sleep hit her wrist violently against some part of her bedstead so as to hurt it severely. According to a well-known law of dreams, already referred to, her unconscious brain set about accounting for the pain, transmitting the Sensation into an Idea. An instant's sensation (as Mr. Babbage, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Lord Brougham have all illustrated) is enough to call up a long vision. Lady Beresford fancied accordingly that her dead cousin, Lord Tyrone, had come to fulfil his promise of revisiting her from the tomb. He twisted her curtains and left a mark on her wardrobe (probably an old stain she had remarked on the wood), and then touched her wrist with his terrible finger. The dreamer awoke with a black and blue wrist; and the story took its place in the annals of ghost-craft for ever.

Somnambulism is an unmistakeable form of unconscious cerebration. Here, while consciousness is wholly dormant, the brain performs occasionally the most brilliant operations. Coleridge's poem of *Kubla Khan*, composed in opiate sleep, is an instance of its achievements in the realm of pure imagination. Many cases are recorded of students rising at night, seeking their desks, and there writing down whole columns of algebraic calculations; solutions of geometric problems, and opinions on difficult cases of law. Cabanis says that Condillac brought continually to a conclusion at night in his sleep the reasonings of the day. In all such cases the work done asleep seems better than that done in waking hours, nay there is no lack of anecdotes which would point to the possibility of persons in an unconscious state accomplishing things beyond their ordinary powers altogether. The muscular strength of men in somnambulism and delirium, their power of balancing themselves on roofs, of finding their way in the dark, are physical advantages reserved for such conditions. Abnormal acuteness of hearing is also a well-known accompaniment

of them, and in this relation we must, I conclude, understand the marvellous story vouched for by the late Sir Edward Codrington. The captain in command of a man-of-war was one night sleeping in his cabin, with a sentinel as usual posted at his door. In the middle of the night the captain rang his bell, called suddenly to the sentinel, and sharply desired him to tell the lieutenant of the watch to alter the ship's course by so many points. Next morning the officer, on greeting the captain, observed that it was most fortunate he had been aware of their position and had given such an order, as there had been a mistake in the reckoning, and the ship was in shoal water, on the point of striking a reef. "I!" said the astonished captain, "I gave no order; I slept soundly all night." The sentinel was summoned, and of course testified that the experienced commander had in some unknown way learned the peril of his ship, and saved it, even while in a state of absolute unconsciousness.

Whatever residue of truth may be found hereafter in the crucible wherein shall have been tried the marvels of spirit-rapping, mesmerism, and hypnotism; whatever revelation of forgotten facts or successful hits at secrets, is, I believe, unquestionably due to the action of Unconscious Cerebration. The person reduced to a state of coma is liable to receive suggestions from without, and these suggestions and queries are answered by his unconscious brain out of whatever stores of memory it may retain. What a man *never* knew, *that* no magic has ever yet enabled him to tell; but what he has once known, and in his conscious hours has forgotten, *that* on the contrary is often recalled by the suggestive queries of the operator when he is in a state of hypnotism. A natural dream sometimes does as much, as witness all the discoveries of hidden treasures, corpses, &c., made through dreams; generally with the aid of the obvious machinery of a ghost. General Sleeman mentions that, being in pursuit of Thugs up the country, his wife one morning urgently entreated

him to move their tents from the spot—a lovely opening in a jungle—where they had been pitched the previous evening. She said she had been haunted all night by the sight of dead men. Information received during the day induced the General to order digging under the ground whereon they had camped; and beneath Mrs. Sleeman's tent were found fourteen corpses, victims of the Thugs. It is easily conceivable that the foul odour of death suggested to the lady, in the unconscious cerebration of her dream, her horrible vision. Had she been in a state of mesmeric trance, the same occurrence would have formed a splendid instance of supernatural revelation.

Drunkenness is a condition in which the conscious self is more or less completely obfuscated, but in which unconscious cerebration goes on for a long time. The proverbial impunity with which drunken men fall without hurting themselves can only be attributed to the fact that the conscious will does not interfere with the unconscious instinct of falling on the parts of the body least liable to injury. The same impunity is enjoyed by persons not intoxicated, who at the moment of an accident do not exert any volition in determining which way they shall strike the ground. All the ludicrous stories of the absence of mind of tipsy men may obviously be explained by supposing that their unconscious cerebration is blindly fumbling to perform tasks needing conscious direction. And be it remembered that the proverb "*in vino veritas*" is here in exact harmony with our theory. The drunken man unconsciously blurts out the truth, his muddled brain being unequal to the task of inventing a plausible falsehood. The delicious fun of Sheridan, found under a tree and telling the policeman that he was "Wil-Wil-Wilberforce," reveals at once that the wag, if a little exalted, was by no means really drunk. Such a joke could hardly have occurred to an unconscious brain, even one so well accustomed to the production of humour. As in dreams, intoxication never brings new

elements of nature into play, but only abnormally excites latent ones. It is only a Porson who when drunk solemnly curses the "aggravating properties of inanimate matter," or when he cannot fit his latch-key, is heard muttering, "D——n the *nature of things!*" A noble miser of the last century revealed his true character, and also the state of his purse, whenever he was fuddled, by murmuring softly to himself, "I'm very rich! I'm very rich!" In sober moments he complained continually of his limited means. In the same way it is the brutal labourer who in his besotted state thrashes his horse and kicks his wife. A drunken woman, on the contrary, unless an habitual virago, rarely strikes anybody. The accustomed vehicle for her emotions—her tongue—is the organ of whose services her unconscious cerebration avails itself.

Finally, the condition of perfect anæsthesia appears to be one in which unconscious cerebration is perfectly exemplified. The conscious Self is then so absolutely dormant that it is not only unaware of the most frightful lacerations of the nerves, but has no conception of the interval of time in which an operation takes place; usually waking to inquire, "When do the surgeons intend to begin?" Meanwhile unconscious cerebration has been busy composing a pretty little picture of green fields and skipping lambs, or something equally remote from the terrible reality.

There are many other obscure mental phenomena which I believe might be explained by the theory of unconscious cerebration, even if the grand mystery of insanity does not receive (as I apprehend it must do) some elucidation from it. Presentiments and dreams of the individual's own death may certainly be explicable as the dumb revelations of the diseased frame to its own nervous centre. The strange and painful, but very common, sense of having seen and heard at some previous time what is passing at the moment, appears to arise from some abnormal irritation of the memory (if I may so express it), evidently connected with the unconscious action

of the brain. Still more "uncanny" and mysterious is the impression (to me almost amounting at times to torture) that we have never for years quitted the spot to which we have only that instant returned after a long interval. Under this hateful spell we say to ourselves that we have been weeks, months, ages, studying the ornaments of the cornice opposite our seat in church, or following the outline of the gnarled old trees, black against the evening sky. This delusion, I think, only arises when we have undergone strong mental tension at the haunted spot. While our conscious selves have been absorbed in speculative thought or strong emotion, our unconscious cerebration has photographed the scene on our optic nerves *pour passer le temps!*

The limitations and failures of unconscious cerebration would supply us with as large a study as its marvellous powers and achievements. It is obvious at first sight, that, though in the unconscious state mental work is sometimes *better* done than in the conscious (*e.g.* the finding missing names awake, or performing abstruse calculations in somnambulism), yet that the unconscious work is never more than the *continuation* of something which has been begun in the conscious condition. We recall the name which we have known and forgotten, but we do not discover what we never knew. The man who does not understand algebra never performs algebraic calculations in his sleep. No problem in Euclid has been solved in dreams except by students who have studied Euclid awake. The merely voluntary and unconscious movements of our legs in walking, and our hands in writing and playing music, were at first in infancy, or when we began to learn each art, actions purely volitional, which often require a strong effort of the conscious will for their accomplishment.

Again, the failures of unconscious cerebration are as easily traced as its limitations. The most familiar of them may be observed in the phenomenon which we call Absence of Mind, and

which seems to consist in a disturbance of the proper balance between conscious and unconscious cerebration, leaving the latter to perform tasks of which it is incapable. An absent man walks, as we say, in a dream. All men indeed, as before remarked, perform the mechanical act of walking merely voluntarily and not volitionally, but their consciousness is not so far off but that it can be recalled at a moment's notice. The porter at the door of the senses can summons the master of the house the instant he is wanted about business. But the absent man does not answer such calls. A friend addresses him, and his unconscious brain instead of his conscious self answers the question *à tort et à travers*. He boils his watch for breakfast and puts his egg in his pocket; his unconscious brain merely concerning itself that something is to be boiled and something else put in the pocket. He searches up and down for the spectacles which are on his nose; he forgets to eat his dinner and wonders why he feels hungry. His social existence is poisoned by his unconquerable propensity to say the wrong thing to the wrong person. Meeting Mrs. Bombazine in deep widow's weeds, he cheerfully inquires, "Well, and what is Mr. Bombazine doing now?" albeit he has received formal notice that Mr. Bombazine departed a month ago to that world of whose doings no information is received. He tells Mr. Parvenu, whose father is strongly suspected of having been a shoemaker, that "for his part he does not like new-made men at the head of affairs, and holds to the good old motto, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam;'" and this brilliant observation he delivers with a pleasant laugh, giving it all possible point and pungency. If he have an acquaintance whose brother was hanged or drowned, or scraped to death with oyster-shells, then to a moral certainty the subjects of capital punishment, the perils of the deep, and the proper season for eating oysters will be the topics selected by him for conversation during the awkward ten minutes before dinner. Of course the injured friend believes he is

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intentionally insulted; but he is quite mistaken. The absent man had merely a vague recollection of his trouble, which unfortunately proved a stumbling-block against which his unconscious cerebration was certain to bring him into collision.

As a general rule, the unconscious brain, like an *enfant terrible*, is extremely veracious. The "Palace of Truth" is nothing but a house full of absent-minded people who unconsciously say what they think of each other, when they consciously intend to be extremely flattering. But it also sometimes happens that falsehood has so far become second nature that a man's very interjections, unconscious answers, and soliloquies may all be lies. Nothing can be more false to nature than the dramas and novels wherein profound scoundrels, in the privacy of an evening walk beside a hedge, unveil their secret plots in an address to Fate or the Moon; or fall into a well-timed brain fever, and babble out exactly the truth which the reader needs to be told. Your real villain never tells truth even to himself, much less to Fate or the Moon; and it is to be doubted whether, even in delirium, his unconscious cerebration would not run on the accustomed ruts of fable rather than the unwonted paths of veracity.

Another failure of unconscious cerebration is seen in the continuance of habitual actions when the motive for them has ceased. A change in attire, altering the position of our pockets, never fails to cause us a dozen fruitless struggles to find our handkerchief, or replace our purse. In returning to an old abode we are sure sooner or later to blunder into our former sleeping-room, and to be much startled to find in it another occupant. It happened to me once, after an interval of eight years, to find myself again in the chamber, at the table, and seated on the chair where my little studies had gone on for half a lifetime. I had business to occupy my thoughts, and was soon (so far as consciousness went) buried in my task of writing. But all the time while I wrote my feet moved restlessly in a most un-

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accustomed way under the table. "What is the matter with me?" I paused at last to ask myself, and then remembered that when I had written at this table in long past days, I had had a stool under it. It was that particular stool my unconscious cerebration was seeking. During all the interval I had perhaps not once used a similar support, but the moment I sat in the same spot, the trifling habit vindicated itself afresh; the brain acted on its old impression.

Of course it is as easy as it is common to dismiss all such fantastic tricks with the single word "Habit." But the word "Habit," like the word "Law," has no positive sense as if it were itself an originating cause. It implies a persistent mode of action, but affords no clue to the force which initiates and maintains that action. All that we can say, in the case of the phenomena of unconscious cerebration, is, that when volitional actions have been often repeated, they sink into the class of voluntary ones, and are performed unconsciously. We may define the moment when a Habit is established as that wherein the Volitional act becomes Voluntary.

It will be observed by the reader that all the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration now indicated, belong to different orders as related to the Conscious Self. In one order (*e.g.*, that of Delirium, Somnambulism, and Anæsthesia) the Conscious Self has no appreciable concern whatever. The action of the brain has not been originated or controlled by the will; there is no sense of it either painful or pleasurable, while it proceeds; and no memory of it when it is over.

In the second order (*e.g.*, that of rediscovered words, and waking at a given hour), the Conscious Self has so far a concern, that it originally *set the task* to the brain. This done, it remains in entire ignorance of how the brain performs it, nor does Memory afterwards retain the faintest trace of the labours, however arduous, of word-seeking and time-marking.

Lastly, in the third class (*e.g.*, that of

natural dreams), the share of the Conscious Self is the reverse of that which it takes in the case of word-seeking and time-marking. In dreams we do not, and cannot with our utmost effort, direct our unconscious brains into the trains of thought and fancy wherein we desire them to go. Obedient as they are in the former case, where work was to be done, here, in the land of fancy, they seem to mock our futile attempts to guide them. Nevertheless, strange to say, the Conscious Self—which knew nothing of what was going on while its leg was being amputated under chloroform, and nothing of what its brain was doing, while finding out what o'clock it was with shut eyes in the dark—is here cognizant of all the proceedings, and able in great measure to recall them afterwards. We receive intense pain or pleasure from our dreams, though we have actually less to do in concocting them than in dozens of mental processes which go on wholly unperceived in our brains.<sup>1</sup>

Thus it would seem that neither Memory nor Volition have any constant relation to unconscious cerebration. We sometimes remember, and sometimes wholly forget its action; and sometimes it fulfils our wishes, and sometimes wholly disregards them. The one constant fact is, that *while the actions are being performed*, the Conscious Self is either wholly uncognizant of them or unable to control them. It is either in a state of high activity about other and irrelevant matters; or it is entirely passive. In every case the line between the Conscious Self and the unconsciously working brain is clearly defined.

Having now faintly traced the outline of the psychological facts illustrative of unconscious cerebration, it is time to turn to the brilliant physiological explanation of them afforded by Dr. Carpenter. We have seen what our brains can do

<sup>1</sup> Reid boasted he had learned to control his dreams, and there is a story of a man who always guided his own fancy in sleep. Such dreams, however, would hardly deserve the name.

without our consciousness. The way they do it is on this wise (I quote, slightly abridged, from Dr. Carpenter).

All parts of the Nervous System appear to possess certain powers of automatic action. The *Spinal cord* has for primary functions the performance of the motions of respiration and swallowing. The automatic action of the *Sensory ganglia* seems to be connected with movements of protection—such as the closing of the eyes to a flash of light—and their secondary use enables a man to shrink from dangers of collisions, &c., before he has time for conscious escape. Finally we arrive at the automatic action of the *Cerebrum*; and here Dr. Carpenter reminds us that instead of being (as formerly supposed) the centre of the whole system, in direct connection with the organs of sense and the muscular apparatus, the *Cerebrum* is, according to modern physiology—

“A superadded organ, the development of which seems to bear a pretty constant relation to the degree in which intelligence supersedes instinct as a spring of action. The ganglionic matter which is spread out upon the surface of the hemispheres, and in which their potentiality resides, is connected with the Sensory Tract at their base (which is the real centre of conveyance for the sensory nerves of the whole body) by commissural fibres, long since termed by Reid, with sagacious foresight, ‘nerves of the internal senses,’ and its anatomical relation to the sensorium is thus precisely the same as that of the Retina, which is a ganglionic expansion connected with the Sensorium by the optic nerve. Hence it may be fairly surmised—  
1. That as we only become conscious of visual impressions on the retina when their influence has been transmitted to the central sensorium, so we only become conscious of ideational changes in the cerebral hemispheres when their influence has been transmitted to the same centre; 2. That as visual changes may take place in the retina of which we are unconscious, either through temporary inactivity of the Sensorium (as in sleep), or through the entire occupation of the attention in some other direction, so may ideational changes take place in the Cerebrum, of which we may be unconscious for want of receptivity on the part of the Sensorium, but of which the results may present themselves to the consciousness as ideas elaborated by an automatic process of which we have no cognizance.”<sup>1</sup>

Report of Meeting of Royal Institution.  
Dr. Carpenter's Lecture, March 1, 1868, pp. 4, 5.

Lastly, we come to the conclusions to be deduced from the above investigations. We have credited to the Unconscious Brain the following powers and faculties:—

1. It not only *remembers* as much as the Conscious Self can recall, but often much more. It is even doubtful whether it may not be capable, under certain conditions, of reproducing every impression ever made upon the senses during life.

2. It can *understand* what words or things are sought to be remembered, and hunt them up through some recondite process known only to itself, till it discovers and pounces on them.

3. It can *fancy* the most beautiful pictures and also the most terrible ones, and weave ten thousand fables with inexhaustible invention.

4. It can perform the exceedingly difficult task of mental arrangement and logical division of subjects.

5. It can transact all the mechanical business of walking, reading, writing, sewing, playing, &c. &c.

6. It can tell the hour in the middle of the night without a timepiece.

Let us be content with these ordinary and unmistakeable exercises of unconscious cerebration, and leave aside all rare or questionable wonders of somnambulism and cognate states. We have got Memory, Fancy, Understanding, at all events, as faculties exercised in full by the Unconscious Brain. Now it is obvious that it would be an unusual definition of the word “Thought” which should debar us from applying it to the above phenomena; or compel us to say that we can remember, fancy, and understand without “thinking” of the things remembered, fancied, or understood. But Who, or What, then, is it that accomplishes these confessedly mental functions? Two answers are given to the query, each of them, as I venture to think, erroneous. Büchner and his followers say, “It is our physical Brains, and these Brains are ourselves.”<sup>1</sup> And

<sup>1</sup> Büchner's precise doctrine is, “The brain is only the carrier and the source, or rather the *sole cause* of the spirit or thought; but not the organ which secretes it. It produces

non-materialists say, "It is our conscious Selves, which merely use our brains as their instruments." We must go into this matter somewhat carefully.

In a certain loose and popular way of speaking, our brains are "ourselves." So also in the same way of speaking are our hearts, our limbs, and the hairs of our head. But in more accurate language the use of the pronoun "I" applied to any part of our bodies is obviously incorrect, and even inadmissible. We say, indeed, commonly, "I struck with my hand," when our hand has obeyed our volition. It is, then, in fact, the will of the Self which we are describing. But if our hand has been forcibly compelled to strike by another man seizing it, or if it have shaken by palsy, we only say, "My hand was forced," or "was shaken." The limb's action is not *ours*, unless it has been done by our will. In the case of the heart, the very centre of physical life, we never dream of using such a phrase as "I am beating slowly," or "I am palpitating fast." And why do we not say so? Because, the action of our hearts being involuntary, we are sensible that the conscious "I" is not the agent in question, albeit the mortal life of that "I" is hanging on every pulsation. Now the problem which concerns us is this: Can we, or can we *not*, properly speak of our brains as we do of our hearts? Is it more proper to say, "I invent my dreams," than it is to say, "I am beating slowly"? I venture to think the cases are precisely parallel. When our brains perform acts of unconscious cerebration (such as dreams), they act just as our hearts do, *i.e.* involuntarily; and we ought to speak of them as we always do of our hearts, as of organs of our frame, but not our Selves. When our brains obey our wills, then they act as our hands do when we voluntarily strike a blow; and then we do right to speak as if "we" per-

something which is not materially permanent, but which consumes itself in the moment of its production."—*Kraft und Stoff*, chap. xiii.

formed the act accomplished by their means.

Now to return to our point. Are the anti-Materialists right to say that the agent in unconscious cerebration is "We, ourselves, who merely use our brains as their instruments;" or are the Materialists right who say, "It is our physical brains alone, and these brains are ourselves"? With regard to the first reply, I think that all the foregoing study has gone to show that "we" are *not* remembering, *not* fancying, *not* understanding what is being at the moment remembered, fancied, or understood. To say, then, that in such acts "we" are "using our brains as our instruments," appears nothing but a servile and unmeaning adherence to the foregone conclusion that our brains are nothing else than the organs of our will. It is absurd to call them so when we are concerned with phenomena whose speciality is that the will has nothing to do with them. So far, then, as this part of the argument is concerned, I think the answer of the anti-Materialists must be pronounced to be erroneous. The balance of evidence inclines to the Materialists' doctrine that the brain itself performs the mental processes in question, and, to use Vogt's expression, "secretes Thought" automatically and spontaneously.

But if this presumption be accepted provisionally, and the possibility admitted of its future physiological demonstration, have we, with it, accepted also the Materialist's ordinary conclusion that *we* and our automatically thinking brains are one and indivisible? If the brain can work by itself, have we any reason to believe it ever works *also* under the guidance of something external to itself, which we may describe as the Conscious Self? It seems to me that this is precisely what the preceding facts have likewise gone to prove—namely, that there are two kinds of action of the brain, the one Automatic, and the other subject to the will of the Conscious Self; just as the actions of a horse are some of them spontaneous and some done under the compulsion of his rider.



The first order of actions tend to indicate that the brain "secretes thought;" the second order (strongly contrasting with the first) show that, beside that automatically working brain, there is another agency in the field under whose control the brain performs a wholly different class of labours. Everywhere in the preceding pages we have traced the extraordinary *separation* which continually takes place between our Conscious Selves and the automatic action of the organ, which serves as our medium of communication with the outward world. We have seen, in a word, that we are not Centaurs, steed and rider in one, but horsemen, astride on roadsters which can trot very well a little way when we drop the reins, and which at other times play and canter off without our permission.

When we place the phenomena of Unconscious Thought on one side, and over against them our conscious personality, we obtain, I think, a new and vivid sense of the separation, not to say the antithesis, which exists between the two; close as is their mutual interdependence. Not to talk about the distinction between object and subject, or dwell on the absurdity (as it seems to us) of the proposition that we ourselves are only the sum-total of a series of cerebrations—the recognition of the fact *that our brains sometimes think without us*, seems to enable us to view our connection with them in quite a new light. So long as all our attention was given to Conscious Thought, and philosophers eagerly argued the question, whether the Soul did or did not ever sleep or cease to think, it was easy to confound the organ of thought with the Conscious Self who was supposed one to set it in action. But the mo-

ment we mass together for review the long array of the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, the case is altered; the severance becomes not only cogitable, but manifest.

Let us then accept cheerfully the possibility, perhaps the probability, that science ere long will proclaim the dogma, "Matter can think." Having humbly bowed to the decree, we shall find ourselves none the worse. Admitting that our brains accomplish much without our conscious guidance, will help us to realize that our relation to them is of a variable—an intermittent—and (we may venture to hope) of a *terminable* kind.

That such a conclusion, if reached, will have afforded us any *direct* argument for human immortality, cannot be pretended. Though we may succeed in proving "that the Brain can think without the Conscious Man," the great converse theorem, "that the Conscious Man can think without a Brain," has as yet received no jot of direct evidence; nor ever will do so, I hold, while we walk by faith and not by sight, and Heaven remains "a part of our religion, and not a branch of our geography"!

But it is something, nay it is surely much, if, by groping among the obscurer facts of consciousness, we may attain the certainty that whatever be the final conclusions of science regarding our mental nature, the one which we have most dreaded, if reached at last, will militate not at all against the hope, written on the heart of the nations, by that Hand which writes no falsehoods—that "when the dust returns to the dust whence it was taken, the Spirit—the Conscious Self of Man—shall return to God who gave it."



## THE WAR AND THE AMBULANCE.

BY HUMPHREY SANDWICH, C.B.

ON the 20th of August last I caught the prevailing epidemic, the war fever, the chief symptom of which was a yearning desire to be up and doing something. In the Middle Ages I suppose I should have joined one of the belligerents; fortunate it is that the International Society has opened a new outlet for warlike energy. If we really want to do something we put on the red cross, and rush to the ambulances.

Saarbrücken, the town near which the boy Louis received his baptism of fire, was no longer actually the scene of warlike operations when I arrived, but it was almost such, for regiments marching out were engaged before Metz in the course of two or three days, and the wounded were incessantly being poured in.

Troops of every arm were passing and repassing, the kettledrums were shaking the windows, the heavy tramp of infantry was heard hourly, and the cavalry squadrons were never out of sight. Shortly after my arrival the town was rejoicing at the victory of Mezières. The bellman, that old-fashioned institution which advertisements and placards have not yet destroyed, solemnly reads King William's telegram to the Queen, to a small crowd of peasants and shopkeepers: they cry "Hoch!" and he passes on. What a quiet people these are: there are no such signs of excitement as might have been seen in an English town, no hurrahing, and yet there is no mistaking their intense satisfaction. Most uncomfortably is the place crowded with troops, but there is no drunkenness, and yet there is a goodly consumption of beer. I wrote in my diary: "I have now been a fortnight in Germany, and have seen tens of thousands of troops, and only remarked three persons tipsy, two troopers and a clergy-

man." I had rather not say of what "confession" the latter was, as it matters not. As my mission was to the sick and wounded, I will make no apology to my readers that my paper smells of the hospital. Hospital smells now-a-days are not what they used to be, thank God for that. Formerly the soldier had but to wish that if he did not escape the enemy's balls he might be killed outright, for to be wounded was but too often to die of torture. Now the sympathies of a continent (material sympathies too) follow him to the hospital, and load him with pitying attentions.

Saarbrück is one of those towns that are made a *depôt* for the wounded; the nearer you approach an army in the field the graver become the wounds, for as it is a matter of immense importance for a general to disembarass himself of wounded, those that can safely be moved are sent well to the rear, while the lightly wounded are sent long journeys to distant cities or to their own homes. This custom, I need not say, comes of the railway and steamboat. All the great cities of Germany are now full of wounded. Some get well rapidly; and the soldier who has been grazed with a ball, or has had a clean and not deep sabre cut, has to return to his regiment; but some who have been classed amongst the lightly wounded, and have travelled far as such, develop afterwards grave symptoms, and perhaps die after all. The most singular cases occur in military hospitals: for example, a fine young man was struck on the 2nd August, by a Chassepot ball, in the groin. The ball was easily taken out, but, strange to say, it was oddly misshapen, showing it had struck against a hard substance. For some days the man did well, and the wound appeared to be of no great con-

sequence, but in about three weeks strange symptoms of disordered brain function appeared—symptoms of paralysis and imperfect motor powers. Where did the ball go? where did it strike? It must have had a run round the body, and eventually deposited itself not far from its entrance, after injuring the spine or brain.

The Chassepot ball is not so crushing and destructive a missile as the old spherical ball, nor yet as the Minié. A great number have passed through limbs without breaking the bones, and an unusual number have passed through the chest without death ensuing. A soldier I saw was struck just over the region of the heart, and the ball came out a little on the left of the spine. He coughed and spat blood for some days, and suffered as much as one might under an attack of feverish cold; but he was soon well again. Surgically speaking, he ought to have died. Another fine fellow, rapidly recovering, and full of fun, has ten holes in his body. He too has been shot through the chest, and, besides this usually fatal wound, he has been hit four times in the legs; fortunately, no bone was broken. It is supposed he came under the fire of a mitrailleuse. Fragments of shell are the most horrible instruments of death. There was one poor fellow who had lived ten days, but was gradually sinking, who had all the flesh torn from the lower part of his back. He was marvellously patient.

The surgery now-a-days is remarkably conservative—decidedly more so than it was in my time,—that is, fifteen years ago; but then these poor fellows at Saarbrück had some of the very best surgical talent at command. Professors from Berlin and other great towns had got what they called a holiday, and were working hard at their noble calling, and saving a great many lives and limbs. Professor Wagner, of Königsberg, was employed by Government to travel from hospital to hospital as a consulting surgeon,—surely a great boon. It is said, I believe, that 17 per cent of patients are lost by conservative surgery,—that is, by trying to save shattered limbs which

twenty or thirty years ago would inevitably have been amputated, but that 35 per cent of amputated cases die. We have now most valuable experience in military surgery gathered from the Crimean, the Italian, the American, and the Prussian wars.

I need scarcely remark, that the wounded French prisoners have a decidedly worse chance than the wounded Prussians. In one of the wards I visited there was a remarkably handsome and intelligent young French officer with a bad leg wound, a shattered shin-bone. The doctor came into the ward, and told the German patients the glorious news of the defeat of MacMahon's army. Unluckily, the French officer understood German, and so while the natives cried "*Hoch!*" tears were seen coursing down his cheeks. Such depressing emotions may cause him to lose his limb, or even his life. Poor fellow, he is too well educated in one respect. He talked to me learnedly of "*pus poisoning*," that dreaded malady against which it is so difficult to guard. Of course I spoke in as sanguine a way as I could.

There were hundreds at Saarbrück lying with shattered bones upon the roughest and hardest of straw mattresses, mere bags stuffed with straw, and hastily made. Imagine my delight one morning on receiving an answer to a request of mine for £1,000 from the Society. How many pain-racked patients will for the first time enjoy a good sound refreshing sleep, owing to a good bed; for my first purchase was of some comfortable beds. Besides the beds, I was able to increase the staff of hospital attendants. Imagine, if you can, how much attendance you would require if, like poor Hans Wolf, a ball had shattered the fingers of your right hand, and had passed through your left forearm! and there are several cases like his. The Sisters of Charity, God bless them, are indefatigable; but there are not enough of them. But what a sweet and blessed sight it is to see these gentle beings diligently tending the poor mutilated men lying in ghastly rows in these long corridors!

See with what a delicate touch that sweet Sister cleanses the intensely irritable stump of the poor fellow whose leg was amputated ten days ago! His countenance is full of anxiety; the least pressure on a certain corner is agony; the dropping of water even is irritating. Well, at last the dressing is over, and he breathes freely, and forgets not to thank the dear Sister; but his eyes are more eloquent than his tongue: he looks his thanks, and kisses her hand, ere she leaves him, with childlike affection.

I visited the heights above Saarbrücken, the scene of one of the first well-fought battles in the war. My visit was about ten days after the fight, so the marks of it were far from having been obliterated. The field was still strewn with knapsacks, shakoes, kepis, helmets, water-bottles, bits of uniform, shoes, &c. &c., and certain well-marked positions were covered with cartridge cases.

Anyone visiting this spot after the battle might safely have predicted ultimate success for the German arms. It seemed to me an act of madness to attempt to storm such heights held by regular troops.

I saw an immensely long trench on the top of a ridge, to be climbed with difficulty, in which were posted the flower of the French army with Chassepots. Wires were fixed in front of this trench to trip up the assailants, and a large plain was below, over which they had to pass under the murderous Chassepot and mitrailleuse fire; and yet these gallant Teutons dashed up the heights, jumped into the trenches and rifle-pits, and scattered the finest troops of France. No wonder they are now at Paris. Fifteen years ago I stood on a well-fought field where eight thousand Russians lay under the earthworks of Kars, and I could not help drawing comparisons. Here all the dead were deeply and decently buried, and crosses were placed over their graves, indicating the number of those sleeping below. Some knackers, by the bye, had disturbed the graves of the horses, and were skinning them. Now at Kars our victims fell on rocky

ground, moreover our men were few and overtaxed, so that the inhumation was imperfect; and lastly, the scene was in Asia, so that ten days after our fight the plain was alive with dogs, wolves, vultures, and eagles, gorging themselves with their horrid meal. I followed for a mile or two the track of the retreating French army, and saw houses deeply pock-marked with bullets, trees cut to pieces, gardens trampled into mire, windows, doors, gates, and everything shattered,—scenes that were not unfamiliar to me. Indeed, who is there in these warlike days who has not seen at least the traces of war? Of all painful positions in which a man can possibly find himself, I think that of being one in a retreat, pursued by a fierce enemy, the worst. I was once in a defeated and pursued squadron of cavalry, and I shall never forget it. I had, therefore, a keen sympathy with the beaten French, though they richly deserved their whipping.

There can be no question about the desperate courage of the Germans: there are anecdotes without number, testifying to this. On the evening of the 18th of August, the 5th Army Corps having suffered frightfully, the Crown Prince addressed the survivors, thanking them for their gallant exertions, and adding that now they should be put among the reserves. A loud cry of "God forbid!" was the answer to this remark.

As an envoy from the "International," I had volunteered to make myself useful in any way. So far as I had seen there was no want of surgeons; the number of volunteers from the profession had been immense, and in a very short time after a general action there really was no need of surgical assistance, but for forty-eight hours or more after a general action the want of surgical assistance is always dreadfully felt.

Here is a difficulty which modern science and modern philanthropy have not yet overcome. During the ordinary times of a campaign a military hospital requires to every forty men at least one full surgeon, two assistants, four nurses or sisters, and four men. But a battle-

field requires far more than this. Men are bleeding to death; barns, churches, huts, and houses are being rapidly filled to overflowing, the number of wounded are increasing every moment. The sights, and sounds, and accidents of war are a very disturbing element too, rendering the performance of delicate operations by no means easy. Under these circumstances, when doctors are carrying, feeding, arranging straw, and doing all the work of ordinary men, there is, of course, a cry for more doctors. But here is the difficulty. A regular army cannot possibly attach to it more than a certain number of surgeons, and an army in a campaign strains its resources to the utmost for the conveyance of a thousand other necessities, such as food and ammunition. The professional envoys of a society therefore find insuperable difficulties in keeping up with an army on the march, and only arrive when their services are not so much needed. Still there is always something to do, at least I always found very much to do, and had no difficulty in spending the thousand pounds with which the Society had entrusted me, and could have spent ten times the sum easily, ay, or twenty times the sum. I spent a good deal in disinfecting towns and hospitals—a work, in my opinion, of infinite importance.

I had ample opportunity, during my visit to the camp at Metz, of seeing how hardly fares the German soldier during the campaign. The absence of tents is a daring innovation in modern warfare, to which Germany doubtless owes some of her most brilliant successes. Had these Teutons been encumbered with tents, could they have shut up Bazaine in Metz, or could they have caught MacMahon and the Emperor at Sedan? But campaigning tentless is awful work. At Courcelles the poor fellows were bivouacking in a sea of mud. The composition of this mud in some parts of the camp was peculiar; it might be said to consist of corn, rice, coffee, straw, hospital dressings, and—well, I need not add anything more disgusting. The poor fellows had built for themselves a

sort of hut composed of the boughs of the poplar-trees which lined the road, but these afforded no shelter worth speaking of, inasmuch as the rain poured into them abundantly, and they were not cleverly built. Some Eastern tribes I have known could have given them lessons in bivouacking. But the hardihood of these fine soldiers was unquestionable. They bore their miseries without a murmur, sleeping night after night in their wet clothes. As might have been expected, I saw large numbers of these gallant fellows leaving the camp for hospital, suffering from fever and dysentery. I gave out about fifty blankets which I had purchased at Saarbrück, to the worst cases, but how urgently were sundry medical stores needed, how infinitely useful would have been a liberal expenditure at an earlier period of the war!

The people of Courcelles and the surrounding villages were bitterly reaping the fruit of French ambition, and to me, a stranger, they complained loudly of the “requisitions” and the miseries they were made to undergo. I could not but remind them that a patient submission was their only course, that in the game of war two could not win, and that all this sort of thing was intended for the Germans. Of course, the poor individual peasants shrugged their shoulders and disclaimed all share in the war.

At Pont-à-Mousson I felt myself in a conquered country. This small, pretty town is thoroughly French, but I heard more German than French spoken. I lodged opposite the Hôtel de Ville, and over that is written in German, “Not unto us, but unto Thee, O God, be all the glory.” A great clattering of horses, hoofs resound through the streets, and a beautiful German hymn, sung by five hundred manly voices, marks the passage of a squadron of Landwehr cavalry. They are mounted on stout serviceable horses, fully equal to those of any English cavalry regiment; their uniform is white, or what was white, and a bright steel helmet covers the head. These are veritable Ironsides, called out as the last reserve, respectable God-fearing men, to

whom the word "fatherland" means a great deal, for they are for the most part fathers of families and well-to-do yeomen; and such men are pouring into France by hundreds of thousands, each fully alive to the political question, and determined to settle it themselves, for at least their day and generation, by their own lances and broad swords. Another squadron follows, but of so different a sort that you might suppose it belonged to another country in alliance with Prussia. These are hussars, with crimson uniforms; light, active men, mounted on wiry light horses full of blood, and officered by the most dashing young dandies of the country. But what are those half-dozen horsemen forming an escort to a waggon? They are apparently Poles; they wear the square Polish cap, and carry the lance with pennon. These are, however, the famous Uhlans, so world-renowned, whose fame has caused, I am told, no little jealousy amongst the rest of the cavalry, for hussars and other corps have performed daring and adventurous deeds, and the French have invariably described them as "audacious Uhlans." But who are these Uhlans, after all? I have been assured that they represent very faithfully the German *bourgeoisie*, and that their enterprise and marvellous local knowledge in the enemy's country is due to the large number of commercial travellers in their ranks, who know every by-road and short cut in France!

I have seen scores of military hospitals and noticed every form of human misery therein, but the saddest of all sad sights, which wrung my heart the most, was the march of columns of French prisoners through French towns. The dashing soldiers with their jaunty kepis, who but a few weeks ago marched through these very towns on their military promenade to Berlin, cheered by an infatuated people, after having been marched, countermarched, harassed, starved, and thoroughly beaten from each battle-field, are now captured by tens of thousands, and marched footsore, weary, dejected, and diseased, as a humiliating spectacle to their own people.

Few men suffice to guard them; they look so like an overdriven flock of sheep that the idea of guarding them seems almost absurd. Every other man limps, and a good many wasted with dysentery are carried in waggons until a convenient hospital receives them. The people stand by, some with tears in their eyes, most with bread and fruit or bottles of wine to offer them. What bitter humiliation is France now drinking to the dregs!

I have conversed with numbers of Frenchmen, and they talked most freely after hearing that I was an Englishman. I regretted to find that their military vanity is simply ineradicable. "We are betrayed," they cry; "each marshal has been bought by Prussian gold, every general is a traitor, excepting those killed, and had they lived all would have been changed." They relate with delight how some *Frances-tireurs* put to flight a squadron of cavalry, or how a regiment of *Chasseurs d'Afrique* swept all before it, and they seem to believe what they say. Twenty years hence not a French youth will know a tithe of the humiliation of his country in the year 1870, if he knows anything of it at all.

There were of course official notices all over the towns, and these were curious. The mayor "exhorts the citizens to be quiet and orderly," and "regrets" certain occurrences. Another notice summoned all men to bring to the *Hôtel de Ville* every species of arms of whatever kind, the fowling-pieces to be returned after the war. Then followed a Draconian Code threatening with death everyone who in any way impedes the march of the troops, any citizen who fires on them, anyone who sets fire to a house in which troops are lodged, or who injures a railway or bridge, and so on. All window shutters are to be open during the passage of troops, and during such time all rooms overlooking the street are to have at least one light. Any spy, or anyone harbouring a spy, is to be shot. Such is war. Another municipal notice was dictated by myself, and most kindly acceded to by the mayor, who heartily seconded my sanitary efforts. It warned the people of the danger of an epidemic

of typhus, and exhorted them to cleanse their stables and dwelling-houses. For two or three days after this the smells were awful, but the result was eventually most satisfactory.

Since my return home I have read a letter signed "Azamat Batuk," giving the most incredible details of Prussian outrages on French private property and even persons. Not having been near Sedan I do not presume to contradict even hearsay assertions, I can only give my own personal experience of the behaviour of the Prussian troops in a conquered country.

Azamat Batuk says, "There is no more a single grain of corn or anything else to be found anywhere where the warriors have passed." Now, had a number of tourists equalling that of the warriors passed through any part of England, precisely the same scarcity would be complained of. All the corn would have been bought up. In time of war necessities are also bought *by requisition*, the conquerors paying eventually, and this is in strict accordance with civilized warfare. He asserts also that "wine cellars have been broken into, and the contents absorbed, carried away, or poured into the streets."

At Nancy I purchased large quantities of wine and brandy for the sick and wounded, and while tasting samples at more than one wine merchant's, I really might have fancied myself in London, with such quiet and order were our negotiations conducted. There was a complaint of scarcity, certainly, and this was very naturally accounted for by the crowds of Prussian officers drinking and *paying* for the wines at the hotels, and paying a good price too, and the impossibility of re-stocking the merchants' cellars, owing to the interruption of railway conveyance for goods.

We are next told that "time-pieces, women's dresses, and linen curtains, even pieces of furniture, are taken away as if they were necessities." I can only say that in the midst of the army in the field, I have walked through richly furnished houses, and, while Prussian soldiers were bivouacking on the floors,

to my astonishment I have seen costly and easily moveable clocks and works of art standing on brackets uninjured.

As to "the arrogance of German officials," I must remark that they are pestered to death by amateurs, and it is very possible that they may occasionally lose their temper. I can only say that having been about six weeks amongst these "arrogant officials," often teasing them by my wants, I cannot record a single instance of even incivility, while the courtesy, real kindness, and hospitality I have met with can never be effaced from my mind. I once asked one of these "arrogant officials" if it were possible for me to find a bed in the village. I was to him an absolute stranger, but he undertook to find me one, and I enjoyed through his kindness what I sorely needed, a good night's rest. Judge of my surprise and shame when I discovered next morning that my host had slept on straw and given me his own bed!

I have walked for miles through these German hosts, munching their ration bread, and enduring singular hardships, while delicious ripe grapes hung in millions of clusters in the vineyards, perfectly accessible, and young maidens peacefully gathering them, and the soldiers respected both grapes and virgins. At Pont-à-Mousson I found, amidst the stress of war, a large church full of dysenteric and typhoid soldiers laid on dirty straw. I undertook, with the sanction and gratitude of the "arrogant officials," to put the place in order. The first urgent necessity was that of bedsteads. I at once called for carpenters, and undertook to make bedsteads out of the pews. This was forbidden, as being an invasion of Church property! and so I had to get the beds from England, a very long and tedious process, and the poor sick were for many days without beds, lest ecclesiastical susceptibilities should be wounded.

Being an old campaigner, I cannot but remember other scenes and contrast them with these. I made a short campaign on the Danube under Omer Pasha in 1854, and there I saw numerous villages,

*not in the enemy's country*, the inhabitants of which had fled to seek the protection of the Russians. Dismal stories of outrage were there too rife, but as I never saw such I will say no more on that point; but this I did see—doors, window-frames, and roofs used as fuel by the Turkish soldiers, and the vineyards destroyed in all directions, and every man, woman, and child gone to seek protection with the invader.

It was, of course, to be expected that there would be a loud outcry against the "barbarian" Prussians the moment they ventured to invade the sacred soil of France, and there are not wanting partisans ready to quote chapter and verse in proof of barbarities. That acts of unjustifiable cruelty have occasionally happened is more than probable, seeing the vast number of invaders and the spiteful acts of provocation endured from time to time. While I was at Pont-à-Mousson, a Prussian officer was shot at, but missed; nevertheless the town was mulcted to the amount of 40,000fr. I was then told that certain rules were laid down to check this irregular warfare. If anyone not in uniform or not belonging to a recognized military corps was detected shooting at any one of the invaders, he was at once shot; if, as in the above case, the culprit were not caught, the town or commune was fined in proportion to the offences; if several shots were fired from, or in the neighbourhood of, a village, the hamlet was burned down. Quiet and humane as the Germans certainly are, they never flinch for a moment in carrying out these military rules.

I regretted to find that the longer I stayed with the army the more bitter became the feeling of the Germans. Several instances occurred of the French firing on flags of truce; and when the explosion at Laon occurred, the whole German army seemed to burn for vengeance. I heard a thoughtful colonel say that he sincerely hoped his troops would never enter Paris, as he feared terrible acts of reprisal.

Campaigning presents every alternation of joy and sorrow, hunger and

affluence, discomfort and luxury. At one time men and officers may be suffering the pangs of famine, at another time they may be revelling in good living, and washing down delicious meats with draughts of champagne and burgundy. To most minds this forms the charm of a soldier's life, for men will do anything to escape monotony.

On the 21st of September I was present at a grand steeplechase near Corny. The course was over the park of a French marquis whose château was occupied by Prince Frederick Charles. The scene was eminently warlike. The young officers, full of joyous animal life, rode well and daringly over the fences, while close by were the fresh graves of numerous comrades, and at a few paces distant hospital tents were full of men suffering from ghastly wounds, fever, and dysentery. In ordinary times it might be deemed gross bad taste to hold a horse race amidst death and suffering. Decency might demand an appearance at least of respectful sympathy to be shown by a grave and melancholy aspect, but in time of war such a course would be unwise, if not fatal. The best plan is to fight against every depressing influence as well as against the enemy, and a wise commander will never fail to take every opportunity of giving his troops some fun and pleasurable excitement. While the horses were running, we heard from time to time the deep booming of the guns of Metz, and ever and anon a slight accident would call forth loud and joyous peals of laughter, which did the sick and wounded no harm, but rather good.

We all recollect how in the beginning of hostilities the Germans sought to make light both of the Chassepot and mitrailleuse. They can afford now to speak frankly on the subject, and they acknowledge that both are terrible weapons; of course, their valour shines all the brighter, since these deadly implements have not checked them for a moment.

I suppose in no war, except that of America, have private efforts so ably seconded the regular governmental staff

for the relief of the sick and wounded. Money and stores have poured in from all quarters, native and foreign, and yet at times the wants seemed illimitable; there was always something wanting, and the depôts of these societies were always running short. The Johanniter, or Knights of St. John, have of course the largest and most complete organization; their depôts are in every town of any importance all along the war track; the knights of different degrees wear a uniform with the cross of the Order round their necks, and their duty consists in making incessant calls at the hospitals to see what is needed and supply it. At Saarbrück there is, too, both a Belgian and Dutch ambulance complete. I believe they arrived in the early part of August. Last month our own Society had not yet made its presence much felt about Metz. Since the commencement of October, according to Captain Brackenbury's letter in the *Times*, our Society seems to have taken

a leading part in the relief of the sick and wounded. Writing on the 4th of October, he says that "one month ago we had no organization in this district." At that time the hospitals were as full of sick and wounded as our coffers were of gold.

There is no doubt of the enormous utility of these private societies when intelligently worked: at the same time I should like to see more military surgeons and fewer titles on our committee.

What would be said of a committee for the defence of London with only one military man upon it, and he seldom present at its deliberations? It seems to me that the members of the medical profession are either remiss in coming forward on such occasions, or else they are snubbed; while lords, like the revolutionary leaders of Paris, are ready to command a fleet, or an army, or perform a surgical operation, at a moment's warning.



## THE EXISTING POOR LAW OF ENGLAND.

BY C. E. CLARKE.

AMONG the many home questions of the day, perhaps no one is thought more serious by the politico-economic philosophers than that of the Poor Law; and unpleasant symptoms have lately forced the subject prominently upon the notice of the general public, and magazines and newspapers have had frequent articles bearing thereon.

The foundation of the English Poor Law, when established by the Elizabethan statute, lay in the idea that there is always an indefinite quantity of work for man to do, and it was accordingly enacted that employment for all labourers out of employ should be found by their respective parishes. The political economists of that day did not observe that the employing of a labourer does not of itself feed him; that the paying him for his labour is a distinct matter; and that, in order to afford indefinite employment in the sense really intended, an indefinite capital was required also. Adam Smith pointed out with detailed lucidity that capital is not indefinite in amount, and that the particular capital suitable for and devoted to the maintenance of labourers is a still more closely restricted fund. Still, for some two centuries the old Poor Law did not bring about its own abolition. Until the population had increased and pressed upon the margin of fertile land so that the yeomen of England had sunk largely into labourers, and until, combined with this, the wholesale destruction of national capital in the great French war had at length told upon the wage-fund, the old Poor Law was found endurable. But for some time before the climax was reached it had been discovered that "employment" could not be created *ad libitum* by Act of Parliament,<sup>1</sup> and the

general plan was to pay the unemployed labourers a subsistence allowance of money from the parish without exacting any labour in return. Also, long before this climax in the evils of the old Poor Law, it had come to be seen that it was not employment but subsistence which the labourer wanted, and it came to be understood that the Poor Law really guaranteed subsistence to all. When, in accordance with this view, in the later days of the old Poor Law, wages fell below the sum required for the subsistence of a family, the wages of each family in employment were made up to the subsistence allowance from the parish funds. This system it was soon evident would reduce the whole nation to pauperism, and thereupon the new Poor Law was enacted.

The New Poor Law is really grounded on the notion that every individual born is entitled, as of natural right, to a bare subsistence from the State. It does not appear that any doubts ever cross the public mind concerning the ability of the State to guarantee such a subsistence. In the great Irish famine thousands died of starvation at our own doors, and yet, when millions died of starvation in Orissa, the British public thought it must have been Sir Cecil Beadon's fault, or at any rate some other official's fault. If, indeed, the State can guarantee to all a bare subsistence by a Poor Law, it may be fairly asked why the State shall not guarantee a competency to all, or, at all events, why the State can just guarantee a bare subsistence, but not one

have for two generations imagined that the quantity of work required to be done in any given trade is independent of the price to be paid for it; and it does not appear that the Trades' Union political leaders see any natural limit to the price which society may be compelled to pay by a close union and judicious strikes.

<sup>1</sup> It is an instructive fact for the "History of Human Error" that the Trades' Unions

iota more. What law of nature fixes the line just at a bare subsistence? This is a question which I think the supporters of the new Poor Law, on philanthropic grounds, will find it very difficult to answer. When the devisers of the new Poor Law guaranteed a bare subsistence to all, they had, perhaps, an indefinite unspoken imagination that as a born labourer was, by the regulations of society, deprived of his natural share of the surface of the earth, society was under some obligation of giving him compensation. The notion of the public was that it was a horrible thing that in wealthy England any man should be starved to death, and this notion remains now the principal support of the new Poor Law in public opinion. The new Poor Law, however, while really established on these theories, professed to be little more than a reform back to the purity of the Elizabethan statute: employment should be found, and houses of industry were to be built, in which work should be provided for all unemployed persons. But in practice the improvement on the old Poor Law was far greater than in theory, and this induced the philosophers to support the new Poor Law at its introduction, though it fell entirely short of their views, nay, proceeded on assumptions that they believed to be erroneous. The modern favourite theory of political moderation, that if you cannot get all you want you are bound to accept anything that is an improvement on the existing state of things, has been, perhaps, the most fatal check to political progress which has been established in England. The French are more philosophical. Under the new Poor Law, 1st, Out-door relief is rarely given to the able-bodied; 2nd, The workhouse is made so uncomfortable a prison that no man will enter it except at extremity; 3rd, Husbands and wives are completely separated in the workhouses,—which last provision, though dear to the theorists, and frequently argued upon, is nearly without effect in diminishing the number of paupers born. The first two points have, however, been

very effectual in preventing the new Poor Law from working out its own condemnation. It is comparatively only lately that the growth of public philanthropy has caused a more free operation of the new Poor Law by insisting on its being worked more charitably, and by taking the immediate pressure for economy off Boards of Guardians, by widening the area of taxation. Now it is seen (as in the latter days of the old Poor Law) that pauperism is increasing in a much higher ratio than population, and that expenditure on paupers is increasing in a much higher ratio than the national capital; and still more it is seen with just and lively apprehension that there is absolutely no limit to these increasing ratios, and that unless some alteration in the administration at least, if not in the principles, of the Poor Law can be devised, national ruin we are travelling to. Something must be done.

The philosophers have known very well for the last half-century what ought to be done, and from Malthus to Mill they have done their duty in putting their convictions forward with such staring distinctness that they could not be altogether overlooked; and verily they have had their reward in abuse and misrepresentation. About seven years ago the *Times* concluded a brilliant leader on the Poor Laws and Malthus with the consolatory reflection: "Few, however, are now influenced by the hard-hearted theories of that morose old man," a sentence which, while it displayed transcendent ignorance both of the old man and his theories, proved a very decent acquaintance with the public conception regarding both. Before, however, proceeding to put forward the politico-economical remedy out of England's present difficulty, I will give some of the simple considerations promised at starting.

The popular notion is that, if there were no Poor Law, multitudes would die of starvation. I suggest sometimes in conversation that there is no other country in the world that has a Poor Law like the English, nor even any kind of machinery which produces the

same effect ; yet we see more deaths from want in England than in France, or Prussia, or Belgium, or Austria. My friend replies that England is very densely populated. I argue that Belgium is more densely populated and is a poorer country, and yet gets on without an English Poor Law. My friend is obliged at last to say, with a little national shame, "Well, the truth is, though England is such a rich country as a whole, the English poor are poorer, and in greater number, than in any of those foreign countries you mention, and therefore we are obliged to have a Poor Law." I then lead my friend on a step further, by suggesting that there must be causes why the English poor are poorer and more numerous than in other poorer countries, and that possibly *one main cause is the Poor Law itself*. This is a little startling, and I continue, "Suppose during this year, under the new Poor Law, there is given away five millions' worth of food to paupers ; if you will allow me to give away for two or three years only ten millions' worth, I will undertake that the number of paupers shall be doubled. Nay more, on the other hand, if the State shall reduce the amount disbursed one million's worth, you will find pauperism will reduce itself to one-fifth its present dimensions. The State can have just so many paupers as it chooses to pay for, and the number of paupers is really decided by Act of Parliament as much as the number of soldiers and sailors." My friend exclaims with horror, "Oh, you are about to propose to get rid of the paupers by starving them to death." I rejoin, "Not exactly so ; it is true that the best way of getting rid of pauperism is to starve it out, but you may see that all philosophers who have insisted upon this have been careful to provide for the existing paupers, but to provide also against the growth of future pauperism by cutting off the supply of public money, so that we should then start afresh in the position of Belgium." My friend still fears that this would only amount to keeping down the future

population by the most stringent Malthusianism, and that it would mean the starvation of the generation of young paupers springing up. This shrewd remark compels me to show my hand more freely, and I confess that will be so, but it will be so in a less degree than at this moment. A few years ago a statistician discovered that in London, whereas 80 per cent of the children of the rich lived to five years old, only 50 per cent of the children of the poor attained that age. A powerful philanthropic society was at once formed to remedy this horror. Nothing could be plainer than that the excess of poor children was swept away by what Malthus called indirect starvation, *i.e.* by a smaller amount of food, warmth, and care, than that necessary to preserve the maximum number alive. The philanthropic society failed absolutely ; good heavens ! what if it had succeeded ? Take any particular London trade, and consider what would have been its position at this instant, with 50 per cent more artizans in it to be employed. Where would wages be now in that trade, and how could the existing standard of civilization be maintained ? But further, if the Poor Law were abolished, the Malthusian checks would work less harshly than now ; for (it will be presently seen) the wages of the lowest class of labourers would rise, and habits of foresight among them would be fostered. Prudence in marriage would also come into operation among this class, but would not, I think, be carried anywhere near the point advocated by Mr. Mill. In some districts of the Continent parents will not bring more children into the world than they see their way surely to provide for, and the population is nearly stationary ; but ought this state of things to be wished for ? What will Professor Huxley say on the subject ? I suspect he would prefer that a considerable excess of children should be born ; that a considerable percentage of this excess, *viz.* the feeble, the sickly, and the depauperated, should be weeded out in the struggle for existence ; that the remainder of the

excess should be driven to emigrate; and that he would be satisfied to be consoled by the Darwinian reflection that the happy and the strong would survive to enjoy life and continue their race. It seems clear, indeed, that unless some excess of children are born, the human race must steadily deteriorate to its final extinction. The public mind is assuredly better prepared than it was a very few years back, in the contemplation of these questions, to ask, not what is pleasantly delusive, not what is conformable to human dignity and vanity, but simply what is true.

I have stated above by anticipation, that if the existing Poor Law were abolished, the wages of the lowest class would rise. An abstract proof of this is that as by hypothesis these labourers can now only just subsist by their wages, subsidized by Poor Law relief during sickness, old age, and want of employ, if that subsidy was cut off they could not subsist; that is, they would save alive fewer children, and wages would rise. But as a "simple consideration" in support of the theorem, take any agricultural parish in which *one* able-bodied pauper is kept in the Union. He is kept there in such a state of discomfort that he is ready to go out and work for the smallest wage that will keep body and soul together. Consequently, so long as he is so kept, *the labourers of that parish cannot possibly get more than that lowest rate of wage.* In spring, when a farmer wants more hands, he invariably trots off to the Union, and takes two or three labourers thereout who have spent the latter half of the winter as paupers. As the farmers are the chief rate-payers, they always take the pauper out a little before the time—he is quite worth the wages given—and engage him then for the season. It must be unnecessary to enlarge on the power thus given by the Poor Law (combined with its Settlement Laws, which practically prevent the pauper getting employment in any parish but his own), of screwing down the price of labour to the minimum subsistence point. In cases where, from emigration or from

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any extra demand, the Union supply is exhausted, I have sometimes known the most sudden and enormous rise occur in agricultural wages in a parish; for when a farmer is once driven to import labour, he often has to pay dear for it; and as there cannot be two prices for one thing at the same place and time, he is then invariably soon driven to raise all his parochial labourers up to the price of the imported labour.

There is another way in which the maintenance by the nation of a million paupers presses with extreme weight on the class verging on pauperism. On any occasion of short supply of provisions, this million require and obtain the same feeding as on other occasions. Now short supply means increased importation, and increased importation is only effected by enhancement of price. The enhancement of price, caused by, and necessary for, the import of the last number of quarters of wheat required for feeding the million of paupers, falls entirely on the self-supporting, struggling, lowest class. When the consumption of provisions diminishes in England, owing to our corn-factors putting the nation on short allowance, neither the rich nor the paupers reduce their consumption, and the whole pinch falls on the lowest class out of the workhouses, and, as the figures show, too often drives them into the workhouses in crowds.

It is therefore plainly not true that the evils of maintaining a million of national paupers are merely a matter of poor-rates, affecting the rich. It is impossible for any nation to keep a million of population who are not wanted, and who produce nothing, without grievously affecting the industrious poor also.

The objection to the existing Poor Law, which at present is most glaring to the popular eye, is the demoralization produced by it in the labouring class. Many a labourer who earns good wages, double those of the average farm-labourer, will neither put by a penny, nor join any club or assurance society. He says, "The parish is bound to support me and my children when I am ill or out of work, and also when I am past

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work. I gain nothing by saving or subscribing to a club ; indeed my so doing only amounts indirectly to my voluntarily subscribing to the parish rates myself—a likely story.” This part of the subject has been long ago exhausted by the philosophers, and summed up admirably by Mr. Mill. A Guardian has recently written an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* describing the same thing, somewhat dilutedly, as a discovery of his own apparently ; but the article is none the less useful, as the public do not read the philosophers. This guardian is in despair at the state of things that has been arrived at ; but he expresses a faint hope that an improvement might be caused by getting better guardians ! The philosophers long ago settled among themselves that the improvement wanted is to cut away the giant national scourge clean and for ever. An extreme instance of the kind of demoralization induced is that an old soldier can get no parochial relief until he has legally assigned over his pension to the guardians, which seriously reduces the value of pensions. This part of the system, too, is the main cause why the Malthusian check of starvation is so rampant in Britain : a man is quite careless about the responsibility of taking a wife so long as he thinks there is another party bound to maintain his children for him. The total abolition of the English Poor Law would, beyond a doubt, diminish both the starvation and the infant mortality in the country.

Not the least evil, under the existing Poor Law, is the Settlement Law which it necessitates. I have found, in a strictly maritime parish, wages fifty per cent higher than in the next inland parish. The men of the maritime village will sooner “take a cruise” than submit to the lowest rate of wage—a bare subsistence. The farmers of the maritime parish are therefore obliged to give higher wages ; for the same law of settlement which prevents wages rising in the next inland parish prevents also the farmer importing labour thence. Such great artificial variations in the rate of wages are very bad for the labouring

class as a body. It must not be understood that the Settlement Law does all this evil directly. It no doubt causes farmers to hesitate before allowing foreign labourers to gain a settlement in their parish ; but besides this, farmers have a general notion that they are bound to employ, if possible, the labourers in their own parish, and that to take even from the workhouse a labourer of an adjoining parish is to interfere with their neighbours' labour supply. Practically, in many of the agricultural parishes of the South and East of England, labourers are still attached to the soil, *i.e.* they have no option but to work on one farm, to which they are supposed to belong ; for if they do not work there on their master's terms, no other farmer in the parish will employ them, and when an agricultural labourer threatens to strike, his employer is generally able to retort, “Take whatever wages I choose to offer you, or go to the Union.”

Many persons, perhaps, do not consider the payment of poor-rates a severe national calamity. They consider that these rates, being invariably attached to property, are no tax on a capitalist who buys a landed estate, or a farmer who hires a farm. A farmer will estimate the value of a certain farm to him at 30s. per acre, and if he knows that the rates have lately averaged 2s. 6d. per acre, he will only bid 27s. 6d. per acre rent. In the same way, when the landlord sells that farm, the purchaser estimates the rent at 27s. 6d. per acre, and makes his bid accordingly. Moreover, it will be argued that the poor-rates are a system of national charity which does little more than compel the avaricious, the niggardly, and the hard-hearted to contribute their fair quota towards the alleviation of their poor brethren's lot, and it is feared that if national relief is abolished, and the support of the poor is left to private charity, as proposed by the political economists, an unfair share of the cost will be thrown on the generous and the tender-hearted,—and moreover the whole of the painful trouble of administration.

Now, in contravention of these notions, I remark first, that the rates do not fall only on great landowners and farmers; they fall most oppressively on the class of small householders; and it is the opinion of modern political economists, that small householders in many cases pay the tax, *i.e.* that if the poor-rate were abolished, landlords would be unable to raise their rents, because house-rent is in many instances ultimately determined by the cost of building. But further, though a property-tax, when permanently laid on, is no tax on a purchaser or occupier, yet it does not follow that it makes no difference to the nation whether the proceeds of it should be expended in maintaining the gigantic curse of pauperism, or on some useful object. The poor-rate has come to be so attached to property, that to abolish that rate would be to give an unequal state-present to the various holders of property. In case any radical alteration in the Poor Law be introduced, leading up to an early extinction of pauperism, then by the same statute the average poor-rate paid during the last seven years must be fixed as a permanent property-tax for ever. Supposing pauperism finally extinguished, this would be equivalent to reducing the National Debt by from one-third to one-fourth its present amount, and the margin thus obtained might be actually employed in removing taxes which press on the poor; so that the real amount of relief given to the poor might be the same as at present, only it would be given to the deserving self-supporting poor, instead of to paupers, the major part of whom are undeserving. The amount given would really be yet greater than this; for under the Poor Law a large percentage of the expenditure goes in establishment expenses of all kinds.

As to the second ground of alarm, I need only point out, that in countries where there exists nothing parallel with the English Poor Law, the call on private charity is not more heavy than it is now in England, in addition to the weight of poor-rates. We simply come

round to my first elementary consideration, *viz.* that to cut off the support of pauperism is assuredly to destroy pauperism.

I will now sketch out the one remedy for this national plague-spot, premising that it is no novel invention of my own. That remedy is simply the total abolition of the Poor Law, with a liberal provision for the existing race of paupers. I should propose to enact (as proposed by Mr. Mill) that no child born after the date of the Act abolishing the Poor Law should ever have any claim to be supported by the State. All able-bodied paupers now on the parish, and all pauper children on reaching seventeen years of age, I would emigrate. As regards future able-bodied paupers, I would reserve a discretion whether the State should keep them in a few selected workhouses at home, or whether they should also be emigrated. They might be emigrated; but if the labourers of England (or more possibly of Ireland) were found to make themselves paupers in order to get themselves emigrated at the Government expense, this might be checked by the workhouses. The non-able-bodied might be all given out-door relief, the workhouses at once closed, the public orphan-schools alone remaining, which would come to an absolute end in seventeen years. These would probably be replaced by a private charitable system, which would place orphan or deserted children under foster-mothers, as is already found the cheaper and better plan by many boards of guardians. Under this scheme the expenses of the poor-rate would at once be reduced largely, and in ten years would probably be less than one-third their present amount. I should propose to emigrate all the children, and not turn them out to knock down by their competition the wages that could otherwise be attainable by the children of self-supporting labourers.

Under such a system, I should expect the wages of artisans, and of all labourers now earning on the average 20s. per week, or more, to be not greatly affected; but I should expect agricultu-

ral wages to rise rapidly to an average of 15s. or 20s. per week. The ordinary explanation given of the lowness of agricultural wages, viz. that agricultural labour is not skilled labour, is insufficient. It takes a whole life, from early childhood, to make a good farm-labourer, and there is often but one first-class ploughman on a large farm. Hardly any kind of industry requires so long an apprenticeship, for the operations are varied, and demand the exercise of much more thought and judgment than many manufacturing arts. The processes of pin-making require an amount of mechanical skill which takes some years to acquire perhaps, but a man who can really hoe turnips well must have years of experience, power of observation, and must think all the time he is at work. The true reason agricultural labour is paid only about half the wages of artisan labour in the same parish is, that the agricultural labourers are those held firm in the fangs of the English Poor Laws, while the artisans, by their Trades' Unions, and by custom, are largely exempt from its blighting and malignant influence. When, by the abolition of the Poor Law, the agricultural labourer is put in the position of the country artisan, he will adopt several of the artisan's plans, and be soon independent of private charity. He will have the means (and will be compelled) to join clubs which will support him through sickness. If he finds he cannot also make a proper provision, either by assurance, or by saving for his old age, he will very generally shift his ground, and go to a country where he can. It will be many years yet before the whole world is full. He will think twice before he gets married, and if he

determines to marry young, he will do as many of his betters now do who meditate that imprudence—he will emigrate thereat and thereon.

It may still be asked, What is to become of the farmers if all your sanguine expectations are realized, and agricultural wages raised 75 per cent? To this I reply, first, It would be a question for landlords only, and their amount of loss would, in any case, I believe, only temporarily (like the repeal of the Corn Laws) interrupt the steady increase in value of their property. But further, I doubt whether an increase in the wages of farm-labourers would really increase the cost of farm-work. Many farmers complain that their labourers cannot work as labourers did forty years ago, and farmers themselves have talked to me on the policy of raising considerably farm-wages, on the principle that it is a mistaken economy to underfeed cart-horses.

Finally, if the Poor Laws are not to be absolutely abolished, and very shortly, I think the best policy of the enlightened will be to support the proposal for a National Rate and a Central Administration. Were the New Poor Law thus set free to operate without the obstructions caused by local causes, I feel sure that the pace at which England would proceed down the declivity would in a very few years bring about all that the political economists desire. I would strongly advise my countrymen who feel the importance of this subject, and a conscientious desire to learn the truth about it, to withdraw a fraction of their time spent on the hasty perusal of modern magazine articles, and devote it to a close study of Malthus's three chapters "On Poor Laws."

## A STORY OF VIONVILLE.

BY F. M. F. SKENE.

THE 15th of July, 1870 ! Assuredly the world can never know, or even guess, the countless number of unrecorded tragedies to which that fatal date has been the key-note ; and in truth it has been hardly possible for the spectators of the tremendous drama which is being enacted before our eyes on the Continent, to realize instances of individual suffering in that one stupendous agony of conflict, which has made life more terrible than death to many who have survived it. We know well, of course, that the whole vast sum of pain and anguish is but the accumulation of individual pangs, felt in each separate life and heart with that incommunicable sense of suffering which is inherent to the mystery of personal identity ; but while the death-roll of the war numbers thousands almost daily, and we read of the "heaps of blue and red" upon the battle-field, representing whole regiments mowed down like sheaves of corn, it is difficult to remember that each unit of those lifeless masses was the centre of a little world of love, and hope, and fear, all turned now to bitterest regret. Perhaps we should understand better what this war really has been, if we looked a little more closely to some of its details as affecting individuals ; and we have it in our power now to make known one history perfectly true in its startling romance, which may serve as an instance of the havoc this great conflict has made in many thousand homes.

It was the 15th of July, 1870, and a telegram had just been brought to a quiet little country house, nestling in one of the loveliest nooks of the New Forest, with all the peacefulness of the sunset hour falling on its green lawns and smiling gardens.

The drawing-room, which was very bright and pleasant in its aspect of home

comfort, was occupied by three ladies. One, an elderly woman with traces of former beauty on her faded face, lay on a sofa, evidently in feeble health, and with that air of languor and passive indifference to everything but her own feelings, which often becomes the habitual condition of an invalid of long standing. By her side sat a lady, still young and handsome, but whose widow's cap and somewhat sad expression showed that the more stirring hours of life were already past for her. The third was a girl, of about two-and-twenty years of age, who was standing at the window, looking out with her dark eyes fixed immoveably on that part of the winding avenue where any one coming from the high road to the house would first be visible. She was rigidly calm ; but there was a look of tension and endurance on her fair face which showed that she was resolutely repressing some strong agitation, that was plainly visible in the clenching of her small hands together and the quivering of her lips.

Suddenly, like a swift breeze rippling in a moment the still waters of a lake, a crimson flush of excitement passed over her face, her eyes opened wide, and her lips parted in eager expectation, while her breast rose and fell rapidly with her hurried breathing. She had seen the messenger with the telegram, and, turning round, she looked anxiously towards the door, which was speedily opened by a servant bringing it in.

"A telegram for Mrs. Tremeneere," he said, going towards the young widow lady, who exclaimed, as she took it from him—

"Harry has been as good as his word : he promised that whatever news there was we should know it."

Hurriedly she opened the envelope, read the few words it contained, then



letting it drop on the floor, she looked up at the girl standing now pale as marble before her, and exclaimed—

“Oh, Clare, my poor sister, it is indeed the declaration of war!” As she spoke, the invalid lady on the sofa gave a faint shriek, and said, in a fretful voice—

“Really, Isabel, you might have a little consideration for me; how do you suppose I can bear such a shock to my nerves in my weak state?” and she began to sob hysterically.

“Dear mother, I am so sorry,” said Mrs. Tremeneere, hastily rising, and beginning to bathe her forehead with eau de cologne; “but naturally this terrible news made me think first of Clare.”

Meanwhile her sister had raised the telegram from the floor, and read it through. It was from her cousin, one of the employés in the Foreign Office, simply stating that war had been declared between France and Prussia; and when she had thoroughly scanned every syllable of the brief sentence, she walked slowly out of the room.

Into thousands upon thousands of homes that day the same message made its way, waking varying anxieties, no doubt, in each and all of them, but this was the meaning it bore for Clare Acton.

On the 1st of August, one fortnight from this date, she was to have been married in the parish church of her home to Max von Rudersheim, who was a Captain in a Prussian regiment of cavalry, and would certainly be one of the first to respond to the summons addressed to the whole Fatherland, in the two momentous words uttered by the Crown Prince at the station, “*Krieg! Mobile!*”

Clare Acton had met him for the first time two years before at Ems, where her mother had gone for the benefit of her health; and although this girl with her earnest character and high principle, coming pure and unworldly from her country home, was not one to yield her affections lightly to any man, it need be no matter of surprise that Max, utterly captivated by her as

he was, soon won the whole treasure of her love, to be unreservedly his for ever.

He was a specimen of the very best type of the German character, with as noble and generous a soul as ever lived shining out of his blue eyes, and inspiring every action of his blameless, kindly life: a devoted son to the old Graf and Gräfin, who lived in the Schloss that had been the home of his family for centuries, the tenderest of brothers to his one little sister Truda, it had been left to the dark-eyed English girl to prove what a deep and faithful love he could give to the woman he chose as his wife. Her character harmonized well with his in its somewhat rare combination of courage and gentleness, and they loved each other well, with a love which up to this day had never known the shadow of a cloud except from the delay in their marriage, which had been necessitated by various circumstances.

In the first place, the good old Graf was richer in armorial bearings and hereditary honours of various kinds than in the gold pieces, of which the excesses of past generations had left a too scanty supply, and Max must wait till he got his company before he could hope to surround his wife with all the comforts he wished to secure for her. Then a more insurmountable obstacle lay in the fact that Clare did not know how to leave her widowed mother, whose only other child, Isabel Tremeneere, was in India with her husband. Mrs. Acton was in bad health, and quite unfit to be left alone; so there was no resource but to wait, and that for an indefinite time; and it was undoubtedly a sharp trial to both, though their perfect trust in one another tended greatly to soften it, and they looked forward hopefully and bravely to the bright day that sooner or later was to give them to each other.

Clare went to visit Max's father and mother in the picturesque old Schloss, and the Graf and Gräfin fell almost as much in love with her calm sweet face as Max had done before them, while pretty Truda clung to her with all the enthusiastic admiration of a romantic German girl of seventeen.

Constant intercourse had been kept up between the families for two years, and by the end of that time all obstacles to the marriage so much desired by every one had rolled away like mists before the morning sun. Max had got his company, and a charming compliment from his beloved Prince—"unser Fritz"—when he commanded his men at a royal review; and Mrs. Tremenhoe had come home a childless widow from India, to welcome with delight the prospect of an occupation and interest in life, in the care of her invalid mother, whose favourite she had always been. Mrs. Acton was now quite willing, even desirous, that Clare should go to make her home in her adopted country; for the self-absorbed invalid found it suited her best to live alone, with one person entirely devoted to her comfort, and her youngest daughter's high tone of mind and strong good sense often made her feel uneasily the contrast with her own small weaknesses. But besides all this, a sad event had taken place in the old Schloss, which alone would have made Max overcome every other obstacle in order to be able to bring his gentle Clare to take her place as a loving daughter to his parents: for their special darling, winning little Truda, had been suddenly taken from them after a very short illness, and, in their unaccustomed loneliness and grief, they looked with longing to the time when Clare would come to make her home with them—as it had been decided she should do—that their son might still remain with them in spite of his marriage.

All was sunshine, therefore, for Max and Clare, at the hour when the storm-cloud of war broke with such desolating suddenness over their fair prospects; and as Clare stood motionless in her room after she had read that fatal telegram, trying to realize what it was that had come upon her, the vision seemed to rise before her mind of what that 1st of August would have been on which their longing hopes had so long been fixed, and for which every preparation had already been made.

The kind old Rector who had christened her was looking forward to the

hour when by his means her young life was to be crowned with its brightest joy; her merry cousins, Harry's sisters, had prepared the fascinating bridesmaids' dresses, with which they were to do their best to outshine the bride; and even the little village girls were carefully tending the flowers with which they were to strew the path beneath her feet. She could see the scene as she had so often pictured it, with her noble Max standing all glad and thankful by her side.

"And now, when that day comes, he will be far away on the deadly battlefield, and I shall not know even if he is alive or dead," thought poor Clare, writhing with the pain of the bitter contrast; "but I must, I will, see him before he goes," she added, beginning to pace the room from side to side as if she would have gone to him then and there. "Yes, that is certain; somehow I must look on his face once again, before I see it no more perhaps for ever." And, like an echo to this thought, the next morning brought her a telegram from Max, containing only these words—

"We must, we shall be married before I join the army! You will speedily hear more."

Mrs. Acton and Mrs. Tremenhoe exhausted themselves in conjectures as to what Max could possibly mean to do. It was clear from the papers that every Prussian officer must join his regiment within a very few days, and that there could never be time for him to come to England, even if he were allowed to do so, which was very unlikely. At last Mrs. Acton arrived at the doleful conclusion that the shock of the war news had affected his mind, and that he had not known what he was doing when he sent the message.

Clare said nothing, but the eyes that had been so dim during the first hours of wearying suspense now brightened with a quiet hope, and the sweet grave face lost the look of indescribable pain and terror which had been fixed on it before. She knew she could trust her Max—what he promised he would accomplish; at least they would meet, even if their marriage proved impossible;

and on that meeting her whole heart fastened, refusing to glance even into the gulf of unknown miseries which might lie beyond it.

Max's telegram came on Saturday, the 16th of July. Sunday and Monday passed, leaving Clare still calm and patient; but when the post of Tuesday morning brought no letter, her face grew white under the sickening disappointment, and she went to hide herself in her own room, that she might not distress her mother and sister by the sight of the gnawing anxiety she was unable to conquer.

About noon on that day, however, she suddenly heard Mrs. Tremenhoe's voice calling to her with eager haste—

"Clare, Clare, come down—Anton is here!"

Anton! The flood of joy that rushed to her heart sent a glow of colour over her face as if sudden sunshine had fallen upon it, for to see Anton was next best to seeing Max himself. He was the old Graf's foster-brother; the Schloss had always been his home, and Max had been the idol and joy of his honest faithful heart, from the day when he took this only son of the house in his arms, and showed him proudly to the people at the village fête. Like the Graf and his son, Anton had been a soldier in his youth, and he had taken the field again in 1866 with Max, whom he never quitted for a single day. Then an unlucky shot carried off his right arm, and "soldiering" was at end for him; so he became the Graf's chasseur, and supported the dignity of the family on all occasions in a resplendent green coat laced with gold, and with his enormous white moustache trained to stand out in stiffest military fashion. He never married, for he could spare no love to wife or children from the young master who was all the world to him. He had graciously approved of Clare on her first engagement, and she became a great favourite with him when she was staying at the Schloss; so now it was with a look of great pleasure that he made her his most elaborate bow as she came bounding into the room, where her

mother and Isabel were eagerly questioning him.

"I have brought this letter from the Herr Graf Max," he said, giving it to Clare; "and I hope the gnädige Fraulein will be able to go with me to-morrow."

Clare hardly heard him as she tore open the envelope, which contained two letters, one for herself from Max, and one to her mother in the old Graf's handwriting. She gave this last to Mrs. Acton, and then sunk down on a seat in the window recess, to read the words which grew indistinct before her eyes in her trembling eagerness. Poor, brave Max! he said he could not and would not dwell on what this sudden summons to battle, and perhaps to death, had been to him at such a juncture, but he was absolutely resolved that Clare should be his wife before he joined the army, if only she would agree to the arrangements he had made to gain this end. "And you will consent, my Clärchen, will you not? for we are one in heart and soul, and what I wish you surely will desire too: let me go to my fate, whatever it may be, knowing that Clärchen is my own for ever; that I shall come back to her arms if I come at all, and that if not, I shall leave to my so well-beloved parents a child who will be one with them in their regret for me, and who will take my place in giving them all loving care, and saving them from utter loneliness in their bereaved old age. My Clärchen, I cannot, without dishonour, leave the Fatherland now for so much as an hour, or I would come for you, as you well know; but since that may not be, you will come to me, my brave true love. I cannot doubt you will let no maiden shyness or timidity affect you in this solemn hour, but you will come, my promised wife, to our mutual home, where all is arranged to make you mine indeed for ever."

Max then went on to tell her of the plans he had made, relying on her consent. He was to march with his regiment towards the frontier in the following week, and had already reported himself at head-quarters. He had however, not without great difficulty, obtained leave to spend Saturday and Sunday at

the Schloss with his parents, provided he returned to his post early on Monday morning. He proposed, therefore, that their marriage should take place on Sunday, in the presence of his father and mother, who were as earnestly desirous as he was that it should be accomplished. He sent Anton to be Clare's escort, along with her own maid, and he had calculated that, if she left home on Wednesday morning, she could reach the Schloss on Saturday, in good time for the celebration of the wedding next day. Much more of fond persuasion and entreaty was in Max's letter, for which we have not space; but the resolution of the brave, true-hearted English girl was taken at once, and never wavered for a moment. She turned to her mother, who put into her hand the letter from the old Graf, earnestly imploring Mrs. Acton not to refuse her consent to this strange and hurried marriage for her daughter.

When Clare had read it, she went and knelt down quietly by her mother's sofa, and, kissing her hands, said, softly, "You will let me go, dearest mother, will you not? You will give me your blessing and let me go?"

Mrs. Acton, as was her wont on all occasions when something more was demanded of her than an undivided attention to her own comfort, burst into tears without reply; but Mrs. Tremenheere bent forward, and, taking her sister's hands in hers, said tremulously:—

"Oh, Clare darling, could you ever bear it? It is too much to ask of you. Think what may be the end of it! to be with him one day as his wife, and then, perhaps, never again on earth. Will you not stay with us and save your young life from such an untimely blight? Stay with us, and take your chance of new and better hopes."

Clare lifted up her calm dark eyes to her sister's face—

"Isabel, have you not often said that all your love is buried in that Indian grave? Tell me, would you not rather have been his wife one day, one hour, than be now without the right to mourn him as his widow?"

"Oh yes! yes!" said Mrs. Tremenheere, covering her face with her hands.

"Then help me now to persuade our mother to let me go," said Clare, turning once more to the sobbing invalid.

"Oh, my dear child, I do not mean to refuse you," said Mrs. Acton; "do whatever you think best; it is all so strange and miserable, I can hardly understand it, and my poor head will not bear to think of it. How you are ever to be married in Germany next Sunday, when you are still here, with nothing ready, I cannot imagine; and your wedding-dress is not even to be finished till next week,—you cannot possibly have it."

"Dear mother," said Clare, as a smile passed over her face, "I do not think the wedding-dress will stand in my way, if in other respects you give your consent."

"Yes, yes, make yourself happy in your own way; though I am sure it would be no happiness to me to go flying over to Germany to be married to a man the one day, and see him go off and leave me the next—and in a morning dress too!" she added, returning to her truly feminine grievance. But Clare only kissed her, saying,—

"It will be happiest for me." And then a hasty examination of "Bradshaw" with her sister showed her that she could indeed reach the Schloss on the following Saturday if she left home very early the next morning. This decided, she went at once to make her preparations, while Anton hurried off to telegraph the good news to his young master.

In the glorious dawn of a brilliant summer day, Clare Acton left her home next morning; but instead of the crowd of friends and relations who would have been assembled to witness her departure had it taken place, as she had once anticipated, on the destined 1st of August, there was only the pale young widow to send her forth with a silent kiss, unable to speak under the influence of the strong presentiment, which made her see her sister's future fate foreshadowed in her own.

The journey was easily accomplished, for Anton surrounded Clare with as much attention and care as if she had been a princess, and she reached the Schloss on Saturday evening, one hour after Max

had himself arrived, and received such a welcome as made her almost forget that any sorrow awaited her after that wedding-day was over, of which alone Max seemed to think. The most important personage in the house that evening was the old family notary, who was entirely occupied with the legal preparations for the marriage, and would have worn out less interested persons by the enormous length of the documents he insisted on reading to them all before he would allow them to affix their signatures to the settlements.

The brief night passed sleeplessly for Clare, but she looked bright as the morning when she rose to prepare for the wedding, which was to take place at an early hour. She thought of her mother, with a smile and a sigh, as she put on the plain white muslin dress she had often worn at home, and fastened the white rose in her dark hair, which Max had sent her to do duty for the unattainable orange blossoms.

They walked—a quiet family party—to the village church, which was close to the Schloss, the old Graf giving his arm to Clare and the Gräfin leaning on Max. The notary stalked behind them, and was followed by Anton marshalling the whole household down to the *marmiton*, who surreptitiously abandoned the pots and pans, which had been confided to his care by the cook, and determined that he would see the Graf Max married as well as the rest, even if there were no luncheon for any one when they all came back. The village pasteur performed the ceremony, wearing a black gown trimmed with velvet, and a high white ruff round his neck, which made him look strangely like the portraits of Queen Elizabeth in her old age; and the church was filled with the peasants of the neighbourhood, who took the liveliest interest in all that concerned the family of the Graf. The whole scene appeared redolent of peace and tranquil happiness, and when the service was over, and the good old Graf in patriarchal fashion kissed and blessed his children, none could have imagined that already the thunders of the gathering war-storm were echoing round those two young heads,

and all the horrors of the deadly conflict preparing to envelope them in anguish undreamt of till that hour.

What a day it was which followed! for Max and Clare determined that during these few blissful hours they would forget all the dark prospect before them—the speedy parting, the terrible war, the possible blow which might lay that noble head low in the dust, and consign the young bride to long years of widowhood, following swift on the union of that one day. Yes! they would forget all but that they were given to each other; and when the kind old Graf and Gräfin told them with a smile that they could manage very well without them for the rest of the day, they went out into the wood which surrounded the Schloss, and buried themselves in its deepest recesses.

And there through the long summer day they wandered about or sat beneath the old oak-trees, with the blue sky cloudless over their heads and the flowers blooming at their feet, and hope, clothing herself in the sunshine that lay golden around them, seeming to smile on them with a brightness which could not deceive. Max was to start very early next morning, and the whole household was astir with the dawn. He had gone, by Clare's own thoughtful advice, to pass half an hour alone with his father and mother before leaving them, to return, perhaps, no more; and Anton, who was, of course, to accompany his young master as servant, since he could no longer go with him as a soldier, was in the stable examining with the utmost care the trappings of the horses, and seeing that all had been done as he desired by the groom, who had disappeared in some alarm at his approach, knowing well the severity of his scrutiny in all that concerned the young Graf's charger and accoutrements.

Suddenly, as the old man stood there intent on the stirrup-leather he was examining, he heard the rush of light feet coming rapidly across the courtyard outside, and saw a gleam of something white pass through the dazzling sunshine that filled the doorway into the gloom of the stable where he was standing. He looked up in astonishment, and per-

ceived that it was the young bride herself who stood before him, with her sweet face very pale, and her dark eyes looking out softly on him through a mist of unshed tears.

Anton bowed profoundly as he recovered from his first surprise, and then stood up stiff and erect to receive her orders, for she was the young Gräfin now, and he was prepared to show her all the respect and deference he would have bestowed on Max's mother; but Clare suddenly took his hand in both of hers, and said to him, hastily, for the moments were precious—

"Anton, you love Max well, I know?"

"Ach! Himmel! how much!" was all the old man could answer, quite unable to express in words the extent of the one strong affection of his life.

"And for his sake you love me too?"

"My beautiful lady! and for your own," he answered with honest gallantry, though looking greatly surprised.

"Then promise me you will grant me the favour I am going to ask of you now, without demur, without reserve."

"If the highly-to-be-honoured Gräfin would tell me first——"

"No, no; you must promise at once. Say you will do what I ask, Anton, I beseech you!"

"I am sure I shall," said the old man, overcome by the pleading of the beautiful sad eyes, and the trembling of the little hands that still held his own.

"Then this is what I ask of you," said Clare. "If Max is wounded, whether slightly, or severely, or fatally,"—she said the last word with a sudden catching of her breath—"promise me that you will send that instant to let me know—you must send to *me*, not to the Graf and Gräfin, for it might be better that they should not have to bear suspense before they hear the final result; but to me you must send, and without the delay of a single instant from the moment that he falls. You will not choose to leave him yourself, I know; nor should I wish it; but you can send me that servant boy Franz whom you are taking with you. He is young, but he has sense enough to find his way here and back again. Now,

remember you have promised, Anton, and your word, I know, will be sacred."

"But, my much-respected lady, I did not know what I was promising," said Anton, pulling his long moustache in much perplexity; "is it then that you purpose coming to the Herr Graf Max, if he should be wounded?—which heaven forbid!"

"I do," said Clare, looking up at him with the full clear gaze of her expressive eyes; "I do most resolutely purpose to come to my husband if evil befalls him, wherever he may be. Who but his wife should be with him to tend him, if there is hope of recovery, or to soothe his last hours if——" She could not go on, and Anton's own voice trembled as he answered—

"But, my honoured lady,—you, so young, so delicate; you do not know what sights you would have to see—what fatigues, what hardships to bear; yes, even what rough treatment you might receive."

"Oh, Anton, Anton, what would all that be to me, if only I were with my Max in his sufferings? Would I not rather know that I never should lay down my head to rest again, than be absent from him in his trial hours! Do not let us waste these precious moments in useless argument; if you would ever have me know one instant's peace till all this dreadful war is over, you will grant me my request; Anton, if you would save me from an agony of suspense, through which I scarce think I could live, you will not refuse me now!"

And he could not refuse her: with something very like tears shining under his bushy eyebrows he told her it should be as she desired.

"And the instant, the very instant you know that he has fallen, you promise to send Franz to me without delay?"

"I do promise," he answered gravely.

Clare gave his rough hand one silent pressure, and in a moment he saw the white graceful figure dart back through the sunny courtyard, and disappear under the dark archway that led into the Schloss.

The bitter parting was over; Max was gone, finally gone, from the sight of

those to whom he was the very sun of life, and the long trying suspense began which was but seldom broken by any direct news from the army.

Great restrictions were laid upon the private correspondence of the Prussian officers, especially at first; and it was almost entirely from the newspapers or general rumours that the family at the Schloss knew anything of the progress of the war. The old Graf and Gräfin had reached an age when strong emotions are never of long duration, and they soon subsided into a tranquil hopefulness which was far from being shared by Clare, with her young quick-beating heart and vivid imagination. She tended Max's father and mother most devotedly; but often it was almost more than she could bear, to sit so calmly at their side, and hear them talk of the prospects of the vintage, or the details of the village politics, while her pulses were throbbing with intense nervous excitement, and her very soul was quailing within her, at the thought of the scenes that might be taking place at that very moment on the battle-field.

Her chief hope and stay was the promise she had wrung from Anton: so long as she did not hear from him, she could be certain that Max had been safe at least two or three days before; but the ever-recurring thought that at that very moment his death-blow might be falling, kept up her feverish torture of suspense to a pitch which all the calm strength of her natural character could scarce enable her to bear.

Slowly but surely the items of war news reached them at last. The old Graf seemed to renew the spirit of his youth, when he heard of the Prussian victories at Weissenburg and Woerth; his eye kindled and his cheek flushed as he announced the great tidings to his assembled household, and then added proudly—

“When my son comes home we will illuminate the Schloss.”

Clare shivered involuntarily as she heard the confident words. Calm and brave as she was outwardly, there had from the first been a deep settled conviction that Max would fall, underlying

all the hopes with which she tried to cheat herself. She could not have accounted for the existence of the feeling, nor did she in fact ever admit it to herself, but persisted even in her own thoughts in dwelling on the bright prospect of her husband's return in safety, when all the terrible conflict should be at an end; but still it was there—a dark consciousness that took the light out of the sunshine, and the warmth from the air, and chilled her with its indefinable horror day and night. There have been many similar instances, which would seem to indicate that there is something of prophetic power in an intense human affection, which enables those who are under its influence to feel the chill and gloom of a coming evil, when no other can so much as guess at its approach.

But Clare gave no hint of this to the Graf and Gräfin, with whom she was always bright and cheerful, making herself so dear a comfort to them in every way, that they congratulated themselves again and again on the hurried wedding which had given them the blessing of such a daughter.

Slowly the weeks crept on, and at length the 16th of August arrived. On that day Clare was strangely restless and disturbed. She seemed unable to fix her mind on any of her ordinary occupations, and was continually starting and trembling for no apparent reason; and she woke many times in the night to find herself bathed in tears. Next day she felt better, and the hours passed away quietly, without bringing tidings of any kind to the Schloss. Then came the 18th, and the long summer day wore on and faded into a lovely evening in perfect calm. The household was in the habit of going early to rest, and Clare had bidden her parents good night, intending to follow them at once, but an irresistible impulse drew her out through the still open window of the *salon* to the terrace, which stretched along the front of the house and looked over the grounds.

She went forward and leant on the stone balustrade, looking down on the dim woods, where not a leaf was stirring



in the still soft air. The perfect peacefulness of the scene was very striking; the heavens, throbbing with starlight, seemed to arch over a sleeping world, for there was not a sound to break the dreamy stillness, except the faint twittering of little sleepy birds as they nestled down to their repose. Were there such things on earth as thundering cannon, and ghastly battle-fields, and groans of dying men? Truly it was hard to believe it in the Paradisal calm of that soft silvery night.

Suddenly Clare grasped the balustrade with both her hands, while her heart beat so rapidly that she could scarcely breathe. She had seen a figure approaching on a path which led from the high road to the house. Long before she could really distinguish who it was, she knew that it was Franz. She was strongly agitated, but not surprised. She had known he would come—known it from the first; but she could not stand there to wait his approach, swiftly as he was walking; she ran down the steps of the terrace, and flew along the path to meet Anton's messenger. In a moment she was standing with outstretched hands before the boy, who doffed his cap with a sorrowful face.

"Have you a letter for me?—give it me—give it me at once!"

"No letter, gracious lady; there was not time."

"Tell me all then: speak—speak quickly!"

"On Tuesday there was a battle near Vionville; we were victorious, but, the Herr Graf Max——" he stopped. Franz was a stolid, good boy, whose mental faculties were rather below the usual average, even for an uneducated German peasant, but some dim comprehension he had, of what was written in the dark eyes that were fixed with such devouring anxiety upon him, while the sweet face blanched beneath his words till it was white as snow.

"Go on," she said, gasping for breath.

"The Herr Graf is sorely wounded."

"Is he alive?"

"He was when Anton came and sent me to you; but he said, tell the young Gräfin to lose no time."

It was enough—the blow had fallen that was for evermore to darken that young life, still in its brightest spring-time; but the brave English girl wasted not a moment in tears or lamentations; her whole being seemed to gather itself up into the one desire and effort to be with Max as speedily as was possible by any means. Her preparation for such a moment as this had long been made, and but little more remained to be done. She saw that Franz had food and rest during the brief hour she could allow him before starting, and she spent it herself in writing a tender, thoughtful letter to the Graf and Gräfin, telling them that Max was wounded, without a word as to her reasons for believing he was mortally injured. She only told them she was going to him, as she was sure they would wish her to do, and succeeded in putting far more of hopefulness into the tone of her letter than the poor child felt in her own sad heart.

Then, as she was very anxious not to disturb the household, she helped Franz with her own hands to harness the ponies to the pretty little carriage Max had given to her for her special use, and in a few minutes more she was driving to the station, some miles distant, where she had rightly calculated she would be able to catch the night train to the frontier.

Franz had made good speed in bringing Anton's message; but he had neither the resources nor the dauntless energy of his young mistress, and he found, to his surprise, that, in spite of the difficulties of travelling in time of war, they were very near their destination before the close of the second day after their departure from the Schloss. The railroad had taken them a considerable distance, but for the latter part of their journey they had to trust to any vehicle they could get.

At Pont-à-Mousson, which they reached late at night, it was only by a very heavy bribe that Clare could induce the keeper of a cabarêt to convey them in his charette as far as the village of Gorze, which was but a very little distance from the scene of the battle of



Vionville. The driver took them through the village, and left them just beyond it, at the foot of an ascent which, according to Franz's account, led straight to the ground where the conflict of the 16th of August had taken place.

Throughout her whole journey Clare had been much tormented by the fear that she would have great difficulty in finding Max when she did arrive at her destination. Franz, of course, had no idea where he might be now, and Anton, in the hurried moment when he had sent him with his message, had been quite unable to say where he might find a shelter for his wounded master. He could only tell Franz to bring the young Gräfin to the spot where they then stood, and he would keep watch for her about the time when she would be likely to arrive. Franz explained to her that the spot indicated was on the edge of the very battle-field itself, for he had been so fascinated by the terrible interest of the great combat, that he had remained watching it all day on a spot where he was very imperfectly sheltered by a tree from the shot and shell that were falling round him. Anton had crept yet nearer, in his anxiety for his master, and had come running back through the smoke of the cannon to give his message for Clare, and had then disappeared again almost immediately.

Franz, therefore, now led the Gräfin up a steep ascent some little way beyond the village of Gorze, which terminated in a high plain, and there, on the outskirts of it, was the stump of a charred and blackened tree, which he told her marked the spot of the rendezvous. He looked at it with some dismay as he saw by the damage it had since sustained in the fire, how unsafe a shelter it had been for himself.

"If the gracious lady will remain at this spot," he said, "I will go and try to find Anton, or hear some tidings of the Herr Graf Max."

Clare could only make a sign of assent, for she was utterly unable to speak, so completely appalled was she by the sight which presented itself before her eyes, and which she will never forget to the last day of her life. Franz

hastened away, and for a moment Clare was obliged to cling trembling to the charred trunk of the tree, while she struggled with the sick horror which almost overcame her; but she felt it was no time to give way to a woman's weakness, and with a violent effort she subdued the momentary faintness, and forced herself to stand erect and look out over the plain before her.

She was standing, in fact, right on the battle-field of the 16th, and far as her eye could reach the ground was literally strewn with the corpses of those who had fallen on that dreadful day. We have heard so much more in England of the yet greater battle which took place on the 18th near Rezonville, that we are hardly aware of the real nature or importance of the conflict which has been called the battle of Vionville, or of the magnitude of the losses then sustained, both by the French and by the Prussians in spite of their victory.

To Clare, however, it seemed as if the world could never have known a more dreadful carnage, than that which was now displayed in all its hideousness before her eyes.

It was the hour of dawn—the dawn of a most lovely summer morning; and no imagination could have pictured a greater contrast than that presented by the aspect of the heavens and of the earth. Overhead the lucid sky was intensely serene and pure, without a cloud to fleck its glorious expanse, where a few pale stars were shining still with tremulous silvery light; and in the east the sun, already risen behind the hills, was tinting the pearly white of the horizon with the most exquisite hues of opal and rose colour, changing and mingling with that silent harmony of beauty, which seems ever expressive of some far-off infinite perfection of loveliness as yet unseen and unknown to man; and beneath that calm, fair heaven breathing peace and purity, there stretched out, dark and bloodstained, the dreadful battle-field, encumbered far and near with the ghastly remains of all that a few days before had been so full of life and youth and noble courage and devotion. Thousands upon thousands of slaughtered men lay there,

in every attitude of pain, in every form of mutilation, by which the human frame can be destroyed; and mingled with them were the dead horses and the countless accessories of the battle-field, heaped all together in one inextricable ruin and havoc. No words can describe the scene; nor were it well to do so, for it could answer no good purpose to bring before the imagination of others the vision of horror which smote Clare's eyes as she stood there in her rigid self-control and gazed upon it.

The effect produced upon the mind of this unwilling witness by the aspect of the field of battle is, however, we think worthy of record, for it sprang no doubt from one of those intuitive truths which flash upon us in great crises of our lives.

With that dreadful spectacle before her, there came upon Clare, clear and distinct as a tangible reality, the conviction that all this tremendous waste of life could not be for ever: it could not be that all those countless lives had sprung into being, only to be destroyed by the senseless fire that swept them down like the dead leaves of autumn before the wintry blast—in their very prime and springtide. Scarce one of those who lay there, no longer distinguishable but as part of an indescribable mass of ruin, had lived out even half the brief allotted span of man on earth, and it could not be that this incomplete fragment of existence was all they were ever to know of consciousness; that for this sudden quenching alone the infinite mystery of life had been awakened in them, with all its high aspirations and longings for some unfound and unknown good.

As the day broke fully in its glorious radiance over the scene of destruction, she felt, she knew, that there must yet be another dawn for all this flower of manhood, so lately filled with intelligence and mental power, whose mangled remains the burying parties were already shovelling beneath the earth.

And yet another truth came to Clare in that solemn hour. While looking out on that wide area of pain just quenched in death, she had, in a sense, for the time, forgotten Max, and the desolation to her individual life which had come with

all the other unnumbered pangs from that one battle-field; and this seemed to show her that the true purpose and end of life for each one of us can never be held within the narrow limit of personal interests and cares, but that, forming part of the great human family, burdened with such deep craving for happiness, and deeper capacity for suffering, we have each one so to live, that we may take our share in the progress of all, to some higher, purer condition of being than can ever be known to us in our present state.

Clare still stood absorbed in these thoughts, when suddenly the voice of Anton, close beside her, brought all her own anxieties and terrors rushing back upon her heart, and she turned round to meet him, white and breathless, and quite unable to ask the question on which her whole future was hanging.

"Thank heaven the gracious lady is here!" he exclaimed. "Oh, madame, you did well to bid me send for you; the beloved Herr Max has been almost kept alive by the hope of seeing you."

She looked piteously at him, with her lips quivering, and he understood the words she could not say.

"He is alive, gracious lady, but the dear God alone knows how long——" he could not finish his sentence.

Then Clare managed to whisper, "Take me to him."

Anton turned at once and led the way down the hill. As they went along he told her, in a broken voice, all that had happened. He said, that on the fatal Tuesday, his master had first been wounded in the shoulder, but had continued at his post, leading and encouraging his men with the greatest bravery; till at last he was hit by a portion of a shell which exploded near him, and then he fell from his horse, mortally injured. Some of his men succeeded with difficulty in carrying him to the rear, where Anton was speedily at his side; for he had managed, not without great risk to himself, to keep Max's regiment in sight throughout nearly the whole of the engagement. The soldiers could not, of course, remain with their Captain; and as Anton was obliged to

hurry off in search of some peasants to help him in conveying his wounded master to a place of shelter, he snatched a moment on his way to find Franz, whom he knew to be close at hand, and fulfil his promise to Clare by sending him off without an instant's delay to deliver his sad message to her. Then he had come back with half a dozen men to the spot where Max lay writhing in his agony, for his wounds were of such a nature as to cause him intolerable pain. They made a litter of branches, and carried him at once from the field. Anton's purpose had been to convey him to Gorze, but Max suffered so frightfully from the movement, that he implored of them to lay him down anywhere by the roadside, and the peasants told Anton besides, that the wounded had been pouring in such large numbers into the village, that it was more than doubtful whether any shelter could be found for him there. Under these circumstances Anton was fain to be satisfied with placing his master in a humble shed, about halfway to the village, which in happier times had been used by a man employed to tend cattle, on the field that had now become such a terrible scene of carnage and destruction. There Anton had done what he could to make him comfortable, and had tended him unremittingly night and day. He had as soon as possible procured the help of one of the surgeons, who had at once said that the Graf's injuries were wholly incurable, and that nothing whatever could be done for him; he was only surprised he had not succumbed at once to the fatal blow he had received.

"But indeed, gracious lady," continued Anton, in a voice hoarse with agitation, "I think it is only the hope of seeing you that has kept him alive, for every time he has seemed to faint and almost die under the torture of his wounds he has always struggled back to life again, saying your name; it is becoming too dreadful to see his sufferings, however, and I feel that now for his own sake I shall be even glad——"

Anton gave way completely, and deep sobs broke from him.

Clare shivered from head to foot, but only pressing her hands tightly together, said faintly, "Let us go faster."

"We are at the place, dear lady," said Anton, as he stopped suddenly at the open door of a shed. He stood aside to let her pass in, and in another moment Clare had fallen on her knees beside her husband, and was kissing almost frantically the one listless hand that remained uninjured amidst the terrible mutilation he had sustained. He was lying on a heap of straw, covered with his regimental cloak, the only bed Anton had been able to procure for him. His fine face, though not disfigured, was greatly changed by the sufferings he had endured; he was ghastly pale, and his hollow eyes were dim already with the shades of death. At sight of his wife, however, a gleam of life lit them up once more.

"Clärchen, my Clärchen," he murmured, and could say no more, and she, all her resolute calm broken down, could only bathe his hand in tears and let her bursting heart relieve itself by lavishing on him a thousand terms of passionate endearment. A little time they remained thus; then Max made a great effort to speak.

"Clärchen"—she looked up eagerly to catch each word—"it is sad for you that you ever saw me one day only a wife, and then—— But you have all life before you—you may still be happy in some other home."

It was evident that it cost him a mental as well as a physical effort to say these words, and his voice was inexpressibly sad.

"My Max," said Clare, so softly and calmly that her words seemed to fall on his dying heart like dew, "I would rather have had that one day's happiness with you, than have lived all my life in joy with any other."

"My own true love," he murmured. Then, as his great shadowy eyes scanned her face wistfully, he said, with much difficulty, "But for all the future, sweetest, who could ever ask you to be faithful to the husband of a day? It would be but natural that you should still seek happiness for the years to come."

"My darling," she said, laying down her head close to his, "there can be no happiness for me on earth but to be your true love changelessly, entirely, as I have been from the first, and am and ever shall be to the end; I will make that one day's joy to last me all my life, dear Max, for I will never know another. Death itself has not the power to make me less your own than I have ever been since first I gave you all my love."

"O Clärchen, dearest, it would be but too sweet to me to know that you would never more forget or change; but how are you to live—so young—alone? A little while my father and mother will be your care—but then——" He could only speak now in broken words, and with such excessive pain that Clare could not bear to see it.

"My dear, dear love," she said, "if I should lose those, to whom I will be a daughter for your sake, there will still be sufferers in the world whom I will try to comfort, in gratitude for my one bright day of joy with you. But be very certain that it is as your true widow only I will live, till the good God lets me lie down by your side once more."

She had satisfied him now; he let his head fall back, and strove no more to speak, but only kept his eyes fixed on Clare while life remained in them.

It was not long. The excitement which till her arrival had fanned the failing flame of life had quite subsided, and with the calm that fell upon his heart death too stole in and hushed its beating finally;—cold, dark, and still, he lay, and already they believed him gone, when suddenly a light broke over his face like morning on the hills,—the closed eyes opened wide and flashed one glance, full-orbed and radiant, upward

to the sky, seen through the open door; then softly fell the lids again, and the last sigh passed from the brave true heart and floated away into the summer air.

Scant ceremonies of burial are all that can be given to the fallen in this stupendous war. That same evening the dead officer—wrapt in his military cloak—was carried by Anton and a few of the surviving men of his company to a grave, dug by Clare's wish, under the tree where she had stood that morning; no clergyman could be found to say words of blessing over his resting-place, for the dead lay around by thousands, and all were engaged elsewhere. Alone the young widow followed when they bore him out, and stood at the head of the grave; while Anton, with reluctant hands, laid the earth over the noble form and hid it from her sight for ever. And as it disappeared, and she looked up in piteous appeal to Heaven with the sense of unbearable desolation strong upon her, she saw that the sun—just setting—was casting its lingering rays like a glory round the grave; and she remembered how in the morning when she had seen it rise over the countless slain, she had learned from its reviving radiance that this field of death had but been sown with seed, for the harvest of eternity.

So Clare took heart again beside the grave of her life's hopes, and turned back into the great suffering world, not to waste her days in fruitless mourning, but to do her part in lifting the load from other hearts, and shedding on them the light she gathered out of the very shadow of death, as it closed around her brief term of wedded life.

## THE IMPLICIT PROMISE OF IMMORTALITY.

## A POEM.

“Or questi che dall’ infima lacuna  
 Dell’ universo insin qui ha vedute  
 Le vite spiritali ad una ad una,  
 Supplica a te per grazia di virtute  
 Tanto che possa con gli occhi levarsi  
 Più alto verso l’ ultima salute.”

DANTE, *Par.* xxxiii. 22—28.

FRIEND, and it little matters if with thee  
 In shadowed vales and night’s solemnity  
 Heart has met heart, and soul with soul has known  
 A deathless kinship and one hope alone;—  
 Or if thy dear voice by mine ears unheard  
 Has never spoken me one winged word,  
 Nor mine eyes seen thee, nor my spirit guessed  
 The answering spirit hidden in thy breast;—  
 Known or unknown, seen once and loved for long,  
 Or only reached by this faint breath of song,  
 In thine imagined ears I pour again  
 A faltering message from the man in men,—  
 Thoughts that are born with summer, but abide  
 Past summer into sad Allhallowtide.

The world without, men say, the needs within,  
 Which clash and make what we call sorrow and sin,  
 Tend to adjustment evermore, until  
 The individual and the cosmic will  
 Shall coincide, and man content and free  
 Assume at last his endless empery,  
 Seeking his Eden and his Heaven no more  
 By fabled streams behind him or before,  
 But feeling Pison with Euphrates roll  
 Round the great garden of his kingly soul.

I answer that, so far, the type that springs  
 Seems like a race of strangers, not of kings,  
 Less fit for earth, not more so; rather say  
 Grown like the dog who when musicians play  
 Feels each false note and howls, while yet the true  
 With doubtful pleasure tremulous thrill him through,  
 Since man’s strange thoughts confuse him, and destroy  
 With half-guessed raptures his ancestral joy.

So in the race of man a change as great  
As from the fourfoot to the man's estate  
Begins unmarked, nor can our wisest say  
To what new type slow Nature leads the way,  
Since in their nascent stage such changes seem  
Like a disease sometimes, sometimes a dream;  
Who feel them hide; so hard it is to see  
That the real marvel, real disease, would be,  
If while all forms of matter upward strive  
Man were the one unchanging type alive.

Meantime dim wonder on the untravelled way  
Holds our best hearts, and palsies all our day;  
One looks on God, and then with eyes struck blind  
Brings a confusing rumour to mankind;  
And others listen, and no work can do  
Till they have got that God defined anew;  
And in the darkness some have fallen, as fell  
To baser gods the folk of Israel,  
When with Jehovah's thunders heard too nigh  
They wantoned in the shade of Sinai.

Take any of the sons our Age has nursed,  
Fed with her food and taught her best and worst;  
Suppose no great disaster; look not nigh  
On hidden times of his extremity;  
But watch him like the flickering magnet stirred  
By each imponderable look and word,  
And think how firm a courage every day  
He needs to bear him on life's common way,  
Since even at the best his spirit moves  
Thro' such a tourney of conflicting loves,—  
Unwisely sought, untruly called untrue,  
Beloved, and hated, and beloved anew;  
Till in the changing whirl of praise and blame  
He feels himself the same and not the same,  
And often, overworn and overwon,  
Knows all a dream and wishes all were done.

I know it, such an one these eyes have seen  
About the world with his unworldly mien,  
And often idly hopeless, often bent  
On some tumultuous deed and vehement,  
Because his spirit he can nowise fit  
To the world's ways and settled rule of it,  
But thro' contented thousands travels on  
Like a sad heir in disinherison,  
And rarely by great thought or brave emprise  
Comes out above his life's perplexities,  
Looks thro' the rifted cloudland, and sees clear  
Fate at his feet and the high God anear.

Ah let him tarry on those heights, nor dream  
Of other founts than that Aonian stream!  
Since short and fierce, then hated, drowned, and dim  
Shall most men's chosen pleasures come to him,—  
Not made for such things, nor for long content  
With the poor toys of this imprisonment.

Ay, should he sit one afternoon beguiled  
 By some such joy as makes the wise man wild,  
 Yet if at twilight to his ears shall come  
 A distant music thro' the city's hum,  
 So slight a thing as this will wake again  
 The incommunicable homeless pain,  
 Until his soul so yearns to reunite  
 With her Prime Source, her Master and Delight,  
 As if some loadstone drew her, and brain and limb  
 Ached with her struggle to get through to Him.

And is this then delusion? can it be  
 That like the rest high heaven is phantasy?  
 Can God's implicit promise be but one  
 Among so many visions all undone?

Nay, if on earth two souls thro' sundering fate  
 Can save their sisterhood inviolate,  
 If dimness and deferment, time and pain,  
 Have no more lasting power upon those twain  
 Than stormy thunderclouds which, spent and done,  
 Leave grateful earth still gazing on the sun,—  
 If their divine hope gladly can forgo  
 Such nearness as this wretched flesh can know,  
 While, spite of all that even themselves may do,  
 Each by her own truth feels the other true:—  
 Faithful no less is God, who having won  
 Our spirits to His endless unison  
 Betrays not our dependence, nor can break  
 The oath unuttered which His silence spake.

Therefore I will not think, as some men say,  
 That all these multitudes who love and pray  
 Perish no less, unanswered, each alone,  
 Joyless, created for a cornerstone,  
 That our sons' sons may lead a life more fair,  
 Taught and refined by our foregone despair.

Oh dreadful thought, that all our sires and we  
 Are but foundations of a race to be,—  
 Stones which one thrusts in earth, and builds thereon  
 A white delight, a Parian Parthenon,  
 And thither, long thereafter, youth and maid  
 Seek with glad brows the alabaster shade,  
 And in processions' pomp together bent  
 Still interchange their sweet words innocent,—  
 Not caring that those mighty columns rest  
 Each on the ruin of a human breast,—  
 That to the shrine the victor's chariot rolls  
 Across the anguish of ten thousand souls.

"Well was it that our fathers suffered thus,"  
 I hear them say, "that all might end in us;  
 Well was it here and there a bard should feel  
 Pains premature and hurt that none could heal;  
 These were their preludes, thus the race began;  
 So hard a matter was the birth of Man."

And yet these too shall pass and fade and flee,  
 And in their death shall be as vile as we,

Nor much shall profit with their perfect powers  
To have lived a so much sweeter life than ours,  
When at the last, with all their bliss gone by,  
Like us those glorious creatures come to die,  
With far worse woe, far more rebellious strife  
Those mighty spirits drink the dregs of life.

Nay, by no cumulative changeful years,  
For all our bitter harvesting of tears,  
Shalt thou tame man, nor in his breast destroy  
The longing for his home which deadens joy;  
He cannot mate here, and his cage controls  
Safe bodies, separate and sterile souls;  
And wouldst thou bless the captives, thou must show  
The wild green woods which they again shall know.

Therefore have we, while night serenely fell,  
Imparadised in twilight's ænomel,  
Beheld the empyrean, star on star  
Perfecting solemn change and secular,  
Each with slow roll and pauseless period  
Writing the solitary thoughts of God.  
Not blindly in such moments, not in vain,  
The open secret flashes on the brain,  
As if one almost guessed it, almost knew  
Whence we have sailed and voyage wheretunto;  
Not vainly, for albeit that hour goes by,  
And the strange letters perish from the sky,  
Yet learn we that a life to us is given  
One with the cosmic spectacles of heaven,—  
Feel the still soul, for all her questionings,  
Parcel and part of sempiternal things;  
For us, for all, one overarching dome,  
One law the order, and one God the home.

Ah, but who knows in what thin form and strange,  
Through what appalled perplexities of change,  
Wakes the sad soul, which having once forgone  
This earth familiar and her friends thereon  
In interstellar void becomes a chill  
Outlying fragment of the Master Will;  
So severed, so forgetting, shall not she  
Lament, immortal, immortality?

If thou wouldst have high God thy soul assure  
That she herself shall as herself endure,  
Shall in no alien semblance, thine and wise,  
Fulfil her and be young in Paradise,  
One way I know; forget, forswear, disdain  
Thine own best hopes, thine utmost loss and gain,  
Till when at last thou scarce rememberest now  
If on the earth be such a man as thou,  
Nor hast one thought of self-surrender,—no,  
For self is none remaining to forgo,  
If ever, then shall strong persuasion fall  
That in thy giving thou hast gained thine all,  
Given the poor present, gained the boundless scope,  
And kept thee virgin for the further hope.



This is the hero's temper, and to some  
With battle-trumpetings that hour has come,  
With guns that thunder and with winds that fall,  
With closing fleets and voices augural;—  
For some, methinks, in no less noble wise  
Divine prevision kindles in the eyes,  
When all base thoughts like frightened harpies flown,  
In her own beauty leave the soul alone;  
When Love,—not rosy-flushed as he began,  
But Love, still Love, the prisoned God in man,—  
Shows his face glorious, shakes his banner free,  
Cries like a captain for Eternity:—  
O halcyon air across the storms of youth,  
O trust him, he is true, he is one with Truth!  
Nay, is he Christ? I know not; no man knows  
The right name of the heavenly Anterôs,—  
But here is God, whatever God may be,  
And whomsoe'er we worship, this is He.

Ah, friend, I have not said it: who shall tell  
In wavering words the hope unspeakable?  
Which he who once has known will labour long  
To set forth sweetly in persuasive song,  
Yea, many hours with hopeless art will try  
To save the fair thing that it shall not die,  
Then after all despairs, and leaves to-day  
A hidden meaning in a nameless lay.

## LETTER FROM CANON KINGSLEY.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, WINCHFIELD,  
October 14th, 1870.

SIR,—I see in an able article on our Army, in your magazine for this month, p. 407 (col. 2), these words: "The annual assembling of large bodies for manœuvres forms an important feature of the scheme." Nothing can be more true. By moving *corps d'armée* over the country, as in actual war, for the last twenty years and more, the Prussian army has acquired its present ability in overrunning and then defending any sheet of land which it approaches.

The author continues, and still with truth: "We believe (contrary to the general opinion), that there is ample space in this country for this purpose." Without a doubt there is, and more than he seems to think; for there is all of England which is still undestroyed by mines and manufactures. He continues: "From Windsor to the New Forest there is an almost uninterrupted series of open spaces, either commons, Crown lands, or uncultivated heaths." In this statement he is not quite correct. Between Windsor Forest and the Greensand heaths which skirt the heath, and also between Windsor Forest and the New Forest, lie chalk ranges, generally of open arable fields, but often sheeted with vast woods. However, these chalk-lands would not interfere with the movement of large bodies of troops. He continues: "Little trouble would be necessary to obtain the requisite powers to pass over the small intervening spaces of private property." I can assure him that no trouble at all would be required. I am accustomed to see flying columns from Aldershot pass over any and every sort of land, and I can say, boldly and with pleasure, that neither from farmer nor squire do they receive the least check; that landowners will gladly see a flying column encamp in their private parks, tight through their

pheasant covers, and grind their private roads into powder and mud with artillery and baggage waggons; and that the former, if a column will move (as bound to do) after the crops are off, will gladly let them march over their fields, and will feel (I speak simply of what I have seen again and again) a pride and pleasure in finding their land of use to the soldiers, in whom the country people, rich and poor, delight. This is no new story. I think I dare say, from what I have seen for some years past, that a *corps d'armée* which should march and manœuvre (of course after wheat and other grain is reaped), not only over the moors in which I live, but over the chalk arable downs from—say Odiham, westward to Highclere and Inkpen, would be received with only too much kindness and strong ale.

Your able contributor goes on to say: "Why this has not been already done it is difficult to say, unless indeed it be the question of loss of profits derived from the game on the Crown lands."

There is no game on the Crown lands. A few outlying pheasants and partridges, and a blackcock to every four square miles, is all; and I think I dare say, the question of game never entered the mind of the Crown, any more than the mind of the squires. It certainly did not enter the mind of "the Crown," properly so called, when, while the Chobham camp existed, the really valuable game preserves of Virginia Water were fought through, day after day. It certainly does not enter the mind of the squires round me, who let, year after year, valuable game preserves be fought through between Bramshill, Elvetham, and Aldershot. The flying game can only be frightened for an hour or two; as for the ground game, I have known a squire give a flying column leave to pick up every rabbit or hare they came across, and many a "chevy" have I seen in consequence.

The really serious question just now—dismissing all questions of game—is this: Will those who hold with your able contributor help to preserve these open lands—not from large landholders (who nowadays are the only men who will keep them open),—not merely from commoners, who have an interest in squatting on them, and who, as squatters, will be jealous of the passage of troops (and with reason, poor fellows, for they fear the fate of the *paysan* who called the *seigneur* and his *menée* to hunt the one hare of his garden),—but from the so-called Crown itself? Will they prevent a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy, which is now at work, from destroying these spaces by selling off all that is saleable to villa-projectors, and planting the rest with worthless fir-trees, enclosed with impassable wire and iron-bound fences,

making the country hideous and the passage of troops impossible; and all to get a few shillings per acre, twenty years hence, out of land which ought to be the national training-ground of a national army?

If so, let your correspondent throw his talents into the defence of the New Forest, which is just now threatened with this very fate (as is, I fear, every forest remaining in England), and help to keep—woods and all (for fighting through woods, as the Prussians know, is an integral part of the art of fighting)—that very sheet of land which, by the extreme poverty of its soil, and also by its proximity to Portsmouth, &c., is pointed out as the fittest spot for the very manœuvring which he, and I, desiderate.

I am, Sir, yours truly,  
C. KINGSLEY.

NOTE TO THE ABOVE, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE "ARE WE READY?"

WE earnestly hope, with the respected author of the above letter, that the open spaces for which he pleads so eloquently, may remain undesecrated by the hands of those who would seek to make a few paltry shillings out of what nature has given us as a national training-ground, where forces of 60,000 to 100,000 men can be easily moved through a country presenting every diversity of surface, hill and dell, wood and river, and intersected by railways sufficient to bring up all requisite supplies. By such manœuvres men would learn to know their officers, and officers their men. The complex mechanism composing a modern army could be tried in all its weak points, when time could be given to ascertain and repair the flaws, not under the influence of wild haste or senseless panic, but calmly and earnestly in that spirit in which alone successful reforms can be made. Most heartily, therefore, do we concur with Mr. Kingsley.

## ARMY ORGANIZATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARE WE READY?"

DURING that curious phase of English representative institutions that occurred in 1867, when the Liberal party who did not sit on the Treasury bench passed a Radical measure of reform through the Conservative party who did, and when Mr. Gladstone brought forward his famous resolutions on the subject of the Irish Church—it was repeatedly stated that great questions, such as Reform and the Irish Church Establishment, should be taken out of the domain of party politics, and treated by the whole House of Commons as national questions. Is it possible to pass any question through the House of Commons that is not a party question? Can sufficient speakers, to say nothing of listeners, be obtained when questions of national importance are before the House of Commons, if those questions are not party questions?

Party spirit is the very salt of the debate; it is the mainspring which moves the whole machine. And it may be truly said that great questions which involve our well-being as a nation, and which neither party in the State would oppose, take longer to settle than any others. We may instance some of these questions. The reforms of our law courts and methods of legal proceeding are matters of vast importance; how slowly they move, because every one is agreed on the necessity of reform! the questions are identified with neither Conservative nor Liberal.

Reform in our marriage laws is another of these questions; for years every one has acknowledged that those laws are faulty; it was surely easier to reform the law courts, to amend the marriage laws, than to disestablish the Irish Church, yet one has been done, the others hang on. A particular party has made one reform its peculiar property, and has carried it; the others

are every one's business, and consequently few attend to them.

The reasons for this are plain: statesmen have become waiters on the people, not their guides; instead of leading and directing popular feeling into proper channels, they follow whatever channel popular feeling seeks out for itself.

May we not attribute the state of our military institutions to this cause? The nation eagerly desires something, be it reform, be it disestablishment of the Irish Church; it lets its desires be known, and it obtains them. Being entirely ignorant of military matters, it does not know what it wants, or what its deficiencies are; it assumes generally that the Government is responsible somehow; and if the bill is not a big one, it gives a growl or two, and is satisfied.

The questions of military science are not those that touch the vast mass of the people. By the blessing of Almighty Providence, the people of England have not had their attention *forced* to consider military matters. No armed invader has trod our shores, or desecrated our hearths; we read of such things, but oh! how different it is to read of calamity and to bear it ourselves. Snug in our chairs and comfortable homes, it is so easy to forget those who have neither homes nor food. Such a different thing to read of the horrors of war, to experience them ourselves! Thus it is that military questions in England are not considered except under peculiar circumstances, such as exist at the present moment. At the close of the last parliamentary session an attempt was made by Lord Elcho and one or two members, to induce Parliament to pause before it sanctioned certain very momentous and hastily considered measures, but the result of the division proved how hopeless it was to get such questions considered *then*.

Hence it is that when circumstances like the sudden and astounding overthrow of France take place, and persons who have considered military questions earnestly beg and implore the nation to consider the state of its defences, they obtain perhaps a partial hearing, or their voices are drowned in the outcry, "You are trying to raise an invasion panic." Now we consider panics of all kinds discreditable; it is hard to say to whom most—those who raise, or those who are influenced by them. The military defences of a country may be best compared to an insurance. No man insures his life when in a panic from dangerous illness; no man insures his house when his next-door neighbour is using the fire-escape. Why? Because, under these circumstances, no company would effect the insurance. But men insure their lives and houses long before either the one or the other are threatened; they consider well, they act calmly, before they take such important steps.

Similarly no nation should reform her military institutions under the influence of panics. If she has just cause for her fear under the present circumstances of war, the enemy will be at her throat before she can do anything. If her fears are groundless, ten to one she takes steps far other than those dictated by prudence or reason.

What we seek is not an invasion panic, but a calm thoughtful consideration of an all-important subject—a subject which history tells us we must one day be brought face to face with. When that day comes, the hour for deliberation is past, that of action has arrived; no discussions, no schemes for army organization can then help us. Act we must. "By arms must your enemies be vanquished, by arms the safety of the State maintained. Voting will not make you victorious, but skill in arms will insure to you the right of voting and liberty."<sup>1</sup>

The *Times*<sup>2</sup> asks, What do you want? Do you want a million of men? Half a million, a quarter of a million? What duties do you wish your army to per-

form? To these questions we reply:—We want the military resources of this country so organized that whether she shall be compelled to fight in her own defence on English soil, or whether she be compelled to send an army to continental Europe, the whole force of the nation shall be exerted to attain the desired end. We want the defences of the country put in such a state that the periodical and discreditable panics to which we are liable shall be put an end to. Panics, during the influence of which we make little progress towards improvement, but spend large sums in hasty and ill-matured schemes of reform. Panics during which the War Office is tossed from side to side, swayed by alternate fits of heat and cold, lavish outlay and penurious economy. Panics during which inventors and charlatans seek a cheap notoriety, and too often reap a rich harvest. In seeking these ends we believe that there need be no lavish expenditure, no increase of taxation, and that the funds now voted by Parliament require little increase to attain the ends in view. What then are the means by which these ends may be attained?

The first thing to be done is to recognize the absolute necessity of defence, and the right that the State has to claim the military service of all her children.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was doubtless perfectly right when he stated at Elgin that the knell of standing armies had sounded. But Mr. Lowe is far too able a man, too deeply versed in political science, too well read in history, not to be equally aware of the truth of the fact he did *not* state, that the death of standing armies is but the birth of armed nations, *i.e.* nations of trained soldiers. Adam Smith, in the chapter that treats of "The Expenses of the Sovereign," describes the growth of standing armies as being caused by improvements in weapons and the science of war, which necessitated a division of labour in order that the art of war, like all other arts, might be perfected. But he merely hints at another cause which has certainly perpetuated standing armies,—the necessity

<sup>1</sup> Demosthenes.      <sup>2</sup> *Times*, October 1st.

that exists in most States to have an armed body distinct from the people, dependent on the authority of the sovereign, which may be used, if requisite, to control and coerce the actions of the former, and maintain the power of the latter. Thus we see in all countries where despotic governments are established, or where the will of the people is opposed to the rule of the sovereign, there standing armies have attained their greatest development. It is only in countries where we find free institutions established, or at least where the Government and the people are in full accord, that standing armies can be dispensed with. Thus Russia and Austria have ruled for many years, but through their armies. The bayonets of the Papal army kept the Pope at Rome. The French army, in its worship for the name of Napoleon, maintained the Imperial government.

In Switzerland there is no standing army; in Belgium, but a very small one. In Prussia, although there is a large standing army, yet the loyalty of the nation is such that all the citizens are trained to arms. In the United States of America no standing army, beyond that requisite to hold the Indians in check and garrison the sea-coast forts, is maintained. In this country the accession of the House of Brunswick, the attempts made by the Stuart family, the conquest of India, the disturbed state of Ireland, and the unquiet state of England herself up to the year 1832, are the causes of the maintenance of a standing army as an institution distinct from the nation.

As long as Ireland is disaffected, as long as millions of subject races have to be ruled, so long must we maintain a standing army. But as this country may at any moment have to fight for her existence, and as recent events have demonstrated that standing armies on the old system, when opposed to nations trained to arms, have become useless, more or less must we arm and train the whole nation. Thus we have to deal as it were with two distinct and separate stages of civilization.

Very many schemes to meet this diffi-

culty, to give the country a force which shall be efficient for home defence and yet capable of Indian and colonial service, have been before the public during the last month; chief amongst these is that propounded by Lord Elcho in his letter to the *Times* of the 6th October.

Lord Elcho's proposals are: to maintain a standing army by voluntary enlistment as at present; to raise a militia force which is to be the mainstay of the country by partially putting in force the Militia Ballot Act, now annually suspended, and to enlarge the volunteer force enormously by allowing men who belonged to volunteer corps to escape the action of the militia ballot. Now we cannot accept Lord Elcho's proposal as a proper solution of the question, How a national army should be organized?

The great fault of our present system is, we have three different services, not one. We have our regular army, small, badly organized, and extravagantly administered, raised by voluntary enlistment, and officered to a small extent from the military schools, but chiefly by the moneyed classes of the country, who can afford (having private means) to live on the small pay of the British officer, and purchase their promotion.

We have a militia force raised by the same means (but which, if requisite, we might raise by the application of the ballot), and officered by country gentlemen appointed by the patronage of the Lords Lieutenant of counties; and we have a volunteer force, which serves almost entirely without pay, composed of men who for patriotic motives give a portion of their time to the public service. Now here we have three distinct bodies of men, armies they cannot be called, for armies are highly complex organizations, and each of our three services is wanting in some of the elements that would constitute it an army in the true sense of the word.

What we want is to fuse these three together, to break down the barriers between them, to train men in the ranks of the regular army, and pass them into the militia when trained, in order that from thence they may be drawn out as required for emergencies. In peace the mi-

litia should be fed from the regular army, in war it should feed the regular army.

Now, what does Lord Elcho propose to do? He proposes to maintain the present system, and add to its evils those of an army representing class distinctions. Who that reads his proposals but must see that if carried out at no distant period the regular army would become the garrison of India and the colonies, represented in England by dépôts merely; that all the old evils of a local army in India would be reproduced; that the militia force would become one filled with all the poorest and most miserable of the population, while the volunteer force would become entirely composed of well-to-do people?

"Ballot for the militia," says he, "would enable regiments of volunteers to be formed, of proper strength, and properly apportioned in districts to population; it would also render any increase of the capitation grant, or even the grant itself, unnecessary; for by means of the ballot we should get that hold upon the well-to-do otiose class which patriotism alone, unfortunately, now in a great measure fails to obtain."<sup>1</sup>

No greater condemnation of Lord Elcho's scheme could be given than the foregoing passage. National defence must be viewed from a far higher standpoint than what is best for the regular army, the militia, or volunteer services. It must be looked at as a whole.

Recognizing that the State has the right to the military service of all her citizens for defence of the country, or in case of war—a truth that the ballot laws of the militia fully prove—we conceive that the proper system is to seek the recruits for the regular army by ballot, on the distinct understanding that, except in case of war, they are not to leave the country; and obtain the requisite troops for India and the Colonies by volunteers from amongst these men. Enlist your men for a short period, and when trained pass them into the reserve. Thus one great obstacle to the Reserves being efficient will be overcome. *It is*

<sup>1</sup> Lord Elcho's letter to the *Times*, October th, 1870.

*impossible to make the men soldiers by a twenty-one days' training each year; let them be once trained as soldiers, and there can be no difficulty in keeping up their knowledge by such an annual training.*

The great objection to what we here propose is, that the nation has, so it is said, an unconquerable aversion to anything approaching the ballot, or a conscription, for the regular army. It might bear such a thing for a militia force, but not for the regular army. If, however, the regular army is localized as the militia is, if the troops for service in India and the Colonies are obtained by volunteers from the mass of the army, the difference between the militia force and the regular army disappears entirely.

Bearing the principles here laid down in mind, we would propose to organize the army in ten *corps d'armée*—seven in England, two in Ireland, and one in Scotland. The head-quarters of these *corps d'armée* might be placed at Manchester, York, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Birmingham; London (two), Cork, Dublin, and Edinburgh.

Each *corps d'armée* would consist of the following:—

Foot Guards, 1st Battalion .....	900
Cavalry, two regiments .....	1,200
Do. for India, 1 regiment.....	600
Reserve Cavalry, 3 regiments.....	1,200
Field Artillery, six batteries .....	700
Do. do. for India, 3 batteries .....	300
Horse Artillery, 4 batteries ..	600
Do. do. for India, 2 batteries ..	300
Garrison Artillery .....	800
Do. do. for India .....	200
Reserve Artillery, 2 regiments .....	1,200
Engineers, 1 battalion .....	800
Reserve Engineers, 1 battalion .....	400
12 Battalions of Regular Infantry ...	9,600
8 Battalions for India and Colonies ..	6,400
12 Battalions of the 1st Reserve .....	13,000
12 do. do. 2nd Reserve.....	14,000
12 Battalions of Volunteers .....	say 12,000
Army Service Corps .....	400
Reserve Army Service Corps and Civilian Employés.....	1,600

The total regular force would then be for one *corps d'armée* 22,800 men, of whom 7,800 would be in India or the Colonies and 15,000 in England. *The reserve force of each corps d'armée would be 43,400.* Adding a cipher to each of these numbers, we get for the whole force:

Regular troops for United Kingdom	150,000
Do. for India and Colonies	78,000
Reserve Troops and Volunteers .....	434,000
Total army at home and abroad ...	<u>662,000</u>

These figures may seem very appalling, but a slight examination of them will show that the increase is almost entirely in the reserve forces.

The army estimates of this year provided for a force of regular troops of 177,955. Parliament has since provided for an additional number of 20,000, making 197,955. We propose a total force of regular troops of 228,000, being an increase on the present number of 30,145 only.

Each *corps d'armée* would thus be complete with all arms of the service; it would be an army in itself; its generals and staff would know one another, and be accustomed to work together; the twelve regular battalions would be the school where the reserves would learn their work. The reserve battalions, wearing the same uniform, with the exception of the shoulder-cord, would cherish the same *esprit de corps* as the regulars. The whole army would be fused together, and spreading its roots wide, and striking deep into the social system of the country, would become a veritable national army—a nation trained to arms. Assuming that, for political or other causes, it is desirable to reduce the regular army, the number annually balloted for may be reduced, and the battalions cut down from 800 to 700 or 600, without disturbing the arrangements, the *cadres* in all cases remaining the same. The Cabinet of the day could thus easily adjust the number of regular troops to the wants of the country, and increase the reserves proportionally, by simply shortening the period of service with the regular army, and increasing it in the reserves.

To carry out this scheme, men must be enlisted for short periods, and we would propose as the normal periods, three years in the infantry; four years in the first reserve, with an annual training of twenty-one days; and five years in the second reserve, with an annual training of eight days. In the cavalry, a service of five years in the

ranks and ten in the reserve, with an annual training of twenty-one days. In the Artillery and Engineers, a service of seven years in the ranks and eight in the reserve. For Volunteers for Indian and Colonial service, ten years in the ranks, service in the reserve to be optional.

The existing organization of the Army affords many facilities for carrying out such a scheme. There are at present 3 regiments of foot guards, composed of 7 battalions, 109 regiments of infantry of the line composed of 130 battalions, and 31 cavalry regiments. Of the 109 regiments 43 have no county title or appellation, 66 have, and were originally the militia regiments of the counties whose names they bear. There are 130 county regiments of militia infantry, and 32 regiments of militia artillery. To carry out the proposed scheme, 10 battalions of guards, 120 battalions of regular infantry for the home army, and 80 for the Colonies, are required; and, as first reserves, 120 battalions of militia infantry and 20 regiments of militia artillery. Hence, all that would be required is to adjust the numbers of the battalions to the population of the districts. There are three questions, however, involved in all schemes for the re-organization of the military forces of the nation, which must not be omitted. These questions are—

(1.) How can such a force be officered and provided with non-commissioned officers?

(2.) What would be its money cost, as compared with that of the existing army?

(3.) How will the operation of such a scheme as we have described affect the nation?

1st. Among the fallacies that the recent war has exploded, is the fallacy that the best officers are to be found amongst the non-commissioned officers, or, in other words, are to be obtained from the ranks. The most striking point of comparison between the armies of the two belligerents is, the great discipline of the one, the lax discipline of the other—the respect with which the Prussian officer is treated, the disrespect shown to the French officer by his men. The cause of this is not far to seek. The former



is, perhaps, the most aristocratic, the latter the most democratic, of European armies. One-third of all the officers of the latter, none of those of the former, come from the ranks. The Prussian officer has clearly proved the truth of Sir Charles Napier's opinion, that the best officer is a needy gentleman.

In the English army, the scientific corps obtain their officers entirely from the Military Academy at Woolwich, an institution which, with all its faults—and they are not few—has given the country the most valuable officers it possesses.

The remainder of the regular army is officered by young men who pass a certain examination, and are nominated by the Commander-in-Chief. A few only obtain their commissions from Sandhurst. The former, almost entirely, purchase their commissions, the commissions without purchase being reserved for young men from Sandhurst who compete for the commission as a reward of superior attainments.

The officers of the militia and the volunteers are men with no military training, and are appointed by the lords-lieutenant of the counties.

Every year, large numbers of officers leave the army, either by the sale of their commissions, by going on half or full pay, or even by simple resignation. No attempt whatever is made to utilize the military knowledge these men (at the expense of the State) have acquired; they are simply allowed to sink back into the ranks of the people, and are lost sight of. True, there is one officer (the adjutant) and some non-commissioned officers in each regiment of militia and volunteers; but the method of appointment of the adjutant<sup>1</sup> is not such as insures a first-class officer being obtained, and both he and the non-commissioned staffs are allowed to continue so long in their appointments that they become too often perfectly effete.

To provide a national army with officers, we must make a certain amount of military education national too, and means should be adopted to encourage the

appointment of military professors at all the public schools; the duty of these professors would be to instruct in military history, surveying, and drawing. Sandhurst, both the cadets' college and the staff college, should be the place where practical instruction should be obtained prior to actual appointment.

No pension, half-pay, or retiring allowance of any kind (except for wounds or ill-health) should be given to an officer that does not bind him to serve in the reserves; and with this view small rates of half-pay and pension should be given to induce officers to retire. The benefits of such a system are manifest: promotion in the regular army would be accelerated, and consequently men would get into positions of trust before their energy was dead, their enthusiasm destroyed. Numerous officers quitting the service, and seeking openings in civil life, would carry into the reserve forces that military instinct, that spirit of obedience which is so requisite. As far as possible these men should be retained in the regiments in which they originally served; meeting the soldiers whom they knew in the regular battalions at the annual trainings would give that bond of union between the officer and the soldier which is so desirable.

A system of retirement for the non-purchase branches of the Army (the artillery, engineers, and marines) was proposed by a special committee of the House of Commons in 1867, based upon small pensions at an early date. This system has since been applied to the marines by Mr. Childers; but although five of the members of that committee are members of the present Government, the artillery and engineers have not had the benefit of the proposals made by the special committee, one reason being assigned, amongst others, that young men would retire and the country lose their services, as if the very object of the committee was not to get rid of young men to make way for still younger ones. Coupling the principles which governed Mr. Childers's committee with the rule we would make absolute, that all half-pay or pension carries with it the obligation

<sup>1</sup> The qualification is too often the possession of a certain sum of money. It is said a militia adjutancy is worth £2,500.

to serve in the reserve forces, we consider that these forces might be supplied with a large leaven of well-trained officers,—men who, while employed in civil life, would look to their annual training and the meeting again with old friends and old usages as a pleasing relaxation.

2nd. What would the money cost be as compared with the existing army?

Mr. Cardwell states the net charge of the Army for the year 1870-71 as £11,762,200; of this sum, £2,296,800 is dead weight, or pay for non-effective service, leaving the actual cost of the Army as it now stands at £9,465,400 (the largest of these sums is  $3\frac{1}{4}$  millions less than the fifteen millions so often spoken of as the cost of the Army). We conceive that, by localizing the Army, the cost of moving troops about might be greatly reduced. Marriage, except for certain non-commissioned officers, should be forbidden, it being no hardship for men enlisted at nineteen years of age to wait from three to seven years before they can marry. This would cause an important saving. Pensions would be almost entirely done away with for the rank and file, and the vote for non-effective services cut down certainly one-half. These savings would amount to nearly two millions; and if the old and extravagant estimate of £100 per man be still maintained, a million more than that now spent would give the 30,000 additional men, and still keep the cost of the Army within reasonable limits.

It might be taken as follows:—

Cost of Army, 1870-71 .....	£11,762,200
Add money voted recently by House of Commons .....	2,000,000
Actual cost .....	£13,762,200
Add for 30,000 men .....	3,000,000
	£16,762,200
Deduct savings as indicated previously .....	1,800,000
Estimated cost.....	£14,962,200

3rd. What will be the effect of such scheme on the nation? The effect<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> If the Government of the day think it requisite to call for the whole number, but here are many cases where such a course could not be requisite.

will be to withdraw about 50,000 young men each year at the age of nineteen from civil pursuits and place them in the Army; about 35,000 of these will be returned at the end of three years, the remainder at the end of periods varying from five to ten years. As 250,000 men reach the age of nineteen each year, this will be equivalent to a tax of one in five. Now this may be viewed in two different ways, either as an injury, by debarring young men from learning their trades or professions at a very important time of life, or as a decided benefit, by compelling them to undergo a certain amount of discipline and restraint at a period in life when such discipline is peculiarly advantageous, and tends to confirm good character and eradicate vicious propensities. We are disposed to think that the latter is the correct view. It has been well said, "that most men's lives are what the years from nineteen to twenty-three make them," and we consider that great social benefits may accrue from compelling a portion of the youth of the country to spend those years under a certain amount of discipline, coupled as it should be with careful instruction. If we were asked to name the chief failing amongst young men of the present day, we should say impatience of discipline, improvidence, and recklessness for the future.

The elegant and learned historian of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero, after describing how Rome, once the mistress of the world, had fallen, adds, "While Britain, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Roman, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters, flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth, from wealth to luxury, from luxury to an *impatience of discipline* and corruption of morals; till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty losing everything else that is valuable, it sinks gradually again into its original barbarism."

[THE Editor has received the following communication from Mr. Ruskin on a statement in the paper contained in the October number of this Magazine, which, in deference to Mr. Ruskin's eminent position, he inserts entire, though contrary to usual practice in such cases. In so doing, the Editor is empowered and requested by the author of the article to express his regret at having been led by a slip of memory into making an inaccurate statement.]

DENMARK HILL, S.E.  
14th Oct. 1870.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—At p. 423 of your current number, Mr. Stopford A. Brooke states that it is a proposal of mine for regenerating the country, that the poor should be “dressed all in one sad-coloured costume.”

It is, indeed, too probable that one sad-coloured costume may soon be “your only wear,” instead of the present motley—for both poor and rich. But the attainment of this monotony was never a proposition of mine; and as I am well aware that Mr. Brooke would not have been guilty of misrepresentation, if he had had time to read the books he was speaking of, I am sure he will concur in my request that you would print in full the passages to which he imagined himself to be referring.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
JOHN RUSKIN.

1. “You ladies like to lead the fashion: by all means lead it. Lead it thoroughly. Lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everybody else nicely. Lead the fashions for the poor first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look—in ways of which you have at present no conception—all the better.”—*Crown of Wild Olive* (1866), p. 18.

2. “In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labour; and it means this mainly in three senses: namely, first applying your labour rationally; secondly, preserving its produce carefully; lastly, distributing its produce seasonably.

“I say first, applying your labour rationally; that is, so as to obtain the most precious things you can, and the

most lasting things by it: not growing oats in land where you can grow wheat, nor putting fine embroidery on a stuff that will not wear. Secondly, preserving its produce carefully; that is to say, laying up your wheat wisely in storehouses for the time of famine, and keeping your embroidery watchfully from the moth:—and lastly, distributing its produce seasonably; that is to say, being able to carry your corn at once to the place where the people are hungry, and your embroideries to the places where they are gay; so fulfilling in all ways the wise man's description, whether of the queenly housewife or queenly nation: ‘She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household; and a portion to her maidens. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Strength and honour are in her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.’

“Now you will observe that in this description of the perfect economist, or mistress of a household, there is a studied expression of the balanced division of her care between the two great objects of utility and splendour:—in her right hand, food and flax, for life and clothing; in her left hand, the purple and the needlework, for honour and for beauty. . . . And in private and household economy you may always judge of its perfectness by its fair balance between the use and the pleasure of its possessions: you will see the wise cottager's garden trimly divided between its well-set vegetables and its fragrant flowers: you will see the good housewife taking pride in her pretty tablecloth and her glittering shelves, no less than in her well-dressed dish and full store-room: the care in her countenance will alternate with gaiety; and though you will reverence her in her seriousness, you will know her best by her smile.”—*Political Economy of Art* (1857), pp. 10—13.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1870.

JOHN TO JONATHAN.

*An Address delivered in the Music Hall, Boston, on the 11th of October, 1870.*

THIS Address is printed precisely as it was spoken, at the request of friends who had read extracts in our newspapers. I am quite aware how superficial it must seem to English readers, and would only remind them that I had no Parliamentary debates, or other documents, to which to refer. I am thankful myself to find that, while there are startling gaps in it, there are no gross blunders as to facts or dates. The kindness with which it was listened to by the audience, and discussed in the American press, allows me to hope that the time has come when any effort to put an end to the unhappy differences between the two countries will be looked upon favourably in the United States. The true men and women on both sides of the Atlantic feel, with Mr. Forster, that a war between America and England would be a civil war, and believe with him that we have seen the last of civil war between English-speaking men. Both nations are, I hope and believe, for a hearty reconciliation, and it only remains for the Governments to do their part.

THOMAS HUGHES.

It is with a heavy sense of responsibility, my friends, and no little anxiety, that I am here to-night to address you on this subject. I have been in this  
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country now some two months, and from the day I crossed your frontier I have received, from one end of the land to the other, from men and women whom I had never seen in my life, and on whom I had no shadow of a claim that I could discover, nothing but the most generous, graceful, and unobtrusive hospitality. I am not referring to this city and its neighbourhood, in which all Englishmen are supposed to feel very like home, and in which most of us have some old and dear friend or two. I speak of your States from New York to Iowa and Missouri, from the Canadian border to Washington. Everywhere I have been carried about to places of interest in the neighbourhood, lodged, boarded, and cared for as if I had been a dear relative returning from long absence. However demoralized an Englishman may become in his own country, there is always one plank in his social morals which he clings to with the utmost tenacity, and that is paying his own postage stamps. My hold even on this last straw is sadly relaxed. I am obliged to keep vigilant watch on my letters to hinder their being stamped and posted for me by invisible hands. I never before have so fully realized the truth of those remarks of your learned and pious fellow-citizen, Rev. Homer Wilbur, whose lucubrations have been a source of much delight to

G

me for many years, when he says somewhere, "I think I could go near to be a perfect Christian if I were always a visitor at the house of some hospitable friend. I can show a great deal of self-denial where the best of everything is urged upon me with friendly importunity. It is not so very hard to turn the other cheek for a kiss." I should be simply a brute if I were not equally touched and abashed by the kindness I have received while amongst you. I can never hope to repay it, but the memory of it will always be amongst my most precious possessions, and I can, at least, publicly acknowledge it, as I do here this evening.

But, my friends, I must turn to the other side of the picture. There is nothing—at any rate, no kind of pleasure, I suppose—which is unmixed. From the deepest and purest fountains some bitter thing is sure to rise, and I have not been able, even in the New World, to escape the common lot of mankind in the Old. Everywhere I have found, when I have sounded the reason for all this kindness, that it was offered to me personally, because, to use the words of some whom I hope I may now look on as dear friends, "We feel that you are one of us." The moment the name of my country was mentioned a shade came over the kindest faces. I cannot conceal from myself that the feeling towards England in this country is one which must be deeply painful to every Englishman.

It was for this reason that I chose the subject of this lecture. I cannot bear to remain amongst you under any false pretences, or to leave you with any false impressions. I am not "one of you," in the sense of preferring your institutions to those of my own country. I am before all things an Englishman—a John Bull, if you will—loving old England and feeling proud of her. I am jealous of her fair fame, and pained more than I can say to find what I honestly believe to be a very serious misunderstanding here, as to the events which more than anything else have caused this alienation. You, who have

proved your readiness as a people to pour out ease, wealth, life itself, as water, that no shame or harm should come to your country's flag or name, should be the last to wish the citizen of any other country to be false to his own. My respect and love for your nation and your institutions should be worth nothing to you, if I were not true to those of my own country, and did not love them better. For this reason, then, and in the hope of proving to you that you have misjudged the England of to-day—that she is no longer, at any rate, if she ever was, the haughty, imperious power her enemies have loved to paint her, interfering in every quarrel, subsidizing and hectoring over friends, and holding down foes with a brutal and heavy hand, careless of all law except that of her own making, and bent above all things on heaping up wealth—I have consented to appear here to-night. I had hoped to be allowed to be amongst you simply as a listener and a learner. Since my destiny and your kindness has ordered it otherwise, I can only speak to you of that which is uppermost in my thoughts, of which my heart is full. If I say things which are hard for you to hear, I am sure you will pardon me as you would a spoilt child. You are responsible for having taught me to open my heart and to speak my mind to you, and will take it in good part if you do not find that heart and mind just what you had assumed them to be.

I propose then, to-night, to state the case of my country, so far as regards her conduct while your great rebellion was raging. In a fight for life, and for principles dearer than life, no men can be fair to those who are outside. The time comes when they can weigh both sides of the case impartially. I trust that that time has now arrived, and that I can safely appeal to the calm judgment of a great people.

It is absolutely necessary, in order to appreciate what took place in England during your great struggle, to bear in mind, in the first place, that it agitated our social and political life almost as deeply as it did yours. I am scarcely

old enough to remember the fierce collisions of party during the first Reform agitation, but I have taken a deep interest, and during the last twenty years an active part, in every great struggle since that time; and I say without hesitation, that not even in the crisis of the Free-trade movement were English people more deeply stirred than by that grapple between freedom and law on the one hand, and slavery and privilege on the other, which was so sternly battled through, and brought to so glorious and triumphant a decision, in your great rebellion. There can be, I repeat, no greater mistake than to suppose that there was anything like indifference on our side of the water, and no one can understand the question who makes it. There was plenty of ignorance, plenty of fierce partisanship, plenty of bewildered hesitation and vacillation amongst great masses of honest, well-meaning people, who could find no steady ground on the shifting sand of statement and counter-statement with which they were deluged by those who *did* know their own minds, and felt by instinct from the first that here was a battle for life or death; but there was, I repeat again, no indifference. Our political struggles do not, as a rule, affect our social life, but during your war the antagonism between your friends and the friends of the rebel States often grew into personal hostility. I know old friendships which were sorely tried by it, to put it no higher. I heard, over and over again, men refuse to meet those who were conspicuous on the other side. Any of you who had time to glance at our papers will not need to be told how fiercely the battle was fought in our press.

It is a mistake, also, to suppose that any section of our people were on one side or the other. Let me say a few words in explanation of this part of the subject. And first, of our aristocracy. I do not mean for a moment to deny that a great majority of them took sides with the Confederates, and desired to see them successful and the great Republic broken up into two jealous and hostile nations. What else could you

expect? Could you fairly look for sympathy in that quarter? Your whole history has been a determined protest against privilege, and in favour of equal rights for all men; and you have never been careful, in speech or conduct, to conciliate your adversaries. For years your papers and the speeches of your public men had rung with denunciations (many of them very unfair) of them and their caste. They are not much in the habit of allowing their sentiments to find public expression, but they know what is going on in the world, and have long memories. It would be well if many of us Liberals at home, as well as you on this side, would remember that in this matter they cannot help themselves. A man in England may be born a Howard, or a Cavendish, or a Cecil, without any fault of his own, and is apt to "rear up," as you say, when this accident is spoken of as though it were an act of voluntary malignity on his part, and to resent the doctrine that his class is a nuisance that should be summarily abated. So, as a rule, they sided with the rebellion; but that rule has notable exceptions.

There were no warmer or wiser friends of the Union than the Duke of Argyll, Lord Carlisle, and others; and it should be remembered that although the class made no secret of their leanings, and many of them, I believe, subscribed largely to the Confederate loan, no motion hostile to the Union was ever even discussed in the House of Lords. They have lost their money and seen the defeat of the cause which they favoured—a defeat so thorough I trust that that cause will never again be able to raise its head on this continent. I believe they have learnt much from the lesson, and that partly from the teaching of your war, partly from other causes to which I have no time to refer, they are far more in sympathy at this time with the nation than they have ever yet been.

Of course, those who hang round and depend upon the aristocracy went with them—far too large a class, I am sorry to say, in our country, and one whose voice is too apt to be heard in clubs and

society. But Pall Mall and Mayfair, and the journals and periodicals which echo the voices of Pall Mall, do not mean much in England, though they are apt to talk as though they did, and are sometimes taken at their word.

The great mercantile world comes next in order, and here, too, there was a decided preponderance against you. The natural hatred of disturbances, which dominates those whose main object in life is making money, probably swayed the better men amongst them, who forgot altogether that for that disturbance you were not responsible. The worse were carried away by the hopes of gain, to be made out of the sore need of the States in rebellion, and in defiance of the laws of their own country. But amongst the most eminent, as well as in the rank and file of this class, you had many warm friends, such as T. Baring and Kirkman Hodgson; and the Union and Emancipation Societies, of which I shall speak presently, found a number of their staunch supporters in their ranks. The manufacturers of England were far more generous in their sympathies, as my friend Mr. Mundella, who is present here to-night and was himself a staunch friend, can witness. Cobden, Bright, and Forster were their representatives, as well as the representatives of the great bulk of our nation. I have no need to speak of them, for their names are honoured here as they are at home.

Now, before I speak of your friends, let me first remind you that it is precisely with that portion of the English nation of which I have been speaking, that your people come in contact when they are in our country. An American generally has introductions which bring him into relations more or less intimate with some sections of that society to which our aristocracy gives its tone; or he is amongst us for business purposes, and comes chiefly across our mercantile classes. I cannot but believe that this fact goes far to explain the (to me) extraordinary prevalence of the belief here, that the English nation was on the side of the rebellion. That belief has, I hope and believe, changed considerably since

the waves of your mighty storm have begun to calm down, and I am not without hopes that I may be able to change it yet somewhat more, with some at least of those who have the patience and kindness to listen to me this evening.

And now let me turn to those who were the staunch friends of the North from the very outset. They were gathered from all ranks and all parts of the kingdom. They were brought in by all sorts of motives. Some few had studied your history, and knew that these Southern men had been the only real enemies of their country on American soil since the War of Independence. Many followed their old anti-slavery traditions faithfully, and cast their lot at once against the slave-owners, careless of the reiterated assertions, both on your side of the Atlantic and ours, that the Union and not abolition was the issue. Many came because they had learned to look upon your land as the great home for the poor of all nations, and to love her institutions and rejoice in her greatness as though they in some sort belonged to themselves. All felt the tremendous significance of the struggle, and that the future of their own country was almost as deeply involved as the future of America. To all of them the noble words of one of your greatest poets and staunchest patriots, which rang out in the darkest moments of the first year of the war, struck a chord very deep in their hearts, and expressed in undying words that which they were trying to utter:—

“O strange New World that yet wast never  
young!  
Whose youth from thee by gripin’ need was  
wrung,  
Brown foundlin’ of the woods, whose baby-  
bed  
Was prowled round by the Indian’s cracklin’  
tread,  
An’ who grewst strong thru’ shifts and wants  
and pains;  
Nussed by stern men with empires in their  
brains,  
Who saw in vision their young Ishmael  
strain  
With each hard hand a vassal ocean’s  
mane,—

Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by great  
 events  
 To pitch new States as Old World men pitch  
 tents,  
 Thou, taught by fate to know Jehovah's  
 plan  
 That man's devices can't unmake a man,  
 An' whose free latch-string never was  
 drawn in  
 Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—  
 The grave's not dug where traitor hands  
 shall lay  
 In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!"

It was in this faith that we took our stand, with a firm resolution that no effort of ours should be spared to help your people shake themselves clear of the dead weight of slavery, and to preserve that vast inheritance of which God has made you the guardians and trustees for all the nations of the earth, unbroken, and free from the standing armies, disputed boundaries, and wretched heart-burnings and dissensions of the Old World. It was little enough that we could do in any case, but that little was done with all our hearts, and on looking back I cannot but think was well done.

There was no need at first for any organization. Until after the battle of Manassas Junction in 1861, there was scarcely any public expression of sympathy with the rebellion. The *Times* and that portion of the press which follows its lead, and is always ready to go in for the side they think will win, were lecturing on the wickedness of the war and the absurdity of the rebel States in supposing that they could resist for a month the strength of the North. The news of that first defeat arrived, and this portion of our press swung round, and the strong feeling in favour of the rebellion which leavened society and the commercial world began to manifest itself. The unlucky *Trent* business, and your continued want of success in the field, made matters worse. We were silenced for the moment; for though, putting ourselves in your places, we could feel how bitter the surrender of the two arch rebels must have been, we could not but admit that our Government was bound to insist upon it, and

that the demand had not been made in an arrogant or offensive manner. If you will re-read the official documents now, I think that you too will acknowledge that this was so. Then came Mr. Mason's residence in London, where his house became the familiar resort of all the leading sympathisers with the rebellion. The newspaper which he started, *The Index*, was full, week after week, of false and malignant attacks on your Government. The most bitter of them to us was the constant insistence, backed by quotations from Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, that the war had nothing to do with slavery, that emancipation was far more likely to come from the rebels than from you.

"The lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies," and we felt the truth of that wonderful saying. This had been our great difficulty from the first. Our generation had been reared on anti-slavery principles. We remembered as children how the great battle was won in England, how even in our nurseries we gave up sugar lest we might be tasting the accursed thing, and subscribed our pennies that the chains might be struck from all human limbs. Emancipation had been the crowning glory of England in our eyes. But we found that this great force was not with us, was even slipping away and drifting to the other side. It was not only Mr. Mason's paper, and the backing he got in our press, which was undermining it. The vehement protests of those who had been for years looked on by us as the foremost soldiers in the great cause on your side told in the same direction. I well remember the consternation and almost despair with which I read in Mr. Phillips's speech in this hall on June 20th, 1861, "The Republicans, led by Seward, offer to surrender anything to save the Union. Their gospel is the constitution, and the slave clause their sermon on the mount. They think that at the judgment day the blacker the sins they have committed to save the Union, the clearer will be their title to heaven."

Something must be done to counter-



act this, to put the case clearly before our people. Mr. Mason and his friends were already establishing a Confederate States Aid Association ; it must be met by something similar on the right side. So in 1862 the Emancipation and the Union and Emancipation societies were started in London and in Manchester, and in good time came Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation to strengthen our hands. The original manifesto of the Emancipation Society said—"To make it clear by the force of indisputable testimony that the South is fighting for slavery, while the North is fully committed to the destruction of slavery, is the principal object for which this society is organized. Its promoters do not believe that English anti-slavery sentiment is dead or enfeebled. They are confident that when the demands and designs of the South are made clear, there will be no danger of England being enticed into complicity with them." We pledged ourselves to test the opinion of the country everywhere by public meetings, and challenged the Confederate States Aid Association to accept that test. They did so ; but I never could hear of any even *quasi* public meeting but one which they held in England. That meeting was at Mr. Mason's house, and was, I believe, attended by some fifty persons.

The first step of our societies was to hold meetings for passing an address of congratulation to your President on the publication of the Emancipation proclamation. It was New Year's eve, 1862. Our address said : "We have watched with the warmest interest the steady advance of your policy along the path of emancipation ; and on this eve of the day on which your proclamation takes effect we pray God to strengthen your hands, to confirm your noble purpose, and to hasten the restoration of that lawful authority which engages, in peace or war, by compensation or by force of arms, to realize the glorious principle on which your constitution is founded—the brotherhood, freedom, and equality of all men." The address was enthusiastically adopted

by a large meeting, chiefly composed of working men. It was clear at once that there was a grand force behind us, for we became objects of furious attack. The *Times* called us impostors, and said we got our funds for the agitation from American sources—the fact being that we always refused contributions from this side. The *Saturday Review* declared, in one of its bitterest articles, that if anything could be calculated upon as likely to defer indefinitely the gradual extinction of slavery, it would be Mr. Lincoln's fictitious abolition of it. We were meddlesome fanatics, insignificant nobodies, mischievous agitators. This was satisfactory and encouraging. We felt sure that we had taken the right course, and not a moment too soon. Then came the test of public meetings, which you at least are surely bound to accept as a fair gauge of what a people thinks and wills.

Our first was held on the 29th of January, 1863. We took Exeter Hall, the largest and most central hall in London. We did nothing but simply advertise widely that such a meeting would be held, inviting all who cared to come, foes as well as friends. Prudent and timid people shook their heads and looked grave. The cotton famine was at its worst, and tens of thousands of our workpeople were "clemming" as they call it, starving as you might say. Your prospects looked as black as they had ever done ; it was almost the darkest moment of the whole war. Even friends warned us that we should fail in our object, and only do harm by showing our weakness ; that the Confederate States Aid Association would spare no pains or money to break up the meeting, and a hundred roughs sent there by them might turn it into a triumph for the rebellion. However, on we went,—we knew our own people too well to fear the result. The night came, and familiar as I am with this kind of thing, I have never seen in my time anything approaching this scene. Remember, there was nothing to attract people ; no well-known orators, for we always thought it best to keep our parliament men to their

own ground ; no great success to rejoice in, for you were just reeling under the recoil of your gallant army from the blood-stained heights of Fredericksburg ; no attack on our own Government ; no appeal to political or social hates or prejudices ; only doors thrown wide open, with the invitation, "Now let Englishmen come forward and show on which side their sympathies really are in this war." Notwithstanding all these disadvantages the great hall was densely crowded, so that there was no standing room, and the Strand and the neighbouring streets blocked with a crowd of thousands who could find no place, long before the doors were open. We were obliged to organize a number of meetings on the spur of the moment in the lower halls, and even in the open streets. In the great hall—where two clergymen, the Hon. Baptist Noel and Mr. Newman Hall, and I myself, were the chief speakers—as well as in every one of the other meetings, we carried, not only without opposition, but, so far as I remember, without a single hand being held up on the other side, resolutions in favour of your Government, of the Union, and of emancipation. The success was so complete that in London our work was done.

Then followed similar meetings at Manchester, Sheffield, Bristol, Leeds, in all the great centres of population, with precisely the same result. I don't remember that the enemy ever even attempted to divide a meeting. The country was carried by acclamation. Our friends in Liverpool wrote with some anxiety as to the state of feeling there, and asked me to go down and deliver an address. I went, and the meeting carried the same resolutions by a very large majority ; and those who, it was supposed, came to disturb the proceedings, thought better of it when they saw the temper of the audience, and were quiet. Without troubling you with any further details of our work, I may just add, as a proof of how those who profess to be the most astute worshippers of public opinion changed their minds in consequence of

the answer of the country to our appeals, that in August 1863 the *Times* supported our demand on the Government for the stoppage of the steam-rams.

In addition to this political movement, we instituted also a number of freedmen's aid associations, in order that those abolitionists in England who were still unable to put faith in your Government might have an opportunity of helping in their own way. These associations entered into correspondence with those on your side, and sent over a good many thousand pounds' worth of clothing and other supplies, besides money. I forget the exact amount. It was a mere drop in the ocean of your magnificent war charities, but it came from thousands who had little enough to spare in those hard times, and I trust has had the effect of a peace-offering with those of your people who are conversant with the facts, and are ready to judge by their actual doings even those against whom they think they have fair cause of complaint.

So much for what I may call the unofficial, or extra-parliamentary, struggle in England during your war. And now let me turn to the action of our Government, and of Parliament. I might fairly have rested my case entirely upon this ground. In the case of nations blessed as America and England are with perfect freedom of speech and action within the limits of law—where men may say the thing they will freely, and without any check but the civil courts—no one in my judgment has a right to make the nation responsible for anything except what its Government says and does. But I know how deeply the conduct and speech of English society has outraged your people, and still rankles in their minds, and I wished by some rough analysis, and by the statement of facts within my own knowledge, and of doings in which I personally took an active part, to show you that you have done us very scant justice. The dress suit, and the stomach and digestive apparatus, of England were hostile to you, and you have taken them for the nation : the brain and heart and

muscle of England were on your side, and these you have ignored and forgotten.

Now, for our Government and Parliament. I will admit at once, if you please, that Lord Palmerston and the principal members of his Cabinet were not friendly to you, and would have been glad to have seen your republic broken up. I am by no means sure that it was so; but let that pass. I was not in their counsels, and have no more means of judging of them than are open to all of you. Your first accusation against us is, that the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, which was signed and published on the 13th of May, 1861, was premature, and an act of discourtesy to your Government, inasmuch as your new minister, Mr. Adams, only arrived in England on that very day. Well, looking back from this distance of time, I quite admit that it would have been far better to have delayed the publication of the proclamation till after he had arrived in London. But at the time the case was very different. You must remember that news of the President's proclamation of the blockade reached London on May 3. Of course, from that moment, the danger of collision between our vessels and yours, and of the fitting out of privateers in our harbours, arose at once. In fact, your first capture of a British vessel, the *General Parkhill* of Liverpool, was made on May 12. But if the publication of the proclamation of neutrality was a mistake, it was made by our Government at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Forster and other warm friends of yours, who pressed it forward entirely, as they supposed, in your interest. They wanted to stop letters of marque and to legitimize the captures made by your blockading squadron. The Government acted at their instance; so, whether a blunder or not, the proclamation was not an unfriendly act. Besides, remember what it amounted to. Simply and solely to a recognition of the fact that you had a serious war on hand. Mr. Seward had already admitted this in an official paper of the 4th of May, and your Supreme Court de-

cided, in the case of the *Amy Warwick*, that the proclamation of blockade was in itself conclusive evidence that a state of war existed at the time. If we had ever gone a step further—if we had recognized the independence of the rebel States, as our Government was strongly urged to do by their envoys, by members of our Parliament, and lastly by the Emperor of the French—you would have had good ground of offence. But this was precisely what we never would do; and when they found this out, the Confederate Government cut off all intercourse with England, and expelled our consuls from their towns. So one side blamed us for doing too much, and the other for doing too little—the frequent fate of neutrals, as you yourselves are finding at this moment in the case of the war between Prussia and France.

Then came the first public effort of the sympathisers with the rebellion. After several preliminary skirmishes, which were defeated by Mr. Forster (who had what we lawyers should call the watching brief, with Cobden and Bright behind him as leading counsel, and who used to go round the lobbies in those anxious days with his pockets bulging out with documents to prove how effective the blockade was, and how many ships of our merchants you were capturing every day), Mr. Gregory put a motion on the paper. He was well chosen for the purpose, as a member of great experience and ability, sitting on our side of the House, so that weak-kneed Liberals would have an excuse for following him, and though not himself in office supposed to be on intimate terms with the Premier and other members of the Cabinet. His motion was simply "to call the attention of the House to the expediency of prompt recognition of the Southern Confederacy."

It was set down for June 7, 1861, and I tell you we were all pretty nervous about the result. The *Spectator*, *Daily News*, *Star*, and other staunch papers opened fire, and we all did what we could in the way of canvassing; but until the Government had declared itself no Union man could feel safe. Well, Lord

John Russell, as the Foreign Minister, got up, snubbed the motion altogether, said that the Government had no intention whatever of agreeing to it, and recommended its withdrawal. So Mr. Gregory and his friends took their motion off the paper without a debate, and did not venture to try any other during the session of 1861. In the late autumn came the unlucky *Trent* affair, to which I have already sufficiently alluded. Relying on the feeling which had been roused by it, and cheered on by the Mason club in Piccadilly and the *Index* newspaper fulminations, and by the severe checks of the Union armies, they took the field again in 1862. This time their tactics were bolder. They no longer confined themselves to asking the opinion of the House deferentially. Mr. Lindsay, the great shipowner, who it was said had a small fleet of blockade-runners, was chosen as the spokesman. He gave notice of motion, "That in the opinion of this House, the States which have seceded from the Union have so long maintained themselves, and given such proofs of determination and ability to support independence, that the propriety of offering mediation with a view to terminating hostilities is worthy of the serious and immediate attention of Her Majesty's Government." Again we trembled for the result, and again the Government came out with a square refusal on the 18th of July, and this motion shared the fate of its predecessor, and was withdrawn by its own promoters.

Then came the escape of the *Alabama*. Upon this I have no word to say. My private opinion has been expressed over and over again in Parliament (where in my first year, 1866, I think I was the first man to urge open arbitration on our Government) as well as on the platform and in the press. But I stand here to-night as an Englishman, and say that at this moment I have no cause to be ashamed of the attitude of my country. Two Governments in succession, Tory and Liberal, through Lords Stanley and Clarendon, have admitted (as Mr. Fish states himself in his last despatch on

the subject) the principle of comprehensive arbitration on all questions between the Governments. This is all that a nation can do. England is ready to have the case in all its bearings referred to impartial arbitration, and to pay whatever damages may be assessed against her without a murmur. She has also agreed (and again I use the language of Mr. Fish) "to discuss the important changes in the rules of public law, the desirableness of which has been demonstrated by the incidents of the last few years, and which, in view of the maritime prominence of Great Britain and the United States, it would befit them to mature and propose to the other states of Christendom." She has in fact surrendered her old position as untenable, and agreed to the terms proposed by your own Government. What more can you ask of a nation of your own blood, as proud and sensitive as yourselves on all points where national honour is in question?

But here I must remind you of one fact which you seem never to have realized. The *Alabama* was the only one of the rebel cruisers of whose character our Government had any notice, which escaped from our harbours. The *Shenandoah* was a merchant vessel, employed in the Indian trade as the *Sea King*. Her conversion into a rebel cruiser was never heard of till long after she had left England. The *Georgia* was actually reported by the surveyor of the Board of Trade as a merchant ship, and to be "rather crank." She was fitted out on the French coast, and left the port of Cherbourg for her first cruise. The *Florida* was fitted out in Mobile. She was actually detained at Nassau on suspicion, and only discharged by the Admiralty Court there on failure of evidence. On the other hand, our Government stopped the *Rappahannock*, the *Alexandra*, and the *Pampero*, and seized Mr. Laird's celebrated rams at Liverpool, and Captain Osborne's Chinese flotilla, for which last exercise of vigilance the nation had to pay 100,000*l*.

Such is our case as to the cruisers which did you so much damage. I

believe it to be true. If we are mistaken, however, you will get such damages for each and all of these vessels as the arbitrator may award. We reserve nothing. I as an Englishman am deeply grieved that any of my countrymen, for base love of gain or any other motive, should have dared to defy the proclamation of my Sovereign, speaking in the nation's name. I earnestly long for the time when by wise consultation between our nations, and the modification of the public law bearing on such cases, not only such acts as these, but all war at sea, shall be rendered impossible. The United States and England have only to agree in this matter, and there is an end of naval war through the whole world.

In 1863 the horizon was still dark. Splendid as your efforts had been, and magnificent as was the attitude of your nation, tried in the fire as few nations have been in all history, those efforts had not yet been crowned with any marked success. With us it was the darkest in the whole long agony, for in it came the crisis of that attempt of the Emperor of the French to inveigle us in a joint recognition of the Confederacy, on the success of which his Mexican adventure was supposed to hang. The details of those negotiations have never been made public. All we know is, that Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Roebuck went to Paris and had long conferences with Napoleon, the result of which was the effort of Mr. Roebuck (now in turn the representative of the rebels in our Parliament) to force or persuade our Government into this alliance. Then came the final crisis. On the 30th of June, 1863, a day memorable in our history as in yours, at the very time that your army of the Potomac was hurrying through the streets of Gettysburg to meet the swoop of those terrible Southern legions, John Bright stood on the floor of our House of Commons, on fire with that righteous wrath which has so often lifted him above the heads of other English orators. He dragged the whole plot to light, quoted the former attacks of Mr. Roebuck on his Imperial host,

and then turning to the Speaker, went on, "And now, Sir, the honourable and learned gentleman has been to Paris, introduced there by the honourable member for Sunderland, and he has sought to become, as it were, a co-conspirator with the French Emperor, to drag this country into a policy which I maintain is as hostile to its interests as it would be degrading to its honour." From that moment the cause of the rebellion was lost in England; for by the next mails came the news of the three days' fight, and the melting away of Longstreet's corps in the final and desperate efforts to break the Federal line on the slopes of little Round Top. A few weeks more and we heard of the surrender of Vicksburg, and no more was heard in our Parliament of recognition or mediation.

I have now, my friends, stated the case between our countries, from an Englishman's point of view of course, but I hope fairly and temperately. At any rate, I have only spoken of matters within my own personal knowledge, and have only quoted from public records which are as open to every one of you as they are to me. Search them, I beseech you, and see whether I am right or not. If wrong, it is from no insular prejudices or national conceit, and you will at any rate think kindly and bear with the errors of one who has always loved your nation well, through good report and evil report, and is now bound to it by a hundred new and precious ties. If right, all I beg of you is, to use your influences that old hatreds and prejudices may disappear, and America and England may march together, as nations redeemed by a common Saviour, toward the goal which is set for them in a brighter future.

"Shall it be love or hate? John,  
It's you that's to decide—  
Ain't your bonds held by fate, John,  
Like all the world's beside?"

So runs the end of the solemn appeal in "Jonathan to John," the poem which suggested the title of this lecture. It comes from one who never deals in wild

words. I am proud to be able to call him a very dear and old friend. He is the American writer who did more than any other to teach such of us in the old country as ever learned them at all, the rights and wrongs of this great struggle of yours. Questions asked by such men can never be safely left on one side. Well, then, I say we *have* answered them. We know—no nation, I believe, knows better, or confesses daily with more of awe—that our bonds are held by fate; that a strict account of all the mighty talents which have been committed to us will be required of us English, though we do live in a sea fortress, in which the gleam of steel drawn in anger has not been seen for more than a century. We know that we are very far from being what we ought to be; we know that we have great social problems to work out, and, believe me, we have set manfully to work to solve them,—problems which go right down amongst the roots of things, and the wrong solution of which may shake the very foundations of society. We have to face them manfully, after the manner of our race, within the four corners of an island not bigger than one of your large States; while you have the vast elbow-room of this wonderful continent, with all its million outlets and opportunities for every human being who is ready to work. Yes, our bonds are indeed held by fate, but we are taking strict account of the number and amount of them, and mean, by God's help, to dishonour none of them when the time comes for taking them up. We reckon, too, some of us, that as years roll on, and you get to understand us better, we may yet hear the words "Well done, brother," from this side of the Atlantic; and if the strong old islander, who, after all, is your father, should happen some day to want a name on the back of one of his bills, I, for one, should not wonder to hear that at the time of presentation the name Jonathan is

found scrawled across there in very decided characters. For we have answered that second question, too, so far as it lies in our power. It will be love and not hate between the two freest of the great nations of the earth, if our decision can so settle it. There will never be anything but love again, if England has the casting vote. For remember that the force of the decision of your great struggle has not been spent on this continent. Your victory has strengthened the hands and hearts of those who are striving in the cause of government, for the people by the people, in every corner of the Old World. In England the dam that had for so many years held back the free waters burst in the same year that you sheathed your sword, and now your friends there are triumphant and honoured; and if those who were your foes ever return to power you will find that the lesson of your war has not been lost on them. In another six years you will have finished the first century of your national life. By that time you will have grown to fifty millions, and will have subdued and settled those vast western regions, which now in the richness of their solitudes, broken only by the panting of the engine as it passes once a day over some new prairie line, startles the traveller from the Old World. I am only echoing the thoughts and prayers of my nation in wishing you God-speed in your great mission. When that centenary comes round, I hope, if I live, to see the great family of English-speaking nations girdling the earth with a circle of free and happy communities, in which the angels' message of peace on earth and good-will amongst men may not be still a mockery and delusion. It rests with you to determine whether this shall be so or not. May the God of all the nations of the earth, who has so marvellously prospered you hitherto, and brought you through so great trials, guide you in your decision!

## SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## GEORGE HOTSPUR YIELDS.

ON the morning of Cousin George's fourth day at Humblethwaite, there came a letter for Sir Harry. The post reached the Hall about an hour before the time at which the family met for prayers, and the letters were taken into Sir Harry's room. The special letter of which mention is here made shall be given to the reader entire :—

“—, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,  
24th Nov. 186—.

“MY DEAR SIR HARRY HOTSPUR,—

“I have received your letter in reference to Captain Hotspur's debts, and have also received a letter from him, and a list of what he says he owes. Of course there can be no difficulty in paying all debts which he acknowledges, if you think proper to do so. As far as I am able to judge at present, the amount would be between twenty-five and thirty thousand pounds. I should say nearer the former than the latter sum did I not know that the amount in such matters always goes on increasing. You must also understand that I cannot guarantee the correctness of this statement.

“But I feel myself bound in my duty to go further than this, even though it may be at the risk of your displeasure. I presume from what you tell me that you are contemplating a marriage between George Hotspur and your daughter; and I now repeat to you, in the most solemn words that I can use, my assurance that the marriage is one which you should not countenance. Captain Hotspur is not fit to marry your daughter.” When Sir Harry had read so far he had become very angry,

but his anger was now directed against his lawyer. Had he not told Mr. Boltby that he had changed his mind; and what business had the lawyer to interfere with him further? But he read the letter on to its bitter end.—

“Since you were in London the following facts have become known to me. On the second of last month Mr. George Hotspur met two men, named Walker and Bullbean, in the lodgings of the former, at about nine in the evening, and remained there during the greater part of the night playing cards. Bullbean is a man well known to the police as a card-sharper. He once moved in the world as a gentleman. His trade is now to tout and find prey for gamblers. Walker is a young man in a low rank of life, who had some money. George Hotspur on that night won between three and four hundred pounds of Walker's money; and Bullbean, over and above this, got for himself some considerable amount of plunder. Walker is now prepared, and, very urgent, to bring the circumstances of this case before a magistrate, having found out, or been informed, that some practice of cheating was used against him; and Bullbean is ready to give evidence as to George Hotspur's foul play. They have hitherto been restrained by Hart, the Jew whom you met. Hart fears that, were the whole thing made public, his bills would not be taken up by you.

“I think that I know all this to be true. If you conceive that I am acting in a manner inimical to your family, you had better come up to London and put yourself into the hands of some other lawyer. If you can still trust me, I will do the best I can for you. I should recommend you to bring Captain Hotspur with you,—if he will come.

"I grieve to write as I have done, but it seems to me that no sacrifice is too great to make with the object of averting the fate to which, as I fear, Miss Hotspur is bringing herself.

"My dear Sir Harry Hotspur,  
"I am, very faithfully yours,  
"JOHN BOLTRY."

It was a terrible letter! Gradually, as he read it and re-read it, there came upon Sir Harry the feeling that he might owe, that he did owe, that he certainly would owe to Mr. Boltby a very heavy debt of gratitude. Gradually the thin glazing of hope with which he had managed to daub over and partly to hide his own settled convictions as to his cousin's character fell away, and he saw the man as he had seen him during his interview with Captain Stubber and Mr. Hart. It must be so. Let the consequences be what they might, his daughter must be told. Were she to be killed by the telling, it would be better than that she should be handed over to such a man as this. The misfortune which had come upon them might be the death of him and of her;—but better that than the other. He sat in his chair till the gong sounded through the house for prayers; then he rang his bell and sent in word to Lady Elizabeth that she should read them in his absence. When they were over, word was brought that he would breakfast alone, in his own room. On receiving that message, both his wife and daughter went to him; but as yet he could tell them nothing. Tidings had come which would make it necessary that he should go at once to London. As soon as breakfast should be over he would see George Hotspur. They both knew from the tone in which the name was pronounced that the "tidings" were of their nature bad, and that they had reference to the sins of their guest.

"You had better read that letter," he said as soon as George was in the room. As he spoke his face was towards the fire, and in that position he remained. The letter had been in his hand, and he only half turned round to give it. George

read the letter slowly, and when he had got through it, only half understanding the words, but still knowing well the charge which it contained, stood silent, utterly conquered. "I suppose it is true?" said Sir Harry, in a low voice, facing his enemy.

"I did win some money," said Cousin George.

"And you cheated?"

"Oh dear no;—nothing of the sort." But his confession was written in his face, and was heard in his voice, and peeped out through every motion of his limbs. He was a cur, and denied the accusation in a curish manner, hardly intended to create belief.

"He must be paid back his money," said Sir Harry.

"I had promised that," said Cousin George.

"Has it been your practice, sir, when gambling, to pay back money that you have won? You are a scoundrel,—a heartless scoundrel,—to try and make your way into my house when I had made such liberal offers to buy your absence." To this Cousin George made no sort of answer. The game was up. And had he not already told himself that it was a game that he should never have attempted to play? "We will leave this house if you please, both of us, at eleven. We will go to town together. The carriage will be ready at eleven. You had better see to the packing of your things, with the servant."

"Shall I not say a word of adieu to Lady Elizabeth?"

"No, sir! You shall never speak to a female in my house again."

The two were driven over to Penrith together, and went up to London in the same carriage, Sir Harry paying for all expenses without a word. Sir Harry before he left his house saw his wife for a moment, but he did not see his daughter. "Tell her," said he, "that it must be,—must be all over." The decision was told to Emily, but she simply refused to accept it. "It shall not be so," said she, flashing out. Lady Elizabeth endeavoured to show her that her father had done all he could to



further her views,—had been ready to sacrifice to her all his own wishes and convictions.

“Why is he so changed? He has heard of some new debt. Of course there are debts. We did not suppose that it could be done all at once, and so easily.” She refused to be comforted, and refused to believe. She sat alone weeping in her own room, and declared, when her mother came to her, that no consideration, no tidings as to George’s past misconduct, should induce her to break her faith to the man to whom her word had been given;—“my word, and Papa’s, and yours,” said Emily, pleading her cause with majesty through her tears.

On the day but one following there came a letter from Sir Harry to Lady Elizabeth, very short, but telling her the whole truth. “He has cheated like a common low swindler as he is, with studied tricks at cards, robbing a poor man, altogether beneath him in station, of hundreds of pounds. There is no doubt about it. It is uncertain even yet whether he will not be tried before a jury. He hardly even denies it. A creature viler, more cowardly, worse, the mind of man cannot conceive. My broken-hearted, dearest, best darling must be told all this. Tell her that I know what she will suffer. Tell her that I shall be as crushed by it as she. But anything is better than degradation such as this. Tell her specially that I have not decided without absolute knowledge.” Emily was told. The letter was read to her and by her till she knew it almost by heart. There came upon her a wan look of abject agony, that seemed to rob her at once of her youth and beauty; but even now she would not yield. She did not longer affect to disbelieve the tidings, but said that no man, let him do what he might, could be too far gone for repentance and forgiveness. She would wait. She had talked of waiting two years. She would be content to wait ten. What though he had cheated at cards! Had she not once told her mother that should it turn out that he had been a murderer, then

she would become a murderer’s wife? She did not know that cheating at cards was worse than betting at horse-races. It was all bad,—very bad. It was the kind of life into which men were led by the fault of those who should have taught them better. No; she would not marry him without her father’s leave: but she would never own that her engagement was broken, let them affix what most opprobrious name to him they might choose. To her card-sharpers seemed to be no worse than gamblers. She was quite sure that Christ had come to save men who cheat at cards as well as others.

As Sir Harry and his cousin entered the London station late at night,—it was past midnight,—Sir Harry bade his companion meet him the next morning at Mr. Boltby’s chambers at eleven. Cousin George had had ample time for meditation, and had considered that it might be best for him to “cut up a little rough.”

“Mr. Boltby is my enemy,” he said, “and I don’t know what I am to get by going there.”

“If you don’t, sir, I’ll not pay one shilling for you.”

“I have your promise, Sir Harry.”

“If you are not there at the time I fix, I will pay nothing, and the name may go to the dogs.”

Then they both went to the station hotel,—not together, but the younger following the elder’s feet,—and slept, for the last time in their lives, under one roof.

Cousin George did not show himself at Mr. Boltby’s, being still in his bed at the station hotel at the time named; but at three o’clock he was with Mrs. Morton.

For the present we will go back to Sir Harry. He was at the lawyer’s chambers at the time named, and Mr. Boltby smiled when told of the summons which had been given to Cousin George. By this time Sir Harry had acknowledged his gratitude to Mr. Boltby over and over again, and Mr. Boltby perhaps, having no daughter, thought that the evil had been cured.

He was almost inclined to be jocular, and did laugh at Sir Harry in a mild way when told of the threat.

"We must pay his debts, Sir Harry, I think."

"I don't see it at all. I would rather face everything. And I told him that I would pay nothing."

"Ah, but you had told him that you would. And then those cormorants have been told so also. We had better build a bridge of gold for a falling enemy. Stick to your former proposition, without any reference to a legacy, and make him write the letter. My clerk shall find him to-morrow."

Sir Harry at last gave way; the lucky Walker received back his full money, Bullbean's wages of iniquity and all; and Sir Harry returned to Humblethwaite.

Cousin George was sitting in Mrs. Morton's room with a very bad headache five days after his arrival in London, and she was reading over a manuscript which she had just written. "That will do, I think," she said.

"Just the thing," said he, without raising his head.

"Will you copy it now, George?"

"Not just now, I am so seedy. I'll take it and do it at the club."

"No; I will not have that. The draft would certainly be left out on the club table; and you would go to billiards, and the letter never would be written."

"I'll come back and do it after dinner."

"I shall be at the theatre then, and I won't have you here in my absence. Rouse yourself and do it now. Don't be such a poor thing."

"That's all very well, Lucy; but if you had a sick headache, you wouldn't like to have to write a d——d letter like that."

Then she rose up to scold him, being determined that the letter should be written then and there. "Why, what a coward you are; what a feckless, useless creature! Do you think that I have never to go for hours on the stage, with the gas in a blaze around me, and

my head ready to split? And what is this? A paper to write that will take you ten minutes. The truth is, you don't like to give up the girl!" Could she believe it of him after knowing him so well; could she think that there was so much of good in him?

"You say that to annoy me. You know I never cared for her."

"You would marry her now if they would let you."

"No, by George! I've had enough of that. You're wide awake enough to understand, Lucy, that a fellow situated as I am, over head and ears in debt, and heir to an old title, should struggle to keep the things together. Families and names don't matter much, I suppose; but, after all, one does care for them. But I've had enough of that. As for Cousin Emily, you know, Lucy, I never loved any woman but you in my life."

He was a brute, unredeemed by any one manly gift; idle, self-indulgent, false, and without a principle. She was a woman greatly gifted, with many virtues, capable of self-sacrifice, industrious, affectionate, and loving truth if not always true herself. And yet such a word as that from this brute sufficed to please her for the moment. She got up and kissed his forehead, and dropped for him some strong spirit in a glass, which she mixed with water, and cooled his brow with eau-de-cologne. "Try to write it, dearest. It should be written at once if it is to be written." Then he turned himself wearily to her writing desk, and copied the words which she had prepared for him.

The letter was addressed to Mr. Boltby, and purported to be a renunciation of all claim to Miss Hotspur's hand, on the understanding that his debts were paid for him to the extent of £25,000, and that an allowance were made to him of £500 a year, settled on him as an annuity for life, as long as he should live out of England. Mr. Boltby had given him to understand that this clause would not be exacted, unless circumstances should arise which should make Sir Harry think it imperative

upon him to demand its execution. The discretion must be left absolute with Sir Harry; but, as Mr. Boltby said, Captain Hotspur could trust Sir Harry's word and his honour.

"If I'm to be made to go abroad, what the devil are you to do?" he had said to Mrs. Morton.

"There need be no circumstances," said Mrs. Morton, "to make it necessary."

Of course Captain Hotspur accepted the terms on her advice. He had obeyed Lady Altringham, and had tried to obey Emily, and would now obey Mrs. Morton, because Mrs. Morton was the nearest to him.

The letter which he copied was a well-written letter, put together with much taste, so that the ignoble compact to which it gave assent should seem to be as little ignoble as might be possible. "I entered into the arrangement," the letter said in its last paragraph, "because I thought it right to endeavour to keep the property and the title together; but I am aware now that my position in regard to my debts was of a nature that should have deterred me from the attempt. As I have failed, I sincerely hope that my cousin may be made happy by some such splendid alliance as she is fully entitled to expect." He did not understand all that the words conveyed; but yet he questioned them. He did not perceive that they were intended to imply that the writer had never for a moment loved the girl whom he had proposed to marry. Nevertheless they did convey to him dimly some idea that they might give,—not pain, for as to that he would have been indifferent,—but offence. "Will there be any good in all that?" he asked.

"Certainly," said she. "You don't mean to whine and talk of your broken heart."

"Oh dear no; nothing of that sort."

"This is the manly way to put it, regarding the matter simply as an affair of business."

"I believe it is," said he; and then, having picked himself up somewhat

by the aid of a glass of sherry, he continued to copy the letter, and to direct it.

"I will keep the rough draft," said Mrs. Morton.

"And I must go now, I suppose," he said.

"You can stay here and see me eat my dinner if you like. I shall not ask you to share it, because it consists of two small mutton chops, and one wouldn't keep me up through Lady Teazle."

"I've a good mind to come and see you," said he.

"Then you'd better go and eat your own dinner at once."

"I don't care about my dinner. I shouldn't have a bit of supper afterwards."

Then she preached to him a sermon; not quite such a one as Emily Hotspur had preached, but much more practical, and with less reticence. If he went on living as he was living now, he would "come to grief." He was drinking every day, and would some day find that he could not do so with impunity. Did he know what delirium tremens was? Did he want to go to the devil altogether? Had he any hope as to his future life?

"Yes," said he, "I hope to make you my wife." She tossed her head, and told him that with all the will in the world to sacrifice herself, such sacrifice could do him no good if he persisted in making himself a drunkard. "But I have been so tried these last two months. If you only knew what Mr. Boltby and Captain Stubber and Sir Harry and Mr. Hart were altogether. Oh, my G—!" But he did not say a word about Messrs. Walker and Bullbean. The poor woman who was helping him knew nothing of Walker and Bullbean. Let us hope that she may remain in that ignorance.

Cousin George, before he left her, swore that he would amend his mode of life; but he did not go to see Lady Teazle that night. There were plenty of men now back in town ready to play pool at the club.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"I SHALL NEVER BE MARRIED."

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR returned to Humblethwaite before Cousin George's letter was written, though when he did return all the terms had been arranged, and a portion of the money paid. Perhaps it would have been better that he should have waited and taken the letter with him in his pocket; but in truth he was so wretched that he could not wait. The thing was fixed and done, and he could but hurry home to hide his face among his own people. He felt that the glory of his house was gone from him. He would sit by the hour together thinking of the boy who had died. He had almost, on occasions, allowed himself to forget his boy, while hoping that his name and wide domains might be kept together by the girl that was left to him. He was beginning to understand now that she was already but little better than a wreck. Indeed, was not everything shipwreck around him? Was he not going to pieces on the rocks? Did not the lesson of every hour seem to tell him that, throughout his long life, he had thought too much of his house and his name?

It would have been better that he should have waited till the letter was in his pocket before he returned home, because, when he reached Humblethwaite, the last argument was wanting to him to prove to Emily that her hope was vain. Even after his arrival, when the full story was told to her, she held out in her resolve. She accepted the truth of that scene at Walker's rooms. She acknowledged that her lover had cheated the wretched man at cards. After that all other iniquities were of course as nothing. There was a completeness in that of which she did not fail to accept, and to use the benefit. When she had once taken it as true that her lover had robbed his inferior by foul play at cards, there could be no good in alluding to this or that lie, in counting up

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this or that disreputable debt, in alluding to habits of brandy-drinking, or even in soiling her pure mind with any word as to Mrs. Morton. It was granted that he was as vile as sin could make him. Had not her Saviour come exactly for such as this one, because of His great love for those who were vile; and should not her human love for one enable her to do that which His great heavenly love did always for all men? Every reader will know how easily answerable was the argument. Most readers will also know how hard it is to win by attacking the reason when the heart is the fortress that is in question. She had accepted his guilt, and why tell her of it any further? Did she not pine over his guilt, and weep for it day and night, and pray that he might yet be made white as snow? But guilty as he was, a poor piece of broken finest clay, without the properties even which are useful to the potter, he was as dear to her as when she had leaned against him believing him to be a pillar of gold set about with onyx stones, jaspers, and rubies. There was but one sin on his part which could divide them. If, indeed, he should cease to love her, then there would be an end of it! It would have been better that Sir Harry should have remained in London till he could have returned with George's autograph letter in his pocket.

"You must have the letter in his own handwriting," Mr. Boltby had said, cunningly, "only you must return it to me."

Sir Harry had understood, and had promised, that the letter should be returned when it had been used for the cruel purpose for which it was to be sent to Humblethwaite. For all Sir Harry's own purposes Mr. Boltby's statements would have quite sufficed.

She was told that her lover would renounce her, but she would not believe what she was told. Of course he would accept the payment of his debts. Of course he would take an income when offered to him. What else was he to do? How was he to live decently

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without an income? All these evils had happened to him because he had been expected to live as a gentleman without proper means. In fact he was the person who had been most injured. Her father, in his complete, in his almost abject tenderness towards her, could not say rough words in answer to all these arguments. He could only repeat his assertion over and over again that the man was utterly unworthy of her, and must be discarded. It was all as nothing. The man must discard himself.

"He is false as hell," said Sir Harry.

"And am I to be as false as hell also? Will you love me better when I have consented to be untrue? And even that would be a lie. I do love him. I must love him. I may be more wicked than he is, because I do so. But I do."

Poor Lady Elizabeth in these days was worse than useless. Her daughter was so strong that her weakness was as the weakness of water. She was driven hither and thither in a way that she herself felt to be disgraceful. When her husband told her that the cousin, as a matter of course, could never be seen again, she assented. When Emily implored her to act as mediator with her father on behalf of the wicked cousin, she again assented. And then, when she was alone with Sir Harry, she did not dare to do as she had promised.

"I do think it will kill her," she said to Sir Harry.

"We must all die, but we need not die disgraced," he said.

It was a most solemn answer, and told the thoughts which had been dwelling in his mind. His son had gone from him; and now it might be that his daughter must go to, because she could not survive the disappointment of her young love. He had learned to think that it might be so as he looked at her great grave eyes, and her pale cheeks, and her sorrow-laden mouth. It might be so; but better that for them all than that she should be contaminated by the touch of a thing so vile as this cousin. She

was pure as snow, clear as a star, lovely as the opening rosebud. As she was, let her go to her grave,—if it need be so. For himself, he could die too,—or even live if it were required of him! Other fathers, since Jephtha and Agamemnon, have recognized it as true that heaven has demanded from them their daughters.

The letter came, and was read and re-read by Sir Harry before he showed it to his child. He took it also to his wife, and explained it to her in all its points. "It has more craft," said he, "than I gave him credit for."

"I don't suppose he ever cared for her," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Nor for any human being that ever lived,—save himself. I wonder whether he got Boltby to write it for him."

"Surely Mr. Boltby wouldn't have done that."

"I don't know. I think he would do anything to rid us from what he believed to have been our danger. I don't think it was in George Hotspur to write such a letter out of his own head."

"But does it signify?"

"Not in the least. It is his own handwriting and his signature. Whoever formed the words, it is the same thing. It was needed only to prove to her that he had not even the merit of being true to her."

For a while Sir Harry thought that he would entrust to his wife the duty of showing the letter to Emily. He would so willingly have escaped the task himself! But as he considered the matter he feared that Lady Elizabeth might lack the firmness to explain the matter fully to the poor girl. The daughter would be so much stronger than the mother, and thus the thing that must be done would not be effected! At last, on the evening of the day on which the letter had reached him, he sent for her, and read it to her. She heard it without a word. Then he put it into her hands, and she read the sentences herself, slowly, one after another, endeavouring as she did so to find arguments by which she

might stave off the conclusion to which she knew that her father would attempt to bring her.

"It must be all over now," said he at last.

She did not answer him, but gazed into his face with such a look of woe that his heart was melted. She had found no argument. There had not been in the whole letter one word of love for her.

"My darling, will it not be better that we should meet the blow?"

"I have met it, all along. Some day, perhaps, he might be different."

"In what way, dearest? He does not even profess to hope so himself."

"That gentleman in London, Papa, would have paid nothing for him unless he wrote like this. He had to do it. Papa, you had better just leave me to myself. I will not trouble you by mentioning his name."

"But, Emily——"

"Well, Papa?"

"Mamma and I cannot bear that you should suffer alone."

"I must suffer, and silence is the easiest. I will go now and think about it. Dear Papa, I know that you have always done everything for the best."

He did not see her again that evening. Her mother was with her in her own room, and of course they were talking about Cousin George for hours together. It could not be avoided, in spite of what Emily had herself said of the expediency of silence. But she did not once allude to the possibility of a future marriage. As the man was so dear to her, and as he bore their name, and as he must inherit her father's title, could not some almost superhuman exertion be made for his salvation? Surely so much as that might be done, if they all made it the work of their lives.

"It must be the work of my life, Mamma," she said.

Lady Elizabeth forbore from telling her that there was no side on which she could approach him. The poor girl herself, however, must have felt that it was so. As she thought of it all she reminded herself that, though

they were separated miles asunder, still she could pray for him. We need not doubt this at least,—that to him who utters them prayers of intercession are of avail.

On the following morning she was at breakfast, and both her father and mother remarked that something had been changed in her dress. The father only knew that it was so, but the mother could have told of every ribbon that had been dropped, and every ornament that had been laid aside. Emily Hotspur had lived awhile, if not among the gayest of the gay, at least among the brightest of the bright in outside garniture, and, having been asked to consult no questions of expense, had taught herself to dress as do the gay and bright and rich. Even when George had come on his last wretched visit to Humblethwaite, when she had known that he had been brought there as a blackamoor perhaps just capable of being washed white, she had not thought it necessary to lessen the gauds of her attire. Though she was saddened in her joy by the knowledge of the man's faults, she was still the rich daughter of a very wealthy man, and engaged to marry the future inheritor of all that wealth and riches. There was then no reason why she should lower her flag one inch before the world. But now all was changed with her! During the night she had thought of her apparel, and of what use it might be during her future life. She would never more go bright again, unless some miracle might prevail, and he still might be to her that which she had painted him. Neither father nor mother, as she kissed them both, said a word as to her appearance. They must take her away from Humblethwaite, change the scene, try to interest her in new pursuits; that was what they had determined to attempt. For the present, they would let her put on what clothes she pleased, and make no remark.

Early in the day she went out by herself. It was now December, but the weather was fine and dry, and she was for two hours alone, rambling through the park. She had made her attempt

in life, and had failed. She owned her failure to herself absolutely. The image had no gold in it;—none as yet. But it was not as other images, which, as they are made, so must they remain to the end. The Divine Spirit, which might from the first have breathed into this clay some particle of its own worth, was still efficacious to bestow the gift. Prayer should not be wanting; but the thing as it now was she saw in all its impurity. He had never loved her. Had he loved her, he would not have written words such as those she had read. He had pretended to love her in order that he might have money, that his debts might be paid, that he might not be ruined. “He hoped,” he said in his letter, “he hoped that his cousin might be made happy by a splendid alliance!” She remembered well the abominable, heartless words. And this was the man who had pledged her to truth and firmness, and whose own truth and firmness she had never doubted for a moment, even when acknowledging to herself the necessity of her pledge to him. He had never loved her; and though she did not say so, did not think so, she felt that of all his sins that sin was the one which could not be forgiven.

What should she now do with herself, —how bear herself at this present moment of her life? She did not tell herself now that she would die, though as she looked forward into life all was so dreary to her, that she would fain have known that death would give an escape. But there were duties for her still to do. During that winter ramble, she owned to herself for the first time that her father had been right in his judgment respecting their cousin, and that she, by her pertinacity, had driven her father on till on her account he had been forced into conduct which was distasteful to him. She must own to her father that he had been right; that the man, though she dearly loved him still, was of such nature that it would be quite unfit that she should marry him. There might still be the miracle; her prayers were still her own to give; of them she would say nothing to her

father. She would simply confess to him that he had been right, and then beg of him to pardon her the trouble she had caused him.

“Papa,” she said to him the following morning, “may I come to you?” She came in, and on this occasion sat down at his right hand. “Of course, you have been right, Papa,” she said.

“We have both been right, dearest, I hope.”

“No, Papa; I have been wrong! I thought I knew him, and I did not. I thought when you told me that he was so bad that you were believing false people; and, Papa, I know now that I should not have loved him as I did;—so quickly, like that.”

“Nobody has blamed you for a moment. Nobody has thought of blaming you.”

“I blame myself enough; I can tell you that. I feel as though I had in a way destroyed myself.”

“Do not say that, my darling.”

“You will let me speak now; will you not, Papa? I wish to tell you everything, that you may understand all that I feel. I shall never get over it.”

“You will, dearest; you will indeed.”

“Never! Perhaps, I shall live on; but I feel that it has killed me for this world. I don’t know how a girl is to get over it when she has said that she has loved any one. If they are married, then she does not want to get over it; but if they are not,—if he deserts her, or is unworthy, or both,—what, can she do then, but just go on thinking of it till —she dies?”

Sir Harry used with her all the old accustomed arguments to drive such thoughts out of her head. He told her how good was God to His creatures, and, specially, how good in curing by the soft hand of time such wounds as those from which she was suffering. She should “retrick her beams,” and once more “flame in the forehead of the morning sky,” if only she would help the work of time by her own endeavours. “Fight against the feeling, Emily, and try to conquer it, and it will be conquered.”

"But, Papa, I do not wish to conquer it. I should not tell you of all this, only for one thing."

"What thing, dearest?"

"I am not like other girls, who can just leave themselves alone and be of no trouble. You told me that if I outlived you——"

"The property will be yours; certainly. Of course, it was my hope,—and is,—that all that shall be settled by your marriage before my death. The trouble and labour is more than a woman should be called on to support alone."

"Just so. And it is because you are thinking of all this, that I feel it right to tell you. Papa, I shall never be married."

"We will leave that for the present, Emily."

"Very well; only if it would make a change in your will, you should make it. You will have to be here, Papa, after I am gone,—probably."

"No, no, no."

"But, if it were not so, I should not know what to do. That is all, Papa; only this,—that I beg your pardon for all the trouble I have caused you." Then she knelt before him, and he kissed her head, and blessed her, and wept over her.

There was nothing more heard from Cousin George at Humblethwaite, and nothing more heard of him for a long time. Mr. Boltby did pay his debts, having some terribly hard struggles with Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber before the liquidations were satisfactorily effected. It was very hard to make Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber understand that the Baronet was paying these debts simply because he had said that he would pay them once before, under other circumstances, and that no other cause for their actual payment now existed. But the debts were paid, down to the last farthing of which Mr. Boltby could have credible tidings. "Pay everything," Sir Harry had said; "I have promised it." Whereby he was alluding to the promise which he had made to his daughter. Everything was paid, and Cousin George was able to walk in and out of his club, a free man,—and at

times almost happy,—with an annuity of five hundred pounds a year! Nothing more was said to him as to the necessity of expatriation.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END.

AMONG playgoing folk, in the following April, there was a great deal of talk about the marriage of that very favourite actress, Mrs. Morton. She appeared in the playbills as Mrs. George Hotspur, late Mrs. Morton. Very many spoke of her familiarly, who knew her only on the stage,—as is the custom of men in speaking of actresses,—and perhaps some few of these who spoke of her did know her personally. "Poor Lucy!" said one middle-aged gentleman over fifty, who spent four nights of every week at one theatre or another. "When she was little more than a child, they married her to that reprobate Morton. Since that she has managed to keep her head above water by hard work; and now she has gone and married another worse than the first!"

"She is older now, and will be able to manage George," said another.

"Manage him! If anybody can manage to keep him out of debt, or from drink either, I'll eat him."

"But he must be Sir George when old Sir Harry dies," said he who was defending the prudence of the marriage.

"Yes, and won't have a penny. Will it help her to be able to put Lady Hotspur on the bills? Not in the least. And the women can't forgive her and visit her. She has not been good enough for that. A grand old family has been disgraced, and a good actress destroyed. That's my idea of this marriage."

"I thought Georgy was going to marry his cousin,—that awfully proud minx," said one young fellow.

"When it came to the scratch, she would not have him," said another. "But there had been promises, and so to make it all square, Sir Harry paid his debts."



"I don't believe a bit about his debts being paid," said the middle-aged gentleman who was fond of going to the theatre.

Yes, George Hotspur was married; and, as far as any love went with him, had married the woman he liked best. Though the actress was worlds too good for him, there was not about her that air of cleanliness and almost severe purity which had so distressed him while he had been forced to move in the atmosphere of his cousin. After the copying of the letter, and the settlement of the bills, Mrs. Morton had found no difficulty in arranging matters as she pleased. She had known the man better perhaps than any one else had known him; and yet she thought it best to marry him. We must not inquire into her motives, though we may pity her fate.

She did not intend, however, to yield herself as an easy prey to his selfishness. She had also her ideas of reforming him, and ideas which, as they were much less grand, might possibly be more serviceable than those which for a while had filled the mind and heart of Emily Hotspur. "George," she said one day to him, "what do you mean to do?" This was before the marriage was fixed; when nothing more was fixed than that idea of marriage which had long existed between them.

"Of course we shall be spliced now," said he.

"And if so, what then? I shall keep to the stage, of course."

"We couldn't do with the £500 a year, I suppose, anyhow?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid, seeing that as a habit you eat and drink more than that yourself. But, with all that I can do, there must be a change. I tell you for your own sake as well as for mine, unless you can drop drinking, we had better give it up even yet." After that, for a month or two, under her auspices, he did "drop it,"—or at least so far dropped it as to induce her to run the risk. In April they were married, and she must be added to the list of women who have sacrificed themselves

on behalf of men whom they have known to be worthless. We need not pursue his career further; but we may be sure, that though she watched him very closely, and used a power over him of which he was afraid, still he went gradually from bad to worse, and was found at last to be utterly past redemption. He was one who in early life had never known what it was to take delight in postponing himself to another; and now there was no spark in him of love or gratitude by which fire could be kindled or warmth created. It had come to that with him,—that to eat and to drink was all that was left to him; and it was coming to that too, that the latter of these two pleasant recreations would soon be all that he had within his power of enjoyment. There are such men; and of all human beings they are the most to be pitied. They have intellects; they do think; the hours with them are terribly long;—and they have no hope!

The Hotspurs of Humblethwaite remained at home till Christmas was passed, and then at once started for Rome. Sir Harry and Lady Elizabeth both felt that it must be infinitely better for their girl to be away; and then there came the doctor's slow advice. There was nothing radically amiss with Miss Hotspur, the doctor said; but it would be better for her to be taken elsewhere. She, knowing how her father loved his home and the people around him, begged that she might be allowed to stay. Nothing ailed her, she said, save only that ache at the heart which no journey to Rome could cure. "What's the use of it, Papa?" she said. "You are unhappy because I'm altered. Would you wish me not to be altered after what has passed? Of course I am altered. Let us take it as it is, and not think about it." She had adopted certain practices in life, however, which Sir Harry was determined to check, at any rate for the time. She spent her days among the poor, and when not with them she was at church. And there was always some dreary book in her hands when they were together in

the drawing-room after dinner. Of church-going and visiting the poor, and of good books, Sir Harry approved thoroughly; but even of good things such as these there may be too much. So Sir Harry and Lady Elizabeth got a courier who spoke all languages, and a footman who spoke German, and two maids, of whom one pretended to speak French, and had trunks packed without number, and started for Rome. All that wealth could do was done; but let the horseman be ever so rich, or the horseman's daughter, and the stud be ever so good, it is seldom they can ride fast enough to shake off their cares.

In Rome they remained till April, and while they were there the name of Cousin George was never once mentioned in the hearing of Sir Harry. Between the mother and daughter no doubt there was speech concerning him. But to Emily's mind he was always present. He was to her as a thing abominable, and yet necessarily tied to her by bonds which she could never burst asunder. She felt like some poor princess in a tale, married to an ogre from whom there was no escape. She had given herself up to one utterly worthless, and she knew it. But yet she had given herself, and could not revoke the gift. There was, indeed, still left to her that possibility of a miracle, but of that she whispered nothing even to her mother. If there were to be a miracle, it must be of God; and at God's throne she made her whispers. In these days she was taken about from sight to sight with apparent willingness. She saw churches, pictures, statues, and ruins, and seemed to take an interest in them. She was introduced to the Pope, and allowed herself to be apparelled in her very best for that august occasion. But, nevertheless, the tenor of her way and the fashions of her life, as was her daily dress, were grey and sad and solemn. She lived as one who knew that the backbone of her life was broken. Early in April they left Rome and went north, to the Italian lakes, and settled themselves for a while at Lugano. And here the

news reached them of the marriage of George Hotspur.

Lady Elizabeth read the marriage among the advertisements in the *Times*, and at once took it to Sir Harry, withdrawing the paper from the room in a manner which made Emily sure that there was something in it which she was not intended to see. But Sir Harry thought that the news should be told to her, and he himself told it.

"Already married!" she said. "And who is the lady?"

"You had better not ask, my dear."

"Why not ask? I may, at any rate, know her name."

"Mrs. Morton. She was a widow,—and an actress."

"Oh yes, I know," said Emily, blushing; for in those days in which it had been sought to wean her from George Hotspur, a word or two about this lady had been said to her by Lady Elizabeth, under the instructions of Sir Harry. And there was no more said on that occasion. On that day, and on the following, her father observed no change in her; and the mother spoke nothing of her fears. But on the next morning Lady Elizabeth said that she was not as she had been. "She is thinking of him still,—always," she whispered to her husband. He made no reply, but sat alone out in the garden, with his newspaper before him, reading nothing, but cursing that cousin of his in his heart.

There could be no miracle now for her! Even the thought of that was gone. The man who had made her believe that he loved her, only in the last autumn,—though indeed it seemed to her that years had rolled over since, and made her old, worn-out, and weary;—who had asked for and obtained the one gift she had to give, the bestowal of her very self, who had made her in her baby folly believe that he was almost divine, whereas he was hardly human in his lowness,—this man, whom she still loved in a way which she could not herself understand, loving and despising him utterly at the same time,—was now the husband of another woman. Even he, she had felt, would have thought

something of her. But she had been nothing to him but the means of escape from disreputable difficulties. She could not sustain her contempt for herself as she remembered this, and yet she showed but little of it in her outward manner.

"I'll go when you like, Papa," she said when the days of May had come, "but I'd sooner stay here a little longer if you wouldn't mind." There was no talk of going home. It was only a question whether they should go further north, to Lucerne, before the warm weather came.

"Of course we will remain; why not?" said Sir Harry. "Mamma and I like Lugano amazingly." Poor Sir Harry! As though he could have liked any place except Humblethwaite!

Our story is over now. They did remain till the scorching July sun had passed over their heads, and August was upon them; and then—they had buried her in the small Protestant cemetery at Lugano, and Sir Harry

Hotspur was without a child and without an heir.

He returned home in the early autumn, a grey, worn-out, tottering old man, with large eyes full of sorrow, and a thin mouth that was seldom opened to utter a word. In these days, I think, he recurred to his early sorrow, and thought almost more of his son than of his daughter. But he had instant, pressing energy left to him for one deed. Were he to die now without a further will, Humblethwaite and Scarrowby would go to the wretch who had destroyed him. What was the title to him now, or even the name? His wife's nephew was an Earl with an enormous rentroll, something so large that Humblethwaite and Scarrowby to him would be little more than additional labour. But to this young man Humblethwaite and Scarrowby were left, and the glories of the House of Hotspur were at an end.

And so the story of the House of Humblethwaite has been told.

THE END.

## CAVE-HUNTING.

BY W. BOYD DAWKINS, F.R.S.

## II.—THE DENBIGHSHIRE CAVES.

CAVE-HUNTING in Somerset yields, as we have seen, important testimony to the co-existence of man with the extinct post-glacial mammalia. In Denbighshire a very different class of caves will demand our attention, which are of incomparably more modern date than those of Wookey Hole, or Kirkdale, or any of that kind. It is termed "prehistoric," because it is out of the reach of history in Britain. Nor can it be brought into relation with history in other countries. It is very probable that while the use of bronze or iron was gradually becoming known to the barbarians of Northern and Western Europe, the nations on the borders of the Mediterranean were far advanced in their historical period. Thebes, Athens, Memphis, or Tyre may have been in the height of their glory at the time that France, Germany, and Britain were inhabited by those nameless races whose dwellings and tombs are now affording rich stores of information to the archaeologists. The prehistoric caves fall naturally into three divisions, according to the character of the remains which they contain. If stone weapons occur, to the exclusion of metals, the contents are probably of the newer Stone age (Neolithic); if bronze weapons, it certainly belongs to the Bronze; and if iron, to the Iron age. It is admitted on all sides that there were in Europe three distinct stages of human progress, characterized severally by the knowledge of these materials. Stone implements were, however, used after the introduction of bronze, and therefore their occurrence does not necessarily point towards a neolithic age. In such a case everything depends on the circumstantial evidence. Up to the present time all the prehistoric caves discovered in Britain belong either to the age of stone or of iron.

The prehistoric caves are so widely separated in time from the preceding post-glacial class, that in the interval between them Britain was cut off from the mainland of Europe, and the strange group of animals that had formerly lived here passed away from the face of the earth. The interval is very well represented in the famous cave of Kent's Hole, near Torquay, which happened to have remained open, and to have given shelter to man and animals from the beginning of the post-glacial epoch to the present day. The floor is composed of a layer of the remains of animals that have been eaten—the goat, short-horned ox, red-deer, and others—along with implements and weapons that had been used by neolithic peoples, and possibly by some who came after. Underneath is a thick layer of stalagmite, which seals down the marvellous accumulation of bones of the extinct mammalia, woolly rhinoceros, mammoth, &c., and the implements of palæolithic man. Not one extinct animal has been found above the stalagmite, nor has a shred of any domestic animal been furnished by the undisturbed débris below. The hard crystalline boundary defines exactly the relations of the two deposits.

The climatal change also in the interval was very great. The cold, which was sufficiently intense during the post-glacial epoch to allow of the sojourn of the reindeer and musk-sheep in the south of England and of France, no longer allowed those arctic animals to occupy those regions in the prehistoric period. The former animal disappeared altogether from France, and retreated from the south of England, until it found a refuge in the inclement hills of the north country in the neolithic age, while the latter passed to the north-east through Asia, until at the present day

it is found only in the extreme north of the American continent. The red-deer, on the other hand, increased wonderfully in numbers at the beginning of the prehistoric period, and usurped those pastures which had previously supported vast herds of reindeer. All this is proof that the climate was passing from an arctic to a temperate condition at the dawn of the prehistoric period.

The discoveries in Denbighshire in 1869, which result, as we shall see, in a solid addition to our knowledge of the men who dwelt in Britain before the dawn of history, are such as may be made in any district where caves are abundant. The field is very wide, and the workers are very few. Every man who digs a cave, or explores a tumulus with care and patience, adds to the materials destined one day to kindle into a flame that will show the habits and modes of life of the successive invaders of Europe. This knowledge may not, perhaps, come in our time; but come it must eventually from the observations that have been made with conscientious labour.

The mountain limestone in Denbighshire consists of a series of coral reefs that rest either on a thin representative of the old red sandstone, or directly on the grey upper Silurian rocks which occupy by far the largest area in the county. It forms the precipitous promontory of the Great Orme's Head, and sweeps thence, with but slight interruption, along the coast as far as Abergele, and then it passes inland to make the picturesque series of ridges that add so much to the beauty of the Vale of Clwyd, as far as Denbigh and Ruthin. It suddenly disappears on passing out of the vale, towards Bryn-Eglwys, to the north of which it forms a broad belt passing through the heart of Flintshire. Throughout this area, caves are more or less abundant. I propose to give an account of one which I had the good fortune to explore in 1869, at Perthi Chwareu, about ten miles to the east of Corwen, and of the other discoveries to which it led.

The first hint of the existence of a

cave in that locality was afforded me by a box of bones sent by Mr. Darwin; and I followed it up by availing myself of the kind offer of workmen by the owner of the property on which it is situated. The mountain limestone, which there forms hill and valley, consists of thick masses of hard rock, separated by soft beds of shale, and contains numerous marine shells, crinoids, and beautiful corals. The strata dip to the south, at an angle of nearly one in twenty-five, and form two parallel ridges with their steep faces to the north, and divided from each other by a narrow valley passing east and west. The remains sent by Mr. Darwin were obtained from a space from 4 to 6 inches high, and about 20 feet wide, between two layers of rock, whence the intervening softer material had been carried away by water. They had evidently been washed in by the rain, and not introduced by wolves or foxes. They comprised the following species:—

Dog.	Celtic Shorthorn.
Fox.	Horse.
Badger.	Water Rat.
Pig.	Hare.
Roe-deer.	Rabbit.
Red-deer.	Eagle.
Sheep or Goat.	

Nearly all the bones were broken, and chiefly belonged to young animals. Those of the Celtic shorthorn (*Bos longifrons*), and of the sheep or goat, and of the young pig, were very abundant, while those of the roe and red deer, hare, and horse were comparatively rare. The remains of the domestic dog were rather common, and the percentage of young puppies shows that they, like the other animals, had been used for food. Possibly the hare may also have been eaten, but its remains were very scarce, and exclusively belonged to adult animals. The teeth-marks on some of the bones implied the presence of dogs. The only reasonable cause that can be assigned for the accumulation of these remains is, that the locality was inhabited by man, and that the relics of his food formed a refuse-heap, similar to those

found near many ancient dwellings. The refuse-heap has now altogether disappeared from the surface of the ground by the action of rain and other atmospheric causes, while those portions only which chanced to have been washed into the narrow interspace between the rocks have been preserved to mark the spot where it formerly existed. The preponderance of the remains of sheep or goat and oxen over those of the wild animals shows that the dwellers at Perthi Chwareu depended on their flocks and herds for food rather than on the chase. Moreover they ate horses, and did not scorn the delicate flesh of young puppies.

There was nothing in the deposit that fixes with any accuracy the date of its accumulation. The animals may have been eaten at any epoch from the neolithic age down to the time when horses and puppies were no longer used for food. From the earliest times hippophagy was practised in this country, and during the Roman occupation of Britain horseflesh was an important article of food. As evidence of this before the Roman invasion, I may quote the contents of the Yorkshire tumuli, explored by the Rev. Canon Greenwell. The refuse-heaps in and around Roman camps, cities, and villas, such as that at Worle-hill, close to Weston-super-Mare, —in which coins of Constans, Constantine, and Crispus Valerianus were found, —those in Colchester and London, and in a villa near Langport, Somerset, and near Horsham, Sussex, contain large quantities of broken bones of horses which have been used for food. Very many other instances might be given. The pagan English also ate horses until they exchanged the worship of their ancestral gods for Christianity. It is even certain that, for some time after the extinction of paganism in Germany and Switzerland, horses were commonly eaten. In the remarkable list of graces to be said before each dish, composed by Ekkehard the younger for the monks of St. Gall, the horse is included in the bill of fare: *Sit feralis equi caro dulcis in hac cruce*

Christi." It was therefore eaten in Switzerland as late as the beginning of the eleventh century. Whether it was an article of food in Britain at this time is unknown. Our monks of the eleventh century were not very nice in their tastes. The canons of Waltham were in the habit of feasting on magpies, and they accounted two of those birds as being equivalent to twelve larks or one pheasant. Eventually, however, horseflesh was driven from the market, and to my knowledge there is no evidence that it was commonly used in England after the spread of Christianity. In Wales, however, it may have been used later than in England, because the interdiction would naturally have less force in a quasi-independent Welsh church than in a region which was evangelized by the direct interference of the Roman Pontiff. To the Welsh horseflesh was merely like any other, good for food, while to the English it was besides this a flesh eaten in honour of the gods of their fathers. Dogs were not eaten in Britain during the Roman occupation, and therefore the occurrence of the broken bones indicates a likelihood of the refuse-heap being of pre-Roman date. The presence of the sheep or goat, short-horned ox, and dog, which were unknown in Europe before the neolithic age, proves that the deposit is certainly not older than that age. The remains of the Celtic shorthorn throw no light upon the antiquity, because for centuries after it had been supplanted in England by a larger breed derived from the urus, it held its ground in Wales, and still lives in the small black Welsh cattle that are lineal descendants of those which furnished beef to the Roman coloni.

While the workmen were busied in breaking the rock to get at this deposit, a small hollow in the precipitous side of the rock across the valley caught my eye. On examination it seemed to be a likely place to search for the remains of man, or of wild animals. The rabbits, the great auxiliaries in cave-hunting, were very abundant; and as they are unable to burrow into rock, it naturally

followed that the rock must contain fissures and holes. We accordingly directed our attention to the hollow, and the pickaxes in a very few minutes began to reveal broken bones belonging to the same group of animals as those from the refuse-heap. Mixed with these, as we proceeded, to our astonishment we found human bones, between and underneath large masses of rock, that were more or less covered with red silt and sand. As these were removed we gradually realized that we were on the threshold of an ossiferous cave. In the small space then excavated the remains of no less than five individuals were discovered. A further examination increased the number of individuals to about twenty. The hollow passed into a rock shelter, and that narrowed into a cave, which penetrated the rock at right angles to the valley, in width and height between three and four feet, and in length eight and twenty.

The entrance was blocked up with red earth and large stones, the latter apparently having been placed there by design. The inside of the cave was filled with red earth and sand to within about a foot of the roof. The human remains lay for the most part on or near the top, but in some cases they were deep down, and in one instance only six inches above the rocky floor. They were associated with those of the domestic and wild animals which we have already mentioned, and they occurred in little confused heaps. A skull of a marten cat was also found, as well as a remarkably fine tusk of a wild boar. Besides human bones, there were other traces of man in the cave. A mussel and cockle-shell and a valve of *mya truncata* must have been brought from the sea-coast, and placed in the place where they were found. The only implement that we obtained was a small broken flake, made of flint, a material that is foreign to the district. Small bits of charcoal occurred throughout the cave, and many rounded pebbles from the boulder clay of the neighbourhood.

The first ten feet from the entrance furnished bits of modern glazed pottery

and small pieces of coal, and near the end of the excavation a small scrap of iron was found, which seemed to me to be a mere splinter broken from one of the tools of the workmen. The coal and the modern pottery have most likely been introduced by the wash of the rain, or possibly by the burrowing of the rabbits. The splinter of iron is scarcely oxidized, and therefore could not have been very long in the cave. These traces of man's handiwork, therefore, may be passed over as of merely accidental occurrence.

The remains of the animals, on the other hand, are in precisely the same fragmentary condition as those from the debris of the refuse-heap, and are therefore relics of a feast. From their close intermixture with the human skeletons, they probably were deposited with them at the same time. They may, however, be viewed as affording proof of previous occupation. If the corpse was placed on the old floor of the cave which was strewn with refuse bones, the human remains could not fail to be in most intimate association with those of the animals which had been eaten.

The human skeletons belonged for the most part to infants or young adults; some, however, belonged to men in the prime of life. All the teeth that had been used were ground perfectly flat, and exhibited no trace of the decay which is the result of our artificial and unnatural manner of living. The stature of the people varied, according to Professor Busk, from four feet ten to five feet six inches, and was therefore not above but below the present average height. The skulls are well developed, and rather above than below the average cranial capacity. In type they correspond with what Professor Huxley terms the River-bed skull, and with some of those figured in the "Crania Britannica" as ancient British. In these respects the human remains presented nothing worthy of particular notice; but when the leg-bones were examined, they exhibited a character of very great interest. The skeletons found in the caves of Gibraltar were

remarkable for the peculiarly compressed and flattened leg-bones—a character which is denoted by the term platycnemic. Those discovered in the cave of Cro Magnon, in Perigord, were also of the same kind. The solitary fragment of bone found by Mr. Foote, along with stone implements, in the “laterite” or superficial sandy loam of India, is also platycnemic. Some of the shin-bones of negroes exhibit a tendency in this direction, but there is no people now upon the earth in which it is so marked as in these ancient dwellers in Europe and India. Some of the leg-bones from our cave presented this peculiarity, while others were of the normal shape. The fact that they were not all platycnemic shows that platycnemism is not ‘a race character,’ as some of the foreign anthropologists believe. It was probably caused by the mode of life, and therefore was more strongly manifested in the male than the female, and in the old than the young. It has not been before noticed in any human remains found in Great Britain.

How can the presence of the human skeletons in the cave be accounted for? Unlike those of the other animals, they are for the most part perfect. They exhibit no marks of scraping or cutting, and therefore cannot be the relics of the feasts of cannibals, like those found in the caves of Portugal. Nor have they been introduced by water. The only satisfactory explanation is that the cave was used by an ancient people as a burial-place; and that the dead were not interred at one time is proved by the fact that the number of individuals was too large to be put at one time in so small a space. They must therefore have been buried at different times, and the cave may have been used as a sepulchre through a long period. Moreover, they were certainly not buried at full length. From the confused heaps in which the bones lay, and the vertical position of one of the femurs, the corpses must have been placed in a sitting posture, as in the majority of the tumuli of the neolithic age. In the days of Herodotus a similar custom was

practised by the Nasamonians, a Libyan tribe. “They bury their dead,” he writes (iv. cap. 190), “sitting, and are careful when a man is at the point of death to make him sit, and not to let him die lying down.”

The flint flake is no index to the date of this remarkable burial-place, because that material was used for solemn purposes long after it had been driven out of use in every-day life by bronze and iron. In Egypt, for instance, the first incision in a corpse to be embalmed was made with a sharp flint, although both bronze and iron knives were at hand to do the work in a much better fashion. In the foundation of the king’s palace at Khorsabad, flint flakes were deposited as coins are in England to-day, probably for some superstitious reason. I met with a flake in a Romano-British cemetery, at Hardham, in Sussex, which is certainly not older than the second century after Christ, and probably much later. In all these cases a great mistake would be made, were the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Roman provincials in Britain relegated to the newer stone age. Flint flakes also were employed for cutting purposes long after the introduction of bronze, and very possibly after the introduction of iron. The flint flake, therefore, in the cave at Perthi Chwareu, does not of itself prove that the interments are of the neolithic age. Nevertheless when they are brought into relation with others, we shall see that there are reasons for believing this conclusion to be true from other premisses.

It is very probable that the folk who ate the animals found in the débris of the refuse-heap were the same as those who used the cave as a burial-place. The identity of animal remains in both is strongly in favour of such a view.

But the cave at Perthi Chwareu is not the only place in Denbighshire in which human skeletons of this peculiar sort have been found. The River Elwy, in cutting its way through the strip of mountain limestone that separates it from the Vale of Clwyd, has formed a series of craggy hills and scarped precipices, of which those at Cefn, near St.



Asaph, are the most striking. In them at various levels are caves, one of which many years ago furnished the bones of the extinct mammalia, bears, lions, mammoths, rhinoceroses, and others. It therefore belongs to the more ancient or post-glacial division of caves. But besides these I found, in the collection of Mrs. Williams Wynn, a human skull and other parts of the skeleton of man, that presented the same peculiarities as those above noted. There were also flint flakes and the broken bones of the same group of animals as at Perthi Chwareu. They were discovered near the lower of the two entrances of the cave, and are doubtless the relics of an interment of the same character as that which we have already mentioned.

The human skull presents a general resemblance to those of Perthi Chwareu, although with certain minute differences. The conditions in which it was found appear to me circumstantial evidence that the interment is of the same relative age and made by the same race as that of Perthi Chwareu. Both were in caves, in both the same domestic and wild animals were found, in the same fragmentary condition. Flint flakes occurred in both, and, what is more important, the same peculiar flattening of the shin-bones implies a somewhat similar mode of life in the people to whom they belonged. It is therefore far more probable that the interments were made by the same race of men, than that they were made by different races, even though there be minute differences in the skulls. After a comparison of the carefully prepared measurements in the "*Crania Britannica*" with those published elsewhere, I cannot resist the conviction that if similar modes of life and of burial in Britain imply an identity of race, cranial variation within the limits of that race is by no means very small. Absolute purity of blood in an island so near the continent as Britain cannot be looked for, and therefore the result of isolation from other races, such as that presented by the Australians, cannot be obtained. It is very possible that some

of the variation in British skulls may be due to the blending of different ethnical elements in one race. I am therefore inclined to view the interments in these two caves as having been made by the same people, in spite of the small cranial difference manifested by the skull from Cefn. An appeal to our charnel-houses shows that modern European crania are by no means modelled on one and the same form.

The clue afforded by these peculiar human remains of the caves now led me in a very unexpected direction. In 1869, a chambered tomb at Cefn, near St. Asaph, had been partially explored by the Rev. D. R. Thomas, and while I was in the neighbourhood the work was being carried on. The chamber is rudely triangular in plan, nine feet long, and with a maximum breadth of five feet, and it is formed of large stone slabs, standing about three-and-a-half feet from the bottom. From the upper angle a narrow passage, four feet wide, passes northwards, and is separated from the chamber by a small slab of stone about eighteen inches high. It was originally covered by a large cairn, and apparently had been surrounded by a rude stone circle. In the passage as well as in the chamber there were human bones belonging to individuals who had been buried in a crouching posture, and arranged for the most part round the sides. The number of burials unfortunately cannot be ascertained, because all the human bones have not been preserved. I have, however, put together one skull, and have examined seven frontal bones and other remains which belonged to at least twelve individuals, varying in age from infancy to full prime. In addition to these there is a large box of bones at Cefn, as well as other remains in other hands. There is, therefore, proof that the number of bodies was too great to have been deposited at one time in so small a cubic area, and therefore the sepulchre must have been used for successive interments, like the cave of Perthi Chwareu. There were no remains of wild or domestic animals, and

the only foreign object was a small slightly-chipped flint pebble.

The plan of the chamber and passage corresponds with that of the long barrow of West Kennet, in Wiltshire, as well as with that of the cromlech of Lecreux des Fées, Guernsey, lately described by Lieut. Oliver. In the former of these the corpses were buried in a crouching posture along with flint scrapers and fragments of rude pottery; from the latter the original contents had been removed without any record of its nature. To speak in general terms, the chambered tomb of Cefn belongs to the class named "long barrows" by Dr. Thurnam and "gang-graben" by Professor Nilsson, and which is found in Scandinavia and France, as well as in Britain. It is worthy of note that the partial insulation of the sepulchral chamber from the passage is to be seen also in like tombs, both in Guernsey and in Brittany.

The arrangement also of the corpses round the sides of the sepulchral chamber at Cefn is a link connecting that tumulus with those of Scandinavia. "In these (Scandinavian) burial vaults," writes Professor Nilsson, "the corpses are placed along the sides of the walls in a sitting or lying position; they are less frequently placed in the centre of the chamber. The corpses, often very numerous, being those of men, women, and children, have evidently been buried at different times, and probably during a long series of years. These tumuli are, so far as I know, never bare, but always covered, both at the top and round the sides, so that the roof or top stones are never seen alone, and at the sides scarcely ever the outermost galley-stones." This description applies exactly to the Cefn tumulus, which was covered with a large heap of stones before the repairs of the road led to the discovery of the sepulchral chamber.

The only human cranium sufficiently perfect for comparison was of the same form as those from our two caves. Some of the leg-bones presented the peculiar flattened character already alluded to. The dead were interred in a sitting posture, as at Perthi Chwareu. These three

facts seem to me to imply that the interments were made by the same race of men, although no remains of animals are found in the chambered tomb. To explain this difference I must fall back on the hypothesis of the origin of the chambered tombs, invented by Professor Nilsson and adopted by Sir John Lubbock. Chambered tombs, according to these high authorities, were originally the subterranean habitations in which the deceased had once lived, and in them the dead rested, literally "each in his own house." Some savage tribes at the present day, such as the Maories and the islanders of Torres Straits, place their dead in their ordinary dwellings. In New Zealand Mr. Taylor has seen many villages in which nearly half the houses belonged to the dead. If the chambered tombs be compared with dwellings of the Eskimos, and of some of the dwellers in North-eastern Asia, a remarkable identity of plan cannot fail to be recognized. It is therefore highly probable that the former, like the Lycian tombs explored by Sir Charles Fellowes, are copies of ancient habitations. Some indeed may have been built originally for the living, and not for the dead. In Britain, it is undoubtedly true that there is not one instance of a chambered structure of this kind which can be proved to have been intended for a dwelling; but that fact is not of much value in the argument. The strong spirit of conservatism, which has always been manifested in religious and solemn ceremonial, would cause a people who no longer built habitations for themselves after the fashion of the dwellers within the Arctic Circle, to bury their dead according to the ancient customs of their forefathers. The absence of the remains of animals from the tomb at Cefn may be easily explained by the fact of its never having been a dwelling, while their presence in the caves of Cefn and Perthi Chwareu are probably evidence of the occupation by the living. Thus the idea of the dead being interred in his own dwelling-place would be the cause of burial in the caves and in the tomb, and it is not at all strange that people

of the same race should have disposed of their dead, sometimes in the one, and sometimes in the other. The tomb at Cefn and the cave of Perthi Chwareu had clearly been used as burial-places for a family or a tribe.

The question naturally arises, Who were these ancient dwellers in Denbighshire? In the present state of ethnology it is impossible to say to which of the great divisions of the human race they belong. From the date of the Roman invasion backwards the question becomes more and more complex the further you get from the historical boundary line. The Celts occupied that portion of Britain when it was conquered by the Roman legions. But who preceded the Celts? It may be, as Professor Huxley has suggested, that those fair-haired invaders dispossessed a dark-haired Basque or Iberian people, not only here, but also in France and Ireland. To the Celtic as well as to the Teutonic blood he assigns the light, and to the Iberian the dark complexions which are found side by side over a large portion of Europe. The various shades would of course be the result of inter-marriage. This view of the Basque peoples having occupied Britain before the Celtic invasion is probably true. But have we any reason for believing that they came here as settlers in a region without inhabitants, and not as invaders? It is impossible to give a certain answer; but probably they too came as invaders. The dwellers in Europe before their time are enveloped in impenetrable darkness. Possibly, as Professor Nilsson suggests, a Turanian people may have occupied North Germany, and perhaps they may have extended much further to the south. History tells us very little about the modes of life of the Celts, and nothing of the Basques. When the Gauls sacked Rome they were armed with iron swords, and when Cæsar conquered Gaul he met with foes in every sense worthy of his steel, possessed of a navy, and using iron chariots in the battle. From the close connection between Gaul and Britain, it is extremely probable that

the civilization in both was of the same kind, and that both were far advanced in the iron age, although Cæsar merely mentions that the Britons had chariots of iron, and used iron rings for money—two points which could not fail to arrest the attention of a Roman general intent on conquest and plunder. The Basques in Spain must have been acquainted with iron at the time of the Phœnician occupation of the country. We do not know how or whence the Celts obtained their knowledge of iron. It follows, therefore, that we cannot bring these two ancient peoples into relation with the prehistoric remains that abound in France, Britain, and Germany, and which are roughly classified according to the implements and weapons they contain. A tumulus containing iron may have belonged to Basque, Celt, or Teuton; that in which bronze is found cannot be assigned to any distinct and well-known race of men now on the earth; while those which contain stone are still further from any ethnological classification.

Nor does an appeal to the skulls help us very much, because the exact classificatory value of cranial differences between two allied races, such as the Celtic and Teutonic, has not yet been determined. Moreover, as we cannot tell how many different peoples successively invaded Europe, it is not fair to classify all human remains according to the standard afforded by races now living on the earth. To add to the complexity of the problem, the changes induced by the intermixture of blood have not yet been estimated at their true value. It must therefore be given up as insoluble in the present state of our knowledge.

But if we are ignorant of the precise relation of these ancient dwellers in Denbighshire to any race now alive, we still can apply to them the archæological classification. Were they stone-folk, or bronze-folk, or users of iron? A direct answer cannot be given, but the circumstantial evidence points very strongly in one direction. In the first place, no traces of metal were furnished in th

caves or the chambered tomb, but merely fragments of flint. This fact, taken *per se*, is a mere negative, as I have stated before, of no very high significance; but when it is viewed in connection with the crouching posture of the corpse, it implies the high probability of the interments being of the neolithic age, in which that mode of burial generally prevailed. In the second place, the platycnemism, or peculiar flatness of leg-bone, is a peculiar character that has not been recognized in any human remains later than the stone age. An appeal to the skulls obtained from chambered tombs in various parts of England, Wales, and Ireland, proves that those from Denbighshire by no means stand alone. Some of the skulls, described in the "*Crania Britannica*" as ancient British, agree exactly in size and form with those under consideration. As examples I may quote the skull found in a kistvaen in Phoenix Park, Dublin, along with a necklace of shells, a bone pin, and pottery; that from a barrow on Acklam wold, Yorkshire, in which the corpse was buried in a crouching posture, along with flint flakes, coarse pottery, and bone pins; and that from Haytop barrow, in Derbyshire, which presented precisely the same conditions of burial as at Acklam, excepting that instead of bone pins there were jet beads. The skull found in the chambered barrow at Plas Heaton, Denbighshire, in which the dead were buried in a crouching posture, is also of the same character. In all these cases the identity of cranial

form, coupled with similar modes of interment, implies an identity of race. Many other instances might be quoted to show that these skulls, with a few exceptions, belong to the neolithic age; and those few belong to that of bronze. We may therefore infer, with a high degree of probability, that the interments in the tumuli and caves of Denbighshire are also neolithic. I have not the slightest doubt that platycnemism will be recognized in very many remains from chambered tombs in different parts of Britain, and that eventually the men found in Denbighshire will be proved to belong to a race that spread over Britain and Ireland, and possibly over a wide area on the continent—to a nameless race known only to us by the burial-places and refuse-heaps which they have left behind.

Such is the curious line of inquiry opened up by cave-hunting in Denbighshire. There are many untouched caves in the neighbourhood of Cefn. In Brysgill dingle, for example, on the other side of the Elwy, there is a small round cave, with no less than six layers of stalagmite, on the left-hand side as you descend the bed of the stream. A little lower down on the right is a large tunnel cave, partially filled with red earth; still lower down a water channel leads into the rock, and below this all the water in the stream disappears into a subterranean channel. The district indeed offers unlimited sport to the cave-hunter.

## RABELAIS.

BY WALTER BESANT.

THE ordinary notions of Rabelais are derived partly from Pope's famous, but not very wise line, and partly from the fact of his being generally called the "curé of Meudon," an appointment which he held for less than two years, out of a life of seventy.

We picture him to ourselves as a jovial priest, with a reputation by no means doubtful; a heathen in his worship of two at least of the Latin deities: one who mumbled a mass and bawled a drinking song; who spent the briefest time possible over vespers, and the longest possible over supper; who laughed and mocked at all things human and divine; who was a hog for appetite, and a monkey for tricks.

He has been described, by men professing to write about him, as a Lutheran, a Catholic, a Calvinist; as a great moral teacher, a mere buffoon, and a notorious infidel. Partisans look on this many-sided man from their own side only. For, in a way, he was most of these things. He was a Catholic, inasmuch as he never left the Church in which he was born; he was a Protestant, so far as he devoted his best energies to pour contempt on abuses which were the main causes of Protestantism; and he was an infidel to the extent of refusing to accept the teaching either of Rome or of Geneva, of Luther or the Sorbonne. To paint him as a moral teacher alone is to ignore the overwhelming drollery of his character; while to set him up as a mere merry-andrew is to forget the earnestness—not much like that of the nineteenth century, but something as real, if not so feverish—which underlies his writings, and makes itself felt whenever he is not laughing with you and for you.

Let us get at the real story of his life. The facts are not many, so far as they

can be ascertained, and will not take long telling.

He was born about the year 1483,<sup>1</sup> at Chinon, in Touraine, where his father appears to have had a hostelry and a small farm. A good deal of discussion has been raised as to the quality and condition of his family, but after four hundred years we can afford to be careless about the question. In those days, and indeed long afterwards, lowness of birth furnished a tremendous weapon of offence in literary controversy. They hurled at Rabelais, for instance, the fact of his father having kept an inn, and waited, looking to see him subside, which he unaccountably refused to do. In later years M. Jean Baptiste Poquelin, and later still, M. François Marie Arouet, suffered a good deal from similar taunts; while, before either of them was born, poor Théophile Viaud, when his enemies contemptuously called him Viaut,—an insult which deprived him of all claim to territorial gentility—was reduced to mere dregs of despair and rage.

Rabelais, then, was of the middle class. In an evil hour, while yet a boy, he entered the convent of Fontenay-le-Comte, and became a Franciscan monk, one of that order to whom all study was a criminal waste of time, and the study of Greek, in particular, a deadly sin. There he remained for fifteen years, becoming a priest about the year 1511. Very fortunately for himself, he had made, before putting on the monastic robe, some friends who never deserted him, especially André Tiraqueau, who helped him in his sorest need; Geoffroi d'Estissac, afterwards Bishop of Ma

<sup>1</sup> This date is disputed, some putting his birth in the year 1495. There does not seem sufficient reason for departing from the received tradition.

lezais; and the brothers Du Bellay, all of whom became eminent men.

Perhaps by the help of these friends, perhaps by his own ingenuity, he found means to carry on his studies, and even to keep up a correspondence in Greek with Budæus. It was somewhere about 1520 that the Chapter of the convent—who, one would think, must have had for some time suspicions of the abominable thing going on within their walls—made a sudden raid on the cells of Rabelais and his friend Pierre Lamy, and found there, not without horror, Greek books. Then a mysterious event occurred, for which no reasons, save vague and incredible reasons, have ever been assigned. Rabelais was condemned to the punishment called “in pace,” that is, to imprisonment in the dungeons of the convent for the whole term of his natural life, on bread and water. How long he remained in this seclusion we do not know. His friends, and especially Tiraqueau, now Governor of Touraine, getting some inkling of his misfortune, managed, by force, it is said, to get him out. He appears to have then gone into hiding for some time, until, by the special permission of the Pope, in 1524, he passed over to the Benedictine Order, into the Abbey of Maillezais. Here he was further permitted to hold whatever benefices might be given him, in spite of his Franciscan vow of poverty.

Once having got his protection from the Franciscans, Rabelais seems to have cared very little about conciliating the Benedictines. On the contrary, he threw aside the monastic garb altogether, put on that of a secular priest, and came secretary to the Bishop of Maillezais. Perhaps the Benedictines were content to see him go. His presence among them would be certainly considered as a *gêne*, and probably an insult. It was as if among the magic circle of

Senior Fellows—say, of Trinity—there intruded one whose chief article of belief was that all fellowships should be abolished, and who was known to actively advocate the sale of college livings and the abolition of college feasts.

It is uncertain how long he remained with the Bishop. Somewhere about 1530 he went to the University of Montpellier. His feats at that school of learning are too long to narrate; how he was received among them by acclamation; how he pleaded the privileges of the university in—let us say, *n* different languages, the number varying according to the imagination of the narrator; how he wrote and acted farces; how he lectured, and how he laughed. After two years at Montpellier he went to Lyons, on the invitation of his friend, Etienne Dolet. Here he published the second volume of the medical letters of Manardi, “*Hippocratis et Galeni libri aliquot*,” and a forgery, of which he was the dupe, of a Latin will. Finding that the demand for these works was but small, he revenged himself, as tradition says, with considerable air of probability, by writing the “*Chronique Gargantuine*.”

This had an enormous and immediate success, and was followed, in 1533, by the first book of “*Pantagruel*,” of which three editions were sold the same year; and in 1534 by “*Gargantua*,” a revised and much altered edition of the “*Chronique*.”

In 1534 he accompanied Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, in his journey to Rome, whither he went to effect a reconciliation, if possible, between Henry the Eighth and the Pope. Returning to Lyons, he did good service to literature by publishing Marliani’s “*Topography of Ancient Rome*,” and at the same time an Almanack for 1535. The affair of the placards at Paris happened about this time, and Rabelais, as deeply inimical to the Sorbonne as any, thought it prudent, with all the band of *novateurs* and free-thinkers, to take refuge in Italy till the storm blew over. He seems to have chosen the safest place in Europe for a man of heretical opinions—Rome; here he obtained permission to lay aside the Benedictine habit and to practise medicine gratuitously, and as soon as possible he got back to France.

He was now getting old. Peace and tranquillity came to him at last. He

got permission of the Pope to quit the Benedictine Order, the habit of which he had previously laid aside. The powerful family Du Bellay protected and loved him. The Cardinal gave him a Canonry; Martin du Bellay (the roi d'Yvetot) entertained him in Normandy, René du Bellay at Maur; and Guillaume du Bellay, Seigneur de Langey, had the author of "Pantagruel" with him as much as he could.

In 1546 appeared the "third book," protected by royal privilege. The appearance of this, and the failure of the Sorbonne either to prevent its appearance or to prosecute the author, caused a long series of vexatious attempts to attack him through numerous imitations of his work. These all fell to the ground, and leaving his enemies to do their worst, he went once more to Rome, in 1548, with Cardinal du Bellay.

Through the influence of Diane de Poitiers, he obtained a privilege from Henry the Second for his "fourth book." It was printed in 1552, but prevented from appearing till the following year.

In January 1553 he resigned his living of St. Christophe, which had been given him by René du Bellay. On the 9th of February he resigned the living of Meudon, which he had held for two years only. His "fourth book" appeared in March, and in April he died.

It is important to bear in mind, when reading his works, some of their dates:

- 1483. His birth.
- 1533. Pantagruel, Book I.—commonly called the second book.
- 1534. Gargantua.
- 1546. Pantagruel, Book II.—called the third book.
- 1553. Pantagruel, Book III.—called the fourth.
- His death.

And, in 1562, appeared the first sixteen chapters of the last book.

The "fourth book," therefore, was given to the world a few days before his death; while the last did not appear till ten years afterwards.

When the first book of "Pantagruel" was written, the author was fifty years of age. It was not the work of a young man; there was no justification for

its faults on the score of youth, and no inexperience to plead in modification of its judgments. The wisdom of a life spent in study was to be expected; the fruits of many a year's toil; the results of observation of many men and many manners. The age of the author is, indeed, one of the most singular things about it. At a time when most men, dulled by disappointment, and saddened by the loss of all their youthful illusions, begin to fall back upon that gravity of resignation which is one of the saddest properties of age, Rabelais, with the freshness of twenty, but with the wisdom of fifty, begins first to accuse, then to instruct, and finally to laugh at the world. There can be no doubt that his first intention, when he wrote the "Chronique Gargantua," a mere farrago of nonsense, was to write a burlesque on the romances of the day, full of giants, knights, and tales of enchantment. Succeeding beyond his hopes, achieving a sudden reputation in a new and hitherto untried line, he continued his tale. But then the impossible became, by slow degrees, possible and human: by slow degrees, because he could not suddenly, nor altogether, abandon the burlesque, and because the quaint and misshapen creations of his fancy took time to alter their forms, and become, even approximately, men. Not men and women, because Rabelais has men and women in his books. Man's heart could read, but not woman's. Like Swift, he shows no signs of passion. Unlike Swift, he did not write till an age when the passion of his youth had had time to consume itself in those long days and nights of toil during which he secretly read Plato in the convent cell of Fontenay-le-Comte. His monastic manhood betrays itself in this, that there is no word in his books to show that he ever guessed at the possibility of the power of love, or the chance that Heaven might tempt the other sex for other purposes than a snare and an occasion for fall to men. Passion was not in Swift's nature; it was killed in Rabelais. A great fault, common to both, is weakness in Swift than in Rabelais, because

former always mixed freely with men and women, while the latter belonged wholly to men. We cannot help a comparison of some sort between the two, but how immeasurably superior is Rabelais in sympathy, in dignity, in power of conception, and in all those fine touches which show the insight of genius.

We are also reminded of Cervantes. He, too, resolved on writing a burlesque on romances. Presently the caricatures he has conceived begin to show human properties. The moon-struck madness of Don Quixote is not incompatible with wisdom of the highest kind, chivalry of the highest type. Sancho, who at first follows his master in the hope of bettering his fortunes, follows him afterwards from the noblest sense of affectionate loyalty, when all his hopes of fortune are scattered. And as Pantagruel becomes the wisest of kings, Don Quixote becomes the knightliest of knights. For life is too serious to make good burlesque writing possible except within very narrow limits; and directly the puppets touch on human interests, they become themselves human.

It is impossible, in this brief space, to convey to those who do not know Rabelais, any adequate conception of the book or the man: too many things require illustration; too many points require to be dwelt upon. For those who do know him, an apology is due for the mere attempt to consider him in these few columns.

Let us however, keeping the comic element as much as possible out of consideration, try a brief notice of the contents of the books.

The first is of the great giant Gargantua, son of Grandgousier (and Gargahelle), his birth, childhood, education, and triumphant victories over King Picobhole. This book, altered as it is from its original form, is full of absurdities and extravagances. Gargantua seduces a great mare to Paris, who by the whisking of her tail knocks down whole prests; he robs Notre Dame of its bells; he combs the cannon balls out of his hair after a battle; he eats up six pilgrims in

a salad, who live for some time in the valleys and recesses of his mouth—with other diverting incidents, most of which are to be found in the first edition. The satirical element is much stronger in this book than in the first of “Pantagruel,” which, as has been stated, appeared before it. It may be here remarked, that nowhere does Rabelais satirize the institution of royalty, or the profession of healing, the two things in the world for which he seems to have had a real respect.

Gargantua's education is at first confined to sophisters and schoolmasters. With them he leads the life of a clown. On rising, he combs his hair with the German comb, that is, his ten fingers, his preceptors instructing him that to wash and make himself neat is to lose time in this world. Then he gorges himself at breakfast. After breakfast he goes to church, where he hears “six-and-twenty or thirty masses.” These despatched, he studies for a paltry half-hour, his heart being in the kitchen. After a huge and Gargantuan dinner, he talks and plays with his attendants. Then he sleeps two or three hours, “without thinking or speaking any harm.” After this he drinks, reads a little, visits the kitchen to see what roast meat is on the spit, sups, goes to bed and sleeps till eight. Ponocrates, his new tutor, reforms all this, and, by dint of patience, succeeds in making him forget his old habits. He now rises at four, when he begins the day with prayer and the Holy Scripture, and spends the morning (not a word now of even a single mass) in lectures and philosophical discourse. Then to tennis; after which, dinner. At dinner, the talk is of the “virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at the table . . . by means whereof he learns in a little time all the passages competent for this that are found in Plato, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Ælian, and others.”

Then they practise tricks with cards, by which he learns arithmetic; after this they sing, and then practise horseman-



ship and all manner of manly exercises. Returning home through the meadows, they herborize and study botany, and then, being arrived at their lodging, Gargantua sups, afterwards singing, learning astronomy, or playing cards till bedtime. "Then prayed they unto God the Creator, falling down before Him, and strengthening their faith towards Him : and so glorifying Him for His boundless bounty ; and giving thanks to Him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to the Divine clemency for the future."

The most remarkable chapters in this book (all written for the second edition) are those which describe Friar John's monastery of Thelemé (Θέλημα). This was built and instituted after the holy friar's own scheme, to serve as a model for ever for all future convents. First, there was to be no wall round it ; and because in some monasteries they sweep the ground after a woman has crossed it, Friar John ordained that if any regular monk enter the monastery every room through which he has passed shall be thoroughly scrubbed, cleansed, and purified. And because in all convents everything is done by hours, it is here strictly enjoined that no clock or dial at all be set up. For the occupants, they are to consist of women, but only those who are fair, well featured, and of a sweet disposition ; and of men, but only those who are comely and well-conditioned. Anybody may go where he or she likes, and they have free permission to marry, to get rich, and generally to do as they please.

The buildings of the monastery, which are more splendid than those of Chantilly or of Chambéry, are described, and the fancy of the writer runs riot in picturing all the splendour, luxury, and comfort he can conceive. Thus, by the river Loire, the Thelemites spend their lives, not by laws and statutes, but according to their own free-will and pleasure. In all their regulations there is but one of universal application—"Do what thou will." On the principles of natural religion, or rather of good breeding, the monastery of Thelemé is to be governed,

"because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct or spur which prompts them to virtuous actions ;" herein the author seeming to get dangerously near the heresy of Pelagius.

The real hero of Rabelais is Pantagruel, son of Gargantua, and not Panurge as most writers have said. At his birth, his mother Badebec dies, so that Gargantua is divided between weeping for grief at the loss of his wife, and rejoicing at the birth of so fair a son.

"Ah ! Badebec, Badebec, my dear heart, my honey, my tender wife, never shall I see thee again. Ah ! poor Pantagruel, thou hast lost thy good mother."

"With these words he did cry like a cow, but on a sudden fell a-laughing like a calf, when Pantagruel came into his mind. 'Ha, my little son,' said he, 'my childilolly, my dandlchucky, my pretty rogue. . . O how jolly thou art ! . . . Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! how glad I am ! Let us drink.'"<sup>1</sup>

The earlier years of Pantagruel, which show too close a connection with the "Chronique Gargantuine," may be passed over. When he grows older he visits the different French universities, Montpellier, Valence, Bourges, Orleans—where he meets the Limousin scholar who talks the new Latin-French—and Paris, which gives the author an opportunity of giving his famous catalogue of the library.

And then comes Gargantua's noble letter to his son, exhorting him to study.

"And that which I now write to thee is not so much that thou shouldest live in this virtuous course, as that thou shouldest rejoice in so living and having lived, and cheer thyself up with the like resolution in time to come ; to the prosecution and accomplishment of which enterprise and generous undertaking thou mayest easily remember how that I have spared nothing to see thee once in my life completely well-bred and accomplished ; as well in virtue, honesty, and valour, as in all liberal knowledge and civility : and so to leave thee after my death as a mirror representing the person of me thy father : and if not so excellent and altogether as I do wish thee, yet such is my desire."

"I intend, and will have it so, that thou learn the languages perfectly : first of all, the Greek, as Quintilian will have it ; secondly, the

<sup>1</sup> From πάντα, says Rabelais, and gruel which "in the Hagarene language doth signify thirsty."

Latin; and then the Hebrew, for the Holy Scripture-sake; and then the Chaldee and Arabic likewise: and that thou frame thy style in Greek in imitation of Plato; and for the Latin, after Cicero. Let there be no history which thou shalt not have ready in thy memory;—unto the prosecuting of which design, books of cosmography will be very conducive, and help thee much. Of the liberal arts of geometry, arithmetic and music, I gave thee some taste when thou wert yet little, and not above five or six years old. Proceed further in them, and learn the remainder if thou canst. As for astronomy, study all the rules thereof. Let pass, nevertheless, the divining and judicial astrology, and the art of Lullius, as being nothing else but plain abuses and vanities. As for the civil law, of that I would have thee to know the texts by heart, and then to confer them with philosophy.

“Now, in matter of the knowledge of the works of nature, I would have thee give thyself curiously; that so there be no sea, river, nor fountain, of which thou dost not know the fishes; all the fowls of the air; all the several kinds of shrubs and trees, whether in forest or orchards; all the sorts of herbs and flowers that grow upon the ground; all the various metals that are hid within the bowels of the earth; together with all the diversity of precious stones that are to be seen in the orient and south parts of the world. Let nothing of all these be hidden from thee. And at some of the hours of the day apply thy mind to the study of the Holy Scriptures; first, in Greek, the New Testament, with the Epistles of the Apostles; and then the Old Testament in Hebrew. In brief, let me see thee an abyss and bottomless pit of knowledge: for from henceforward, as thou growest great and becomest a man, thou must part from this tranquillity and art of study, thou must learn chivalry, warfare, and the exercises of the field, the better thereby to defend my house and our friends, and to succour and protect them at all their needs, against the invasion and assaults of evil doers.

“But because, as the wise man Solomon saith, Wisdom entereth not into a malicious mind, and that knowledge without conscience is but the ruin of the soul; it behoveth thee to serve, to love, to fear God, and on him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and, by faith formed in charity, to cleave unto him, so that thou mayest never be separated from him by thy sins. Set not thy heart upon vanity, for this life is transitory, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. And, when thou shalt see that thou hast attained to all the knowledge that is to be acquired in that part, return unto me, that I may see thee, and give thee my blessing before I die. My son, the peace and grace of our Lord be with thee, Amen.

“Thy father, GARGANTUA.”

Under Epistemon, his tutor, Pantagruel makes rapid progress in study. In

Paris he meets Panurge, who addresses him in thirteen different languages, the author probably bearing in mind a similar feat of his own, when he pleaded the cause of the Montpellier University. He hears and decides a cause in which the pleadings are given with great prolixity of nonsense on either side. Then we have the mischiefs of Panurge, the victories of Pantagruel, and the descent of Epistemon to the nether regions. This book, indeed, is the only really mirthful one in Rabelais. It was the natural sequel and development of the “Chronique Gargantaine.” There is very little satire in it, and no malice; he leaves the monks alone, and only makes fair game of the pedantry of the lawyer and the follies of the university.

It is not difficult to construct, from this book alone, a sort of master-key to the whole. Thus Pantagruel is he who collects the wisdom and knowledge of his councillors, and applies them to the practical purposes of life. Epistemon, his tutor, represents scholarship and learning, Eusthenes, the right application of strength. Friar John is the soldier and man of action, spoiled by the monkish robe. Panurge—*πάνουργος*—what may he not represent? He is intellect, unaided by rank or wealth. He is intellect without moral principle. He is cunning, without forethought, audacity, without bravery. He is a spendthrift, contriver, libertine, scholar, coward, wit. He has no pity, no sympathy, no shame, no reverence; he has no virtues at all. He has no strength, only craft; no affection, save for what will help him. Pantagruel is a great king, and Friar John a lusty comrade. But when John gets old and Pantagruel weak, Panurge will betake himself to the nearest available protector, and be as full of animal spirits, as jovial, as reckless as ever. Panurge is a man with every faculty, but without a soul.

But this kind of allegorizing is dangerous. It may be carried very far beyond what was ever intended. Still I have little doubt that some such scheme, over and above the first idea of a burlesque, was in the mind of Rabelais.

Mere fooling, to a man so learned, would have been simply impossible, and his genius is nowhere so conspicuous as in the exquisitely human touches of tenderness and sympathy that light up his pages. But there is this one character that has neither sympathy nor tenderness, and I am more and more convinced that in Panurge Rabelais seriously designed to show the world man, in his highest development of intellect, but with no soul,—stripped of that divine element which gives him, alone in the world, the power of sympathy. It would be vain to follow up the allegory always sitting loosely upon him, and which in his last two books the writer deliberately neglects in order to satirize the Church; and all his characters, except Panurge and Pantagruel, sink into insignificance when they visit the islands of Papimanie and Papefigue, and the abode of the great Pope-hawk.

Panurge, I have said, is not the hero of Rabelais. It is the consistency of his character alone, and the prominent part he plays, that has led critics to forget his real subordination to the leading figure of the group; and the majestic conception of Pantagruel, wise and calm, is only brought into stronger relief by the turbulent boisterousness of his follower.

We may put aside, too, as wholly absurd, the old idea that the work depicts the living personages of the time. Nothing can be sillier than the so-called keys to Rabelais. Allusions, it is true, are constantly being made to topics of the day, to local gossip, and contemporary anecdote. In the details of the book, as well as in its spirit, there is a flood of light thrown upon the thought of a time—a time more abundantly illustrated than almost any other. Indeed, from Brantôme, Marot, Des Periers, Rabelais, and Erasmus, the first fifty years of that remarkable century might be reproduced with a vividness and fidelity to which I think no other period, unless it be the last century, presents a parallel.

The third book opens with Panurge's prodigality, after Pantagruel had given

him the lordship of Salmygondin, and his discourse on the pleasure and profit of being in debt.

"Be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, wherein everyone lendeth and everyone oweth, and all are debtors and all creditors. What would be the harmony among the regular movement of the heavens! I think I hear it as well as ever Plato did. What sympathy between the elements! . . . I lose myself in the contemplation. Among men, peace, honour, love, fidelity, repose, banquets, feasts, joy, delight, gold, silver, small money, chains, rings, merchandise, will run from hand to hand. No lawsuits: no war: no disputes: no one then will be a usurer, a miser! avaricious, or a refuser of loans. Good God! will it not be the age of gold—the kingdom of Saturn—the idea of the Olympic regions, in which all other virtues cease, and Charity alone is regent, mistress, queen?"

Then come Panurge's grave doubts on the subject of marriage, and the incomparable chapter where he sets forth his difficulties to Pantagruel, receiving from him the alternate advice, "Marry, then," and "Then do not marry."

The rest of the book is chiefly made up of the advice given to Panurge by different councillors, none of whom advances his cause at all. Here, too, occurs the case of Judge Bridoise,—without any exception, the finest piece of comedy in the whole of Rabelais. The humour consists not so much in making the poor old judge, against whom an appeal has been lodged, confess that he decided this case, and has decided all others during his whole life, by the throw of the dice, keeping big dice for important cases, and small dice for trifling ones, as in the judge's perfect incapacity to see any reason for concealing the fact, or any other method of arriving at perfect justice and fair dealing, and his inability to make any other defence than that, by reason of the infirmity of age, he might be prevented from rightly discerning the points of the dice, and so the course of justice be diverted.

The Sorbonne could find nothing in the third book to complain of. In one chapter, the word *âne* was printed no less than three times instead of *ame*; but King Francis refused to sanction its

prohibition on that account, and the book appeared *Cum privilegio*.

Before the appearance of the fourth book, we must remember that Rabelais stripped himself of his benefices. We must also remember that he died a very few weeks after it appeared.

Now Rabelais had little of the spirit of a martyr in him. There was probably no form of religion for which he would have gone to the stake, or even, willingly, to prison; martyrdom would have been just as disagreeable to him whether at the hands of the monks or the Calvinists. Both parties would certainly have burned him, had they been able, with joy; Calvin out of the malice of a disposition rendered morbid by bodily suffering and wounded personal vanity, and the monks out of pure revenge on a man who had done more than any other man, living or dead,—Erasmus, Buchanan, Walter de Mapes, and Jean de Meung, not excepted,—to bring them into contempt.

There must have been some protector at Court on whom Rabelais relied when he resolved on issuing this fourth book; else we must believe that in his old age he committed the only imprudent act of his life; and, after dexterously avoiding his enemies for seventy years, voluntarily put his head into the lion's mouth. He died, but that was unforeseen; and we may picture the rage of the orthodox when their old enemy, now almost within their grasp, slipped quietly out of their hands. The Church never forgets; priests never forgive; and it was well for the writer that his life was not prolonged beyond his threescore years and ten.

To the protection of the Du Bellay family, he probably added that of Cardinal Odet. He it was, I think, who subsequently became a professed Protestant, and took a wife. There must have been others, and the nature of the work must have been known to them; for now a change comes over the spirit of the book. It is no longer the pure spirit of drollery; there is no more tenderness; the old geniality seems gone out of it; the animal spirits of the old

man are dying out; the fire of his resentment mounts higher; all is fierce, vehement, bitter satire: he laughs, with a gibe at the monks; he moralizes, with a jest on the priests.

The last book may be taken with the fourth, though it did not appear till ten years after the death of the writer, and then without his final touches and corrections. It lacks these; its bitterness is too keen; it has no geniality at all, though it wants some, if only to set off and heighten the boundless measure of its contempt for monks and priests.

In the fourth book, however, we are not wholly without fun. There we may read how Panurge bargained for the sheep; how the Lord de Basché struck a wholesome terror into bailiffs; how Francis Villon was revenged on Friar Tickletoby; how the great storm fell upon them, with the cowardly conduct of Panurge; and how the frozen words fell on the deck, and melted, and were heard. Here, indeed, are goodly materials for mirth. But the tone of the whole is somehow changed.

They visit, during this Odyssean voyage, the island of Shrovetide, the island of Papefigue, the inhabitants of which, though once rich, were now poor, wretched, and subject to the Papi-manes. Then they go to the island of Papemanie—"navigasmes par ung jour en sérénité et tout plaisir, quand à nostre veue s'offrit la benoïste isle des Papi-manes,"—and observe the calm weather which always reigns round the island of the orthodox. When they near the shore, a boat puts off, to ask them, "Have they seen him?" "Seen whom?" asks Pantagruel. "Him!" they repeat. "Who is he?" quoth Friar John, "Par la mort beuf! I will smash him," thinking it had been some notorious criminal. "How!" cried they in the boat, "do you not know, gentlemen pilgrims, the Only One (l'Unique)? Nous parlons du Dieu en terre." "Upon my word," says Carpalim, "they mean the Pope." "Oh, yes!" says Pantagruel, "I have seen three of them; much better am I for the sight. One at a time, understand." "O folk thrice

and four times happy!" they cry, "welcome and more than welcome." "Then they knelt down before us, and wished to kiss our feet."

Then they were entertained by Homenas, who sets forth the praise of the decretals, and how they gather gold for Rome.

Next they go to the Court of the great inventor Gaster, the first Master of Arts in the world. There, in the liveliest allegory, Rabelais shows how necessity and self-preservation are the parents of all arts and sciences, and how from the mere want of food springs every development of the ingenuity of man.

The purpose of the writer grows wider still in the last, imperfect book. They go to the isle of Bells (*Pisle Sonnante*), where the single Pope-hawk lives with clergy-hawks, monk-hawks, priest-hawks, abbot-hawks, bishop-hawks, and cardinal-hawks. These birds are all of strange birth. They are imported from the land of Lack-bread, and never go back. They sing at the ringing of bells; they lead joyous and happy lives, "but nothing to what we shall have," says *Ædituus*, "in the other world"; and they are all sacred, and not to be touched on pain of fearful punishments. Here, without the least disguise, the Church is described. Then to other islands, including that of Grippeminaud, the Inquisitor, and so on to the last, the oracle of the Bottle.

We see, then, in Rabelais, three stages: simple burlesque, allegory and satire grafted in burlesque, and satire almost unmingled. He has the same purpose throughout, but it grows. While at first he attacks monks only, he afterwards aims at the follies of the whole Church, and even at the court and constitution of Rome, finishing the whole with the oracle which relieves Pantagruel's mind, and sums up the Pantagruelian Philosophy by the magic word, "Drink."

"Now," says the priestess, "you may depart, my friends, and may that intellectual sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere, which we call God, keep you in His almighty

protection. When you return to the world, do not fail to affirm that the greatest treasures are hidden underground; and not without reason."

The controversies of the time, the endless disputes of the schools, the differences of churches—what were they to men who could feed on Plato, and roam over the flowery fields of ancient philosophy? What was it to them whether the bigot of Geneva, or the bigot of Rome, conquered? what to them the issue of questions as idle as the bells of *Pisle Sonnante*, as meaningless as the frozen words on the deck of Pantagruel's ship? The spirit of priesthood—that had been the enemy of philosophy in old times, and was its enemy in the new times; the fanaticism and blind fear of ignorance were their natural foes; the long chain of custom, the fetter that bound men's souls to decaying forms, was what they would fain, but could not, remove. Life might be cheered by the intercourse of scholars; but life with the common herd, with the so-called religious, and the so-called learned, was intolerable, ludicrous, stupid. As for the doctrines of the Church, the great God reigns: He is like a sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere. The ministers of the Church are its worst enemies: he who is wise will be tied by as few dogmas as may be, but he will possess his soul in patience; and after seventy years of study, thought, and labour, will accept the sacraments in the usual way, with one last parting insult for the priest who brings them.

This is, as appears to me, the Pantagruelian Philosophy, which was professed by no small number of scholars. It was no mere name, or peg, on which to hang a string of trifles. It was followed by those who felt, with Rabelais, that to promote learning was to promote progress; that to revolt against evils which spring mainly from ignorance is futile. Hence, they passed their lives in unprotesting acquiescence, content to feel that the things they knew would grow and spread more and more. There are few scholars now

to compare with those of the sixteenth century. What men could learn they learned. Not the whole circle of science only, but the whole circle of languages, in which literature worth the reading was to be found, was theirs. Rabelais was botanist, physician, and astronomer. He knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Italian; perhaps, also, for the only limit to his power of acquisition was that imposed by the dial, he knew all those other languages in which Panurge addresses Pantagruel. But while their learning was great, their numbers were small. They lived their own lives; few of them shared in the ambitions and hopes of other men: they were men of the cloister, not of the outer world. As for this outer world, it was but a seething mass of brutality, ignorance, and superstition. They knew, out of those Greek volumes which monks regarded with such just suspicion, how dark their own time was, compared with that which had been. They knew well enough that the ceremonies which men were taught to believe God-sent, were copies and relics of paganism; they saw the *Dii minores* in the saints, the cult of Venus in that of the Virgin, the Pontifex Maximus in the Pope.

Some of them, among whom was Clement Marot, one of the philosophers, though no scholar, laughed and made sport of all the turmoil about religion; some, notably the Cardinal du Bellay, gravely held their tongues; some, among them Bishop de Saint Gelais (not Octavien, or Mellin, the poets), went over to the Protestants; some, among whom was Etienne Dolet, talked, and got burnt for their pains; one or two, among whom was Bonaventure Des Periers, broke out into open infidelity; while others, More, Erasmus, and Rabelais the chief, attacked the abuses but remained in the Church, which was indeed their only camp of refuge. For them Calvin would have been a more intolerant master than the great Pope-hawk himself, and they were not the men to exchange one yoke, however galling, for another that would gall them worse in a different place. Is

it too much to say, with the examples before us, that the leading intellect of the time remained with the ancient Church?

Some men there are who seem too great for creeds. If they remain in the Church wherein they were born, it is because in no other would they find relief from the fetters of doctrine, and because the main things which underlie Articles are common to all churches, in which the dogmas are the accidents of time and circumstance.

Not only does Rabelais never satirize Christianity, but he speaks in all his works, and especially in the fourth book, with the greatest reverence for the Gospel of Christ. He saw, as I read him, the evils of the Church, but he hoped to help their cure, not directly, by schism, or by kicking against the huge fabric he could not overthrow; but indirectly, by spreading the cause of learning, by bringing monasticism into contempt, by widening the boundaries of thought, and leading the world through laughter rather than censure. He partly failed, because men cannot be led by laughter, and because he profaned the sacred precincts of the temple by buffoneries which other men practise outside.

But in how much did he succeed? His influence, enormous in his lifetime, went on increasing after his death. It culminated perhaps in the following generation, when scholars began to act, and the *Satire Menippée*, eldest born of his children, helped to change the destinies of France. And his work has remained, a possession for ever, to the French nation.

Of his erudition, as shown in the book, I have given no examples; I have said, indeed, less than a tenth part of what might be written of him. It is not impossible that England will yet learn to appreciate more largely this glorious wit and satirist. There may be found some man who has the leisure, and to whom it would be a labour of love, to edit for modern readers the life and voyages of Pantagruel. The necessary omissions could be made without very great difficulty, and the parts to be

left out are not inwoven with the web of the whole.

✓ Considering him as a great moral teacher, we must remember what things he taught, and that *he was the first to teach them* in the vernacular. In that time, when only a few had learning, and the old mediæval darkness was still over the minds of men, consider what things he poured into men's ears. He showed them what a monastery might be, the home of culture, letters, good manners, and gentle life. He taught the value of learning by direct admonition, in the letter of Gargantua, of which I have extracted a piece, and by the example of Pantagruel: the value of good breeding, with a small tincture of letters, in Gargantua: against the solid arts he contrasts the follies of alchemists, astrologers, and foolish inventors: he shows that Necessity, against which we pray so fondly, is in reality the parent and founder of all that men have achieved—great Gaster is the first Master of Arts. In brave stolid Friar John he shows a nature open and manly in all except where the monks have spoiled him. He exposes, from the height of his own learning, the shallow pedantry of the schools, and the folly of the people who forget God in their reverence for the Pope; he paints, in his wondrous panorama of life, the foolish judge, the greedy priest, the cruel inquisition, the lawyer with his false rhetoric, and the

needy adventurer with his shifts, turns, and wiles: and against all these he sets his wise and tranquil King, whom no storms terrify, no clamours disquiet: the scholar; the warrior; and the loyal servant. I wish there had been one, only one good priest, so that we might extend over Rabelais that veil of perfect charity which might have covered his faults. But priests and monks he hated. The robe he wore was to him like a bodily deformity—it corrupted his mind, and narrowed his views. It would be easy to show his wit, his humour, his headlong fun, and that easy jovial spirit which probably rendered him all his life—save when he was crunching his crust *in pace* at Fontenay-le-Comte—the happiest of his kind. But let us, in judging Rabelais, remember him chiefly as a teacher the like of whom Europe had not yet seen.

Enough has been said. Perhaps it may be expected—it seems inevitable—that something should be said about his faults. I neither wish to weep over them nor to defend them. It is nonsense to say that they spring from the time. Erasmus belongs to the same time, which disposes of *that* defence, at least. And, indeed, we may be very sure that of all such literary offenders, from Catullus downwards, not one but has written with full consciousness of his offence. Rabelais perhaps more than any other, for he sinned in greater light.

## THE CASE OF THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS SUMMED UP.

BY PRINCIPAL TULLOCH OF ST. ANDREWS.

IN the December Number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1862, I was kindly allowed to give a brief review of the difficulties which had been raised regarding the well-known and long-accepted tradition of the drowning of two women at Wigtown in May 1685—alleged martyrs to the severities of the Restoration Government in Scotland. Since that time the controversy excited by the subject has been carried on at intervals in a somewhat elaborate manner. Careful and extensive researches have been made, and volumes published on one side and the other.<sup>1</sup>

The forgotten pamphlets and official ecclesiastical records of the period have been ransacked, and every item of intelligence bearing on the story brought to light. Our own paper has been treated in a curiously detailed manner. The result has been to exhaust the subject as nearly as possible; and it may be well, and not without interest, to sum up the pleadings on both sides, and to endeavour finally to estimate the real character of the tradition.

<sup>1</sup> 1. The Case for the Crown *in re* The Wigtown Martyrs proved to be Myths *versus* Wodrow and Lord Macaulay, Patrick the Pedler and Principal Tulloch. By Mark Napier. 1863.

2. History Vindicated in the case of the Wigtown Martyrs. By the Rev. Archibald Stewart. Second Edition. 1869.

3. History Rescued, in answer to "History Vindicated," being a Recapitulation of the "Case for the Crown," and the Reviewers reviewed *in re* the Wigtown Martyrs. By Mark Napier. 1870.

4. In addition to these separate publications the subject has occupied, since the date of our article, the *Edinburgh Review*, July 1863, *Blackwood's Magazine*, Dec. 1863, and the *Saturday Review*, 3rd of October, 1863, the two latter on Mr. Napier's side of the question.

From a purely historical point of view the subject deserves attention. It touches not only the prevalent conception of the history of Scotland during the Restoration, but in some degree the conception of history itself. On what evidence are we to receive or reject a popular and widely accepted tradition? Is it possible for such a tradition to grow up and propagate itself through a whole country, and become a part of its national life and history within a space of less than a quarter of a century, and yet be without any foundation in fact—be, in short, a falsehood? Are historical myths of such easy and rapid growth? If so, we fear, more stories than that of the Wigtown Martyrs must be given up. Our conception of history, much as it has altered lately, must be still more largely modified. The question, we confess, chiefly interests us in this broader historical aspect; and there may be readers who share this interest without having any polemical curiosity in the story itself.

In our paper, eight years ago, we tried to hold an even balance betwixt the contending fanaticisms which desolated Scotland in the seventeenth century. Having no sympathy with either of these fanaticisms, our only wish was to speak fairly of them and of their representatives. We certainly do not estimate Wodrow highly as an historian, but neither do we think him a mere calumniating gossip. According to our belief he honestly did his best to collect the records of a time which passionately interested him, and many like him. He had little "verifying faculty," but he was incapable of falsehood. We



wished even to speak with patience of Mr. Mark Napier, the modern representative of the Cavalier and Prelatist faction, opposed to Wodrow and his sympathizers. We knew nothing of Mr. Napier, save as the author of the "Memorials of Dundee," in the Appendix to which, the veracity of the story of the Wigtown Martyrs was first deliberately questioned. In adverting to this work, it was impossible to refrain from characterizing its spirit as not only virulently hostile to the Presbyterian party of the time, but as at variance with all the ordinary rules of literary and historical fairness. Mr. Napier has no pretensions to write history, and we did not judge his work by any severe historical standard; but even a writer, whom no one would think of taking as a guide, need not repel by the frivolous coarseness of his language. Partisanship, as blind even as that of Mr. Napier, might be relieved by courtesy and good feeling. We regret to say that the biographer of Dundee has no more perception of these qualities than he has of historical equity and veracity. As to his peculiar abuse of ourselves, that is of a kind which, according to a well-known adage, admits of no reply; but what do our readers think of the following? The story of the drowning of the women, even if we believed it to be a myth, has surely some natural pathos and beauty. Macaulay's pen trembles with feeling as he sets it before his reader. Here is Mr. Napier's account, in ridicule of Dr. Stewart's attempt to clear up certain difficulties as to the scene of the martyrdom: "Imagine an obstinate old Gallo-way *Mause*, very heavy to handle, say about twelve stone, and a well-grown lass of the same *thrown* Westland-whig breed, by courtesy of Wodrow and Macaulay a 'virgin of eighteen,' but called in the *Cloud of Witnesses* 'about twenty-three,' and probably not under ten stone—imagine this sort of lumbering and ill-to-drive cattle, attended by a *multitudinous* herd of their own kind, all greatly excited, and confronted only by a single troop of dragoons, who are 'weeping' (at which their horses must

have laughed),—imagine, we say, such martyrs as these undergoing the terrible and aggravating process of being tethered to stakes, placed high above the rushing tide, by ropes long enough to admit of their being 'thrown' bodily into the deep channel below. . . . What a sight to see, must the 'pulling up' of that lusty lass have been! . . . It is 'easy to conceive,'—as the virgin was hastily pulled up by the tow that tethered her soncy person to the bank above, and while exhibiting, doubtless, some involuntary summersaults as 'disorderly' as her kirk habits,—that that devil's-buckie Winram would indulge in some such facetiousness as the famous exclamation which startled the Devil himself at his erotic orgies in the ruins of Allo-way Kirk."

It is singular how frequently the champions of what is considered the chivalrous and higher side of our national life indulge in such graces of language—on the old principle, we fancy, of "swearing like a gentleman." For a genuine piece of literary rowdyism there is nobody at all to compare to your man of "blood and culture,"—your apologist of heroes like Claverhouse and knights like Charles II. The aristocracy of the cause must be held to consecrate the brutality of the language, as the polish on the surface of such historical *gentlemen* is made to excuse their coarseness of heart.

The Presbyterian side of the controversy has happily called forth an advocate of a very different temper—the Rev. Archibald Stewart, of Glas-serton. We could scarcely have looked for such a result. Dr. Stewart<sup>1</sup> is a minister—hitherto unknown beyond his parish—of a Church which is constantly reminded by the "aristocratic" champion of its inferiority in learning and culture. For our own part, we have never understood the value of culture which does not represent such qualities as fairness, sense, some width of comprehension, and manliness. And in all

<sup>1</sup> The degree of Doctor in Divinity has been conferred on Mr. Stewart by the University of Edinburgh since the publication of his volume.

these respects there is no possible comparison betwixt the parish minister of Glasserton and the "learned" sheriff of Dumfriesshire. Dr. Stewart's volume is in some respects a model of historical controversy—calm, patient in investigation, moderate in tone, nowhere pressing his facts too strongly, nor his opinions too extremely. If not so lively as Mr. Napier's volume, it does not borrow any of its interest from personal abuse. It keeps to the point while successfully tracking the most absurd misrepresentations of his opponent. If it be any satisfaction to Dr. Stewart in his quiet Galloway parish, he may feel sure that in the opinion of all sensible men he has not only repelled a rude assault, but taught those who should have known better, that there is a more excellent way in the examination of an historical question, as in other things, than mere raillery and accusation.

The state of the question as we left it in our previous paper was to the following effect:—(1) The story of the drowning of the women has been handed down by universal tradition in the district where the event is supposed to have happened, and where the site of the martyrdom is still pointed out. There has been a monument commemorating the event from a very early period in the churchyard of Wigtown. The old tombstone to Margaret Wilson is held, on unquestionable evidence, to have been erected within forty years of the event, during the lifetime of those "who were personally cognizant of the events of 1685,"<sup>1</sup> and by those who were either spectators of, or at all events thoroughly conversant with, the fact it commemorates." The inscription on this tombstone gives the date of the drowning and describes the cause of it. (2) The story is told as a fact, with the names of the sufferers, in successive pamphlets dating from the year 1690; and one of these pamphlets in 1691 is written by Dr. Rule, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and one of the ministers of

the city. The event is certified therefore on the most unmistakeable authority within six years of its alleged occurrence; while the general fact of women having been drowned (although without particulars) is plainly mentioned as one of the enormities of the Stuart Government in documents beginning with the year of the martyrdom itself, and in the Prince of Orange's Declaration for Scotland, dated at the Hague, 10th October, 1688. (3) The story is accepted as beyond question, and told in detail by Defoe in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland." Defoe's work was published in 1717, but he came to Scotland in 1706, and collected his materials for it during the two succeeding years. He says that he tried "to make himself sufficiently master of the matters of fact by books, by just authorities, by oral tradition, by living witnesses, and by all other rational means." Finally, the narrative of the martyrdom was given at full length by Wodrow in his "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland," published in 1722 on the authority of the local Church Courts. It is to Wodrow's narrative mainly that Macaulay and other modern writers have been content to refer.

In addition to this array of direct evidence it is admitted on both sides that the women, by name Margaret Lauchlison, upwards of sixty years of age, and Margaret Wilson, about eighteen or twenty years of age, were tried, and condemned to be drowned, on April 13th, 1685, by a Royal Commission of Justiciary, appointed under the presidency of Colonel Douglas, brother of the Duke of Queensberry. The instruction to this Commission was, that if "any should own or not disown the principles of Renwick's Proclamation,"—"they must be judged at least by three . . . and being found guilty are to be hanged immediately in the place according to law. At this time you are not to examine any women but such as had been active in the said courses in a signal manner, and those *are to be drowned*." This is the instruction of which Mr. Napier remarks that it was one, "not of

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg survived till December 1733, or nearly fifty years after the event.

barbarous cruelty, but of careful criminal justice." The fact that the women were not to be hanged with the disgusting adjuncts then common in cases of treason, but only drowned, is to his mind an evidence of the discriminating leniency of the legislation of the period. "However guilty," he says, "women were to be drowned simply, and not hanged as traitors, or dismembered." It must be admitted that the principles of Renwick's Proclamation, or *Apologetical Declaration*, as it was called by those who issued it, were formally treasonable, inasmuch as it disclaimed the "authority of Charles Stuart" and his Government. But it must be remembered to what exasperations the people had been driven by the extremities of a Government totally destitute alike of wisdom and of mercy.<sup>1</sup> It is to be remembered also, that the primary offence of the two women in question was not the avowal of any treasonable principles, but merely the absenting themselves from the Episcopalian worship, and so being what was styled "disorderly." Being summoned to the bar of the Justiciary Court, they were summarily dealt with by having an oath, known as the "abjuration oath," administered to them forswearing the principles of the Declaration. This oath the women refused to take, and thereupon were found guilty and sentenced to be drowned. All this is undeniable.

On what grounds then, it may be asked, is the story disputed? On this ground, among others, that it is beyond question that the sentence passed against the women was not carried out at the time, and that a special minute of the Privy Council of Scotland, dated April 30th, 1685, exists, reprieving the women,

and discharging the *magistrates of Edinburgh* from putting the sentence into execution against them. As the exact form and terms of this minute are important, it may be well to quote them in full:—"The Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council doe hereby reprove the execution of the sentence of death pronounced by the Justices against Margaret Wilson and Margret Lauchlison untill the            day of            ; and discharges the *magistrates of Edinburgh* for putting of the said sentence to execution against them untill the forsaid day; and recommends the said Margaret Wilson and Margret Lauchlison to the Lords Secretaries of State to *interpose with his most Sacred Majesty for the royall remission of them.*"<sup>1</sup> We will afterwards return to this minute, and see what explanation it admits of.

Mr. Napier urges besides at some length what he considers to be definite evidence on his side, arising out of the silence of such a writer as Sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, in his contemporary "Historical Notes," and a statement of Sir George Mackenzie made in 1691. Sir John, a Whig lawyer of the time, gives, in his well-known "Historical Memoranda," a particular account of the hanging of two women at Edinburgh in 1681, for "uttering treasonable words and other principles and opinions contrary to all our Government;" but he makes no mention of any drowning of women at Wigtown, or elsewhere. This, Mr. Napier does not deny, is purely negative evidence; and the untrustworthiness of such evidence is so obvious that we need hardly pause, as before, to point it out. Mr. Napier's criticism has not altered our former judgment on this point.<sup>2</sup> That Sir

<sup>1</sup> See the opening chapter of Mr. Stewart's volume, where an admirable review is given of the "previous legislation" of the Restoration Government in Scotland. One must read these legislative Acts in connection, in order to realize their exasperating folly and cruelty, and the intolerable feelings which they called forth. It is singular that any man nowadays should venture to excuse, still more to defend them; but the more hopeless the cause, the braver is Mr. Napier's language.

<sup>1</sup> The names attached to this minute may interest some of our readers. They are as follows:—His Majesty's High Commissioner (Queensberry), the Lord Chancellor, Atholl, Drumlanrig, Strathmore, Southesk, Panmuir, Tweeddale, Balcarres, Kintore, Viscount Tarbat, Livingstone, Kinnaird, President of Session, The Advocate (Sir Geo. Mackenzie), Justice-Clerk, Castlehill, Sir George Monro, Gosford.

<sup>2</sup> *Macmillan's Magazine*, Dec. 1862, p. 152.

John Lauder, writing at Edinburgh, does not chronicle an event reputed to have happened in the southern corner of Galloway, while mentioning the execution of two women in Edinburgh, is surely no proof that the former event never took place. It might be much more fairly argued that the agents of a Government which could hang two women for the causes assigned—"obstinate" offenders as these women may have been—would not shrink from drowning two women for similar causes at Wigtown. Mr. Napier makes merry, according to his wont, over the execution of these two hapless women; but their fate is a very pitiful one, even if all that was alleged against them and all that he says were true. A Government which could not distinguish betwixt the wild ravings of two fanatical women, driven crazy by the evils of the time, and overt acts of treason which might deserve hanging, is already self-condemned.

Mr. Napier tries to make a good deal more of the statement of Sir George Mackenzie in his well-known "Vindication of the Government in Scotland during the Reign of Charles II. against Misrepresentations made in several scandalous Pamphlets." Sir George was Lord Advocate during the reigns of both Charles II. and James II.; and after the Revolution retired to Oxford, where he died in May 1691. His "Vindication," which is a pamphlet of less than thirty pages, was issued in the September following his death. He is Mr. Napier's great authority, and is emphasized by him as "*Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh!*" This designation, and the dignity of his official position, quite excite Mr. Napier, and from first to last he has bestowed nearly eighty octavo pages in the illustration of his evidence on the subject. Sir George Mackenzie's statement is as follows:—"There were indeed two women executed, and *but two*, in both these reigns, and they were punished for most heinous crimes which no sex should defend. Their crimes were that

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they had recepled, and entertained for many months together, *the murtherers of the Archbishop of St. Andrews*, who were likewise *condemned traitors* for having been openly in rebellion at *Bothwell Bridge*; whereupon they, having been prosecuted, declined the King's authority, *as being an enemy to God and the Devil's vicegerent.*" This statement is held by Mr. Napier to be not, as we called it, along with that of Sir John Lauder, "negative evidence," but "positive evidence of a negative." The Sheriff of Dumfriesshire should no doubt know something more of the proper nomenclature of evidence than we do; and he is kind enough to point out our mistake and call us to order. "Dr. Tulloch mistakes the nature of the evidence, as well as the value of it. Sir George Mackenzie *positively* affirms that throughout the whole course of the two reigns of the Restoration only two such female convicts suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and these he points out, by unmistakeable characteristics, to be Marion Harvey and Isabel Alison, who suffered in 1681, during the reign of Charles II. Now this indeed is evidence that Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson did not suffer in 1685 during the reign of James II., but moreover it is *positive* evidence. It is positive evidence of that negative."<sup>1</sup>

We shall not follow Mr. Napier's example, and try the reader's patience by any attempt to settle our personal differences. Let us stand so far corrected. But we cannot help asking why it is that Sir George Mackenzie—"accomplished celebrity" and dignified official as he was—should at once be accepted as an historical authority, while Dr. Gilbert Rule, Principal of the University of Edinburgh (not to mention inferior pamphleteers of the time), is at once repudiated as such an authority. Rule published a pamphlet in 1691,<sup>2</sup> the very

<sup>1</sup> Hist. Rescued, p. lxi.

<sup>2</sup> "A Second Vindication of the Church of Scotland." Edinburgh: Printed by George Mosman, Printer to the Church of Scotland and her Assemblies.

same year in which Mackenzie's "Vindication" appeared, in which the drowning of the women is distinctly asserted. He mentions the two women by name, and says that they were "tyed to a stake within the sea-mark at Wigtown, and left there till the tyde overflowed them and drowned them." Mr. Napier tries to break the force of this statement by an extract from the same pamphlet, in which Rule refuses to pledge his veracity to "certain matters of fact" asserted by him. He even prints the two extracts from Rule's pamphlet together on the same page of his volume (cxxxiii.), as if the qualification referred directly to the statement about the drowning. But there is no evidence that the one statement refers to the other at all. It appears almost certain, on the contrary, that Dr. Rule's qualification refers entirely to the "matters of fact contained in the pamphlets" which he was answering<sup>1</sup>—accusations, that is to say, made by the Episcopalians against the Presbyterians—as he himself indicates in the very same page of his preface from which Mr. Napier quotes. The statement about the drowning occurs far on in his pamphlet (p. 128), in quite a different connection, and is mentioned along with such other facts as the ravages of the Highland Host, Bothwell Bridge, and the murder of Archbishop Sharp, as if equally with them beyond question. Why then, we ask, is Mackenzie to be held a truth-teller and Rule a fabricator? "Mackenzie's character is above suspicion," says Mr. Napier; "he was *Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh!*" Rule was a "Presbyterian hack, rather shy and inclined to bolt; a pamphleteer of the same stamp" as Shields—author of the "Hind let loose"—who had asserted the same fact the year before, and more vaguely three years before. "Sir George Mackenzie's 'Vindication' in one scale, and every Cameronian tract into the other, the latter must kick the beam," says Mr. Napier. "That single pamphlet by the Lord Advocate is

<sup>1</sup> Rule's Vind. Preface, § 5.

powerful to destroy every 'scurrilous pamphlet' ever issued by 'the Society People'" (the Cameronians). This is a typical specimen of Mr. Napier's reasoning. It shows about as much real insight and appreciation of facts as his history. We have no hesitation in saying that, even if Sir George Mackenzie's statement went the length of denying the drowning of the women, there is no reason for crediting him in preference to Dr. Rule or the "Society People," or even poor fanatical Shields, exuberant as he may have been in scurrility. Because modern pamphleteers are scurrilous we do not necessarily impugn their veracity. There is nothing more wonderful, as the history of all controversy shows, than the amount of personal honour that will survive the most immoral indulgence in abusive language.

But Principal Rule, we have reason to believe, was a gentleman quite as good as Sir George Mackenzie. He writes quite as much like a gentleman as Sir George, and with far less appearance of art and desire to make out a case. His tone, upon the whole, is singularly candid, as the very extract given by Mr. Napier proves. His pamphlet was written at the request of the Church of Scotland—a fact, whatever Mr. Napier may think, which may be held to carry some special weight with it. If Sir George Mackenzie's words are to derive any force from his representative position, why not Dr. Rule's? The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1690 was really a more respectable authority to serve than the Restoration Government. Moreover, Rule's pamphlet called forth several replies from the best and ablest writers on the Episcopalian side; among others, from Dr. Monro, ex-Principal of the University of Edinburgh, who, Mr. Napier tells us, was "Dundee's accomplished friend and eulogist;"<sup>1</sup> yet neither he nor any of the

<sup>1</sup> Monro was also, it should be borne in mind, the editor of Sir George Mackenzie's "Vindication," which was not published till some months after the author's death. And yet, with Sir George's statement before him, he

other writers deny the fact of the women having been drowned. Is it not almost certain that they would have done so if they could? Nay, is it not significant that Sir George Mackenzie himself does not explicitly deny the fact? His statement, notwithstanding Mr. Napier's gloss, by no means goes this length. Strictly speaking, all that it implies is that only two executions of women could be fairly charged against the Government. He may have considered the Wigtown tragedy not to have been the regular act of the Government; and, as we said in our former paper, there is some good reason for this view. Plainly the drowning at Wigtown was not a formal act of execution—in all respects according to law—like the hanging of the women in Edinburgh. We are not called upon, therefore, absolutely to impugn the honour of Sir George Mackenzie. It is barely possible, although not likely, that he may not have heard of the drowning, and so have made his statement in perfect good faith. But the more probable supposition is that he evaded the force of the accusation by emphasizing the execution of the two women in Edinburgh, and ignoring the Wigtown tragedy altogether, as beyond the province of his vindication. Would this be a very astonishing thing even for an "honorable" official to do who had served without flinching two such Governments as those of Charles II. and James II., and who does not hesitate in his pamphlet to vindicate their worst excesses? We cannot think so. It is clearly the impression made upon us in reading his words in their connection. He enters upon the subject at once, and evidently in allusion to certain charges of which he had heard. "There were indeed two women executed, and *but two*, in both these reigns;" the two women, namely, hanged in Edinburgh. His further

never denies the *fact* of the drowning. Is not this conclusive of the view we take of Sir George's statement—that it was a clever official evasion, and never intended to be a denial, of the fact?

words leave no doubt that he refers to them. Is it not as if he had said: "I admit indeed two executions of women, but only two, under my official sanction. Further, I had no responsibility, and the Government is not to be held chargeable." This appears to be the real meaning of his words. Had he known that the two Wigtown women were not only reprieved, but pardoned and liberated, instead of being drowned, why should he not have said so plainly, and made so obvious a point in favour of his Government in Scotland? On the supposition that the women were finally pardoned by the King and saved, his silence as to a fact which he of all men must have known appears to us far more remarkable than his ingenious evasion of the charge altogether. It is impossible to read his pamphlet without seeing that he confines himself throughout to a strictly official vindication. The pamphlet in fact is rather a clever lawyer's paper than an historical *résumé* to which any inquirer would think of appealing for the settlement of a disputed point of fact.

In re-stating the question, we have been led into an examination of the only special point of which it appears to us Mr. Napier makes anything in his elaborate volume. It is also, we may say in passing, the main and most effective point urged by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December 1863, whose courtesy to ourselves at this late date we desire to acknowledge. The paper, while it adopts Mr. Napier's views, presents a pleasantly marked contrast in style and tone.

But, as we said in the outset, it is Dr. Stewart's merit to have brought forward, especially in the second edition of his volume, certain additional evidence on the subject, which appears to us, as it has appeared to Mr. Burton, to place the fact of the Wigtown martyrdom beyond all reasonable dispute.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Burton's words are: "There is on record a minute of the Privy Council, reprieving the execution, with instruction to 'interpose with his most Sacred Majesty for a Royal

This evidence is of two kinds—derived, *first*, from local resources, and *secondly*, from a further examination of the pamphlets of the period, a task to which an able writer in the *Scotsman* has lent special help.<sup>1</sup> We must spare all details, and sum up rapidly the chief points of significance in this evidence.

(1.) The original question was a question of Wodrow's veracity, and this again became a question of the veracity of the Kirk Session Records of Kirkcaldy and Penninghame, on which Wodrow professedly based his narrative. In what way could the veracity of these Records be tested? In no way more effectually than by examining the character of the men who drew them up, and their means of information. This task Dr. Stewart has accomplished in a very successful manner. By comparing the Kirk Session Records with the lists (which have been preserved) of persons reported as "disorderly"<sup>2</sup> by the Episcopalian incumbents of these parishes, and with old tombstones, he has been able to determine the age and respectability of the men who were responsible for the original preparation of the well-known account of the martyrdom. He shows

remission.' But it is equally certain that the women were put to death. There seems to have been blundering on the part of the higher authorities, who had too much work of the kind before them to give it all very full and serious attention. The inference is, that the ministers of vengeance, having the power to execute the sentence, did execute it. And if in this they might possibly have been liable to question, the Government of the day was not one to press them hard" (Hist. of Scotland, vol. vii. pp. 548-9). This exactly bears out our view as to the informality of the execution, and the likelihood of Sir George Mackenzie availing himself of this informality to ignore it altogether in his "Vindication of the Government."

<sup>1</sup> See *Scotsman* newspaper, 8th August, 1867; 4th September, 1867; 5th March, 1869; 5th July, 1870.

<sup>2</sup> The civil authorities in the latter years of the Persecution required the Episcopalian incumbents to give in lists of all those who absented themselves from the regular Church service and frequented the "Conventicles"—or worship of the ejected Presbyterian ministers. These parishioners were termed "disorderly."

that many of them were of full age in 1685, and that they belonged not merely to the peasantry, but to the gentry of the district. If the drowning never took place, then these men must have known that they were engaged in a solemn imposture, and even Mr. Napier's language that "they sealed with prayer an abominable falsehood" would not be too strong in describing their conduct. But, on the other hand, what more competent evidence of a fact can there be than the solemn attestation of men who must have known of the fact, and some of whom may have been eye-witnesses of it? More particularly, Dr. Stewart shows, from an examination of the Records of the parish of Penninghame, that in 1711 "the session which vouched for the truth of the story of the drowning of the two women in 1685 consisted of thirteen elders, in addition to the minister, Mr. Rowan, who had come to the parish in 1696, eleven years after the drowning. One of these elders had been at Bothwell in 1679, and his son, one of the ministers of the Presbytery, was born in 1685. Four other elders had been ordained before 1696. One elder, who resided within two miles of Wigtown, is proved, from his tombstone, to have been born in 1668; another is shown to have been in hiding in 1684, while his wife was sentenced to banishment for harbouring him; while, in addition to all this evidence, he proves that Margaret Wilson's mother was alive till after 1711, and that her brother Thomas, who was implicated with her in 1685, being then sixteen years old, but who escaped, was asked to become an elder in his native parish in 1704; that he declined then, but that he was ordained as an elder in 1719, and that he survived till after April 1734."<sup>1</sup> Similarly it is shown that the elders of Kirkcaldy and Wigtown in 1711 were of such an age that they must have known perfectly well what took place in Wigtown in 1685, and of such respectability as

<sup>1</sup> *Scotsman*, 8th August, 1867.



to give all reasonable authority to their affirmation. Many other particulars are brought forward, even direct evidence from a daughter of Margaret Lauchlison, the elder sufferer, with whom her mother was living in the end of 1684, which all tend to the same result. It would be difficult to conceive more direct and solid evidence in favour of a fact of this kind. There are hundreds of historical facts which cannot be traced in the same authoritative manner. And the only alternative, as we said before, is, plainly and broadly, betwixt a charge of deliberate imposture and the acceptance of the fact. But for us it passes all bounds of credibility that so many persons of such position and character, and with the best means of information as to the truth, should have combined to palm an imposture upon the public.

(2.) But in addition to all this local evidence there has been found a clear admission of the fact of the martyrdom in an Episcopalian pamphlet of the year 1703. This pamphlet was printed by Mr. Andrew Symson, *who, at the time of the martyrdom, was Episcopal minister of Kirkinner* (Margaret Lauchlison's parish), and after the Revolution a printer in Edinburgh; and its author, there is every reason to believe, was the son of this minister, then a student in divinity living with his father. The pamphlet was written in reply to a Presbyterian pamphlet dealing with the question of Toleration, in which the fact of the drowning was plainly affirmed, and its mode described after the manner originally made public by Shields; namely, by the women being tied to stakes within the flood-mark till the sea came up and overflowed them. In reply Mr. Symson admits the drowning of the two women, but denies that it happened in the manner described. "*Drowned they were indeed,*" he says, "but not tyed to stakes within the flood-mark till the sea came up." Nothing can be more explicit than this. If any persons in the world knew as to the fact of the drowning, it was the former minister of Kirkinner,

and his son, who was of such an age in 1685 as to remember an event so remarkable in connection with his father's parish; and here we have, given with their cognizance and upon their authority, a distinct admission of the fact, accompanied by a denial of the mode in which it is commonly alleged to have taken place.

Now this is exactly in accordance with the view we have taken of the story from the beginning, and which was explained at length in our former paper. The fact itself is attested beyond all reasonable question. If a fact so attested is to be held questionable, the very idea of history, as commonly understood, is destroyed. But history is by no means so concerned in the accuracy of any particular version of the fact or of all the circumstances connected with it. It is of the essence of the historical spirit to separate the essential from the accidental, because it is the constant experience of life that fiction mingles itself with fact. Even two men—still more, twenty men—are unable to give exactly the same account of a fact which occurred under their own eyes. This does not make the fact doubtful; but it calls forth the critical or verifying faculty to sift the true from the exaggerated or false in the diverse accounts of it. Take any one of the early martyrdoms of the Church—that of Ignatius, or of Polycarp, or the Lyonnese martyrs—does any one doubt the fact of these martyrdoms because we may reasonably doubt whether they happened in all respects as described, and, still more, may doubt whether they were in all respects so beautifully edifying as they are drawn in the well-known martyrologies? Or take another illustration—Does any one doubt that Luther was ever at Worms because he may think it questionable whether he ever said that he would go there, although there were as many devils in his way as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses? or that he was ever a prisoner at the Wartburg because various accounts are given of



the mode of his being transported there, or because the story of his interview with the Devil, and his throwing his inkstand at him, may be held to be apocryphal? In the same manner our belief in the fact of the Wigtown martyrdom is not at all affected by the diversity of the accounts given as to the mode of the drowning, or by the reasonable question that may be entertained as to the reality of the edifying features of the story described by Wodrow and Macaulay. Whenever we come to details, diversity and some degree of uncertainty begin; but this, so far from necessarily destroying the substance of a story, is the very condition of its historical transmission.

We are not particularly concerned, therefore, in Dr. Stewart's explanation of what he considers to have been the real circumstances of the Wigtown tragedy. Whether the women were really tied to stakes within the high water-mark, and left till the tide rose over them, or whether, as appears more probable, they were thrust down in the narrow channel of the Bladenoch when the tide was rushing through it (the version which alone fits in with the popular features of the story), interests us comparatively little. What Mr. Napier calls, with an ingenuity of flippancy which proves him a master of the art, the "water-oratorio," we do not care to rescue even from such criticism as his. If the flippancy amuses him, he is easily amused. But *the fact remains*. Men will believe many things of their own invention. The natural garrulity of tradition loves to embellish pathetic or tragic incidents. But men do not deliberately invent incidents, or credit deliberate impostures. Tradition casts from its memory the mere lies of faction. The popular heart seldom or never embalms a foul calumny among its sacred recollections. Let Mr. Napier feel assured of this, little as any popular faith may move such a mind as his.

A single word in conclusion as to the Privy Council minute, of which we gave on a preceding page the exact

form, and which may be said to have originated all the discussion. Dr. Stewart has also succeeded, we think, in explaining its terms—the peculiar difficulty as to the insertion in it of the words—"Magistrates of Edinburgh;"—a result to which Mr. Napier himself has contributed. It turns out as illustrated by a parallel case of certain Cumnock men, that after a reprieve was granted, the Privy Council sent the case with a recommendation for pardon to London (a fact implied in the terms of the minute); and that in the meantime the offenders—supposing them to have taken the oath of abjuration, a willingness to do which was the condition of the reprieve—were brought to Edinburgh to wait the Royal pleasure. Hence it was the *Magistrates of Edinburgh* who had finally to deal with such cases when they had their natural sequel. It was left to them to dispose, according to the Royal pardon, of the prisoners who had taken the oath and been removed to Edinburgh. The reprieve of the Galloway women was drawn up on the supposition of things taking their customary course. But all this usual method of procedure was defeated in their case by their unexpectedly and obstinately refusing to take the oath of abjuration. In consequence of this, the reprieve never became effectual; they were never removed to Edinburgh (Dr. Stewart may be said to have proved this as a distinct fact by an examination of the Edinburgh prison-lists of the time); and the local "ministers of vengeance," as Mr. Burton calls them, took the matter in their own hands and carried out the tragedy.

We have finished our summing up, and close with a parting word of personal explanation, which is only drawn from us by the necessity of the case. Mr. Napier has made much of our being a Presbyterian, and of our necessarily taking the Presbyterian side of a controversy like this. There is nobody who knows anything of us who does not know that Presbytery or Episcopacy is nothing to us in such a matter. We

should have been glad if Mr. Napier had succeeded in disproving the Wigtown tragedy, and so withdrawing one soiled page from the history of the Restoration Government in Scotland. In reference to another matter we have ourselves tried to assist him in this task—unsuccessfully as Mr. Burton thinks.<sup>1</sup> But the truth is, the task as a whole is beyond historical accomplishment. Mr. Burton, in the calm, pitiless impartiality of his concluding chapters, may be said to have settled this for ever. Here or there, what does it matter to try and cleanse a page in so foul a volume? The Restoration Government, from beginning to end, was hopelessly bad, base in spirit, rapacious and cruel in action, calamitous in result. It did more harm to Scotland than can ever be retrieved, having rendered for ever impossible the harmo-

nious development of its religious life, and given a standing ground in its national history even to two such extremes as Mr. Mark Napier and Dr. Begg. It requires some knowledge of Scotland to understand all the harm of this: and the worst thing to be said of Mr. Napier's writings is that they intensify an inherited discord and bitterness which all wise men would wish allayed and forgotten. We advise the author of "History Rescued" seriously to turn his labours in some other direction. Even such powers as his are wasted in grubbing amidst the filthy memorials of Restoration heroes, and in defending a Government which no industry of research can redeem from dishonour. All the adroit and passionless ingenuity of Sir George Mackenzie makes but a poor business of its vindication. Mr. Mark Napier merely touches its darkness with false lights, and relieves its ignominy by ridicule.

<sup>1</sup> See article "Archbishop Sharp," *North British Review*, June 1867; and Burton's "History," vol. vii. pp. 395—413.

## WESLEY AND ARNOLD ON THE WAR.

THE following remarkable letter from John Wesley to Lord Dartmouth, the then Colonial Secretary, which, through the kindness of the present Earl, is now for the first time published from the original in the archives of his family, cannot fail to be read with much interest and instruction at a juncture in many respects like that at which its burning words were called forth. It is the kind of letter, *mutatis mutandis*, that ought to have been written by the Pope to the Emperor of the French at the unprovoked beginning of the present war, or by any French ecclesiastic who believes that his country is labouring under a fatal illusion in refusing to acknowledge its defeat, and in believing that the loss of an inch of territory is the destruction of the whole nation. It might even be written by some German pastor or professor, who thinks that he might persuade the King or Count Bismarck to moderate, for the sake of peace, even their just demands. That Wesley was right we now all acknowledge. It is possible that had any one of the personages whom we have imagined so spoken, they might have been right also.

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MY LORD,—I would not speak, as it may seem to be concerning myself with things that lie out of my province. But I dare not refrain from it any longer: I think silence in the present case would be a sin against God, against my Country, and against my own soul.

But what hope can I have of doing good, of making the least impression upon your Lordship where so many have spoken in vain, and those far better qualified to speak on so delicate a subject?

They were better qualified in some respects; in others they were not. They had not less bias upon their minds: They were not free from worldly Hopes and Fears. Their Passions were engaged: and how easily do these blind the eyes of the Understanding? They were not more impartial. Most of them were prejudiced in the highest degree. They neither loved the King nor his Ministers. Rather they hated them with a perfect hatred. And your Lordship knowing this, if you was a man, could not avoid having some prejudice to Them; in which case it would be hardly possible to feel the full force of their arguments.

They had not better means of information, of knowing the real Tempers and Sentiments, either of the Americans on the one hand, or of the English, Irish, and Scots, on the other. Above all, they trusted in themselves, in their own power of convincing and persuading. I trust only in the living God, who hath the hearts of all men in his hand.

And whether my writing do any good or no, it need do no harm. For it rests within your Lordship's breast, whether any eye but your own shall see it.

All my prejudices are against the Americans. For I am an High-Church man, the son of an High-Church man, bred up from my childhood in the highest notions of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance. And yet in spite of all my rooted prejudice, I cannot avoid thinking (if I think at all) That an oppressed People asked for nothing more than their Legal Rights; and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner which the nature of the thing would allow.

But waiving this, waiving all consi-

derations of Right and Wrong, I ask, "Is it Common Sense to use Force toward the Americans?"

A letter now before me says, "Four hundred of the Regulars and forty of the Militia were killed in the last skirmish." What a disproportion! And this is the first Essay of raw men against Regular troops!

You see, my Lord, whatever has been affirmed, these men will not be frightened. And it seems, they will not be conquered so easily, as was at first imagined. They will probably dispute every inch of ground, and, if they die, die sword in hand.

Indeed some of our valiant officers say, "Two thousand men will clear America of these rebels." No, nor twenty thousand, nor perhaps treble that number, be they rebels or not. They are as strong men as you: They are as valiant as you; if not abundantly more valiant. For they are one and all Enthusiasts; Enthusiasts for Liberty. They are calm, deliberate Enthusiasts. And we know how this principle

"Breathes into softest souls stern Love of War,  
And thirst of Vengeance, and contempt of  
Death."

We know men animated with this, will leap into a fire, or rush upon a cannon's mouth.

"But they have no Experience of War." And how much more have our troops? How few of them ever saw a Battle? "But they have no Discipline." That is an entire mistake. Already they have near as much as our Army. And they will learn more of it every day. So that in a short time they will understand it as well as their assailants.

"But they are divided among themselves: so you are informed by various letters and memorials." So, I doubt not, was poor Rehoboam informed, concerning the ten tribes! So (nearer our times) was Philip informed, concerning the people of the Netherlands! No, my Lord, they are terribly united; not in the province of New England only, but down as low as the Jerseys, and Pennsylvania, the bulk of the people are

so united, that to speak a word in favour of the present English measures would almost endanger a man's life. Those who inform me of this (one of whom was with me last week, lately come from Philadelphia) are no Sycophants; they say nothing to curry favour; they have nothing to gain or lose by me. But they speak with sorrow of heart, what they have seen with their eyes, and heard with their own ears.

Those men think, one and all, be it right or wrong, that they are contending *pro aris et focis*, for their Wives, Children, Liberty! What advantage have they herein over men that fight only for pay? None of whom care a straw for the cause wherein they are engaged: most of whom strongly disapprove of it?

Have they not another considerable advantage? Is there occasion to recruit the troops? Their supplies are at hand, all round about them: ours are three thousand miles off.

Are we then able to conquer the Americans, suppose they are left to themselves? Suppose all our neighbours stand stock still, and leave us and them to fight it out? But are we sure of this? Are we sure that all our neighbours will stand stock still? I doubt, they have not promised it. And if they had, could we rely upon those Promises?

Yet it is not probable they will send ships or men to America. Is there not a shorter way? Do they not know where England and Ireland lie? And have they not troops, as well as ships in readiness? All Europe is well apprised of this; only the English know nothing of the matter! What if they find means to land but ten thousand men? Where are the troops in England or Ireland to oppose them? Why, cutting the throats of their Brethren in America! Poor England in the mean time!

"But we have our Militia, our valiant disciplined Militia: These will effectually oppose them." Give me leave, my Lord, to relate a little circumstance of which one then on the spot informed

me. In 1716 a large Body of Militia were marching towards Preston against the Rebels. In a wood which they were marching by, a boy happened to discharge his fowling-piece. The Soldiers gave all for lost; and by common consent threw down their arms, and ran for life. So much dependence is to be placed on our valorous Militia!

But, my Lord, this is not all. We have thousands of Enemies, perhaps more dangerous than French or Spaniards. They are landed already, they fill our Cities, our Towns, our Villages. As I travel four or five thousand miles every year, I have an opportunity of conversing freely with more persons of every denomination than any one else in the three kingdoms. I cannot therefore but know the General Disposition of the people, English, Scots, and Irish, and I know an huge majority of them are exasperated almost to madness. Exactly so they were thro'out England and Scotland about the year 1640: And in great measure by the same means: by inflammatory Papers, which were spread, as they are now, with the utmost diligence in every corner of the land. Hereby the bulk of the people were effectually cured of all Love and Reverence for the King. So that first despising, then hating him, they were just ripe for open Rebellion. And I assure your Lordship so they are now: they want nothing but a Leader.

Two circumstances more deserve to be Considered: the one that there was at that time a general decay of Trade, almost throughout the Kingdom; The other, that there was an uncommon Dearthness of Provisions. The case is the same in both respects at this day. So that even now there are multitudes of people that having nothing to do, and nothing to eat, are ready for the first bidder; and that without inquiring into the merits of the Cause, would flock to any that would give them bread.

Upon the whole I am really sometimes afraid, That "this evil is of the Lord." When I consider (to say nothing of ten thousand other Vices shocking to human nature) the astonishing *Luxury*

of the Rich, and the *Profaneness* of rich and poor, I doubt whether General dissoluteness of Manners does not demand a General visitation. Perhaps the decree is already gone forth from the Governor of the world. Perhaps even now,

"As he that buys surveys a Ground,  
So the destroying Angel measures it around.  
Calm he surveys the perishing Nation,  
Ruin behind him stalks and empty desolation."

But we Englishmen are too wise to acknowledge that God has anything to do in the world! Otherwise should we not seek him by Fasting and Prayer, before he lets the lifted thunder drop? O my Lord, if your Lordship can do anything let it not be wanting! For God's sake, for the sake of the King, of the Nation, of your lovely Family, remember Rehoboam! Remember Philip the Second! Remember King Charles the First!

I am, with true regard,  
My Lord,  
Your Lordship's obedient Servant,  
JOHN WESLEY.

14th June, 1775, in the way to Dublin.

It may be worth while to place by the side of this powerful utterance the words of another great Christian teacher and preacher, which seem as if they had been written for the present time. They are taken from Arnold's "Lectures on Modern History"—that which treats of military history and the laws of war.

The first passage bears directly on that excessive fear and susceptibility of the German predominance, which in some degree led to the war, and which still causes many Englishmen to look with alarm to its conclusion:—

"There are some very satisfactory examples to show that a nation must not at any rate assume lightly that it is superior to another because it may have gained great victories over it. Judging by the experience of the period from 1796 to 1809, we might say that the French were decidedly superior to the Austrians; and so the campaign of 1806 might seem to show an equal superiority over the Prussians. Yet in the long struggle between the Austrian and French monarchies, the military success of each are wonderfully balanced

in 1796, whilst Napoleon was defeating army after army in Italy, the Archduke Charles was driving Jourdan and Moreau before him out of Germany; and Frederick the Great defeated the French at Rosbach as completely and easily as Napoleon defeated the Prussians at Jena. The military character of the Italians is now low: yet without going back to the Roman times, we find that in the sixteenth century the inhabitants of the Roman states were reputed to possess in an eminent degree the qualities of soldiers, and some of the ablest generals of Europe, Alexander Farnese Prince of Parma, Spinola, and Montecuculi, were natives of Italy. In our own contests with France, our superiority has not always been what our national vanity would imagine it; Philip Augustus and Louis the Ninth were uniformly successful against John and Henry the Third; the conquests of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth were followed by periods of equally unvaried disasters; and descending to later times, if Marlborough was uniformly victorious, yet King William when opposed to Luxembourg, and the Duke of Cumberland when opposed to Marshal Saxe, were no less uniformly beaten. Such examples are, I think, satisfactory; for judging calmly, we would not surely wish that one nation should be uniformly and inevitably superior to another; I do not know what national virtue could safely be subjected to so severe a temptation. If there be, as perhaps there are, some physical and moral qualities enjoyed by some nations in a higher degree than by others, and this, so far as we see, constitutionally; yet the superiority is not so great but that a little over-presumption and carelessness on one side, or a little increased activity and more careful discipline on the other, and still more any remarkable individual genius in the generals or in the government, may easily restore the balance, or even turn it the other way. It is quite a different thing, and very legitimate, to feel that we have such qualities as will save us from ever being despicable enemies, or from being easily defeated by others; but it is much better that we should not feel so confident, as to think that others must always be defeated by us."

The following passage might well be borne in mind by those who, whether in France or England, are justifying the irregular warfare of the *Francs-Tireurs*:—

"What is sometimes, and by one party, called an heroic national resistance, is by others called insurrection and brigandage; and what, according to one version, are but strong and just severities for the maintenance of peace, are, according to another, wholesale murders and military massacres. Now it seems one of the greatest improvements of the modern laws of war, that regular armies are considered to be the only belligerents, and that the inhabitants of a country which

shall happen to be the seat of war shall be regarded as neutrals, and protected both in their persons and property. It is held that such a system does not prevent gratuitous horrors; a treacherous and assassinating kind of warfare on one side, and on the other cruelties and outrages of the worst description, in which the most helpless part of the population, the sick and the aged, women and children, are the greatest sufferers. But it is quite essential that this system of forbearance should be equally observed by both parties; if soldiers plunder or set fire to a village, they cannot complain if the inhabitants cut off their stragglers, or shoot at them from behind walls and hedges; and, on the other hand, if the inhabitants of a village will go out on their own account to annoy an enemy's march, to interrupt his communications, and to fire upon his men wherever they can find them, they, too, must be patient if the enemy in return burn their village, and hang them up as brigands. For it is idle to say that the mere circumstance that an army is invading its enemy's country puts it out of the pale of civilized hostility: or, at any rate, if this be maintained, it is worse than idle to say that it may not retaliate this system, and put out of the pale of civilized hostility those who have begun so to deal with them. The truth is, that if war, carried on by regular armies under the strictest discipline, is yet a great evil, an irregular partisan warfare is an evil ten times more intolerable; it is in fact no other than to give a licence to a whole population to commit all sorts of treachery, rapine, and cruelty, without any restraint; letting loose a multitude of armed men, with none of the obedience and none of the honourable feelings of a soldier; cowardly because they are undisciplined, and cruel because they are cowardly. It seems then the bounden duty of every government, not only not to encourage such irregular warfare on the part of its population, but carefully to repress it, and to oppose its enemy only with its regular troops, or with men regularly organized, and acting under authorized officers, who shall observe the ordinary humanities of civilized war. And what are called patriotic insurrections, or irregular risings of the whole population to annoy an invading army by all means, ought impartially to be condemned, by whomsoever and against whomsoever practised, as a resource of small and doubtful efficacy, but full of certain atrocity, and a most terrible aggravation of the evils of war. (Of course, if an invading army sets the example of such irregular warfare, if they proceed after the manner of the ancients to lay waste the country in mere wantonness, to burn houses, and to be guilty of personal outrages on the inhabitants, then they themselves invite retaliation, and a guerilla warfare against such an invader becomes justifiable. But our censure in all cases should have reference not to the justice of the original war, which is a point infinitely disputable, but to a simple

fact, which side first set the example of departing from the laws of civilized warfare, and of beginning a system of treachery and atrocity.

In the natural course of things, war must be carried on in the territory of one belligerent or of the other; it is an accident merely if their fighting-ground happen to be the country of some third party. Now it cannot be said that the party which acts on the offensive, war having been once declared, becomes in the wrong by doing so, or that the object of all invasion is conquest. You invade your enemy in order to compel him to do you justice; that is, to force him to make peace on reasonable terms. This is your theory of the case, and it is one which must be allowed to be maintainable just as much as your enemy's, for all laws of war waive, and must waive, the question as to the original justice of the quarrel; they assume that both parties are equally in the right. But suppose invasion for the sake of conquest, I do not say of the whole of your enemy's country, but of that portion of it which you are invading; as we have many times invaded French colonies with a view to their incorporation permanently with the British dominions. Conquests of such a sort are no violations necessarily of the legitimate object of war; they may be considered as a security taken for the time to come. Yet undoubtedly the shock to the inhabitants of the particular countries so invaded is very great; it was not a light thing for the Canadian, or the inhabitant of Trinidad or of the Cape of Good Hope, to be severed from the people of his own blood and language, from his own mother state, and to be subjected to the dominion of foreigners, men with a strange language, strange manners, a different Church, and a different law. That the inhabitants of such countries should enlist very zealously in the militia, and should place the resources of defence very readily in the hands of the government, is quite just and quite their duty; I am only deprecating the notion that they should rise in irregular warfare, each man or each village for itself, and assail the invaders as their personal enemies, killing them whenever and wherever they can find them. Or again, suppose that the invasion is undertaken for the purpose of overthrowing the existing government of a country, as the attempted French descents to co-operate with the Jacobites, or the invasion of France by the coalesced powers in 1792 and 1793, and again in 1814 and 1815. When the English army advanced into France in 1814, respecting persons and property, and paying for every article of food which they took from the country, would it have been for the inhabitants to barricade every village, to have lurked in every thicket and behind every wall to shoot stragglers and sentinels, and keep up night and day a war of extermination? If indeed the avowed object of the invader be the destruction not of any particular government, but of the national ex-

istence altogether, if he thus disclaims the usual object of legitimate war, a fair and lasting peace, and declares that he makes it a war of extermination, he doubtless cannot complain if the usual laws of war are departed from against him, when he himself sets the example. But even then, when we consider what unspeakable atrocities a partisan warfare gives birth to, and that no nation attacked by an overwhelming force of disciplined armies was ever saved by such means, it may be doubted even then whether it be justifiable, unless the invader drives the inhabitants to it, by treating them from the beginning as enemies, and outraging their persons and property. If this judgment seem extreme to any one, I would only ask him to consider well first the cowardly, treacherous, and atrocious character of all guerilla warfare, and in the next place the certain misery which it entails on the country which practises it, and its inefficacy, as a general rule, to conquer or expel an enemy, however much it may annoy him."

The following extract might well be submitted to any Congress which may be held at the close of the war. It calls, as will be seen, for a revision of the military code, which down to this time has justified the French in enclosing a vast unarmed population within the fortresses of Strasburg, Metz, and Paris, and which has therefore forced the Germans into the odious task either of bombarding the most beautiful of modern cities, or of starving to death an innocent multitude of women and children. It may be too late to alter this code now. It cannot be too soon to prevent the possibility of its recurrence:—

"A case in which it seems desirable that the law of nations should either be amended, or declared more clearly and enforced in practice, is that of the blockade of towns not defended by their inhabitants, in order to force their surrender by starvation. And here let us try to realize to ourselves what such a blockade is. We need not, unhappily, draw a fancied picture; history, and no remote history either will supply us with the facts."

Then follows the written description of the siege of Genoa, which ended in the death by starvation of 20,000 of the population.

"Now is it right that such a tragedy as this should take place, and that the laws of war should be supposed to justify the authors of it? Conceive having been a naval officer in Lord Keith's squadron at that time, and being employed in stopping the food which was be-

brought for the relief of such misery. For the thing was done deliberately ; the helplessness of the Genoese was known, their distress was known ; it was known that they could not force Massena to surrender ; it was known that they were dying daily by hundreds ; yet week after week, and month after month, did the British ships of war keep their iron watch along all the coast : no vessel nor boat laden with any article of provision could escape their vigilance. One cannot but be thankful that Nelson was spared from commanding at this horrible blockade of Genoa.

Now, on which side the law of nations should throw the guilt of most atrocious murder is of little comparative consequence, or whether it should attach it to both sides equally : but that the deliberate starving to death of twenty thousand helpless persons should be regarded as a crime in one or both of the parties concerned in it, seems to me self-evident. The simplest course would seem to be, that all non-combatants should be allowed to go out of a blockaded town, and that the general who should refuse to let them pass should be regarded in the same light as one who were to murder his prisoners, or who were to be in the habit of butchering women and children. For it is not true that war only looks to the speediest and most effectual way of attaining its object, so that as the letting the inhabitants

go out would enable the garrison to maintain the town longer, the laws of war authorize the keeping them in and starving them. Poisoning wells might be still a quicker method of reducing a place, but do the laws of war therefore sanction it ? I shall not be supposed for a moment to be placing the guilt of the individuals concerned in the two cases which I am going to compare on an equal footing ; it would be most unjust to do so, for in the one case they acted, as they supposed, according to a law which made what they did their duty. But take the cases themselves, and examine them in all their circumstances ; the degree of suffering inflicted, the innocence and helplessness of the sufferers, the interests at stake, and the possibility of otherwise securing them ; and if any man can defend the lawfulness in the abstract of the starvation of the inhabitants of Genoa, I will engage also to establish the lawfulness of the massacres of September."

We cannot doubt that, had Arnold been alive now, he would, in some form or other, have lifted up his voice again in each of the three cases here quoted. It seems only fair to his memory to let him "though dead, yet speak" once more.

A. P. S.



## THE MODERN REVOLT.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

THE late remarkable outbreak of women against the restrictions under which they have hitherto lived—the Modern Revolt, as it may be called—has two meanings: the one, a noble protest against the frivolity and idleness into which they have suffered themselves to sink; the other, a mad rebellion against the natural duties of their sex, and those characteristics known in the mass as womanliness. And among the most serious problems of the day is, how to reconcile the greater freedom which women are taking with the restrictive duties of sex; how to bring their determination to share in the remunerative work of the world into harmony with that womanliness, without which they are intrinsically valueless—inferior copies of men, having neither the sweetness, the tenderness, the modesty of the one sex, nor the courage, the resolution, the power of the other.

Women have always been more or less riddles to men, whose stronger organization finds it difficult to understand the feverish impulses, the hysterical excitement by which they are swayed, and who cannot believe that the failings of slaves and the virtues of saints can co-exist in the same class. Hence they have taken extreme views: one, the cynical school, making them the authors of all the evil afloat, sly, intriguing, unreasonable, influenced only by self-interest, governed only by fear, cruel, false, and worthless; while another, more poetic and quite as untrue, paints them asseraphic creatures gliding through a polluted world in a self-evolved atmosphere of purity and holiness and ignorance of evil; creatures all heart and soul and compassion and love; embodiments of charity, bearing all things and believing all things, loving even their tyrants, kissing the rod wherewith they are struck,

reforming bad men by the spectacle of their untainted virtues, and softening the rude by their ineffable grace. These are the two extremes: but no school has yet upheld them as sober, rational, well-informed beings—with brains to regulate their impulses, yet with more love than calculation; with strong instincts and intuitive perceptions, yet not devoid of reason; with courage to examine dark moral problems and to learn the truth of social conditions which they do not share, yet with purity surviving knowledge—women who do not care to make a fool's paradise of Arcadian innocence for themselves, but who are not content to let vice reign supreme while they stand loftily aside on the plea of pitch and the defilement arising therefrom—women who are neither the slaves nor the rivals of men, and whose demand for equal rights does not include confusion of circumstance or identity of condition. And this is what the best of the revolt is aiming at becoming now. For the class which advocates indifference to the wishes and approbation of men is not one deserving serious consideration. This is the madness, the exaggeration which brings the whole question into disfavour; and no one who has woman's best interests at heart can thank the members of this class for their advocacy.

The first point in this modern revolt is the cry of women for leave to work. This surely is a mere cry, not a cause. There is work for them to do if they will do it; work waiting for them, and sadly needing their doing. But this is not the work they want to do. What they want is a share in that which men have appropriated, and which is undeniably better fitted for men than women. And in their at-

tempt to get hold of this they are leaving undone that which Nature and the fitness of things have assigned to them, like children who quit their own tasks which are within their compass, while wanting those apportioned to the elders. Yet what have women to complain of in the way of wanting work? In reality very few careers are closed to them. To be sure the law and the church, the army, navy, and Parliament, are crypts into which they may not penetrate, but all trades and commerce, and the financial world outside the Stock Exchange, are open to them: they may be merchants, bankers, traders of all kinds, shipowners and shipbuilders, artists, writers, teachers, farmers,<sup>1</sup> and they can practise medicine under restrictions, besides being nurses. All these and more modes of gaining a livelihood are free to them; and they have moreover their own more special work.

But let us confess it honestly, if sorrowfully—hitherto they have made no class mark in anything, and only a very few women, and those quite exceptional, have done what they might do. It is said that this want of class distinction is owing to the want of education. Granting the plea generally, who has educated women if not women themselves? No one has prevented women from giving to girls an education as broad and sound as that given by men to boys; the wretched thing called female education has not been men's doing, nor has the want of anything better been in deference to men's wishes. The education of her daughters is essentially the mother's care and a woman's charge: and as a proof of this, now that a desire for better things has sprung up among women, men help them to get the best that can be given.

<sup>1</sup> Only quite lately a farmer, Mrs. Millington, of Ash Grove Farm, near Bicester, took the prize for good farming over the heads of her male competitors; and there was, probably is still, a lady of rank, who owns a dairy at Notting Hill, who attends to the business herself, and drives her pair of bays to the door of those of her customers who have had any complaint to make, to see into their case herself.

It has been because mothers have willed it so, that their daughters have been flimsily taught and flashily accomplished, and handed over to men neither intellectual companions nor useful house-managers.

Let us go over the list of what has been especially woman's work, and say candidly what she has made of her talent. All that concerns domestic and social life is hers—maternity and the care of the young, the education of the daughters, the management of the house, the arrangements of society, the regulation of dress and fashion. And whatever we may think about woman's right to a more extended sphere of action, we cannot deny that these are her principal duties; whatever we may add on to these, these must always remain her primary obligations.

But how are these duties performed?

In the question of maternity lies the saddest part of the Modern Revolt. God alone knows what good is to come out of the strange reaction against the maternal instinct, which is so marked a social feature in America, and which is spreading rapidly here. Believing, for my part, in the progress of humanity, and in our unconsciously working to good ends even by crooked means, I find my faith in ultimate historic improvement severely exercised by this phenomenon. Formerly children were desired by all women, and their coming considered a blessing rather than otherwise: now the proportion of wives who regard them as a curse is something appalling, and the annoyance or despair, with the practical expression, in many cases, given to that annoyance as their number increases, is simply bewildering to those who have cherished that instinct as it used to be cherished. The thing is as I have said: the moral or historic end to be attained through it no one has yet discovered. It may mean an instinctive endeavour to check a superabundant population; but proximately it seems due to our artificial mode of life, and the high pressure under which we live, whereby we are taxed to the utmost we can bear, with no margin to

spare : our civilization thus recurring to first principles and repeating the savage's dread of unnecessary mouths in his tribe. Still, however it may come about, or whatever it may mean, the modern revolt against the maternal instinct is something for the student of humanity to examine. Let us hope that before long he will explain to us the ultimate outcome of it.

The care of the young ranks as one of the most important of all things to the State and the race, and one on which no pains bestowed could be too much. Yet how many mothers understand the management of the young in any scientific sense? How many study the best modes of education, physical or moral, and bring their studies to good issue? How many mothers will even receive advice and not consider it interference in their own distinct domain? and how many are there who so much as doubt that maternity of itself does not give wisdom, and that by the mere fact of motherhood a woman is fully capable of managing her child without more teaching than that which she gets from instinct? We give less thought (not less love), less study, less scientific method, to the management of our own young than to the training of future racehorses or the development of the prize heifer on the farm. The wildest ideas on food, the most injudicious fashions in dress, amusements which ruin both body and mind, such as children's evening parties, theatres, and the like, make one often think that the last person to whom her children should be entrusted is the mother. Add to this a moral education, good or bad according to individual temperament, an ignorance of psychological laws as dense as that of the physiological and hygienic, and the personal care of the little ones delegated to servants, and we have the base on which the modern nursery is constructed. This delegation of the mother's duty to servants is as amazing in its contravention of instinct as the revolt against maternity. Every woman sees how nurses treat the children of other mothers, and every mother trusts her own nurse implicitly, and gives into the hands of a

coarse and ignorant woman, the temper, the health, the nerves, the earliest mental direction, and the consequent permanent bias of the future of her child, while perhaps she goes out on a crusade to help people who need example rather than assistance. This is no overcharged picture. The unscientific management of children, and the absolute surrender of them while young, and therefore while most plastic, into the hands of servants, is too patent to be denied.

Of education we have already spoken, and because of the present better methods we need not go back on the past mistakes; but how about housekeeping?

The fashions of modern life are not favourable to good housekeeping. Here and there we meet with a woman who has made it an art, and carried it out to a beautiful perfection; but the number of those who have done so is small compared to the indifferent, the inefficient, those who interfere without organizing, and those who have given up their office to servants, retaining merely that symbol of authority called "keeping the keys." Few women above a very mediocre social position do anything in the house; and the fatal habit of fineladyism is gradually descending to the tradesman's and mechanic's classes; fewer still try to elevate the system of housekeeping altogether, and make it possible for ladies, even our artificial product, to take an active part in it with pleasure and profit to themselves. Yet French and German women keep house actively, and do not disdain the finer portions of the work. With the help of the machines which American need has fashioned for the home, this does not seem a very degrading task for women. One consequence wherever ladies of education are active housekeepers is, that a more scientific, compact, cleanly, and less rude and wasteful mode of cookery obtains. And indeed that cooking question is a grave one, belonging especially to women, and quite as important in its own way as the knowledge of drugs and the mixing up of pills. Women do not consider it so, and ladies are rather

proud than otherwise of their ignorance of an art which is one of their elemental natural duties. But they want to be doctors, if they object to be cooks. Yet how it can be considered honourable to get meat by manipulating asafœtida, and degrading to attend to the cooking of that meat when got—beneath the dignity of a woman's intellect to understand the constituent elements of food and what they make in the human frame, yet consistent with that dignity to understand the effects of drugs—why the power of bringing back to health should be a science fit for the noblest intellects to undertake, and the art of keeping in health an office fit only for the grossest and most ignorant to fill—is a nice distinction of honour, the quality of which I, for one, have never been able to understand; nor why that *imperium in imperio*, the kitchen, is a better institution than the centralization of authority dating from the drawing-room. Society in its simplest aspect is, as it were, the radical of our own more complex conditions; and do as we will, we cannot escape from the eternal fitness of this division of labour—the man to provide, the woman to prepare for use and to distribute. While, then, our housekeeping generally is bad because not undertaken with heart or intellect, and while our national cookery is still little better than “plain roast and boiled,” we cannot say that we have gone through this lesson from end to end, or exhausted even this portion of our special acre.

The same complaint is true with respect to our absurd social arrangements and more absurd fashions. Yet both are in the hands of women only, and might be made as beautiful as they are now the reverse. The reform in the dinner-table that has taken place of late years has been heartily welcomed by men everywhere; so would a reform in the dinners themselves, if any one would undertake it. The adoption of a “day” has also been a boon in the matter of morning calls; but what can one say of the common sense shown in beginning our balls about midnight? or, indeed,

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of the common sense of most of our evening parties—at least in London—those mere crowds, successful in proportion to the discomfort of the guests, and brilliant only when a well-dressed mob overflows on to the stairs, unable to exchange even a greeting with the hostess? In face of such assemblies as these, it can scarcely be said that we have brought the art of human intercourse up to the highest artistic point to which it can reach.

Over dress and fashion one's dirges might be unending. And here again women are the arbiters, and dress only to please themselves, without any reference whatever to men or nature. Now the fashion is a steel balloon which gets into everybody's way, and in the vortex created by which lies disaster to all crockery and light furniture; now it is a long train, mainly useful in sweeping up dirt and tripping up human feet: sometimes we get headaches by overcrowding our heads, sometimes face-aches by leaving them wholly unprotected; high heels destroy the shape of the leg and the foot alike, as well as comfort in walking; and stays not only create deformity, but also disease, and maybe death. Still, though the need is so great, no woman has yet cared to invent a perfectly beautiful, simple, and useful dress. She struck out Bloomerism, which was too hideous to be adopted by any woman holding to the religion of beauty and the need of looking charming; and she clings to trains, which, however graceful in line, are inconsistent with work or activity; but, save in the modern “costumes” which are overloaded with frills and ornaments, she has not come near to the desideratum—a dress which the peasant and the duchess could wear alike, graceful with the one, serviceable with the other, and beautiful in their degree with both. Much has been said and written of the cruelty of needlework, and of the precious lives which women have offered up to the Moloch of stitchery. Yet who has set the fashion of unnecessary stitches but women themselves? It is they who have crowded work upon work in all

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the garments which pass through their hands; and while bewailing the hard slavery of sewing, and considering it as one of the real curses of their condition, multiply frills and flounces, and gussets and seams and bands, as if the main object of a garment was to contain as much superfluous needlework as possible. Meanwhile, a tailor's work is simple, strong, and not fantastic, and a dress-maker's is flimsy and complicated; almost all body-linen is too elaborate, both in the shaping and the stitchery; and the greatest blessing of its kind, the sewing-machine, instead of lightening our labour has been the means of greatly increasing the complexity of sewed work.

Thus, in the duties special to women and the part in life apportioned to them, we find nothing brought to its possible perfection, nothing wrought out to its ultimate; and I cannot say it commends itself to one's calmer judgment, that while their own appointed duties are in such an unsatisfactory state, they should be clamorous to take from men work of an untried character, and which, if men perform only *tant bien que mal*, it cannot be asserted women will perform better.

There is more than a living, there is a fortune to be made by the woman of taste and refinement who will undertake the task of perfecting the womanly duties—of top-dressing the woman's acre. But no one will attempt it. The women who want to be clerks and apothecaries will not go out as lady-nurses, nor as lady-dressmakers, nor as lady-cooks. They flock to *take service* to tend wounded men, because of the excitement, the *kudos*, may-be the instinct involved: but ask them to take service to nurse little children—ask them to exhibit so much enthusiasm for the perfecting of the future as they do for healing the present generation, and would you get a response? Yet the right management and noble nurture of the young is perhaps more important than the tender nursing, by women, of wounded men of whom their comrades would also be very tender! Again: ask

them to be lady-dressmakers, teachers of taste and fashioners of beautiful garments; or ask them to make themselves first-rate cooks, and give lessons in the art, or go out as dinner superintendents,—will they do either? Yet they might thus make a good living by useful work which they discard, while they prefer a wretched pittance by fancy work which no one wants, by miserable art which breaks the hearts of kindly “hangers,” by attempts at teaching where they have everything to learn. The woman who would copy this manuscript at twopence the folio would think herself degraded if advised to try to make a fortune as Soyer and Worth made theirs.

Many ladies of good but not immense incomes want this kind of help—and would pay for it. The “little” dress-maker cannot be trusted with anything better than a garden gown; Court dress-makers are simply ruinous; the women who go out to work have neither skill nor taste; and the maid wants the help of direction. A refined, tasteful, artistic woman to direct a maid, and give her ideas and patterns, is an institution as yet not established. Yet the woman who would do this first would open a new path for her sisters. So of cooking; but any help in the house beyond the charwoman and the day-worker, neither of whom is worth her salt, is, as every housekeeper knows, absolutely impossible in this great London of ours, where the cry goes up of “Work for women—for pity's sake, work!”

It must be owned that this disinclination of women with anything like culture, to work under women only richer, not intrinsically better bred than themselves, is mainly due to the scant courtesy with which many ladies treat those of their own sex whom they meet on paying terms. And they have not found out the way yet to enforce respect by what they are, independent of what they do. And as they themselves have degraded their natural work, consequently the position of the workers is held cheap and low. This can be reformed only when women of education and

finement shed their own lustre on their natural duties; and as old Antæus gained strength when he touched his mother earth, so will they gain the womanly glory and the influence they have lost, when they turn back to the old sources and take up again the discarded work. All that they did in early times—things that kings' daughters did, that the noblest and stateliest lady did, and lost nothing of her nobleness in doing—they have degraded and relegated to the lower hand. Even the profession of medicine, about which there has been so much warm controversy, was once the lady's work, till she herself forsook it and let it fall from her hands into men's. All but one branch; and that she gave into the keeping of the coarsest and most ignorant old wife of the village. Only so late as Charles II. midwives were "Dames" by legal right: we know what they are in the present day; though here also there has been great improvement and a wiser state of things begun.

What, then, I contend for in this question of woman's work is, that in her own world, which is so beautiful, so useful, she has unexplored tracts and unfulfilled duties; and that it is a fatal mistake in her not to put her intellect and an extended education into social and domestic details, so that she may make her own work perfect—not by lowering herself to the condition of a servant, but by raising her duties above the level of the servant.

But is not the truth something like this—that women crave public applause, an audience, excitement, notoriety, more than mere work? They want to be lecturers, professors, entitled to wear gowns and hoods, and to put letters after their names; and perhaps the desire is natural; but let us call it by its right name—personal ambition—and not be ashamed to confess the truth: and if they can do the work well, let them, in heaven's name! The Best is not a question of sex, though we may have our own ideas as to who is most likely to be the best. Still, if women

like to try their powers, why deny them the opportunity? Public opinion and the proof of experience would be sufficient to prevent an influx of weak incapacity in avenues already crowded by the capable and the strong; and the law of fitness would soon find them out and place them according to their deserving. Restrictions, which are hindrances of free-will only and not defence work against evil-doing, belong to a childish state of society; and the best thing that could be done for women would be to open all careers to them with men, and let them try their strength on a fair field, and no favour.

The second demand of the modern revolvers is surely just—their right to the franchise. Stress is laid by the opposition on the difference between a natural right and a political privilege. They affirm that the franchise is not the natural right of every man, but a privilege accorded for purposes of polity to some men. Wherefore, they say, women cannot claim as an equal right what is not intrinsically any one's right. And so with this they set the claim aside, and will continue to do so till women are in earnest to enforce it. So long as the majority of women do not care for the franchise, the minority who do care for it will not get it; the argument being always at hand that to grant a political privilege for the purpose of creating a political conscience, would be the exact reverse of all the modes of government hitherto practised; and found to answer. The denial presses heavily on those who wish for it; but this too will pass away by the creation of a public opinion favourable to the demand: until then nothing will be done for the sake of equity, equality, or logic.

The third right of women on hand, but settled partially for the moment, is the right of married women to their own property. And the revolt of women against the undue power of their husbands, against the virtual slavery of marriage, has not been without cause. Not that they have revolted, but that they have borne so long, is the wonder. A state of things which put them

wholly in the power of a man when once he was the married master—which allowed him to ruin them without redress, and to treat them with every kind of cruelty, save an amount of personal brutality dangerous to life, yet held them to their bond, and held them close—was sure to produce misery, as it was sure also to create evil: human nature not being able to bear unchecked authority without letting it run into tyranny. Now, however, things have got somewhat put to rights in that quarter, and by and by more will be done, till it is all worked through, and the theory of marriage will be no longer based on the enslaving of one but on the equality of two.

Mensay that this question of the rights of women to do such work and enter into such professions as they desire, to exercise the franchise, and to possess their own property, being wives, is eminently a peace question, and that if a war broke out we should hear no more of it. The time would then be the man's time, the hour of physical strength and of all other essentially masculine qualities, and these woman's rights, with other products of peace, would be trodden under foot forthwith. Granted: and the fact of its being a peace question proves its value. Nothing grows in war-time, and only weapons of destruction and strong hands to wield them are of value; so that to say a question is a peace question is to say that it belongs to the growing time of society, that it is part of its development, its improvement; and to ignore its claims on this ground, and because we should hear nothing about it if a war broke out, would be about as just and rational as to despise the fact of the corn-field, because the troops must trample down the grain in passing to the front.

But there is also another reason, beside peace, why all these questions have arisen now, and the Modern Revolt has gained such head among us:—the immense disproportion of the sexes in England. There are not enough men to feed and protect all the women, so that some of them must work for themselves, and protect themselves as well—which,

may be, is the harder thing of the two. And as they will not work in their own natural portion of the field of labour, and get money and dignity by raising the offices they have degraded to servants, they are clamorous to take the offices of men, and enter into competition with them on their own ground. And if they succeed, one result must inevitably arise—the further drainage from the country of men, beaten out of the field by women. For though women never can compete with men in the amount of work turned out to time, and therefore never can make the same amount of wages, yet they may flood the market with cheaper work, and so ruin men by underselling them. This, and not “jealousy,” is the reason why men look askance at the introduction of female hands in any branch of trade which they have hitherto kept to themselves; for we must remember that the man represents the family, a woman generally only herself, and that the workman's jealousy is as much for his wife and children as for himself. All things considered, would it not be wiser if women took their own work out of the lower hands, and did it better and more beautifully than it is done now? And if the effect of this was to create an extensive emigration of good, honest, lower-class women, and of that miserable class next to them, neither ladies nor servants, who go out as shop-girls and nursery governesses, who do not marry early, and who know nothing by which they can make a sufficient income, it would be the best thing that could happen to England where women are redundant, and to the colonies where they are so sadly wanted.

But if we can do without so many women as we have, we cannot do without the womanly virtues. We want the purity and the love of women to refine the race which the magnanimity and justice of men ennoble. We want their power of sacrifice by which the future is preserved; their tenderness, their impulsiveness even; their sense of beauty, and their modesty. When women are bad, all is bad. Their vice poisons so

ciety at its roots, and their low estimate of morality makes virtue impossible; while the frivolous woman, devoted only to dress and pleasure, creates an atmosphere about her in which no sublimity of thought, no heroism can live. Yet some men admire only such women, and say that a woman's sole *raison d'être* is to be beautiful in person, graceful in manner, to dress well, look nice, and amuse men; and that it does not signify two straws whether she is good or bad so long as she is pleasant and pretty, and does the drawing-room business well. These men prefer these living dolls to real women out of fear—fear lest the future woman in losing her frivolity will lose also her grace, in gaining independence will gain also hardness and coarseness, and for every intellectual increase will lose correspondingly in womanliness and love.

Others, again, think that neither intellect nor reasonableness should be exclusively a masculine attribute, and that the wiser women are the nobler they will be, and the more likely to be faithful to them as well as true to themselves. And indeed it is not really the largest-minded women who swagger about, bad copies of a bad style of man, talking of everything they should not, reviling maternity, deriding woman's work, scorning the sweet instinctive reliance of the weaker, and affecting to despise the sex they ape. These are of the fools with which the world of women, as of men, abounds; and it is by a simple chance of

physical organization that they are manish fools rather than weak ones, given to slang and defiance rather than to slipshod and frivolity. And these, though they form undeniably a part, are not the main body of the Modern Revolvers.

In this main body the desire to enlarge the circle of women's activities springs from a lofty motive. If it is taking a wrong direction, it will put itself right before long, and by its recognition of error will repair the evil it may have done. It can do no evil if, while careful for intellectual culture, it holds the great instinctive affections as the highest in a woman's catalogue of duties; while enlarging the sphere of her activity, it maintains the righteousness of her doing first, thoroughly, that class of work called emphatically woman's work, before she invades the offices of men; while enriching her life by intellect, and ennobling her work by her own dignity, it still keeps to the pleasant prettiness, the personal charms, the lighter graces of her sex; while giving her freedom of action and the power of self-support, it does not take from her modesty, tenderness, or love; nor in making her the equal and companion of man, make her less than his lover—and his rival, not his mate. Without these provisos the Modern Revolt will be the ruin of our womankind: with them, its most precious, its most royal gain and gift. And so may God and the good consciences of women grant.



## LORNE: A LOCAL SKETCH.

BY HENRY DUNN SMITH, A.M.

AT the present moment, when the name of LORNE is more or less on the lips and in the hearts of all, some account of the district so called, and of the great family deriving one of its titles therefrom, will be welcome to many readers. We therefore propose here to inquire into the origin of the title LORNE, and show how that title now appertains to the family of Argyll.

Leaving out of view more remote genealogies, it is worthy of remark that the house of Argyll can point to a direct male ancestral line leading down through 600 years, from "Cailean Mor," the first of the famous knights of Lochow (1270). But the real founder of the ducal house in all its might and greatness was SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, the first Earl of Argyll (1457), to whom also belongs the credit of adding the ancient barony of Lorne to the other dignities of his family. This chief succeeded to the estates and honours of his grandfather, Sir Duncan Campbell, the first of those knights that assumed the title of Lord of Argyll,—in the peerage of Scotland, first Lord Campbell (1452),—vernacularly styled *Donnachadh-an-aigh*, i.e. "Duncan the Prosperous," and reputed one of the wealthiest barons in the kingdom. The patrimonial domains inherited by Sir Colin, the second Lord Campbell, embraced the whole lands lying along the eastern shore of Loch Awe, with the islands of Inishchonnell, Inisherreth, Inishail, &c., all situated near the eastern shore of the lake, and on several of which strong towers frowned defiance upon adventurous foemen. He inherited also the wide and rich tract of country acquired by his forefathers from the MacVicars of Glenaray and Stronshira, whereby the family possessions had been

extended eastwards to the shores of Lochfyne. The land-roll further included a number of valuable appanages throughout the kingdom, as in Perthshire, Fife, &c.

There can be no doubt that, for several generations, the ancient house of Campbell, like certain princely houses of more modern date, had shown itself possessed of a wonderful turn for absorption at the expense of its neighbours, as well as a happy knack of creating opportunities for the gratification of that propensity. If, in those days of the sword and bow, there was such a thing as conscience or the moral faculty, it must have been of a very peculiar type indeed, one which in its exercise was apt to reverse the well-known order of things, and substitute for swallowing a *camel* the edifying spectacle of a Campbell swallowing up all around him. Those were times of lawless daring. There lacked not, we may be sure, high acts of heroism and self-sacrifice, even amid the darkest surroundings; but, in the rough game of give and take, property not unfrequently changed hands on highly uncommercial principles. Annexation is an odious game at the best. Doth benevolent intention justify it? A certain place is said to be paved with good intentions. The following picture, taken from an old "Ilistorie of King James the Sext," and therefore referring to a much later period, may be but slightly overdrawn: "Trew it is," says this historian, "that thir Ilandish men ar of nature verie prowd, suspicious, avaricious, full of decept and evill inventioun each agains his nychtbour, be what way soever he may circumvin him. Besydis all this, they ar sa crewall in taking of revenge

that nather have they regard to person, eage, tyme, or caus; sa ar they generallie all sa far addictit to their awin tyrannicall opinions that, in all respects, they exceid in creweltie the maist barbarous people that ever has bene sen the begynning of the warld." Not a very flattering description certainly; yet, after all, it may fairly be questioned whether *their* estimate of the value of human life or human rights was one whit lower than that exhibited in some parts of Christendom, even in this nineteenth century. But then, these things are done now-a-days after a much more orthodox fashion, with all due attention to the proper formalities, and in accordance with the more humane usages of modern warfare or of modern diplomacy!

The transactions, however, which more immediately led to the acquisition of the lordship of Lorne by the House of Argyll, appear to have been singularly free from those too frequent elements of violence and chicane to which allusion has been made. That family, it is true, had almost from its first establishment on the opposite shore of Loch Awe—through, as we are told, the marriage of one Gillespaig Campbell with the heiress of Lochow<sup>1</sup>—maintained an unceasing struggle for ascendancy with the neighbouring chiefs of Lorne, who then held the chieftainship of Argyll. To achieve this proud position for themselves was their persistent aim.

But before proceeding farther, it will be proper to say something as to the region of Lorne itself, as also the cir-

cumstances which led to its erection into a lordship or barony.

On the western side of that most picturesque of Scottish lakes, Loch Awe, and for a considerable space further to the north and south, there stretches a fine seaboard country, almost entirely sequestered from the rest of the mainland by various natural confines. This region, so interesting to the antiquary, the historian, and the poet, is that known by the historic name of LORNE—a name supposed by some to have been derived from one of those Dalriadic princes or leaders who, coming from the north of Ireland about A.D. 503, settled in the West Highlands, and there formed the first rude beginnings of the Scottish monarchy. These chiefs are said to have been three brothers, Fergus, Lorne, and Angus, sons of Erc, a descendant of the great Celtic rulers of Ireland, and in all probability of the same or a kindred race with that which previously occupied the whole west of Scotland, then called Albyn. While Fergus established himself on the southern peninsulas of Kintyre and Cowall, and his brother Angus in Islay and the adjacent islands, Lorne chose for his nascent sept the Western district thereafter known by his name.<sup>1</sup> Such at least is one account of the matter. In the original, the word is Lathŭrna—pronounced by the native Gael *Lairna*, and shortened into Lorn or Lorne. Though sometimes applied to a much wider tract of country, and even at times including the Island of Mull, &c., the more strict usage limits the name to what may be termed Lorne Proper, that is to say, the coast region to the west of Loch Awe, with the numerous islands that stud the frith shut in by Mull and Morvern. The extreme length varies from thirty to thirty-three miles, with a mean breadth of about ten. Three beautiful arms of the sea intersect it—Loch Feochan in the south, Loch Etive in the middle, and Loch Creran further

<sup>1</sup> *Era*, daughter of *Paul-an-Sporrain* (i.e. Paul of the Purse), so called because he was purse-bearer to two Scottish kings, Duncan I. and Malcolm Canmore. *Gillespaig* (i.e. Archibald), was the youngest son of *Gillie-Callum* (grandson of Diarmid-of-the-Boar). Tradition states that *Gillie-Callum* went to France; that he there married a niece of Duke William of Normandy; that his younger son *Gillespaig* came to Scotland after the Norman Conquest of England, and marrying his second cousin *Era*, settled on Loch Awe (Ardehonnell). The elder son of *Gillie-Callum* is described as being the Earl Beauchamp of Norman times, and the surname *Campbell* as a cognate form of the same title (*campus bellus*)!

<sup>1</sup> St. Columba, the great evangelist of the West, is described as being the great-grandson of Lorne through a daughter of that chief, named *Era*.

north. Of these the largest and most important is Loch Etive, a fine land-locked reach of water which in its upper half trends away considerably to the north; while between it and the head of Loch Awe towers aloft in massive strength and grandeur Ben Cruachan, throwing his shadow dark and broad over the fair expanse of waters at his base. The landscape at many points of view excels in the most striking effects. In particular, the panorama that opens up to the traveller as he comes in sight of Loch Awe from the east (by Glenarary) is, for grandeur and beauty combined, perhaps without an equal in Great Britain. On a calm summer's day it presents a peculiarly charming picture. The eye rests on the placid waters of the lake, and its beauteous islets, slumbering peacefully in the shade, their several outlines mirrored in responsive symmetry underneath; while in the background, majestic and grand, the giant Ben, his brow calm and unclouded, looks down his wooded slopes, as if keeping watch and ward over the lovely scene.

Turning our regards a little more to the left, we see stretching away to the south-west, as far as the eye can reach, an irregular series of hills, embracing heath-covered slopes and verdant flats, with many a bosky dell between; here and there a neat homestead, with its herd of cattle browsing near; mayhap a shepherd half way up the hill, directing by voice and gesture the movements of his sheep-dog, as he tends his fleecy charge. A decidedly pastoral country, this far-famed land of Lorne. Yet behind those undulating hills, embowered in pleasant holts of green, or looking forth upon the western sea, there lie spots replete with the stirring memories of days gone by. How quiet and uneventful now! Who would imagine that yonder slopes once waved with mighty forests, through which rushed the fierce wild boar and scarce less savage man; that, a thousand years ago, this very region was the centre of Scottish life and activity, whence only in course of time the Scottish people stretched their sway eastwards to the

German Sea? Yet undoubtedly so it was. How, in those remote times, a dense population found here the means of subsistence, we pause not to inquire; leaving to the learned to determine whether we may with any degree of truth apply to the period in question the inviting picture of domestic supply contained in that fine lyric, "The Braes aboon Bonawe:"—

"I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,  
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;  
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake;  
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.

"For trout and par, wi' cannie care  
I'll wily skim the flee, lassie;  
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,  
Then come awa' wi' me, lassie."

Besides the land-pictures indicated above, several others of equal beauty might be referred to in different parts of the district, all of them combining sublimity with the rarest loveliness. We will refrain, however, from trenching farther on the province of the guide-books: suffice to say that, for both scenery and associations, it may well be questioned whether in Scotland, or even in Europe, there can be found anything to surpass the district of Lorne. Hence the multitude of visitors it attracts annually from every quarter, even the most travelled of them bearing testimony to its transcendent beauties. Thanks also to an admirably conducted system of steam and coach conveyance, this historic region has of late years been rendered easily accessible from the great centres of industry—facilities which are largely taken advantage of every recurring season. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the iron steed will be seen careering along the steep of Ben Cruachan and through the Pass of Awe; then, large as at present the number of visitors is, the annual throng will doubtless be swelled by thousands more, and Oban, the modern capital of Lorne, be under the necessity of still further enlarging her already numerous and palatial establishments for the accommodation of strangers.

Very perplexed and very obscure at the best is the early history—if his

tory it may be termed—of these remote regions of the West. One thing, indeed, is certain, that at the beginning of the sixth century, and also for generations both before and after, they were much more densely peopled than almost any other part of North Britain. Of this there remain unmistakeable proofs. But of the race, aboriginal or otherwise, which at the date specified was either displaced or subjugated, we have little or no information; and even as regards the subsequent period of 300 years that elapsed before Kenneth MacAlpine added the Pictish nation to his own, how little do we know of the condition of these so-called Scoto-Irish tribes, of the changes wrought among them by internecine struggles for supremacy, or by the incursions of various piratical hordes that from time to time made descents upon these shores!

Yet here, if local tradition may be trusted, long before the Dalriadic period above referred to, the mighty achievements of Fingal king of Morven had their centre and their spring; for, under the generic name of *Morven* (*i.e.* the high hill country), the district of Lorne is held as included. So, according to this interpretation, even here, within the very shadow of Ben Cruachan, and overlooking the magnificent amphitheatre of Loch Etive and the Frith of Lorne, the great Fenian king (*Rígh na Feinne*) had his home, “the sounding Halls of Selma,” whither he and his men were wont to return spoil-laden from many a bloody fray. Here also are pointed out several other spots immortalized in the strains of Ossian, the warrior-bard, “whose lay was of heroes in the days of old.” Some even profess to see in the name Lorne itself a reference to the famous “Falls of Lora” (*i.e.* the noisy), an Ossianic cognomen applied to the tidal “narrows” at the entrance of Loch Etive. Other localities are expressly referred to in the compositions of later Celtic bards; but these are so full of extravagance that little dependence can be placed upon their topographic allusions, although at the same time we are

indebted to them for many vivid descriptions of men and things in the olden time. How far the whole Fingalian story is to be regarded as fact or fiction, does not come within the scope of our present inquiry. It has been suggested, indeed, that these bardic legends may for the most part be referred to the warlike exploits of the Fiongall, *i.e.* either the “fair-haired” or the “white-sailed” strangers, a term applied by the old Irish annalists to the Norwegian invaders, those fierce rovers who scoured the North seas, and whose presence at a very early period along the western shores of North Britain has been established by irrefragable proofs. All attempts, however, to explain away into myth and romance the ancient heroes renowned in song are indignantly scouted by those claiming to be the most competent interpreters of the literature and other relics of the so-called Ossianic period. With them, to express doubts on this subject is to be guilty of something little short of sacrilege. With them the personal identity of their favourite heroes—Fingal and his men—is as much an article of belief as is that of Julius Cæsar and his legions, William the Conqueror and his Norman host.

But in reverting to the antiquities of this district, the chief interest naturally attaches to the various mementos it possesses of a primordial era in the monarchy of Scotland. As to these, it will be sufficient only to recall the names of Berigonium, Dunstaffnage, and Iona, each of which has a history of its own—the capital town, the royal fortress, the last resting-place of a long line of kings. Ample catalogues of these rulers are given by the Celtic genealogists: the fabulous often blended with the possibly true. These industrious “makers” also differ on points of some importance; but in one thing they are all agreed, namely, that for many generations these Western potentates ruled with a certain rude pomp and state over a wide and populous tract of country, carrying on periodic or almost incessant wars with their neighbours,

including the Picts and other tribes dwelling further to the north and east. "During the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, the history of Scotland presents nothing but a succession of conflicts between these nations, which produced but little permanent change in their relative situations. In the ninth century, however, a revolution took place, the nature of which it is almost impossible to determine, whilst the fables of the later historians are quite unworthy of credit. But it is certain that the result of this revolution was the nominal union of the tribes under Kenneth MacAlpine, a king of the Scottish or Dalriadic race (A.D. 843), and the consequent spread of the name of Scotland over the whole country." (Gregory's "History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland.")

There is good reason for believing that shortly after the seat of government was transferred to the interior, those Scandinavian invaders reappeared in force, and either occupied or plundered the greater part of these Western regions, then left comparatively undefended by their former rulers. It is to this period, if not to an earlier one, that we must refer those numerous strongholds or watch-towers whose ruins are seen perched on lofty cliffs and headlands throughout the Hebrides, each grey old "burg" seeming to the passer-by "as if it had for uncounted ages braved the fury of the Atlantic storms." Another noticeable result of the presence of these invaders in former times is found in the almost exclusive use of Norse names for the different islands, &c., along the coast. Such a nomenclature is held as pointing conclusively to a Norse rule of considerable duration. And here may be mentioned the ancient banner device of the chiefs of Lorne, viz. a war-galley fully equipped, with oars, sail, &c., which is held as clearly establishing their *Viking* extraction: so indeed it is often set forth in the lays of the minstrels. This Norse domination—long or short, complete or only partial, as it may have been—we find at length, about the

middle of the twelfth century, virtually set aside by a warrior-chief named SOMERLED, who, after a victorious career, succeeded in achieving for himself the Thaneship of Argyll. In the person of this Somerled, therefore, who is said to have been of Celtic origin, we find the first high chief of the Western Gael; and from him that dignity can be traced down in succession through seven centuries till the present day. After ruling for a number of years, with something like regal pomp, over nearly the whole of the West, Somerled was at his death (A.D. 1164) succeeded by his three sons, Angus, Dougall, and Ronald, who divided his possessions amongst them. Eventually, by the death of Angus, Dougall acquired the chieftainship of Argyll, along with the greater part of the family possessions (A.D. 1210). It was this Dougall MacSomerled that first became more particularly identified with the district of Lorne, as high chief, having adopted for his principal residence the ancient stronghold of Dunstaffnage, most of which, however, must have been about this time rebuilt. From him also it was that the powerful sept so long after predominant in that part of the island derived their well-known patronymic or clan name, the Macdougalls of Lorne.

In 1263, Haco of Norway, with his 160 ships and his 20,000 men, held rendezvous at Kerrera in the Frith of Lorne. "This folk," quoth Haco, "must again yield fealty unto us." But the stout king was defeated in an attempt to land on the shores of the Clyde; a result, it is said, mainly due to the timely levies brought to the aid of the Scottish sovereign (Alexander III.) by *Cailean Mor*, the knight of Lochow. This is that illustrious chief of the Campbells from whom the head of the clan derives his patronymic of "Mac-Cailean Mor,"—perhaps better known under the travestied form introduced by Sir Walter Scott, viz. *Macallum-more*: than which, it may be remarked, a more unfortunate or more absurd corruption of the original could scarcely

be conceived; for it is as the son or descendant (*Mac*) of the "Great Colin" here referred to (not "Callum" or Malcolm, as the other form would imply), that the Duke of Argyll holds the chieftainship of his clan, as well as those rich and extensive domains that have been handed down through so many generations. To none of their earliest chiefs did the Campbells owe more of their greatness than to Cailean Mor. And none of them seems to have better understood, or to have more successfully carried out—

"The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

In forays and reprisals against the Macdougalls of Lorne, none more active or puissant than he. Yet tradition states that it was while engaged in one of these expeditions that the great Colin met his end. The Campbells, as may be supposed, took a dire revenge for the slaughter of their great chief, and the spot where he fell is marked by a large memorial cairn. It may also be mentioned that in the ancient burying-ground of Kilchrenan, on the western side of Loch Awe, where this warrior-knight is believed to have found his last resting-place, a massive granite monument was recently erected by the present Duke of Argyll in memory of his redoubtable ancestor: it bears the following inscription:—

CAILEAN MOR,  
SLAIN ON THE  
SREANG OF LORNE,  
A.D. 1294.  
ERECTED BY  
GEORGE DOUGLAS CAMPBELL,  
8TH DUKE OF ARGYLL  
28TH BARON OF LOCHOW.  
1866.

Shortly after the battle of Largs, referred to above, the nominal sovereignty of the Scandinavian kings over the West of Scotland was finally ceded to the Scottish crown. But the tie that bound the Western peoples to the central government was, for many years, of the slenderest description. Every attempt to enforce the royal authority

met with the fiercest resistance; and it was only after a series of sanguinary conflicts that the native chiefs and their vassals were reduced even to temporary submission. There can be little doubt that the strenuous opposition offered by the Macdougalls of Lorne to the government of King Robert Bruce was prompted as much by a dislike to the idea of an actual instead of a merely nominal superior, as by a desire to avenge the slaughter (by Bruce) of the Red Comyn, to whom the then chief of Lorne (Allister) was son-in-law. We know that this deadly hostility of the Macdougalls cost Bruce dear; but we know also that the latter took the earliest opportunity of inflicting summary vengeance. It was John, son of the last-mentioned chief, who stoutly but unsuccessfully opposed, at the Pass of Awe, Bruce's advance into Lorne with his avenging force. By the exaction of heavy penalties and imposts, the prestige and power of the Macdougalls were at once greatly reduced; and during the consolidation of the kingdom under the Bruce and Stewart dynasties the policy of humbling that clan was relentlessly adhered to. Bit by bit they found themselves stripped of their lands, and at length, in the Register of the Scottish Parliament (1434) Robert Stewart is entered as "seneschall" of Lorne; clearly showing that some member of the royal family had been appointed to administer or hold these lands. Nevertheless it does not appear that they were altogether dispossessed; or if so, they must, after a time, have been to some extent reinstated. The surname of Macdougall, indeed, now disappears from the family of the high chief of Lorne, being replaced by the royal one of Stewart. Yet how this change was actually brought to pass, is by no means clearly ascertained. It is not a little curious to note the conflicting nature of the accounts on record regarding this latter point. According to one authority—who refers for proof to "Inventory of Argyle Writs, title Lorne"—Robert Stewart of Rosyth married the daughter of John of Lorne (Macdougall), and

afterwards sold the chieftainship he had thus obtained to his own brother, John Stewart of Innermeath. Others affirm positively that it was the latter himself who married the heiress, and thus got the lands and title; others still—and this is the view upheld by local tradition—that the marriage did not take place till after he had been put in possession by the Crown. This transaction, whatever may have been its real nature, must have taken place either late in the fourteenth or early in the fifteenth century. Taken in connection with the result of the previous dynastic struggles, it had, as we shall presently see, an important bearing on the future fortune of the house.

On the opposite shore of Loch Awe, as already noted, dwelt the Campbells, the hereditary foes of the Macdougalls. Down to the time of Bruce, ages of deadly strife and bloodshed had only served to deepen the feud between the two clans, the Macdougalls having been so far able to hold their own against their troublesome neighbours. But now, while the Macdougalls lost alike lands and position, the Campbells, having been fortunate enough or shrewd enough to range themselves on the winning side, were steadily advancing in wealth and influence. For his great services to the royal cause, Sir Neil of Lochow not only was rewarded with extensive grants from the forfeited estates of the Macdougalls, Comyns, and others, but also received at the same time the hand of the king's sister, the Lady Mary Bruce, in marriage; thus in effect mounting to the very steps of the throne. A portrait of his royal spouse hangs in Inveraray Castle till this day. It therefore appears that not now for the first time do we find a princess of the blood wooed and won by a member of the great family of Argyll. The blue blood of royalty has been in their veins for the last five hundred years at least!

There is no reason to suppose that the relations of the new chiefs of Lorne with the neighbouring clan were otherwise than friendly; for, both families being

devoted supporters of the Stewart dynasty, their interests would be so far identical. John Stewart, son and successor of the last-mentioned chieftain of the same name, was created a Lord of Parliament by James II., in the year 1445, that is, exactly seven years before the like dignity was conferred on the chief of the Campbells; the barony of Lorne being in fact one of the very first by creation in the peerage of Scotland. This Lord of Lorne had married a daughter of his royal kinsman Robert, Duke of Albany; while Archibald, the son and heir of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochow (first Lord Campbell), referred to at the beginning of our narrative, had obtained the hand of this lady's sister, Margery Stewart. The two families had thus been brought into close relationship. They were destined to be still more closely allied. To the House of Lorne were born of the above marriage three daughters; the fruit of the other union was that Colin Campbell, to whom reference has also been made. For him it was reserved, by securing the hand of his cousin Isabel, the eldest of the three daughters of Lorne, (a match arranged by the young chief's uncle and guardian, Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchie), to pave the way for his securing likewise the immediate transfer of the barony of Lorne along with the chieftainship of Argyll to himself and his family.<sup>1</sup> Shortly after succeeding his grandfather (his father having predeceased), the young baron was raised to the Earldom of Argyll (1457).

And now we come to the transactions by which more immediately these bright jewels were added to the coronet of the present House of Argyll. John of Lorne, some years before his death, had executed a deed of settlement in favour of his own brothers, the Stewarts of Innermeath, as next male heirs. This deed was confirmed by charter under the great seal in 1452. Walter Stewart,

<sup>1</sup> It is noteworthy, too, that the other two heiresses of Lorne were married to cadets of the Campbell family, one of these being the knight of Glenorchie, the founder of the noble house of Breadalbane.



the eldest surviving brother, claimed and succeeded to the estate and dignity; the lands of the barony, however, being now much curtailed by the marriage portions given away with the old chief's daughters. The new lord—whether from a dislike to residing in the far west, or from a wish to have his estates within easier distance of each other—before he had been a year in possession, was induced to take a most important step as regards the destiny of the lordship. This was nothing less than the granting of an indenture (1469), binding himself to resign the lordship of Lorne in favour of Colin, Earl of Argyll, in exchange for the lands of Kildonning, Baldoning, and Innerdonning, in Perthshire; the lands of Culrain, in Fife, and Culkerry, in Kinross: the Earl on his part binding himself to use his influence (which, as shall be seen immediately, was very great) to procure for him the title of Lord Innermeath: all which was done. These agreements and transfers are noticed in the public records of the day, and by various writers. How the last transaction was regarded by the collateral heirs does not appear. Clearly, it was an infringement of the deed of settlement, but that seems to have been got over in some way. It ought also to be remarked further, that lordships and earldoms were only then beginning to be held in greater estimation than the simple knighthoods conferred for warlike prowess in the field. And it can scarcely be doubted that the transfer was facilitated by the previous alienation of the superiority from the Macdougalls; for if these had still been in possession, it is not likely that they would have been induced to part with their ancient family honours, more especially to the chief of their hereditary foemen. Possibly, through the lapse of time, and owing to the late family changes, a good deal of the old jealousies may have disappeared. At all events, no opposition seems to have been made to the arrangement between the two chiefs; or if any was made, it proved of no effect against so powerful a personage as the Earl of Argyll.

Thus, then, after being held by the Macdougalls for upwards of 200 years, and by the Stewart family for about 60 more, the Lordship of Lorne, the cradle of Scottish monarchy, with the conjunct chieftainship of Argyll, passed to the great family of the Campbells, and MacCailean Mor, the first Earl of Argyll, as the heraldic phrase is, added the galley of Lorne to his paternal achievement (the Boar's-head). The title was confirmed to the Earl and his heirs by charter dated 1470.

The great chief's domains now embraced the whole lands lying on both sides of Loch Awe, extending from Lochfyne on the east, to the shores of the Atlantic on the west. About the year 1474, the Earl's town of *Jonmhuraora* (Inveraray) was erected at his request into a burgh of barony, and his house there came in time to be the principal seat of the family. To these possessions in the north there were subsequently added many grants of lands in Kintyre, where also in the course of time there arose, on the site of the ancient capital of the Dalriads, and in the centre of a rich agricultural district, the thriving emporium known by the appropriate name of Campbeltown. As for the royal castle of Dunstaffnage, it also passed into the hands of the Campbells, by whom it is still held nominally as a crown fief.

And the original possessors of the soil—how fared it meanwhile with them? Alas for fallen greatness! nothing was left to the Macdougalls but a few small patches of their former territory. The Dunollie estate (the proprietor of which, as the lineal descendant and representative of the ancient chiefs of Lorne, still claims the chieftainship of the clan Macdougall)—this, with one or two other smaller holdings, was all that the Macdougalls could now call their own: and so it continues. On the other hand, the influence of the Campbells had been enormously increased; they had, in fact, become not only all-predominant in the west, but even a power in the state itself. And this position, as the history of their country shows, they have ever since worthily maintained—their in-



instincts ever lofty, their influence always exerted for the public good.

As was to be expected from his great territorial importance and decided capacity for business, the first Earl of Argyll took an active part in the national affairs, and occupies a prominent place in the annals of the period. For a number of years he held several offices of high trust under the sovereign, being appointed in succession Master of the Household, Lord Justice General, and finally, in 1483, Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom. Though sharing the natural jealousy of his order against any encroachment upon their ancient rights and privileges, he for a long time stood by the king (James III.) in his efforts to resist the inordinate pretensions of the barons. Notably, he was opposed to the famous conspiracy headed by Archibald Douglas (*Bell-the-Cat*). But afterwards, when, contrary to his earnest counsel, more stringent measures were adopted for enforcing legislative authority throughout those regions where hitherto the feudal chiefs had reigned supreme, and when the general dissatisfaction at length broke out into open revolt, countenanced by some of the higher ecclesiastics and headed by the king's own son, the great Western chief found he had no alternative but to cast in his lot with that formidable confederacy which ended in James's overthrow and tragic death at Sauchieburn (1488). Some time before this event, Argyll had been removed from the chancellorship and other offices,

but only to be reinstated in the whole of them by the young king (James IV.) on his accession to the throne. This monarch further rewarded his powerful feudatory with a grant of the lands of Rosneath in Dumbartonshire (1489), formerly in possession of the Lennox family.

Thus did one astute and sagacious chief, by wonderful good fortune, and by his skilful improvement of opportunities, extend and consolidate the power and greatness of his house upon a basis so wide and sure that it has bid defiance to time, civil discord, and even national revolution.

The baronial title of LORNE, being, as we have seen, merged in the Earldom of Argyll, thereafter came to be used as a courtesy title for the heir-apparent of the house. And so it was that, on more than one occasion, when, in troublous times, the head of the family, for his consistent adherence to what was regarded as a national cause, suffered the dire extremities of attainder and the scaffold, in each case a Lord Lorne was able, by his prudent and cautious policy, to retain the title in his own person unimpaired, till on the return of happier times the full honours of his house were restored. It was on the advancement of Archibald, the ninth Earl of Argyll, to the dignity of Duke (1701) that this subordinate title was raised from Baron to Marquis—MARQUIS OF LORNE and Kintyre. And so it still remains.

## THE PLEASURES OF HOTEL-BILLS.

BY A TRAVELLER.

It may seem nothing short of a paradox to connect hotel-bills with pleasure. Are they not a centre round which cluster many miseries, as one bids farewell to any place, for instance, in the course of a foreign tour? Enjoyment without may have triumphed over discomfort within the hotel, so that one may have had a happy time of it, fresh enthusiasms of sight and sound lifting one above lower possibilities of annoyance. One has overlooked the bare cheerlessness, or the yet sadder splendour of Utrecht velvet, in one's rooms; the toughness and weary length of one's dinners; the uncertainties of rest at night; but how shall the day of payment bring pleasure also?

Besides, if a long bill is not bad enough in itself, other troubles usually "speed the parting guest." The big boxes of his wife and daughters are dashed down the stairs; his own smaller bags lie hid in every corner; the railway omnibus is crowded to suffocation, and bristling with sticks and umbrellas; hurry, vexation, and missing property are the order of the day. How shall the centre and symbol of these things, the hotel-bill, ever come to be coupled with the name of pleasure?

There are many things besides friends and port-wine which gain by keeping. Only keep your hotel-bills long enough, and they shall illustrate both this rule and another worthy of notice; namely, that annoyances often rest in the memory much less than pleasures do. Look at this bill from a little inn on the Cenis Pass, recording how a light repast of omelettes, fruit, &c. was ordered for three travellers. I remember well the glories of the scene: the sky was rich deep blue, with great pure masses of snow tossed up against it, like domes and spires of an unearthly city; below, the cliffs of purple-grey rock rose harshly above the soft fields and woods. What a beautiful

place it was! That is my first memory. Searching further, trying hard to remember every detail, I come to a dim recollection of three very hot, dusty people, who had been rattled all day over bad roads and dragged uphill at the weariest of slow paces; who counted every hour, welcomed every milestone, and were only too glad to get away from the mountain glories into any little cool room where luncheon might be eaten in peace. Nevertheless, this is not what I can easily remember; it is all but lost in the more enduring impressions of pleasure.

Thus it is with the hotel-bills from France, Germany, Spain, or Italy, which I keep in a book, and look over again and again. Of course at the time they were acquired one often thought them abominable; one did one's best at remonstrating with the landlord, and resisting the efforts of his subordinates to extract their "pour-boire," "buona mano," or whatever name they called their plunder. That does one little harm now. Look at this bill; it came from the cleanest and best-scrubbed hotel I ever had the luck to find in a foreign town. One's neck was there endangered by the unaccustomed presence of a washing-pail at every turn of the stairs. Yet that bill is dated from no little hard-named Dutch village, but from the soft-titled "Puerta del Sol," Madrid. The food, too, was excellent there: they gave one roast peacock, which tasted sadly like the common "fowl," and the *vin ordinaire* was a kind of thin port. Butter was not to be had at any price, but you might feed all day on fragrant golden melons. This is certainly an amusing bill: see here "Bul-fight" with one *l.* Why in the name of good Spanish not write it "Corrida?" My ticket cost 22 reals (about 4s. 6*d.*) it seems, but then it was taken for a place "in the shade," not on the cheaper "sunny" side of the great arena, where

the eager eyes have to be shaded with bright striped fans, for fear the dazzling sunlight should veil in merciful dimness a single detail of brutality. Picturesque enough the fans certainly are, like a great fluttering swarm of butterflies.

These bills, you see, are much better than any journal. A journal is merely a book which you carry about with you; it no more belongs to foreign countries than you do. But these are real autographs, genuine relics of the places, made and written there; language, paper, handwriting, all native and characteristic. In your journal you always call a dinner a dinner; here you see inscribed the "diner" of one land, the "pranzo" of another, the "mittagsmahl" of a third. There is even interest in the inevitable wax-lights, when variously entered as "bougies," "candele," and "lichter." You may study the science of languages to great advantage in my hotel-bills: they are a polyglot dictionary, a hand-book of conversation for such useful terms as eggs, ham, rooms, washing, &c. You may in many cases learn from them the chief products of places in the way of food; for of course I had sausages at Bologna, "grissini" at Turin, grapes in South Tyrol, and so on; while as for wine, you may instruct yourself as to the native soil of many dozen varieties.

The bills I get least pleasure from are these long things, wonders of penmanship, from the Grand Hôtel, Hôtel du Louvre, Meurice, and other large houses in Paris where I have now and then lodged. At such hotels one feels in a big machine, ticketed and numbered, no personal interest taken in one's in or outgoings, extravagances, or economies. One is the uninvited guest of a company or a committee.

By way of contrast, this scrap of a bill recalls much pleasanter memories, though I think the very paper must still smell of bad tobacco. It comes, you see, from Füssen, an out-of-the-way little place in the Tyrol. We arrived rather late, and found small, bare rooms, straw beds, whitewashed passages, and unshaded gas jets. One common "Speise-Saal" served all the

house, and here our party met for supper. But the natives, peasants, coachmen, and farmers, were already in occupation, filling the room with clouds of horrible smoke, through which their placid countenances showed dim and grave. The ladies among us coughed and plied their smelling-bottles, but, luckily, no tempers were lost, and we soon came to think it a capital joke.

Are you weary of my bills? or will you look at this pretty Italian one? "Pane, burro, formaggio, e frutto; una botiglie Birra"—a very musical version of "cheese and ale." It comes from Chiavenna; and while they were shaking down on the wet ink all this sand, which is still rough to my finger, I wandered out to the churchyard, and saw a sight. There was a line of little chapels whose walls were covered with various artistic designs, double-headed eagles, cross-keys, and so on. These were made with curious ingenuity out of human skulls and human bones. It looked very ghastly, and ludicrous here and there, where the dusty bones were ticketed with the names of their living possessors, dead masters—what can one say? They were no ancient relics kept for any reverence or piety; it was probably the ambition of any good citizen of Chiavenna that his skull should one day grin as the centre ornament of some neatly designed panel.

Have I made out a fair case for my bills? Perhaps not; since you can only hear my poor, colourless fragments of translation from what they tell me. But try for yourself: keep all the hotel bills you get on any tour, and when the holiday and its pleasant journeyings are a thing of the past, sort and arrange its relics in the leisure times of your more or less wearisome working life. Put the bills in their proper order into a book; illustrate them with photographs, sketches, play-bills, newspapers, anything you like, and see if you are not repaid with fresh gleams of pleasures past; see if you do not laugh and ponder over your book as I do over mine.

C. P.

## ARMY ADMINISTRATION AND THE CONTROL DEPARTMENT.

ARMY organization, or the system by which soldiers are obtained and the mass of men so selected is divided into battalions, regiments, and *corps d'armée* in the proper proportions of the various arms of the service, is essentially a question, not so much for the War Minister, as for the Cabinet and the House of Commons: the former indeed may propose and devise such a scheme; for its rejection or adoption, the latter are alone responsible. Army administration, on the other hand—the system by which the mass of men brought together for military purposes, is fed, clothed, paid, housed, armed, made into an army in short—is essentially the province of the War Minister. He is the agent of the State, to foresee and provide for the wants of the troops in every respect, to do so fully and efficiently, and with the utmost economy.

The progress of civilization and the discoveries of science have rendered army administration each year a more difficult and complicated subject. Sick and wounded men can no longer be left to die when they fall, to be picked up and cared for, or murdered by the country people; modern civilization has forbidden this, as it has forbidden the killing of prisoners of war. The necessity of maintaining discipline in armies has put a stop to individual marauding; but as troops must be fed, supplies must be sought by requisition, or drawn from the base of operations.

Improvements in arms and ammunition, the application of railways, telegraphs, and balloons to warlike purposes, necessitates a large amount of technical knowledge. The extended application of artillery and fortification, and the introduction of many important inventions into these branches, necessitates a high amount of scientific knowledge. Above all, these things have made war costly; and if a nation is to

support, as undoubtedly she must, even the *cadres* requisite to form an efficient army, the greatest economy must be exercised.

Further than all this, it is absolutely requisite that the pay each individual receives, should be clearly laid down, and quickly settled; regulations and rules on this head should be so clear and distinct that all can understand them.

Hence army administration is a matter not only of paramount importance, but of the greatest difficulty—difficulty each day becoming greater, and demanding more than ever that all the means that are adopted, for simplifying and perfecting any other art, should be carefully applied to it.

Few people have any idea how an army is administered; the depth and breadth of the ignorance not only of civilians, but of many military men on this subject are very great. This ignorance is not confined to the British public; we believe it to extend to the civilians of almost all nations, Prussia perhaps excepted. And it is not to be wondered at. Few people who are not compelled, care to study a subject which is in itself dry and uninviting. But the fact that the subject is dry, does not make it the less important. And the fact that military science, especially that portion of it relating to administration, is almost entirely ignored, does not demonstrate that there is nothing to be learned. It cannot be too often repeated, that military administration is a most important portion of the art of war, perhaps the *most* important. No man of sense puts his health and life in the hands of a quack; no man of prudence entrusts his legal affairs to an uneducated or amateur lawyer; so the policy of entrusting our military administration to unpractical men may be considered more than questionable. Schemes that

seem perfect in the Cabinet and closet break down the moment that they are tried, because those schemes are the inventions of men who (let them be the ablest men in the country) are utterly ignorant of the necessities of the case.

The military administration of this country has, since the Duke of Wellington's death, passed through many phases; has been altered and shifted, departments made and unmade, regulations and warrants issued explaining, cancelling, and contradicting one another to such an extent that no officer or soldier understands his position. Now there is nothing so bad as senseless change in an army; officers and men lose confidence in their rulers. When order and counter order follow one another in quick succession, the natural tendency is to do nothing, to wait and see what follows. One fact alone shows the utter viciousness of all our military administration, and that is the enormous amount of correspondence. We find it stated in the Civil Service estimates for 1870, that (independently of *all paid letters*, of which there are a vast number) the Post-office carried 4,220,250 ounces of letters for the War Department; the money value of the postage of this enormous mass of correspondence is 44,880*l.*, or the cost of the annual correspondence of the army in Great Britain and Ireland is at the rate of 10*s.* per head of the whole force! The same return shows that the War Department correspondence is about one quarter of the whole official correspondence of the country, including all the great departments of the State, —Treasury, Foreign, Home, and Colonial Offices, Admiralty, Prisons, &c., &c. Now, it is perfectly evident that of all departments of the State the military should be that requiring the least correspondence, not the greatest; it being manifest that on actual service this extraordinary quantity of writing could not be maintained. This is the cause why in the field the rules of the service have to be abandoned at the very moment when rules and regulations, if practical, would have the most beneficial effect. In-

stead of following out a well-devised, well-understood scheme, half the time of a general officer and his staff is taken up in devising regulations to supply the place of those that have hopelessly broken down.

We propose to sketch briefly the principles on which a military administration should be founded, and to give a short account of the changes that have taken place in our military administration during the last fifteen years.

The principles on which a proper military administration should be founded are precisely similar to those which govern the administration of any large public company, such as the London and North-Western Railway. And these principles are: the classing of analogous duties under certain responsible individuals, who, each in his own province or sphere, has complete authority; the giving to each of these individuals power to carry out his duties, and the holding him responsible for the due execution of those duties.

Under the London and North-Western Railway Company there is an engineer charged with the construction, repair, and maintenance of the permanent way, rolling stock, engines and carriages, stations, fences, signals, and telegraphs. Under this engineer there are subordinates: one takes the repair of the permanent way; another the making and repair of the locomotive and rolling stock; another the telegraphs, and so on, each of them being responsible to the chief. Again, the cash payments and receipts are in the hand of a financial agent, who gives the engineer credit and pays his bills for material and labour, brings forward all the balances and accounts, of course having under him many subordinate agents for the purpose. Again, the arrangement of the traffic—when the trains run, the intervals between them when the expresses run, when the goods or parliamentary trains, &c.—is under another man. By these arrangements each man is independent, is responsible and yet is fully controlled. It would be absurd for the engineer to be charge

with the money paid in ; it would be ridiculous to allow him to spend money uncontrolled. It would be dangerous to the public to allow the financial officer to arrange the departure of the trains, or to repair the locomotives, or buy and store the iron and coal.

As you descend downwards the duties divide and divide, each time getting more and more simple, each time the number of different duties performed getting fewer, until finally you arrive at the boy who heats the rivets, the hammerman who uses them. With such a system, men whose minds and training are bent continually on one object are kept to that object, and subjects only of a kindred nature are linked together. The results are of course efficiency, and consequently economy. We use the expression advisedly—*efficiency, and consequently economy*. Suppose, that by putting the repair of the locomotives in the hands of the booking clerks, cheaper superintendence were obtained, and that while not issuing tickets the latter superintended the fitters' shop ; the result would be bad work, an accident, an indignant jury, high damages, and lowered dividends. Or again, supposing that the purchase of the steel and iron was handed over to the traffic manager, bad materials would come in, and the company would suffer ; in each case efficiency would be sacrificed to economy. Economy would become apparent for a short time, but as the railway *must* do a certain amount of work, that economy would soon give place to lavish expenditure.

Again, all of our readers have heard of the celebrated Cunard Company, that has sent its ships across the Atlantic at all seasons in all weathers, and never lost a letter or a passenger. Other companies lose their ships, their mails, and their passengers. What is the cause of this difference ? It cannot be the ships ; for the ships, if they pass into other hands, are lost. It cannot be the captains ; for they too get wrecked when employed elsewhere. But it is in the fact that the best ships and the best equipment are obtained, and the company entrusts its vessels freely, without interference, to

the best men it can find. Such are the true principles of administration, and it does not matter whether a railway, an army, a steam navigation company, or a navy are being dealt with.

Prior to the Peninsular war, English army administration was excessively bad, and as corrupt as it was bad ; the army was looked on as a piece of court patronage ; the gift of commissions to hangers-on of men in power was as shameless as the open way in which fees and perquisites were exacted. There was confusion in all things, and nothing could be more miserable and contemptible than the military expeditions undertaken by Great Britain at this period.

Ignorance and courage were the characteristics of our officers—courage of the highest kind when in presence of the enemy, ignorance of the deepest description as to how their men were to be fed, clothed, and provided. These things were looked on as the duties of inferior officials, and unbecoming the character or profession of a gentleman. With very few exceptions, these ideas were general amongst English officers at the beginning of the Peninsular war. During that contest the Duke of Wellington worked out a system of army administration. Taught by each attempted advance, which resulted in retreat, of the existence of some great want, he supplied that want patiently and carefully ; he entered into every detail, even the smallest and most trifling, and when convinced in his mind that a thing was requisite, he, despising the rules and regulations framed by officials in England, carried out his views. "My services," said Sir Alex. Dickson, "have been under authorities that would not have stood on ceremony on urgent occasions. I do not suppose the Duke of Wellington would have scrupled about anything of the sort when supplies were wanted in the Peninsular war." The retreat after the battle of Talavera produced the lines of Torres Vedras. The failure before Badajos caused the artillery and engineer service to be better organized, and ended in the capture of the two frontier fortresses of Spain. The hazardous position

of the army at Fuentes d'Onore produced the equipment of intrenching tools. The evils that came to light, during the long and dangerous retreat from before Burgos, produced those ameliorations in the Commissariat and transport arrangements from which followed the rapid advance and crowning victory of Vittoria. Bit by bit the Duke of Wellington (a thoughtful, painstaking man, one who went into questions thoroughly, and being essentially practical, sought not what was most symmetrical, perhaps often passed over what was theoretically best, but always adopted what was expedient and possible) altered, reformed, and remade the military administration, until the system under which the celebrated Peninsular army worked became almost perfect. It has often been said that the Duke of Wellington was a system in himself. In nothing was this more shown than in the way in which his army was administered. His subordinates, however, often showed that they were imbued with the idea that fighting was the sole duty of the general. This is commented on by one whom the British army in the Peninsula knew and esteemed, although an enemy;<sup>1</sup> he compares a French and an English general as follows:—"The French general, alternately governor, engineer, and commissary, had his mind continually on the rack, and was never at rest even when he was in his lines; the nature of his daily conceptions led him to enlarge his sphere of activity, to imagine and to produce. The English general troubled himself as little about the local circumstances of the country in which he was carrying on war as he did about the manners and prejudices of the people who inhabited it; he looked to the Commissariat for the supply of provisions, to the staff to smooth all difficulties."

Occupying in succession all the highest offices of the State, the Duke of Wellington, having complete power, and having greater knowledge of the necessities of the service than any other man, gradually altered the military administration of the army until he left it in nearly

<sup>1</sup> General Foy.

the same state that the Crimean war found it. That system may be briefly stated as follows:—The Commander-in-Chief, the representative of the Sovereign, and having no political influence, commanded the infantry and cavalry, the expenses being controlled by a parliamentary officer, the Secretary at War; the Master-General of the Ordnance, a high official and a Cabinet minister, commanded the artillery and engineers, and administered the warlike stores of the country, aided by a board, the financial department of which was under a parliamentary officer, the Clerk of the Ordnance; the Commissariat, as paymasters, being under the Treasury. This system was, like most English institutions, a compromise; that is to say, it represented certain conflicting powers—the Sovereign, the chief executor of the State, being the Commander-in-Chief. But as the House of Commons voted the money that paid these forces, so it was represented by the Secretary at War, who was prepared to answer all questions in the House as to how the money was spent, the Commander-in-Chief, as representative of the Sovereign, being especially debarred from taking any part in political matters, even by deputy.<sup>1</sup>

It being, however, essentially necessary that the artillery and engineers, both *personnel* and *matériel*, should be under one head, they were placed under the Master-General of the Ordnance, not under the Commander-in-Chief, the Master-General being a political officer with a seat in the Cabinet, and represented in the House of Commons by the Clerk of the Ordnance.

The reasons for all these arrangements are exceedingly clear; complicated and faulty no doubt they were, but well and properly administered, they did good service. The onward progress of the country, however, in the path of reform soon altered the conditions under which these arrangements were necessary even advisable. The passing of the Reform Bill, and the consequent increase

<sup>1</sup> Vide Lord Hardinge's evidence before Commission of 1837.

energy and vivacity of the House of Commons, soon showed the tendency that existed to encroach on the royal prerogative, so far as the command of the army was concerned. The first symptom was seen in the Commission of 1837, composed of Lord Howick, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Strafford, Mr. Spring Rice, and Sir John Hobhouse. The recommendations of this Commission were *not* carried out. It is probable that the great weight of the Duke of Wellington, who did not recognize the gradual changes creeping into the political and social state of the country, and shortly about to make their weight felt in the army, prevented the recommendations of the Commission from being carried into effect. Thus the administration of the army remained unaltered until the Crimean war broke out.

During the years that had elapsed, great changes had, however, slowly and surely worked their way. These changes have been clearly pointed out in the pages of this magazine, by Professor Seeley. Affecting the nation, they affected the army. Abuse after abuse disappeared, sinecure after sinecure was done away with; the House of Commons gradually inquired, and asked questions, and worked itself into exercising not a theoretical, but a very close and practical control over the army. Officers no longer viewed their profession as one of bulldog courage. General Foy, if he had lived and glanced at India, and seen the English general, nay, the English subaltern, ruling vast tracts of country, improving them, erecting great public works, and acquiring enormous influence over subject races, would have changed his opinion. And gazing on the glorious Empire of the East, won for England by the skill, zeal, and intelligence of her officers, even more than the valour of her soldiers, he would have seen the truth that, nurtured under a system which places *responsibility*, and its necessary adjunct *power*, in his hands, the English officer is a very different man from what he was in the Peninsula, when trained under a system that tied him hand and

foot, and assigned to others the duties of the general. Nowhere in the world's history have such great feats been performed by the officers of a State as in India—"Governor, Engineer, Commissary," all in turn. The same class of men, whose energy, education, and talent was flagging or expending itself in frivolous amusement in England, were under another system in India gaining an Empire. Thus matters stood before the Crimean war; everything was ripe for change; to those who thought, it was apparent that some one of the great departments that ruled the army would succumb, and be swallowed up by the others, when war first tried the administration.

War came, and the Ordnance fell. It has been shown over and over again that the failures in the Crimea were due not to the Ordnance, but to the fact that England drifted into war with peace establishments; that the most responsible officers of the Ordnance were in the Crimea, instead of in England, where they should have been, and that the Ordnance regulations, through ignorance or other causes, were systematically ignored. The Ordnance fell; though regretting it, we would not, if we could, bring it back: altered institutions, and entirely different circumstances, had rendered its continuance in its then state impossible, nay hurtful.<sup>1</sup>

When the fatal half-sheet of note-paper that doomed one of the oldest institutions in the country to destruction was signed, did it never strike the signer that ready to hand was a most admirable scheme prepared by the ablest men this country ever produced (the Commission of 1837), and that this might be adopted?

This scheme presented so many advantages, that it is surprising it was not adopted. It was as follows:—*To do nothing hastily; to retain the existing internal arrangements of the various departments; to transfer the three members of the Board of Ordnance, viz. the Clerk,*

<sup>1</sup> Lord Panmure, it is said, took from a Cabinet Council the order dooming the Ordnance to destruction, written on a half-sheet of note-paper.



Surveyor, and Storekeeper, to the War Office; to raise the position and power of the Secretary at War, making him, in fact, a Secretary of State; to leave the command of the artillery and engineers to the Master-General of the Ordnance, *who would remain the scientific military adviser of the Cabinet on all questions*; and to transfer the Commissariat, so far as it was a supply corps, to the War Office, leaving the Treasury duties under the Treasury.

The recommendations of this Commission were like those of so many other committees, disregarded not only in 1837, but in 1855, and a system "hastily" devised was adopted. The system embraced the transfer of all the duties performed by the Commissariat, both Treasury duties and those appertaining to the Commissariat proper, to the War Office.

The artillery and engineers were placed under the Commander-in-Chief as regarded the *personnel* of the two regiments, and under the War Office as regarded the *matériel*. The wise provision which the Duke of Wellington so clearly pointed out, of having a Master-General of the Ordnance, head of the scientific corps, *military adviser of the Cabinet*, and also head of the *matériel* of the army, was entirely disregarded.

Separate heads were formed for the various administrative services: such as the surveyor's department—which superintended the hospitals—the barrack department, and the military store department—which, formerly subordinate to the commanding officers of artillery and engineers, now became a distinct department. The evils entailed by these arrangements may be summed up as follows. The finance of the army being removed from the Treasury, who alone could authorize expenditure, the various questions involving finance were filtered through the War Office, and an attempt was there made to cut down all claims, whether just or unjust. The various warrants which govern pay and allowance, and which are the guides of the army, were disregarded, and books of private "decisions" were used. Thus the

claimant, who acted on the published warrant, was resisted by a "decision," the existence of which no one knew of outside the War Office.

The result was an immense increase of correspondence, claims raised, refused, pressed, and fought in every way. We believe that the reputation that the War Office has acquired for unjust and unfair dealing with officers and soldiers is perfectly unparalleled in the history of any public department. Sharp practice begets sharp practice; those who had suffered were not slow to retaliate and raise the cry, "All is fair against the War Office;" and while the public purse suffers, *the tone of the army itself is demoralized*. A shrewd observer of human nature<sup>1</sup> was accustomed to say that in a game of sharps, master against boy (he might have added employer against employed), the former always goes to the wall. Another evil consequence was, at each station, at home and abroad, four distinct functionaries—the commanding officer of artillery, the commanding engineer, storekeeper, and barrack-master—existed in place of "the respective officers of the ordnance," correspondence was greatly multiplied, and an endless clash of authority took place. Another evil was the entire separation of the Artillery and Engineers from the charge and manufacture of warlike stores. In all foreign armies these duties are essentially those of the artillery and engineers. With us the jealousy of expenditure by military men, combined *with the recognized necessity that military men should control the supply of munitions of war*, produced the curious semi-military, semi-political office of the Master-General. On the abolition of this office, duties connected with *matériel* were partially performed by the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards, and the Ordnance Select Committee.

This system, however, possessed one advantage. It threw on general officers commanding a great deal of responsibility; it compelled them to go into

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Arnold.

and examine the whole of the administration of that portion of the army under their orders, in place of regarding the duty as the province of others, with which they had no connection.

The many disadvantages of this system caused successive Secretaries of State for War to direct their attention to the best means of rectifying it. And various proposals were from time to time put forward.

Lord Hartington appointed a Committee in 1866, known as Lord Strathnairn's Committee, to report on the subject of military transport. This Committee was subsequently directed to inquire into the whole subject of army administration, and it produced a report recommending a system which, though imperfect, was feasible. The main features of the proposed scheme were: *placing the Treasury duties under the Treasury*; forming a Control Department to superintend the higher duties performed by the Civil Departments; forming an Ordnance Department independent of the Control Department, to take charge of the *munitions of war*, all *other stores* being under the Control Department; and handing over the charge of the barrack buildings to the Royal Engineers. These proposals were made on the recommendations of General Balfour, an Indian officer said to be deeply versed in the subject of military administration, Sir Henry Storks, and others. Not one of these recommendations has been carried out. It is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of the British army, that during the last four years changes of the greatest importance have been carried out in direct opposition to the almost universal opinion expressed and recorded of all the committees that have reported on this subject (and they have not been few) during the last thirty years, and that these changes have been carried out in accordance with the views of a committee which in 1869 was formed under the presidency of the present Under Secretary of State,<sup>1</sup> and composed of men

<sup>1</sup> Composed of Lord Northbrook, Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Anderson, and Sir E. Lugard.

who never had an opportunity of learning what they were reporting about. True, they took the evidence of a great many persons; "but we need hardly observe that there is a vast difference between the dependence to be placed upon a judgment founded upon the narrow and partial information which can thus be obtained, with a view to a decision on a particular point, and that which is formed by those who are habitually conversant with the subject upon which a question has arisen." And the evidence of the chief witnesses was simply worthless. We allude to the evidence given by Sir Henry Storks, General Balfour, and Captain Gordon, before these committees.

In 1866 Sir Henry Storks stated "that he approved of the division of stores;" in 1869 he stated that all stores should be in the custody of one department.

In 1866 General Balfour stated: "I think the division of stores you propose would be exceedingly advantageous in many ways. You can employ different sets of officers to look after them, and thus exercise more control." In 1869 he says: "He was entirely opposed to the separation of munitions of war from other stores as proposed by Lord Strathnairn's Committee, and thought that such a division was quite impracticable."

Captain Gordon stated in 1866 that he considered all stores should be under one head; in 1869 he stated that the stores should be divided.<sup>1</sup> Upon such evidence as this Lord Northbrook's Committee decided to place all stores under one head, and, upsetting the proposals not only of the celebrated Committee of 1837, but of all subsequent committees on the subject, to retain finance as a branch of the War Office.

Originally proposed as a copy of the French Intendance, the Control Department has departed from its model by adding to the duties of the Controller the charge of finance and munitions of war. Bit by bit, forgetting that its

<sup>1</sup> Imagine a judge trying a civil case and charging the jury. What weight would he assign to this evidence?

functions as originally proposed were intended merely to embrace the supply and transport of *creature comforts* in subordination to the General, the organizers of this department have made it truly a *Control* department; they have made the Controller the agent representing the Secretary of State, controlling the General who represents the Horse Guards. Without the consent of the former the latter can take no steps whatever; thus the whole "administration" of the army has been put in one man's hands, the "command" in another, and we shall shortly see the evils pointed out by General Foy as existing in the Peninsula, reproduced amongst our generals. General Trochu has clearly pointed out how the gradual grasping after power on the part of the French Intendance produced carelessness and disregard on the part of the generals. "La direction de l'administration des armées appartient au commandement, parce que les armées sont faites pour la guerre, où il est seul responsable. Il est regrettable, et il est contraire à l'intérêt public que le commandement se soit laissé peu à peu détourner, déshabituer, presque désintéresser de cette direction, quand l'intendance l'exerce; ce devrait être expressément par délégation du commandement."<sup>1</sup> Couple this extract with that from General Foy, and see the results of depriving the generals of these functions in the march to Sedan, the capitulation of Metz,—“Governors, Engineers, Commissaries” no longer, but men of pleasure, ignorant of the country in which they were making war, regardless of the fact that their troops were starving, trusting to the Intendance for supplies, to the Staff to smooth all difficulties. There is not a more monstrous error than that which trusts to a General the honour of his country, and the lives of thousands of men, and yet denies him the direction of the administration of his army. Entrusted with enormous power in one direction, he is helpless in another. Mr. Cardwell has been praised by the Press of this country for destroying the dual system of army government.

<sup>1</sup> *L'Armée Française*, 1867, p. 150.

Had it been said that he extended the dual system from head-quarters to every station in the world, it would be nearer the truth.

The action of the Control Department, as regards the artillery and engineers, has been most prejudicial to those scientific bodies. The duty of the Control Department, Lord Northbrook tells us, is to take care that stores are economically consumed, and to check irregular and excessive issues. Thus the Control Department must be competent to check the artillery and engineers in all their requirements. To do so the officers of this department must be conversant with all military science. It may be asked, why do we take such pains in educating our artillery and engineer officers, if the knowledge requisite to check and control them can be obtained without education at all? The Duke of Wellington in his order for the Field Commissary says: “He will report himself to the officers commanding the artillery and engineers, *from whom he will receive his orders.*” At present this man is to control and check those who formerly were his superiors. The bottom has become the top, and the result of the capsize is chaos. There are few men who have studied more deeply the subject of military administration than Sir Charles Trevelyan, and his evidence before Lord Northbrook's Committee is one long protest against the Control system. “Too great a dispersion of duties is undoubtedly a serious evil, but there is an opposite danger in carrying centralization too far. When consolidation goes beyond a certain point it becomes unwieldy, unmanageable accumulation. The strain will be too great in time of war, and another breakdown may be anticipated.”<sup>1</sup>

Every effort has been made to introduce this department successfully. There has been no lack of energy in repealing all previous regulations, that interfered either directly or indirectly with its action. There has been no hesitation in accusing every one who

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Trevelyan before Lord Northbrook's Committee.

attempts to point out its absurdity as "being troublesome," "making difficulties," "not in harmony with the Control system." The exertions of its promoters have been well rewarded—large pay, high pensions, at a far earlier date than falls to the lot of others, have been assigned to them. But still it is a failure, and must continue to be so, because it is founded on an essentially false principle, and one which must eventually break down. We have reared up a vast department out of all the old civil departments of the army; each day this department seeks to become more military and less civil, each day it seeks the rank and titles of military men, following the French Intendance, "Elle les a demandés en créant jusqu'à un certain point l'antagonisme aux grades et aux prérogatives militaires afférentes, prérogatives que le commandement, souvent avec quelque passion, ne manque pas de lui contester et de lui rendre amères."<sup>1</sup>

Can it be doubted that the statements made by Mr. Cardwell in the House of Commons, and so frequently criticised in the public press, were due to the want of proper responsibility? We have now fairly established in all grades of the service what may be termed the "advising" system. Mr. Cardwell, a lawyer, has to be advised, but his advice does not come from the Inspector-General of Fortifications, or the Director of Artillery,—these officers have to "advise" some one else, who "advises" Mr. Cardwell. The head of the arsenal at Woolwich is in a precisely similar condition: not having technical knowledge, he has to be "advised," and so it goes through the whole system, happy for the public when the advice is taken. If we *must* have a civilian at the head of affairs, why should the same system, necessary at the head for political reasons, be carried through all gradations of the service?

To those of our readers who have followed us so far, it must be evident that improvements in army administration are dependent on and follow alterations in the government of the country; and

<sup>1</sup> *L'Armée Française*, 1867, p. 151.

as Secretaries of State for War have repeatedly stated that the Commander-in-Chief was subordinate to the Secretary of State, and as the same axiom has been enunciated by the Commander-in-Chief, so it must appear that the jealousy that existed of allowing a military officer to deal with the administration of the army unchecked by a corresponding civilian, should legitimately come to an end. If the dual government so often spoken of as existing in the army has really come to an end at headquarters, where is the necessity of perpetuating it elsewhere? If the Commander-in-Chief and all military men are really subordinates of the Secretary of State, why not employ them as such?

"The notion which prevails in some quarters that military officers can only be expected to look to efficiency, while civilians must be relied on for economy, is a very mischievous one, because both military men and civilians are constantly placed in situations which require that both efficiency and economy should be attended to."<sup>1</sup>

When the evils of the numerous departments introduced after the Crimean war became evident, would it not have been better to have simply removed the excrescences, in place of superinducing another department on the top of the others? We believe if, instead of introducing the Control department, four of the departments which now exist in reality, if not in name, had been simply eliminated, the army would have been greatly improved: these were the Quartermaster-General, Barrack, Military Store, and Purveyor's Departments. Had this been done, and had the duties then been divided between the Adjutant-General, Artillery, Engineers, and Commissariat branches, putting the finance under the Treasury, we believe that not one additional clerk would have been required; and, like the first steamer fitted with a screw propeller, it would have been found that the power of the machine was greatly augmented by the removal of some of the blades. Strategy and tactics, gunnery and fortification

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Trevelyan.

are founded on precisely the same principles in England as in all other countries; is there any reason why the principles of army administration should be different?

Europe is covered with dark clouds; England is alone without a friend, and with many enemies; and we ask the people of England, is it wise, in such circumstances, to trust to a system that has never been tried? is it wise to copy those features of the French Intendance that have indubitably helped to bring the most fearful calamities on France? The Crimean and Austrian wars demonstrated the faults of the French Intendance; most carefully have we copied them, adding other and greater ones, all our own. The Emperor Napoleon has told his tale of French disaster,—what does it amount to? what do we learn from the painful story but that blind confidence was his ruin? Are our rulers free from this blind confidence? Can they believe that Wellington, Grey, Vivian, and Hardinge are wrong, and that Pakington, Cardwell, and Storks are right, or that a hopeful scheme can by any possibility be expected from the self-contradictions of Balfour and Gordon?

Nine months ago the *Times* stated that “the Army Estimates must be cut down, despite the storm of military criticism, and that Departmental reforms might follow.”

The Estimates were cut down, but a few days only passed away before they had to be again raised. Departmental reforms, however, *have not followed*.

An Act of Parliament can enable us to have what number of soldiers are requisite. England is rich; a lavish expenditure on war material may soon equip the men. Neither Acts of Parliament nor money will give a good Administration.

Who is there in this country that believes that we have got such an Administration?

Certainly not the men who compose it. The ablest men in the new Control Department, the officers trained in the

Commissariat, one and all object to it. They feel that they are called on to perform duties they never learned and know nothing of, and while supposed to check scientific officers of artillery, they either simply expose themselves to ridicule (as by reporting cartridges to be damaged from wet which contain “caked powder”), or simply and wisely forego all control by telling the artillery to help themselves!

Are the general officers of our army satisfied with this system? No General can approve of a system which takes all authority from his hands, and exposes him to be snubbed by a War Office clerk, if he authorizes the issue of one bass-broom to sweep a dirty guard-room!

Are the Artillery and Engineers satisfied with this system? No officer of Artillery or Engineers can be satisfied with a system which, while holding him responsible for the failure of the most intricate, difficult, and important operations of war, places all the elements of success in the hands of another.

Any moment we may be plunged into war with a great military empire. Warning enough the War Office has had in an utter collapse of the over-centralized war administration of France; every fault of which has been intensified tenfold in the new Control Department.

When war comes, at all events let military men be borne clear of the responsibility, the awful responsibility, which rests on those who, contrary to the opinion of all who have studied the subject, have fastened a system on the army which will assuredly produce failure,—a system which, when tried in peace, produces endless correspondence and confusion; when tried in war, will assuredly bring disgrace. Solemnly do we turn to the people of England and implore them to consider these questions while yet there is time, while yet something may be done. They cannot be considered during the confusion of war; *then, too late*, the results of administrative incapacity are discovered.

## MISSIONARIES AND MANDARINS.

It is only reasonable to suppose that the warmest advocates of the policy which has been for the last few years pursued by European governments in regard to Chinese affairs, must begin to see that it has been a failure. Within the last thirty years we have had two wars in China—indeed we might almost say three, for the Pekin campaign of 1860 was distinct from the southern war which ended in the treaty of Tientsin; and now, after ten years of surface-tranquillity, we are, to all appearance, rapidly drifting into a new war, which we can scarcely hope to bring to so easy a conclusion as the last.

It is worthy of notice that the objects of hatred and attack during the last few months have been in every case missionaries, and this is the reason why the French are the principal sufferers. They have a large missionary interest, but little or no commercial dealings in China. Now the merchant rather commands the sympathy than the ill-will of the Chinaman, himself a trader of traders; but the missionary, who attacks Confucius as a Rationalist, inveighs against Buddhism as a hideous form of Paganism, laughs at the pretensions of Tao-ism to be called a religion, and tells the people that they will incur the penalty of eternal damnation if they worship at the graves of their ancestors,—the missionary, we say, runs full tilt against the most inveterate prejudices of the people whom it is his duty, as it is his interest, to conciliate. Recent events have shown us how far the consequences may be pushed.

One of the most fatal mistakes made by missionaries in China, and perhaps the one of all others which has contributed the most towards earning them the hatred of the privileged classes, and through them that of the people at

large, has been in the matter of the so-called "worship of ancestors." When the Chinaman, on a certain day in the year corresponding to our All-souls day, the "Jour des morts," goes to the place where his forefathers are buried, to burn incense and pray to the gods of heaven and earth, he is but obeying a beautiful impulse which is common to all the world. He is no more worshipping the Manes of his ancestors than the European who goes year by year, on some day sanctified by memory and faith, to lay a wreath of flowers on a well-loved tomb, is praying to the spirit of its tenant. He simply chooses for the place of prayer the spot which the traditions handed down in his family from father to son for generations have consecrated as most holy, and there he offers up his petition to his God. When the early Jesuits first established themselves at Pekin during the reign of the Emperor Kang Hsi, they fully recognized the necessity of allowing their converts to continue the practice of worshipping at the tombs of their ancestors. Conciliating the people in every way, and rendering themselves useful as instructors in all good and excellent knowledge, armed with a patience and industry of which many monuments remain, they gradually won for themselves and for the faith which they preached the goodwill of all classes, from the Emperor down to the meanest of his subjects; and there was a moment when it must have seemed to them that their labours might soon be rewarded by the conversion to Christianity of the whole empire. Unfortunately the success of the Jesuits tempted the brethren of other religious orders to try whether they also might not have a share in the great work. The new comers, failing to see that conciliation and deference to deeply-rooted prejudice were the secrets

of the Jesuits' success, immediately hurled against the worship of ancestors, as they were pleased to call it, all the thunderbolts of Roman ignorance and bigotry, and, by attacking the most sacred feelings of the people, undid the work which the Jesuits had so ably begun.

The ground so lost was never regained, nor has Christianity, whether preached by Roman Catholic, Protestant, or orthodox Greek, ever been able to obtain a solid footing in the Flowery Land. A letter recently received from China recounts a conversation with a native scholar, himself a professed convert, who told the writer that he very much doubted whether there could be found a single intelligent and reasoning Christian in all Peking. As regarded himself, he said it answered his purpose to call himself a Christian and assist the missionaries in their translations and other work; he could earn better pay so than by any other means. As for the few score servants and coolies who attended the services and preachings, with them it was merely a question of better food and raiment; they preferred rice to millet. The moral teaching of Christianity he admitted to be good, but not better than that of Confucius or the Buddhists, while the articles of our faith he condemned as utterly unsuited to the irreligious and rationalistic peculiarities of the Chinese mind. Not many years ago the writer of these pages happened to be journeying homeward from China on board a French ship. Among the passengers was a certain Roman Catholic bishop, who was going to Rome to transact business relating to his diocese, and who was accompanied by a Chinese, acting in the double capacity of servant and acolyte. Every morning the good bishop offered up prayers, and every Sunday he celebrated high mass. Who more devout than A. Sing?—his eyes never leaving his Latin breviary (he was a fair scholar), save when at some given moment he had to minister to his master. At all hours of the day he might be seen parading the deck, prayer-book in hand, a perfect example and pattern of pious

meditation. Greatly were the passengers edified by the sight. It happened, however, that the writer's native servant being from the same province as the excellent A. Sing, the two struck up a great friendship; and one day, moved perhaps by a certain amount of scepticism as to so great religious fervour in a Chinaman, the writer ventured to question his own man upon the subject. Grinning from ear to ear, and intensely amused at his friend's cleverness, the man replied that A. Sing looked upon prayers and piety as his "pidgin" or business: other men's pidgin might be to black shoes and brush clothes; his was to carry about that Latin book and to be Christian. The day's work over, when he unbent himself on the fore-castle and entered into familiar converse with his acquaintance, the one no more carried his Christianity with him than the other did his boots and brushes; indeed, if his friend might be trusted, racy anecdotes of a profane nature, in which his unsuspecting patron was often turned into ridicule, formed the principal seasoning of his evening talk.

It is sad to think that so many brave, good, and zealous men should be throwing away their lives and energies, which would be so valuable at home, upon such worthless objects as Mr. A. Sing and his fellows; yet it must be feared that he is but the type of a class.

Not the least of the many evils, politically speaking, which attend missionary enterprise in China, lies in the fact that the missionaries too often are surrounded by natives of bad character, who hang on to them for protection. Especially is this the case with the French Roman Catholics, who have always endeavoured to extra-territorialize their converts, that is to exact for them the same privileges of immunity from native jurisdiction as are granted to the subjects of their own country. It is easy to see what just cause of offence this must give to native officials, and how readily a cunning malefactor will run to his priest to shelter his back from the bamboo rod, swearing that the charge brought against him is



a mere pretext, his profession of the Christian faith, in which he is protected by treaty, being the real offence. Full of righteous indignation and confidence in the truth of his convert, who, being a Christian, must necessarily be believed before his heathen accuser, the priest rushes off to the magistrate's office to plead the cause of his *protégé*. The magistrate finds the man guilty, and punishes him; the priest is stout in his defence; a diplomatic correspondence ensues, and on both sides the vials of wrath are poured out. How can the priest who interferes, and the mandarin who is interfered with, love one another? Some instances there have been where the priests have gone a step further, and have actually urged their disciples to own no allegiance to their native authorities, but to obey only themselves as representatives of the sovereign Pontiff of Rome. We shall show presently why it is distasteful enough to the mandarin that the Western barbarian should come and preach new doctrines other than those of the ancient sages, consigning to perdition all who follow the ways in which he and his have been brought up; but when, in addition to this, he finds his own temporal power attacked, his attempts to levy extra taxes and imposts thwarted, and his jurisdiction disputed, is it to be wondered at that he should endeavour to retaliate?

The whole point of the conflict between the mandarin and the missionary lies in the fact that the former knows full well that he and Christianity cannot co-exist. If Christianity were to establish itself in China as the religion of the country, the mandarin would become an extinct animal. Confucianism being the State religion, and the Confucian books being the basis upon which the statecraft of China is founded, the mandarin, whose stock-in-trade as a ruler and politician consists of a deep knowledge of those books, cannot afford to see the "Analects" and the "Great Learning" replaced by the Gospel. When the misrule of the mandarins shall have reached such a pitch that it can be no longer borne,—when other nations,

wearied out of all patience, shall interfere to blot out the hideous mass of corruption, and shall force upon the country a new system of government,—then, and not till then, may we hope to see some signs of progress and reform; then, and not till then, may the missionary hope to reap where he sows. Your Chinaman may be irreligious, but he is eminently practical, and if he saw good governing depending upon a new religion he would soon become a convert.

It would scarcely come within the scope, and certainly not within the limits, of this article to examine into the rottenness of the Chinese state, where every office is bought and sold with money ground out of the hunger of the people. We have seen, however, one great effort of the slave to shake off the yoke in the Tai Ping Rebellion, which was nothing more nor less than an attempt on the part of the people to rid themselves of their tyrants. Curiously enough, so well did the leaders of that movement recognize the truth of our arguments respecting the antagonism between our religion and mandarindom, that they took Christianity for their watchword. Unfortunately they mixed up with their imperfect Gospel teaching such a farrago of blasphemy and absurdity about divine inspiration, visions, and Joan-of-Arc pretensions, that they only disgusted the allies whom they had proposed to conciliate; and we, whose policy it was to uphold the mandarins, lent the latter a hero, who, with a handful of companions in arms, organized a force which finally crushed the insurrection without sustaining a single reverse. Better had it been for us had we allowed the nation to work out its own destiny. Doubtless there would have been a period of anarchy, rendered more hideous by all the barbarities and cruelties which Chinese ingenuity on both sides could have devised; but in the end China would have been better off than it is now, and the world at large would have profited, had we remained inactive spectators of a struggle in which it did not concern us to in-



terfere further than by providing for the safety of the ports open to us by treaty. As it is, we bolstered up our good friends, the mandarins, and, having restored to them the blessing of internal peace (broken, indeed, by a certain amount of brigandage in various provinces, and by fitful insurrections of the Mahometans in the west), left them free to concentrate their attention upon the solemn duty of annoying and obstructing the Western barbarian in every possible way. Every effort to develop the resources of the first producing country in the world is choked by a hideous old man of the sea, and the best and most industrious of labourers is seeking refuge in an exodus which threatens to depopulate the nation.

It is a fallacy to suppose that the intelligent Chinese operative is averse to progress: does he show himself to be so when he arrives in America or in Australia? Is not the very fact of his consenting to emigrate a proof of a desire to advance? But we have all read of the firm of Spenlow and Jorkins. Is any concession wanted? Mr. Spenlow would be only too delighted to yield, but he is restrained by the inexorable Jorkins. Mr. Spenlow is all affability, all pliancy; but there is Jorkins in the background, whose feelings and prejudices must be consulted. This is precisely the case in China. Every time that there is a proposal for the construction of a railway or a telegraph, the mandarins, with the Prince of Kung and his *fidus Achates*, Wen Siang, at their head, are as conciliatory as possible; they will be delighted to witness any experiment to which they may be invited, and will talk in the most glowing terms of the beauties of Western science. Nothing would give them more pleasure than to see railroads and telegraphs intersecting China from one end of the land to the other; they are burning with good intentions, but they are unhappily so situated that they cannot carry out their wishes: they have to deal with a very peculiar people, a people devoted to the traditions of the past, and jealous of any innovations: above all, there is a certain

mystery, called the Fung Shui, which must not be disturbed; now, inasmuch as the lines to be followed by railroads and telegraphs must be guided by the laws of engineering, and would certainly take no notice of the Fung Shui, the establishment of such constructions, although they would be of undoubted utility and benefit, would lead only to disturbances and difficulties of which it would not be easy to foretell the issue. And so poor Jorkins gets the blame, and foreign capitalists are told that the country is not yet ripe for the introduction of new inventions. But who is it that encourages the people in their absurd belief in the Fung Shui, or "wind and water"—a system of divination in accordance with the laws of which all buildings and roads and works of any kind must be made? Who but Mr. Mandarin Spenlow, who knows that railroads and telegraphs mean progress, and that progress means an end of him and of his monopoly of government?

It is much to be regretted that better use should not have been made of the vantage-ground in argument which we held in 1860, when Mr. Loch took home the treaty of peace: there would have been little talk of the fitness or unfitness of the country for progress when the gates of Peking were thrown open to our troops. Unfortunately the year was far advanced, and the allied commanders, dreading the severities of a winter almost as cold as that of Russia, were eager to remove their armies southwards as fast as possible. The negotiations for peace were hurried through, and a golden opportunity was lost. Since that time we have been losing ground steadily: it would be impossible for Western diplomacy to show a single advantage gained during the last ten years, while the Chinese, on the other hand, may point with triumph to many a victory of wit and cunning, culminating in the mission of Mr. Burlingame as the herald of peace and goodwill, and the preacher of the great doctrine of the equality of men. It is not a little significant that, while that remarkable orator, now deceased, was stumping upon every platform of Europe

and America, evidence of the strongest feeling against foreigners was cropping up at almost every port in China; and while his legation, no longer graced by the presence of its chief, was still disporting itself at some European court, to the great profit of certain interpreters, decked out in the peacock's feathers of secretaries of legation, the very mandarins whose virtues they were paid to preach were preparing that revolting massacre, the horrors of which have been sufficient to attract the attention of Europe, even when she was absorbed by the terrible tragedy which was being acted at home.

We have been very patient and long-suffering with these Chinamen, but there are limits to all powers of endurance. The cup of their iniquities is full even to overflowing, and it is time that they should be made to kiss the rod. Our missionaries have been murdered, our trade has been hindered and obstructed in every way, and each succeeding telegram brings us the news that the lives of our merchants are threatened at some fresh place. The winter is at hand, and, by the time these lines appear in print, our countrymen at Tientsin, Peking, and Newchwang will be cut off from all help from without by the ice of the Gulf of Pechili, and at the mercy of mobs hounded on by ruffians without ruth or mercy.

It is not easy to imagine a more disagreeable position than that in which the representatives of European governments at the Court of Peking are placed. If they determine to remain for the winter at Peking or Tientsin, they will do so evidently at the peril of their lives, and of the lives of those committed to their charge. If, on the other hand, they agree to retire southward to Shanghai, they will in all probability find the Peiho barred to them on their return in the spring; and, this time, the Taku forts, which even in 1859 were sufficiently strong and well-manned to beat back Sir Frederick Bruce and the British admiral, will bristle with the best guns that Western science can invent, served by men drilled by European officers. For all of which great

thanks are due to Mr. Robert Hart, an Irishman, who serves the Chinese Government as Inspector-general of Customs, and to whose account may be laid most of the grievances of which Europeans have to complain.

Mr. Magniac has written a letter to the *Times*, enclosing a letter received by him from the Foreign Office, in which he is informed that "a battalion of Marines will be shortly sent to China to be at the disposal of the Admiral; and if he and Mr. Wade should be of opinion that British interests at Shanghai are in danger, they are instructed to draw from Hong-Kong or Japan a detachment of infantry, which, in case of emergency, might be landed for the purposes of protection." We shall indeed be agreeably disappointed if these means suffice to effect the punishment of the past, or to avert the evils which we cannot help foreseeing in the future. The troops at Hong-Kong consist of half a battalion of infantry of the line and half a battalion of Indian native infantry, with a small force of artillery, while at Yokohama we have one battalion of the 10th Regiment: at any moment it might become inexpedient to remove these troops from their present quarters, so that the only reinforcement to be depended upon is one battalion of Marines. It is true that at the present moment affairs in Japan wear a very promising aspect; but there is a strong anti-foreign party still leavening the opinions of the country, and it is very doubtful whether it would be wise to withdraw a wholesome demonstration of force; and no one, we should imagine, would wish to weaken Hong-Kong at a time when our interests in the south of China are threatened no less than those in the north.

Our fear is lest the Chinese, seeing the inability of the French to avenge the murders of Tientsin, should take courage and attack other foreigners as well. In that case we shall have no alternative but to engage ourselves in a new Chinese expedition. Should this unfortunately prove to be the case, there can be no doubt that the European powers making a common cause will

be successful in the end, and will bring the mandarins to reason; and this time we hope that the past will be a lesson for the future, and that such conditions will be imposed as will secure our commerce and our countrymen, be they laymen or missionaries, from outrage, and will prevent China from remaining the one bar to the progress and civilization of the world.

It is not within the province of a magazine article to suggest what those conditions should be; but we cannot help hinting that if the treaty powers were to treat China as Peter the Great did Russia, and transplant the capital and court from Peking back to Nanking, whence it was removed by the Emperor Tai Tsung, who reigned under the style of Yung Lo at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the headquarters of obstructiveness and mandarinism would be destroyed, the power of the viceroys would be brought under the control of the central government, and a new era might be inaugurated which should be as conducive to the welfare and happiness of the Chinese people as to the safety and profit of the European trader. Above all, the repre-

sentatives of European Powers, instead of being boxed up in Peking like rats in a trap, would, in the not improbable event of their having from time to time certain demands and requisitions to make of the Chinese Government, be backed up by the presence of their men-of-war on the spot. It is wonderful how distance weakens a threat, and how wholesomely the sight of power acts upon the Oriental mind. Had the capital been at Nanking, it may be doubted whether the Cabinet of China would have appointed such a man as Tseng Kwo Fan, the chief enemy of foreigners, to succeed the friendly viceroy Ma; and it is not too much to say that with a few French and English ships in the river, orders would have been given which would have insured the immediate punishment of the perpetrators of the Tientsin outrage.

One thing is certain, and that is, that if our trade with China is to continue it must be protected. Do not its statistics show that it is worth paying a high insurance for? In China above all other countries does the old proverb hold good, "Si vis pacem para bellum."

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1871.

## THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT AND THE FRENCH NATION.

BY M. GUIZOT.

[M. GUIZOT sent me this paper with a request that I should translate and make it known to the English public. It was originally addressed to the Provisional Government; but it will be seen that its interest has a much wider range, and I gladly and confidently give it to the English public through the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*.—FRANCES MARTIN.]

I AM out of the world, and have no share in the affairs of the world. I shall go down to my grave to-morrow perhaps, or the next day, or a few days after that. Meanwhile, from my distant home, I look on and watch the terrible struggle in which my country is engaged, the great struggle of our time. It is now carried on by the members of the Government of the National Defence. They have chosen a title which is both noble and unassuming. It is an honour to them first of all to have taken it, and since then to have earned a right to keep it. When France had neither a government nor an army they did not despair of France; they undertook to save her from a foreign enemy and from anarchy. What an enterprise, and what a responsibility! I cannot think of the situation of our country and of these its rulers, without profound anxiety. If I now address them, I have no other claims upon their attention than those given by the experience of a long life and the self-abnegation of approaching death.

They have already done much. I think that many, even of those who supported them during the great crisis, do not know how much, and are not sufficiently grateful to them. When everyone else doubted, they believed from the first that Paris would offer heroic resistance, and that there would be an outburst of patriotic ardour in the provinces. They had to encounter folly and hostility in their own ranks, and coldness in some parts of the nation, but they never allowed themselves to be either alarmed or discouraged. They have carried on the war without appealing to revolutionary passions, and have also shown that they are anxious for peace, provided it is neither disgraceful nor illusive. They have rekindled the enthusiasm of the country, and created fresh armies which have already shown that they are capable of rendering good service. And they have been patient, most patient, with routine and irresolution, and with the anarchical tendencies which have been manifested at various points, threatening to endanger liberty

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as well as peace. But when law and order were seriously threatened, the members of the Government would not endure any attempt at intimidation. They, at once, put themselves at the head of that intelligent and valiant population of Paris, which came to their aid in preserving order.

I regret some of their actions and some of their inaction; but if we take into consideration all that they have done, and all the difficulties of their position, we shall find that their conduct has been that of good and courageous citizens.

We must not, however, deceive ourselves by thinking that, in the existing state of affairs and unaided, they are equal to their work. In our country, war never has, and never can have any other aim than peace; and no one knows better than the members of the Government of the National Defence that, if it can be had with honour, the country desires peace. But the enemy will not deliberate upon the terms of peace, nor can the neutral Powers come to our aid unless there is a complete and strong government, with a good chance of duration, on which they may rely for the execution of the treaties entered into. The present government has neither this strength nor this promise of permanence. It is an incomplete and provisional power, compelled by the blockade of Paris to cut itself into two parts, one for Paris and the other for the provinces; and however good may be the understanding between the members of these two parts of the government which are separated by so wide a distance, it is certain that they have not always the same political aspect. The spirit of order rules in the government of Paris, but the government of the provinces has made some imprudent concessions and has shown a certain degree of weakness.

I will not recall any grievous incident, any deplorable dissension between Frenchmen, but I will cite one fact which has no such character, in proof of this assertion. Some time ago I saw in the journals that M. de Charette had

asked M. Gambetta to authorize the corps of volunteers which he had brought into the regular army, to keep the uniform under which it had fought for the Catholic Church; and that M. Gambetta answered: "You have done yourself too much honour under this uniform not to have the right of keeping it." Now I honour both M. de Charette's demand and M. Gambetta's answer; but did M. Gambetta think of the fraternization with Garibaldi which he was accepting?

I do not know what Garibaldi has done or can do for the service of France; but M. Gambetta is too acute to ignore the fact that there is a certain degree of inconsequence and incoherence in action as well as in words, which a government cannot manifest without exciting a painful surprise that tends to bring discredit upon it and to weaken it.

Neither ought we to disregard the fact that in the actual condition of things, and by the division of the government between Paris and Tours, it rests with one, or two, or three persons—General Trochu, M. Jules Favre, M. Gambetta, or some other—without preliminary discussion, without publicity, almost alone and in virtue of his one opinion and will, to decide on the gravest questions, to take the most important resolutions; questions and resolutions involving war or peace, a *levée en masse* or a national loan. What is this but another form of irresponsible personal government, the decisions of which can neither be discussed nor called in question by the country?

Evidently there is nothing but a National Assembly, freely elected by the whole nation, which can put an end to such an imperfect, irregular, and precarious condition. A National Assembly, by its discussions and decisions, would make those in whom power is now vested its responsible agents, and it would also cover that responsibility and give the government the unity, support, strength, and general recognition which it needs. It needs them both abroad and at home, in war and in peace. What we want now, what we ask from the republic, is

that which was formerly demanded of a constitutional monarchy; namely, self-government for the country. Again, it is *nations* that must make treaties, and in their interviews and negotiations they must be brought face to face with each other, and their several representatives must speak and act with the same degree of authority. In our present position one of two things must happen: either we shall succeed in making peace, peace that will not be humiliating, or we shall carry on war—a national war. If we succeed in making peace, even after we have repaired our disasters and when our honour is safe, it would be childish to conceal the fact that peace will be accompanied by very sharp and bitter conditions for France. Nations, like individuals, have their good and bad days, their joys and sorrows; they have to learn the meaning and extent of their trials and how to endure them with fortitude. The wisdom needed for this can be acquired only by a scrupulous examination of facts, and a full knowledge of all the circumstances which bear upon them. This will be the work of the National Assembly. It will deliberate with such a degree of publicity or privacy as it may deem fitting for the subject and the occasion; but when it has once realized the necessity for sacrifices on our part, it will possess sufficient authority to make the nation accept the sacrifice without murmuring, though not without sorrow. But if, on the other hand, the honour and safety of the nation cannot be preserved unless we carry on war, a long and bitter war, the war of a whole nation against foreign armies, then where, except in the entire free nation, can we find the resources and enthusiasm necessary for such a struggle? Where, except in a National Assembly which can make its presence felt and its voice heard in every part of the nation—where else, I say, shall we find any rallying-point or any centre of action; and how will it be possible without them to carry out the national will? It is not now as it has been in other ages. We have not

to appeal to the theories and passions of sects or parties clearly defined and known. It is no longer a question of setting Catholic against Protestant, or black against white. There are far greater complications and difficulties. Unenlightened public opinion must be enlightened and formed; national feeling, which is inclined sometimes to go astray, sometimes to grow weak, must be directed and sustained. When a nation is going to carry on war *à outrance*, it is absolutely necessary that it should have a representative government, and therefore the presence and continuous action of a National Assembly are now indispensable conditions of success.

Why, then, does the present government refuse to grant this? Why not accept with a good grace a necessity which is seen and stated by so many wise and honest men? I put on one side all dishonourable motives; I do not suppose that any of the members reject the convocation of a National Assembly for fear of being deposed by it, and from the desire to keep that almost undisputed and absolute personal power with which they are clothed. Such a motive would be equally unworthy of men of high character and of the work which they have taken upon themselves.

In *Le Français* of the 22nd of November I have just read an account of a conversation in which General Changarnier shows his ordinary frankness and generosity. He was speaking of Marshal Bazaine and his conduct at Metz; he defended the General warmly from the charge of treason, but thought that he had been actuated by an ignoble and short-sighted egotism. He had looked upon his army as an instrument that belonged to him personally, and was to be used for the purpose of pushing his own fortunes in the future; instead of looking upon his army and himself as the servants of France. Egotism is not always a trustworthy guide, and a man is more likely to lose than to gain if in a great crisis he shows that he is not a great man.

I do not know if the account of this conversation in the *Français* is correct, but I will draw from it one reflection which is applicable to the position in which the members of the existing government are now placed. They have undertaken a glorious and difficult work ; they must not bring to it any aims, sentiments, or motives which are unworthy of that work ; they must not hesitate, even at the cost of personal sacrifice, to adopt any measures whatever which may serve the national cause.

But the fact is that I do not see what sacrifices such men as M. Jules Favre, M. Gambetta, M. Ernest Picard, and others like them, would be called upon to make if they summoned and deliberated with a National Assembly. They have shown what they are worth, and have obtained all they now possess by open discussion and publicity, in political assemblies, at the bar, or through the press. They unite all those qualities and conditions which ensure success in a parliamentary career. I grant that when parliamentary government is re-established in France in its full vigour and reality they will have to act with more caution ; they will have to face discussion and to meet opposition, and there will be more chances against them than there are now. But these are the very things that the country has need of and expects : its rulers must be compelled to undertake the labours of foresight and precaution, to pass through all the trials and run all the risks which show their own character and the worth of a free government. These men are well fitted for so great a work, and it is their duty to establish a free government in France without further delay, and to bear the burden of it if they are to reap its fruits.

I now come to the difficulty which is felt by many of these who show something like repugnance to the election and meeting of a National Assembly.

Our present government is republican in form. Our principal public men are, for the most part, republicans ; not republicans of the day and hour and

occasion, but republicans upon principle and of long standing. There are many kinds of republicans, but I will only allude to three. There are, first, those wise and judicious men who accept the existing state of society, and wish to change nothing more than its principles and form of government. There are, secondly, the fanatics, who are imbued with the doctrines and passions of the republic of 1792 ; and, lastly, there are Utopian republicans, who desire not only a republican form of government, but social innovations which would only be possible if human nature and human society were otherwise than God has made them and we find them. I have nothing to say at present to the fanatics of 1792, nor to the Utopians of the social revolution of the future. I am addressing wise and prudent republicans and them only, and it is with them that I argue the question of a general election and the calling together of a National Assembly. Why, at the bottom of their hearts, now that there is a fresh trial of the republic, are they so listless about a National Assembly ? Because they are afraid that it will not be a republican assembly, or not sufficiently republican to work honestly at the establishment of a republic. They are afraid that the Assembly will be essentially conservative, and that it will care more for peace than for social progress. They think that it will be inclined to doubt whether a republic will succeed, or deserve to succeed, and that behind these moderate republicans who are the friends of order it will always dread the appearance of the fanatics of 1792, and of the Socialists—in fact, of those allies who are more damaging than useful, and who are objects of natural alarm to that which is really and truly France. A clever woman once said in reference to ghosts, “I don’t believe in them, but I am afraid of them.” For my own part, neither do I believe in those ghosts of a bygone terror ; but although there may be small reason for taking them into account, France does well to be

afraid of them, even of their very shadow, for never was a nation so ground down, so tortured, so cruelly stained with her own blood, as was France during the Reign of Terror.

The moderate republicans have, indeed, some reason for uneasiness when they see how little republicanism there is in the greater part of France: although a country may originate revolutions and endure them, it does not abolish all its long and glorious history, even although the past is not free from storms and sorrows. Moreover, the republic has twice made its appearance among us, but it has neither succeeded so well nor lasted so long that its third coming should inspire us with any great hope or confidence. Still, its actual partisans do not understand the true nature of the nation's feelings towards it; they are deceived as to its real danger, whether from the nation or the national representatives.

And, first of all, an existing government can only be overthrown by its enemies or its openly-declared rivals, unless, indeed, as is commonly the case in our times, it succumbs of itself. Now, in considering the actual rivals of the republic, I do not see any that deserve to be called formidable.

I will say one word only as to the second empire and Bonapartism. Its adherents are said to be seeking help for it among foreign powers. I do not like to speak of the vanquished; especially those who are vanquished through their faults; but without wounding any susceptibilities, and with perfect truth, we may now say to France: "You have had your experience; you know what you rely upon; it is of no use looking to the empire for glory or for wisdom, for the shield of strength or the blessing of liberty."

The legitimists have two strong points, their principle, and their fidelity to that principle; but these are no longer active forces, and are only useful in opposition and for resistance. The legitimists may damage an established government; they cannot set up their own form of government. The time when they could con-

spire and rise is over; for the future they will be able to influence the home and foreign affairs of their country, only on condition of sharing the feelings and impulses of the nation. They are conservatives and adherents of the monarchy, and they say that they are also liberals and patriots, ready to take their part and place in the struggle of France to establish a free government; they say they can do this, because they are the natural allies of order which springs from liberty. Led by his admirable instinct, M. Berryer excels in the art of serving the party to which he belongs in this manner, and keeping it well to the front by always putting a new face upon it. M. de Charette and M. Cathelineau do the same thing when they fight for the republic in the uniform which they wore when they served the pope. I congratulate them and ourselves. If the house of Bourbon had rallied round the national flag, it might have taken a new and strong position, and renewed its youth instead of mutilating itself. But it has not known how to do this. The Comte de Chambord is still a dignified candidate for the crown, but an isolated and passive candidate, pledged to wait without doing anything or hoping for much.

The princes of the house of Orleans are princes, but not candidates for the crown. They have asserted and proved this in and since 1848. At the time of their fall, under the republic, under the second empire, they never once offered themselves to France as heirs to the throne. I do not pass judgment upon the attitude they have assumed; I do not even discuss it; I merely state facts. They have been always ready to serve, but they have never put forward any claim to govern France. More than this, they have asked permission to serve the republic; and as they are essentially men of honour, if the republic had asked them to take an oath of fidelity and they had consented, they would have kept that oath. Whatever they may do, they are princes, and will always be princes; they will never be usurpers. As to those who are said to be



Orleanists, it is a mistake to call them a party. The government of Louis Philippe left some faithful friends and the memory of many good deeds, which as time goes on are more and more widely known and appreciated ; but it neither created nor left any party. It is impossible to give the name of party to the mass of orderly and intelligent men, essentially conservative and moderate liberals, who ask nothing more from the government than that it shall uphold law and order at home, keep peace abroad, and protect and promote the development of the different national interests, according to their relative importance and claims. These men do not form a party ; they are that vast, industrious, placid population, not discontented with their lot, who are often spoken of as *le juste milieu*. They fill up a large place in the life of France, serving both as ballast and as the source of progress. But they are too timid and too complaisant ; they submit in turns to those who refuse liberty in the name of order, and those who destroy peace in the name of liberty. Their chief fault is that they do not know how to assert their claims, take their place, and use their power in all that concerns the action, authority, and responsibility of the government of the country. They are beginning to understand that this is necessary, and to take more pains about it ; I hope that day by day they will go on more resolutely in this path. But what would have become of the second empire, what will become of the existing republic, if this honest, industrious, middle-class France had refused to accept the one or should refuse to recognize the other ? The different forms of government which have lasted for a short time among us, have done so thanks to them ; and I do not advise any government of the future to think of or treat those who are now called Orleanists as a hostile party. They will soon discover their mistake, too late perhaps for themselves and too late for us also, for the fall even of a bad government costs dear to a nation which cannot by timely reform avoid the necessity

of overthrowing it or letting it fall to pieces.

Up to the present time there is in reality no formidable opponent to the republic. Not only does the struggle against a foreign enemy overshadow every dissension and give all Frenchmen a common interest and a common aim, but even when the struggle is ended and we have nothing but our domestic affairs to attend to, the republic will still be in our midst with such forces and chances as it may have. If it succeeds in the present war, it will have served us greatly against the enemy ; will it be capable of becoming the government of France ? Will it have anything more to offer than the stormy and uncertain reign of a political party and a revolutionary faction ? Will it ever become a calm and orderly government, able to protect the interests, the rights, and the freedom of all ? When peace once more blesses our land, when we are trying to heal us of our wounds, this question will come before us in all its force ; the answer will then depend upon the conduct of the government, and not upon its name. Whether for good or evil, the republicans themselves will decide the fate and future of the republic.

There is only one way in which they can secure a decision favourable to their cause. It is by making themselves, in the true sense of the word, representatives of France, of that rational, moderate and honest France which for three-quarters of a century has demanded the same thing from every government which has successively ruled the land—law and order as a security for social life, and liberty for the development of fruitful industry. France will ask the republic, as she has asked its predecessors, to grant these two good gifts.

In order to inspire hope and confidence in the nation, there are two things which the republican candidates must do. They must separate themselves from their dangerous allies the fanatical revolutionary republicans and the Utopian socialistic republicans ; and

secondly, they must live constantly in the presence and under the eye of the nation, through representatives freely elected by it, who shall have a voice in the government.

The public always judges a government by the friends it chooses and the agents it employs. The fanatics and socialists have a right to public liberty, but they ought not to be chosen as members of the government, and that too by its leading members; for, whether they wish it or not, they are sure to prove fatal to every form of government alike, whether it be a republic or a monarchy. This need not, of course, prove a barrier to free expansion of thought and discussion between old and new social doctrines; it is a measure dictated by necessity and political prudence, and is one of the necessary and temporary trials to which all ideas must be content to submit before they can be allowed to pass into the region of facts.

It is absolutely necessary that the republican government should identify itself with France; and this can only be done by securing to the country the means of making known its wishes to the government, of influencing it, and being influenced by it.

From 1776 to 1783 the Congress of the United States was repeatedly the cause of difficulty, annoyance, and even danger to Washington, but he never thought of evading its decisions and adjourning its meeting to an indefinite future.

He, like us, had war to carry on, and an army to create; but he had the heart of a republican and the brain of a statesman; he was convinced that a free government and its general, a free people and its army, must know and mutually influence each other. "From his camp he was obliged not only to send endless exhortations, but to suggest measures and point out what the congress itself must do in order to accomplish its work and prevent both congress and army becoming mere empty names. His letters were read in congress, and were the subject of deliberations which showed great inexperience, timidity, and dis-

trust. Congress contented itself with professions and promises, must consult the local governments, was very much afraid of the military power. Washington answered respectfully, obeyed, and then returned again to the same point, showed the utter worthlessness of mere professions, and the necessity of granting real power both to himself in the position which he held by the wish of the nation and to the army with which he was expected to conquer. There was in congress no lack of intelligent and brave men, devoted to their cause, although ignorant of the art of government. Some of them went to the camp, saw things for themselves, talked with Washington, and returned strengthened both by their own observations and his advice. The Assembly was enlightened and encouraged, and took confidence in itself and its general. The measures which he had suggested were passed and the powers he asked for granted. Washington next entered into correspondence and negotiation with local governments, public meetings, committees, magistrates, even private citizens: he placed facts before their eyes, appealed to their good sense and patriotism, made use of all his private friends in the public service, showed great consideration for democratic prejudices and sensitive vanity, never forgot his own rank and spoke as one having power, but did this without giving offence, and always with the most persuasive moderation. He was marvellously skilful in influencing men through their noblest and truest feelings, and yet he never lost sight of what was due to human weakness."

France has not yet found her Washington, nor is she so well prepared for a republic as the United States were at that time. But the proceedings of the American congress and of its general in their relation to each other, are natural and applicable to every other country in an analogous position. Some of the difficulties which Washington had to contend with do not exist, or are much diminished in our case. In consequence of our habits of centralization

our National Assembly would have more power to carry out measures which it had resolved upon with the chief of the citizens than the American congress ; military power is more effectual, and more generally acknowledged in France than it was at that time in America.

It would not be needful for the Assembly to be always sitting, and constantly interfering in the management of the war, in order to establish the necessary connection and a reciprocal influence between the National Assembly and the armies of France. The Assembly would have to give a vote on the question of war, and to grant or refuse supplies ; after that it should either adjourn or keep silence, and not interfere with military operations or diplomatic negotiations unless it was summoned by the executive chiefs, or by its own supreme head, in view of some great emergency of war or peace. There would be nothing impracticable or not conformable to the rules and example of other free governments in such a course, and it is not necessary to increase the actual difficulties of a very grave position by adding to it secondary or imaginary difficulties.

As to the precise events which might render the direct intervention of the National Assembly necessary or desirable, and as to the precise times at which that intervention should be called for, these are matters of detail which cannot be foreseen or decided on beforehand according to any general rules. For example, when the negotiation between France and Prussia which had been entered into for the purpose of procuring an armistice had failed, and after the calm, luminous, and precise account of it given by M. Thiers, I think the French government would have done well to decree the immediate election of a National Assembly throughout the whole of France, and this could have been done with the consent even of M. de Bismarck himself. Undoubtedly such an Assembly would have been found very decidedly in favour of the war, although showing a generally pacific tendency. Strengthened

by a clear and strong assertion of the national will, the government could have carried on war energetically and would have had good reason for asserting that it was henceforth the only worthy and honourable means by which France could obtain peace.

This opportunity for the immediate election of a National Assembly was allowed to pass, and I am sorry for it, but others may arise. Who knows that the attitude of Russia towards the Treaty of 1856, and the European complications to which it will possibly lead, may not supply the French government with good reasons for securing the election of a National Assembly without further delay ?

The most important point to which it is now needful to call attention is that there is no necessity for this Assembly to have a permanent session, and to be always in action ; the real necessity is to elect it and bring it into existence, so that the country and the executive may know that there is a living force ready to respond to their appeal. When that is done the national government will be complete, the nation will exercise control over all representatives of political power, and that power will be closely united to and based upon the will of the nation. Both nation and government may then wait with confidence for the day and hour of action.

I will end by repeating what I said at first and appealing to those patriotic, honest and intelligent men, who, whatever may be their rank or condition in life, whether they are civil or military, whether they wish for a monarchy or a republic, are endeavouring to save France from her enemies and from anarchy. They must not deceive themselves ; their work is only begun ; there is not only war but anarchy also in many parts of our land and in our domestic affairs. They have already shown wisdom and courage ; perhaps the future, an immediate future, may exact even more courage and wisdom than they have yet displayed. They have shown that they are no friends of revolution or reaction, that at Paris

General Trochu can take his place by the side of M. Jules Favre, and at Tours Admiral Fourichon can work with M. Gambetta. They have shown also that they understand the twofold duty of the government towards the country, the twofold necessity of maintaining order and liberty. But they must not only persevere, they must make progress. Order without stability has no real existence, and there is no true liberty for any unless there is equal liberty for all, whether conservative or advanced liberal, whether Christian or free-thinker. We are still very far from having obtained equal security for all in the exercise of the same rights. If the republic lasts, France will not require less at its hands than at those of any other form of government. We shall expect peace, order, and liberty from a republic, just as much as from a constitutional government. We cannot go on waiting indefinitely, with now and then a distant glimpse instead of

actual possession. If we are to have any certainty of obtaining them ultimately, the members of the existing government must accept all the conditions and all the difficulties of a free government. They must call for help, they must put out all their strength. They must never allow themselves to be taken unawares. Up to this time they have been united, and their union has been not only strength but success. They must scrupulously preserve it, but one and all must shake themselves free from dangerous allies. They must do what Paris does, when she fights on the ramparts against a foreign enemy and in the streets against anarchy and sedition: and if they do this, France need no longer wait, first for a revolution in order to snatch a few political rights, and then for a despot, great or small, to deliver her from demagogues and anarchy.

VAL RICHER, *December 1870.*

## PATTY.

## CHAPTER I.

## AT THE COTTAGE.

THE sun had been shining all day out of a blue sky—blue and clear enough to make the eyes ache with its uniformity of tint—the cabbages in front of Roger Westropp's cottage looked dry and withered.

It was a long narrow cottage, and the sun had heated it through and through; it glared with whiteness, and, with its door set wide open, looked as if it gaped and wanted a nap.

Either the heat or the contents of the letter spread out on his knee had ruffled Roger Westropp's patience. There was a touch of anger in his voice as he called out "Patty!"

The sound clashed suddenly on the burning stillness and seemed to evoke life from it. From the back of the cottage came the lowing of a cow, and the gnats blowing their shrill trumpets swayed in a grey cloud round Roger's head.

"I've made up my mind, so she may as well know." He folded the letter carefully on his knee, and put it in his pocket; the action calmed his irritation. He rose up and went to the foot of the staircase. "Patty!" he called again, but in a quieter voice.

He had stooped while he read the letter; you were surprised, when he rose up and moved to the door, to see how tall he was.

Lank as well as tall, with a hale, healthy-looking face, surrounded by grizzled hair and beard; and yet, spite of his fresh complexion and bright blue eyes, there was something ungenial in Roger Westropp's face—something narrow and wanting in frankness—the restless eyes seemed to search you

through, while they kept their own secrets close.

"Coming, father," in a clear girlish voice from upstairs, and Roger went slowly back again to his seat near the open door.

A hard seat enough—a high-backed wooden chair; there was but one soft seat in the low long room, a cane stool with a cushion on it; the rest of the chairs were plain and hard as the tiled floor, and the round walnut-wood table in the middle. The grate was empty, and except for a nosegay in a smart jug in the windowsill, and a pair of shining brass candlesticks on the high mantelshelf, there was no trace of ornament in the room.

Roger Westropp had still some minutes to wait, but he bore them patiently; only as a step sounded at last on the little creaking staircase his narrow brows contracted into a frown.

He sat facing the porch, into which the room opened, so he had his back to the door by which Patty came in.

Perhaps the sudden vision of her fair bright face, had he seen it, would have made him look pleasanter.

She was so exquisitely pretty, so dainty in face and form and ways that the poor mean room seemed suddenly lit up by the presence of such a rare piece of flesh and blood, for there was nothing ethereal or spiritual in Patty's beauty; she might have been likened to a ripe peach, a perfect rose-blossom—never to a water-lily.

Her rich wavy hair, her dress, were exquisite in their trim freshness; only a pink cotton gown, but it bore no trace of work about it.

And yet with all her beauty and his gauntness you saw at once the likeness between father and daughter—a like-

ness of expression rather than feature, though as you looked it was difficult to define this expression. At first sight it seemed to be in the eyes, but the blue in Roger's eyes, so light as to be almost grey, was uniform in tint; while in Patty's it deepened to an intense violet, when in shadow the eyes seemed as dark as the full pupils. The restless movement in Roger showed in Patty in sudden sidelong glances; but as she came forward, there was perfect repose, almost a soft languor in her eyes.

"What is it—didn't you call?"

"Yes, I called, lass." He turned half round in his chair, but he did not look up. "Your Grandmother Wood be dyin', so they say; and Peter Wood, that good-for-nothing uncle of yours, have comed up all in a hurry, and I'm best to be with the old woman at the last for the sake o' you, Patty."

He looked up at her, and met a sudden sidelong glance.

"Has Grandmother got money, then?"

"Maybe she have, maybe not; that be as time will show. She have chosen to keep silent, and I didn't call for you to tell her secrets." Here he paused in his deliberate speech; but Patty listened still, she wanted to hear what he had got to say, and she knew her best chance was not to interrupt him.

"I be going into Guildford to-night," he went on. "I may be back next day, and I mayn't; but now look you here, Patty," he bent his heavy grey eyebrows into a frown, "you keep the house. Maybe there'll be folks coming in from the horse-fair. Don't you let me hear you've been seen up in Ashton by one among 'em. Don't you go nigh the Bladebone."

Patty did not flush, but her lips closed tightly, and she gave a little stamp of vexation.

"You're mighty careful, Father, but you needn't trouble about me. I've taken good care of myself till now. I'm not likely to run after men of any sort, much less horse-dealers. I'm rather more particular than that, I hope."

She threw back her head, and the colour flew over her face.

Roger looked earnestly at her; there was pride in his look, but mistrust along with it.

"You're right, lass, so far," he said; "they be a set of knaves and spend-thrifts be horse-dealers; but as I've known 'em, Patty—men be much alike—I don't trust one among 'em all."

"You don't trust ne'er a one, Father."

Roger winced, and then he frowned at her.

"What do you mean by that?" he said harshly.

"I mean you don't trust women any more than men; you don't trust me. You had that news early this morning—you know you had. Why couldn't you have told me before? You know why. You know you didn't want to give me the chance of going to the village and getting some one to come down and cheer me up a bit while you was away. It's a shame, Father, that it is, a crying shame. All the months I've been back from Miss Coppock's, and I've never so much as asked a friend of my own to take a bit or sup in the place."

She did not sob or cry; she looked at him with full dilated eyes and quivering nostrils, while she panted for breath to go on.

But Roger had heard as much as he meant to hear at present. He got up slowly and looked at her—looked at her so calmly, so quietly, that Patty's flashing eyes fell beneath his.

"What did you come home for, then?" he said at last. "You wurn't content at Miss Coppock's, you fretted for your freedom; you said you was sick and tired of needlework and such like. I didn't want you; maybe you makes the place smarter, but I was doin' well enough alone."

His words stung her, but she kept down her anger.

"I'm a poor working-man," he said; "'tis hard enough to get vittals for you and me, without feeding gowks of girls as should mind their work, for it's Jane at the Rectory you're meaning Patty."

"I don't mean anyone, but I hate

stingy ways ;" she spoke more quietly, and she raised her eyes to her father's face to see how much she dared say. His lips looked thinner than ever, but there was no other sign of anger in the long narrow face. "Father, people tell me you're not poor ; why need we live as we do?" She gave an impatient look at her often-washed gown.

Roger's face worked.

"Don't be a fool ;" he put one hand so firmly on her plump shoulder that she could not move. "I *am* poor. I mayn't choose to spend all I've got, but that's not your business, girl ; you'll benefit by my thrift some day. Where'd be the use of dressing you up now in smart clothes and leaving you to starve in rags when I'm gone?"

"You needn't trouble about me when you're gone," Patty spoke loftily ; "I shall never want."

Roger looked at her curiously.

"You'll never keep yourself by your two hands, I know that fast enough ; you'll do as little as you can help, my girl, for yourself or anyone else ; you'll not make a shillin' go as far as another would, it bea'n't in ye ; but that's not what I called you down for, neither. Now look here, you keep at home. I won't have Jane here ;" he raised his hand and let it fall on her shoulder again ; "I won't have you seen at the Bladebone, neither ; so now you know my mind, lass."

He walked across the room with long heavy steps, and then upstairs. Patty stood quite still, only pinching her gown between thumb and finger. He came down again with the few necessities he meant to take with him tied in a handkerchief, but she never stirred.

"Good-bye, lass ;" he nodded, and his face softened as he passed her. "If I'm not back Saturday, you can go to church Sunday ; but maybe I'll be back sooner."

"Good-bye," said Patty, sulkily, over her shoulder ; but he did not stop as he passed, and she made no advance to a more demonstrative leave-taking.

As Patty stood there she looked

more and more like her father. Her full red lips were pressed against each other till they must surely have hurt themselves ; her white round chin squared itself, and the even eyebrows drew together and made a ridge in the delicate flesh above.

Patty was not, as folks say, in a passion, she had stamped her foot just now, but her displeasure was far too weighty to be thrown off in the mere froth of temper ; the grievance was an old one. She stood just where her father had left her, thinking. Five years' service in the workroom of Miss Coppock, the milliner, had taught her that no other female quality or faculty has so much value as beauty ; but self-conscious as she was, she was too deeply absorbed now to remember herself, or to be aware of the picture she made standing beside her father's empty chair, framed in by the porch outside the open door.

The flush on her lovely skin had faded into its usual perfect pink, a pink melting softly into the pure flesh-colour beyond, for Patty's skin was fair, not white ; white is a lifeless expression, and will not render the glow of her complexion. It may have seemed white near her lips from the intensity of their scarlet ; and again on the forehead and temples and behind the delicate ears from the same effect of contrast with the massive almost sculpturesque waves of bright chestnut hair ; but it was more like the outer petals of a blush-rose bud, or the edges of a rose-lined sea-shell ; the plump shapely hand that clasped the arm-chair so firmly was pink, though a lighter pink than usual just now on account of the heat, and so was the dimpled wrist above.

She stood, scarcely moving for some time, but the expression on her face did not change ; she could not solve the perplexity that was troubling her.

"I can't go on like this," she said at last, slowly, as if her words kept pace with her thoughts ; "it's no better than being in prison. When Father asked me to go to service I said

wouldn't, because I thought home would be freest; but no master or mistress could tie me as tight as Father do. Just as if I can't speak to a man without harm coming of it. Harm! Weren't men and women made on purpose for each other, I wonder? If Father only knew my notions, he'd trust me fast enough." Here she remembered her own existence, and smoothed the chesnut hair into still more glossy waves; a smile of consciousness curved her lips out of the bondage in which they had been kept.

"I wonder what Father'd say if I told him I mean to marry a gentleman; maybe, though, he'd be worse than ever. He'd fancy I'd be throwing myself into mischief more than he does now. Bless him!" she gave her head a little toss; "does he think I'm like Jane at the Rectory, or Clara at the butcher's? So I was before I went to Guildford and saw a few people; I was just as much of a fool. Well, he'll find out the difference. Clara! why, if I were as free as Clara is, and had her fine clothes and her opportunities, would I let such fellows as she does take walks with me? Not I. There's not one young man in all Ashton I'd let kiss my little finger."

Patty seated herself in the chair and thought again.

It was all very well to keep firm to this secret resolution of becoming "a lady;" but Patty had begun to snub every love-sick village swain who sought her favour, and life was growing too dull to bear. Her father's cottage stood by itself at the end of the lane, a good mile out of the village. Across the common in front there was a high-road, but this was too far off to give much chance for picking up acquaintance thereon. Certainly life was more secluded than at Miss Coppock's, the Guildford milliner's; Patty had often been called into the show-room at Guildford, and on rare occasions she had seen a gentleman with some of the milliner's customers. And though Miss Coppock looked sharply

after her apprentices, still there had been various Sunday afternoon walks and talks with Guildford lads; there had been more work at Miss Coppock's, but there had been more play too.

Within the last week Patty had determined to leave home; she had seen enough of her father to be sure that remonstrance and persuasion would be alike useless in changing his plan of life. The difficulty lay in deciding on what she should do.

Service might be a free life; she would meet with gentlemen in service, and have the opportunity of speaking to gentlemen without the appearance of seeking them. In her Guildford life Patty had learned, among other scraps of worldly wisdom, that her only hope of becoming "a lady" lay in outward propriety of conduct, and this maxim stood to her in place of the purer teaching she might have learned from her dead mother—for Roger Westropp had been early left a widower. Since her return home she had treated her numerous admirers with indifference; but her extreme beauty or her powers of attraction had aroused remark in the Ashton folk, and Patty had acquired the reputation of being a flirt. Either this report had reached her father's ears, or he had his own cause for suspicion; but in Roger Westropp suspicion was native, it came more easily than trust.

Patty's lips curved into a sneer. "Father'd suspect a saint; he's enough to drive one into folly with his ways. It's his nearness is at the bottom of all, I do believe; I knew it fast enough when he said I weren't to have a new frock, because of its making me get noticed. He's a miser, and nothing else. I know, if Grandmother leaves any money, he won't give me a shilling of it." She shook her shoulders angrily. "If I go to service, he says he must have half my wages. I hate such near ways. I'll go away——"

She stopped to think again, and an angry flush rose suddenly in each cheek, and made her eyes look dry and feverish.



"I won't go to the Rectory—I've made up my mind on that. Fancy being maid to that Nuna Beaufort! I'm just as good as she is, and I'm ever so much prettier; all the difference between us is in speaking French and playing the piano, and anybody could learn them things as tried. I'm sure I could, for Miss Coppock says I'm clever, and she's clever if you like; she can speak French and do all as Miss Nuna can, unless it's the drawing and painting, and those don't count in making a lady, I know." A light came into her face. "I might serve in a shop; or why shouldn't I help in the bar at the Bladebone?" She paused; there was an attraction in this last idea, it promised variety and freedom as well, but she shook her head.

"No; that Dame Fagg's a tyrant, and I expect she'd be jealous of that fool of a husband. All the women are jealous of me." She laughed at this, and the frowning, angry look left her, but it came back again after a while. "I can't see my way clear except for one thing; I won't be maid at the Rectory, and I'll tell Father so. I hate Nuna Beaufort; she's a poor pale-faced, half-asleep thing. If I was to live in the same house as her, I should be tempted to do her a mischief; it's like what that old Gubbins said at Miss Coppock's—she said if two women disliked one another they was best to keep apart, else if they came together in life they was sure to do one another a mischief. I wonder," she spoke slowly, "if that's true."

## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE LANE.

CARVINGS WOOD LANE was in full beauty; summer and autumn had not yet decided which should hold empire there—so the light that came streaming down through the leaves was green-hued, till it reached the lofty sandbanks on each side the way, and then autumn seemed to hold her own again, and the twisted

grotesque roots stood out golden where the sun reached them. Tree roots, which might be likened to the limbs of slumbering giants all too lightly covered, for the flimsy soil in which they spread was for ever filtering away, unable to hide their stalwart contortions. Higher up among the branches the two seasons fought hand-to-hand for mastery, the shadows were so purely exquisitely green, the lights so brightly golden; but if autumn were gaining the victory she was as yet ripe, not mellow, with the beauty one may sometimes find in middle age—bloom still on the cheek, light still in the liquid eyes, scarlet still on the lips, only the firmness and velvet texture of youth departed.

There was not much leafage on the high banks; long trailing honeysuckles flung themselves over the giant limbs, and tufts of oak fern, with spots of golden powder like tiny coins as the light fell on them, niced in some snug hollow in the spreading roots; but it was scarcely a scene in which the eye could grasp petty details. The lane mounted slowly, deeply shadowed by the crossing branches, and as it gained higher ground the flood of chequered green and gold seemed only the outer court of a still more gloomy descent beyond.

At least the artist thought so, who stood now a little on one side of the chequered pavement, himself a picturesque object enough with the tools of his art strapped about him.

"By Jove!" and he stood still whistling a soft subdued air, breathing out the rapture which a sight of beauty was sure to kindle in his glowing imagination.

His eye travelled on, passing from the jewelled greenery through the sombre shadow to the foot of the descent, and his whistling ended. The trees ceased, then the lane broadened, and just where the light came pouring in from the open ground beyond, a figure sat on an old tree-stump. Paul Whitmore quickened his pace, and passed out of the sunshine again into the gloom.

He shivered slightly, the coolness was

almost cold after the stifling journey from London; and besides this physical sensation, there was almost awe in the solemn breadth of shadow.

When Paul was a boy he had written verses, and it came to him now that he was realizing the thing he had pictured and rhymed about in his visions of life, the path of shadowed doubt and grief, the light and joy beyond; and with the sentiment of an artistic nature—a nature joyous in practice and pensive in theory—he became half irritable as the foreboding grew that he was all unconsciously tracing the outline of his own future in this walk through the lonely lane.

He could make out the sitting figure distinctly now; it was a woman, and she seemed young.

"And she should be lovely with that graceful bending figure," the artist thought; "but I don't know: women with good shape and abundant hair are often harsh or coarse in feature and complexion, and a woman with a bad skin is objectionable. If my theory just now has anything in it, this bending creature's life is cast in sunny places." He stood still, and though in shadow himself, he shaded his eyes with one hand as he gazed at her.

"She is charming!" he exclaimed, "at least her position is; now if she'll only keep so a minute."

He leaned back against the bank, high enough to yield support, though on the opposite side it had followed the downward bent of the road, and gave room only for smaller tree roots in its diminished height.

As Paul sketched he saw that his sitter was reading, and upon this he grew more enterprising, and included in the picture growing rapidly under his long slender hand a portion of the deeply shadowed road.

"She's an excellent model; I don't believe she'll move this hour."

The words were hardly said when the sitter raised her head, and nodded to some one beyond the angle of the lane. The shadow cast by her hat was gone, and Paul Whitmore could see her face.

"Charming! only wants colour to be lovely. But she's too pale. I expect she is better still nearer; those delicate faces always lose by distance. I wonder if this is the girl Pritchard talks of; if so, that young farmer is a lucky fellow. Does she like him, I wonder? She looks too refined for a clodhopper."

He stopped abruptly; he had been so absorbed in looking that he had not noticed the approach of the person to whom the girl had nodded; the branches of the last tree on his side drooped low and had intercepted his view. Paul Whitmore forgot his sitter and his theories in an instant—a real picture was before him; another girl framed in, now that she stood in front of them, by the drooping green boughs. She had a pink cotton gown on with a little frill round her white firm throat; there was no hat to shade her face, no cloak to hide her shape. She was too short perhaps, but her limbs were so rounded, so well put together, that it was difficult to criticise her.

Paul Whitmore did not attempt it, at the sight of her deep blue eyes with their heavy sculpturesque white lids; his soul had fairly melted in the sort of ecstasy beauty creates in its worshipers. If he had not met those eyes fixed on his own with such speaking admiration, Paul might have seen that the well-cut mouth was too full, and that the lowermost of those scarlet lips drooped somewhat heavily; he might have seen that the nose was thick and inexpressive, and that the magnificent wealth of hair that glowed a wavy golden brown in the sun's rays was not fine in texture, and that it grew too low on the girl's forehead; but he did not criticise.

He saw before him the most glowing piece of female beauty that had ever met his eyes, and as he gazed, he coveted it.

He roused from the exquisite delight of this long gaze, and looked to the other side of the lane. His sitter had risen to her feet; Paul Whitmore glanced across from one girl to the other, and he hesitated. The new-comer was cer-

tainly the prettiest ; her skin might not be as purely transparent as that of his sitter, but it was such true flesh tint, and the soft colour stole into it so bewitchingly. The one face was exquisitely peach-like and tempting ; it was that of a sweet, innocent, confiding child—whereas the other had a certain depth of expression which might betoken spirituality, but which also suggested a character not so easily read as that of the lovely village maiden who stood blushing like a sea-shell under the artist's ardent eyes.

There was little difference, except the hat, in the dress of the two girls, and yet Paul Whitmore had recognized instinctively that the one was a lady, the other a village girl ; and in his heart he preferred the last-comer.

"Poor little thing ! she doesn't like to be stared at. How prettily she blushes ! But my young lady looks severe ; I believe she has a mind to give me in charge for sketching her."

"Patty," came in a very gentle voice from the "young lady." But Patty had no intention of moving.

"Yes, Miss Beaufort ;" she looked slightly over her shoulder, and then turned again towards the artist to watch the progress of his sketch.

Paul glanced mischievously across the road. Just beyond the tree-stump on which Miss Beaufort had been sitting came a gate, with a glimpse of open country behind it.

"She is affronted—I knew she would be. Well, I may have been sketching what these provincials call 'the view,' for anything my young lady knows to the contrary, so she need not look so stately and proper."

Inside Nuna Beaufort's mind he would have seen that what he was construing into *hauteur* and propriety, was a nervous sense of discomfort, and the sight might have made him better proof against Patty's charms ; but then men—artists especially—are so very human in such a case. Patty's eyes had told him that he was a being to be worshipped, and, moreover, they kept on telling him so, and each time they glanced

shyly up through their black lashes, Paul thought them more and more lovely ; whereas Nuna, after the first brief surprised look, had kept her eyes steadily averted, just as if he were unworthy of notice.

He was not especially vain ; he knew he had a remarkable face, and he also knew that most women liked to look at him, except when his great dark eyes fixed themselves as they had fixed on the pretty village girl.

Miss Beaufort had something to say, and she did not care to be listened to by a stranger. She crossed the road, and came up to Patty.

"Patty, my father has a message to give you for your father ; you had better come up to the parsonage."

Patty curtsied. She looked very demure and meek, but the colour on her cheek grew deeper ; it was too bad to have to make a curtsy to Miss Beaufort.

"Yes, ma'am ; I'll not forget."

Nuna waited a moment to see if Patty would not follow her, and then she passed up the deeply-shadowed hill, her grey dress marking her slow progress.

Patty did not choose to follow Miss Beaufort ; but she remembered propriety now, and she too began to move slowly towards the angle of the lane.

Paul let her go a little way, and then he called after her :

"Can you tell me if I am near a place called Ashton ?"

Patty turned, and then she fingered her gown in such pretty modest confusion that Paul thought her more charming than ever.

"You've passed Ashton, sir—if you came down the lane, that's to say."

There was a little breadth of accent in her speech, but there was no marked provincial dialect—nothing that grated on his fastidious ears.

"What is she ?" Paul thought.

"Passed it, have I ? Then it is beyond the other end of the lane, is it ? Is that young lady going to Ashton ?"

Patty glanced quickly at him, but he did not even turn to look after the young lady as he asked about her.

"Yes, sir"—her eyes fell again beneath Mr. Whitmore's—"Miss Nuna is going to Ashton Rectory."

"I thought you called her Miss Beaufort?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Beaufort is our rector."

The words dropped out as evenly as if they had been clipped; they were so very simple and childlike, that Paul looked at the girl involuntarily to make sure she was not acting.

No; her eyes drooped again timidly, and he fancied the flush deepened on her cheeks.

"I was making a sketch of Miss Beaufort when you came up; would you like to look at it?"

He wanted to make her come nearer. She stood there like a bird on the wing; she might fly off in another moment, and leave no trace. Patty came up shyly. Her lustrous eyes kindled as she looked, and the scarlet lips parted, and showed glistening even teeth, firmly closed.

"How pretty! it's just like Miss Nuna; but there's no face, sir." There was a question in her eyes.

"Well, no." Paul felt guilty in having admired Miss Beaufort at all when he looked at Patty. "I fancy Miss Beaufort's face is her least beauty."

"Some people think her very pretty," and Patty tossed her head. She did not want this gentleman to admire Miss Beaufort, and yet she was not sure how far good manners would permit her to depreciate her.

"Do they?" He looked full into Patty's eyes, and down went the long curved lashes. "I don't admire their taste, then. I want you to tell me something; how is it you manage to keep free from tan and freckles?"

"I wear a sun-bonnet," said Patty, simply.

"She is absurdly innocent," said Paul; "she has no idea what a lovely little creature she is!" Then he went on: "A sun-bonnet! oh, you mean one of those great curious things which perch upon the top of the head. If you had your sun-bonnet now, I could put you in my sketch. I'm afraid it

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would trouble you too much to get it."

"Oh no, sir"—Patty blushed more bewitchingly still—"Father's cottage is only just round that corner; I'll run and fetch it."

"I'll go with you," and he walked on by her side. "I wonder," he thought, "what Stephen Pritchard would say if he saw me now? Think of his not knowing about such a creature as this is! Perhaps he does, sly dog, and that was why he talked of Miss Beaufort, to put me off the scent. I know he said his cousin, Will Bright, was making up to the Rector's daughter."

They had just reached the angle of the lane at the foot of the hill, when they came face to face with a gentleman. He looked like a fretful invalid, and he also looked like a clergyman. Patty started away from the artist's side as she saw him.

The clergyman stopped; he looked grave, and there was a rebuking tone in his voice as he spoke to Patty.

"Good day, Martha. I have just been round to look for your father; he'd not come back?"

"He'll not be back yet, sir, for a day or so."

The clergyman glanced at Paul; he wanted him to move on, but Mr. Whitmore had no mind to be parted from his companion.

"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Beaufort's light blue eyes moved restlessly, and his pale lips twitched with impatience. "Well, then, whenever he does come home send him up to the Rectory at once; I have some very special family news to communicate to him, and the sooner he knows it the better."

"From Australia, sir?" Patty looked up eagerly.

"Yes, and no; but don't ask questions, child. Send your father up as soon as he comes home, and don't go about in this heat bareheaded; you'll get a sunstroke if you do."

Paul had moved away a little, while they talked; but he came up now and raised his hat to the clergyman.

Mr. Beaufort returned the greeting

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stiffly. This person looked like an artist, and he did not approve of artists; they were always democrats, and they wore such long beards, and had such untidy habits, and they took no interest in politics or agriculture—the only two subjects which, in Mr. Beaufort's opinion, were worthy the attention of a reasonable man; and besides these, he had conceived another objection against Paul Whitmore. He took a good look at him. Yes, he certainly must be an artist. An amateur sketcher would have had more spick and span accompaniments, and would not have carried them with the same careless ease; but, added to this, there was an air of refinement and good breeding about the stranger which made him a most unsuitable companion for Patty Westropp.

"I beg your pardon," said Paul, "but I fancy you are the Rector of Ashton, and if so, perhaps you will be kind enough to direct me. I want to find a place called Gray's Farm. I suppose it is somewhere hereabouts?"

Mr. Beaufort liked to be waited on and cared for, but he dearly loved to impart knowledge; he had been a school-master once, and the habit lingered.

His face softened in expression.

"Gray's Farm; to be sure—a very nice place indeed, but it is three miles off at least; you will have to go quite to the further side of the common yonder."

"Without an atom of shade!" exclaimed Paul; "and I was led to believe I had got to the end of my journey when I reached Ashton."

"May I ask whether you are acquainted with my friend Mr. Bright, the owner of Gray's Farm?"

"I have a letter of introduction to him from a cousin of his. I meant to call on him, but I don't feel inclined to undertake such a walk in this heat."

"Decidedly not; you could not think of such a thing. Your best plan is this: go back to the village; there's a most comfortable little inn there—the Bladebone. You'll find cleanliness and fair cookery—very fair cooking indeed—and very civil people. My friend Mr. Bright is almost sure to drive in to-

morrow or next day, and he'll take you back with him to Gray's. I really think this is your best plan."

"Thank you," said Paul politely—to himself, "Why doesn't the old fellow ask me to the Rectory? He need not fancy I'm going to make love to his daughter."

"I'm going up the lane," said Mr. Beaufort, "I can show you the inn."

"Thank you, but I have to finish a sketch I've been working at; and I need not tell you that in another half-hour the sun's position will have changed, and with it my light and shade. I'm very much obliged to you, though," and he raised his hat again.

If Paul Whitmore had seen the glance of unfeigned admiration Patty darted at him, he might have doubted her extreme simplicity. Patty had managed the Rector herself, but she knew that he was not easy to manage. The artist's frank, careless ease won her even more than his good looks had done.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RECTOR'S STUDY.

"I SEE," said the Rector to himself, as he went slowly up through the gloomy shadow, "I wronged that young fellow Martha's is certainly a very remarkable face, and he is going to sketch it; I think he is too much of a gentleman to find pleasure in talking to a village girl; and yet I don't know really," and Mr. Beaufort's face lengthened as he climbed the hill, and his breath grew short.

He paused when he reached the chequered level at top, and took breath before he began the descent.

"It shows me how careful one ought to be. There was something strangely fascinating about that young fellow; I had it almost on my tongue to ask him to the Rectory; but of course, if he can make a companion of Martha Westropp, he is not a fit associate for Nuna, and really Nuna has such curious ideas about associates, she cares so little for birth or

position, that one can't be too particular—impossible."

He walked down-hill, and as he went he reflected that after all it was a good thing that Nuna was not fastidious; this carelessness of hers would make the darling scheme of his life—a marriage between his daughter and Will Bright, the wealthy owner of Gray's Farm—not only possible, but probable.

"Mary would never have listened to such a thing, I know; but then Mary did not always know what was best for her young sister, and the Gray's people have some old blood, and I don't see who else is likely to take a fancy to Nuna, and I'm sure I can't provide for her. Mary was a good creature, but prejudiced, poor dear girl."

This was the way in which Mr. Beaufort spoke of the daughter who had devoted her whole life to his service. He had lost his wife early, and Mary had striven hard to supply her mother's place, till just a few months ago, then death had come and released her from her life of incessant, unselfish toil.

When you reach the end of Carving's Wood Lane, if you look well about you, you will see on your right hand, at some little distance on the further side of the way, bits of scarlet roof peeping among the trees that skirt the road; beyond is a pond, with children maybe playing near it, and other indications that a village is nestling somewhere thereabouts.

But the village is completely backed by Lord Storton's woods; and the road by which Paul Whitmore had come from the railway runs alongside these woods, so that when he reached the cross-roads, seeing the delicious cool shelter of the lane opposite him, it is not surprising that he plunged into it at once, without so much as looking to the right or left. If he had only looked one way he might not have guessed at the village, it lay so completely sheltered; the brown cottages with their red roofs and chimneys peeping out among the leaves like robins from a tree nest.

But on the left from the lane, the point to which the Rector turned, must have attracted Paul's notice had he

looked towards it. Thirty yards this way the road turned abruptly and split into three; a white hand-post on a triangular bit of grass informed passengers that from that point they could get to Ashton, to Guildford, and to Weston. On the right, facing the road to Weston, which ran nearly parallel with Carving's Wood Lane, and sheltered by an abrupt turn made by the London road, was another announcement on a signboard, and behind it a small inn.

Generally there was plenty of life to be seen here, from the grinning ostler to Mr. Dennis Fagg himself, the landlord of the "Bladebone." But on this hot afternoon everything had gone to sleep, except the gnats, and these sent forth such a joyous trumpeting at the approach of a fresh victim, that Mr. Beaufort's evenly pink face grew red, and he pushed his hand irritably through his fair curling hair as the little torments buzzed about it.

The "Bladebone" looked comfortable and fresh. The original house had been red brick, and the entrance-door of this stood open on the top of a couple of cracked stone steps; to the red brick portion a piece had been added on in lath and plaster—a long room with a bow-window facing the road and a bedroom window above, with snowy knitted curtains on brass rods. The signboard might have been fresher. A dingy board displayed the Bladebone in such a weather-stained indistinct condition that it might have been any other bone; in this respect it matched with the horse-trough and mounting stones, which were cracked and broken, and covered with the green and grey livery old outdoor servants are wont to wear. Beyond the house came some large drooping ash-trees, their graceful branches bending thirstily over the dark cool pond below them till its furthest end was almost hidden—a quaint mystery which every now and then one of the brown ducks floating along so lazily, with orange feet drifting behind it, was venturesome enough to explore.

That pond, and the exquisite contrast

it made in its sombre darkness against the glittering green above, would have rewarded Paul Whitmore if he had chosen the dusty high-road instead of the shady lane: it may be that if he had chosen it, the web of his afterlife might have been a less tangled one.

Mr. Beaufort had no eyes for the beauties of nature to-day; he wanted to get away from the gnats.

"Are they all asleep? Dennis! I say, Dennis, where are you?"

A newspaper fluttered at the open bow-window, and then the Rector perceived two arms in shirt-sleeves stretched widely apart, as if some one were rousing from a nap, and yawned all ways at once.

But as he saw this, Mrs. Fagg the landlady appeared on the doorstep.

A neat-looking woman who had once been fresh and pretty, but her fair skin had lost its roses, and her blue eyes had sunk back in her head; still there was an exquisite cleanliness in her appearance, a deft quickness in all she did and all she said, which impressed you with the notion that Mrs. Fagg was a fit hostess for the village inn.

"Good afternoon, sir," she spoke in a thin birdlike voice, but every word as distinct as a postman's knock. "Do you want Dennis particular, sir, or can't I do? he's more asleep than awake now, and it'll take a week of Sundays to get him clear-headed."

"The heat, eh?" said the Rector, smiling.

"Oh yes, the heat, sir." Mrs. Fagg stuck her head on one side, and flapped two fingers impatiently against her waistband, in a half-defiant fashion.

"Well, the heat is exhausting," said Mr. Beaufort. "I have been all round by Carving's Wood Lane, and I really dread the effect of such an effort."

"Come in and take a glass of lemonade, sir, do."

Mr. Beaufort raised his hand in deprecation. "Lemonade, Mrs. Fagg! let me beg of you not to recommend such a drink on a day like this. You would not understand me if I explained its dangerous qualities," he said, with a

melancholy shake of the head. "No; but, Mrs. Fagg, if Dennis goes to Guildford to-morrow, and chances to meet with Roger, tell him to say that I have news for him—very important news, too."

"Yes, sir; and perhaps you'll be so good, sir, as to ask Miss Nuna if she'll not forget to send my Bobby home; his tea's ready, and waitin'."

"Bobby!" Mr. Beaufort started, and turned a shade paler; "do you mean that Miss Nuna has taken Bobby to the Rectory? Good day, Mrs. Fagg. Oh dear me!" These last words were said out of the landlady's hearing; the Rector had forgotten the heat and his effort, forgotten even himself, in dread of the mischief which might be happening at the Rectory while he hurried along the dusty road beyond the inn.

He had not far to go. A field, bordered by a wall of ragstone, came beyond the ash-trees, and after this a high yew hedge on a lower wall, then a tall iron gate set seemingly in the hedge itself, which formed a smooth round arch atop of it.

Mr. Beaufort hurried through this gate up a long shaded drive, in which the house stood sideways, and passing several pleasant-looking windows all sheltered by a thatched verandah, he almost ran in at an open glass door in the centre of the long low house.

He checked his rapid pace in the hall, and put his hat down. It was a pretty quaint place, like a summer parlour, with its matted floor and nosegays and round table in the centre strewn with books and papers; a child's hat lay on these, and the Rector frowned as he saw it.

"Just like her,"—he spoke so fretfully that one longed to shake him,—"no more thought, no more consideration for others than that china jar," and he wrung his white useless-looking hands.

He went on into a sort of inner entrance, and opened a door on the left.

The picture that presented itself was disturbing, not to say irritating. All Mr. Beaufort's books and papers lay scattered on the floor, and among these lay his reading-lamp; the inkstand had

been overturned, and a black stream trickled slowly from the edge of the study table on to the carpet below; while the perpetrator of the mischief, a red-haired boy of four years old, marched triumphantly up and down the table itself singing the British Grenadiers, the green shade of the reading-lamp on his head, and the hearth-broom resting in military fashion on his shoulder. And in the midst of this disarray, to all seeming unconscious of it, Nuna sat on the floor, one hand clasping her forehead and the other holding an old book of prints.

She looked very charming. She had played with Bobby till she was tired, and then had sat down to rest; but Mr. Beaufort saw no beauty in her attitude. Poor man, he had only eyes for the "Douglas larder" on the floor. All he saw in Nuna was that her hair was untidy and her dress crumpled, and he could not command his anger.

"Nuna, you ought to be ashamed of yourself—you really ought. Bobby ought to be whipped; but he is less to blame than you are. How could you? I never saw such a thing! Take him away, take him away directly, and never let me see him here again; do you hear?—never, never again."

Nuna had risen up, but she stood paralysed. She really was very sorry and very much ashamed, and she longed to say so; but her father's words pelted like hail, they came so fast and hard, and there were plainly more to follow; there seemed only one answer to make. She turned to Bobby—he stood sucking his thumb in sullen terror; she lifted him from the table and left the room hand in hand with the chubby offender.

"Come along, Bobby, do come along; here's your hat. O Bobby, Bobby, hush! Can't you keep your crying in, dear, till we've got to the gate?—do, there's a darling; the Rector is angry when boys cry."

Bobby had burst into the sort of unearthly howl which only boys are capable of, and which probably compensates to their freeborn minds the degrading

subjection in which they are held by weaker vessels.

"I doesn't tare," he sobbed; "he's angedy now; he's as naughty as me; he's in a paccon, and mother say it's naughty to det in paccons."

His scarlet cheeks and panting chest warned Nuna that another outburst was coming. She gave up all attempt at soothing, and catching him up in her arms she ran with him as fast as she could to the end of the drive.

There she set him down.

"O Bobby," she said sorrowfully, "how could you be so cruel? You have kicked me so hard, and my head aches with the noise you made."

"Does it?" he gave a wondering stare, and left off sobbing at once with a little compunctious sigh.

"I didn't want to hurt oo," he said, "acos I yoves oo."

Nuna stooped down and gave him such a kiss that his cheek tingled.

"Ah, Bobby, we have both been naughty; I ought not to have taken you into the study, and you ought not to have been so mischievous."

Bobby's round blue eyes opened widely at this, and Nuna remembered she was talking beyond his comprehension.

"Good-bye, dear," she said; "run home to mother as fast as you can."

She stood looking through the gate, but she did not see anything out of those large liquid eyes of hers. Will Bright, the young master of Gray's Farm, said that Nuna Beaufort's eyes could flash scornfully, and that they were magnificent when they did; but just now they were full of pensive sorrow—her whole attitude was listless and unhappy.

"I don't want to live my life over again," she thought; "oh no, it would be too wearying to have all Elizabeth's scoldings and worries about nothing. And yet there is a comfort in being like Bobby; he has his cry, and then he grows good, and no one thinks of bringing up his faults against him afterwards. If my father would once forget my carelessness, perhaps I could



turn over a new leaf and begin again ; and yet I don't know why there should be so much fuss about mere carelessness. Suppose I were cross, surely that would be worse." She stood trying to think how it had happened. "It was all the fault of that likeness. I know we have it in Lodge's portraits, or somewhere, if I could only find it; and I dare not ask where it is. Oh, I wish I could remember whose portrait it is! I would keep it for my own, and then I could always see it."

Nuna blushed, and looked charmingly ashamed of herself. She had made her father angry, and got into this horrible dilemma, because she had been so eager to find a portrait like the stranger in Carving's Wood Lane, that she had forgotten all the proprieties of life.

Of course Bobby ought not to have gone into the study ; she knew that, and she had left him outside in the entrance-hall while she hurried on to find the book she wanted. She meant to take it back to her little companion ; but once at the book-shelves, she became uncertain and puzzled, and finally pulled down two or three volumes, and grew far too absorbed in her search, and in a certain dreamy reverie concerning the unknown stranger, to pay any heed to the child's entrance, or his efforts at providing his own entertainment.

Poor Nuna ! when Mr. Beaufort said that Mary had not always known what was best for her young sister, he was nearer the truth than he knew ; and yet he spoke in blind ignorance of Nuna's real nature. He thought that his child ought to do her duty towards him, simply because it was her duty ; and all unconsciously he made the duty vexatiously hard, and never attempted to lighten it by an extra caress, by any sign of the natural love he must have felt for his youngest child. There are people in this world whose affections must be taken on trust; they are so absorbed on self, or so desperately hard to draw out, that a more impressionable sensitive nature recoils from the effort heart-sick, and resigns itself to the belief

that it is unloved. And in this way Mr. Beaufort was right about Mary's judgment.

If Nuna had always grown up with her father, there might have been less reserve between them ; but at fifteen she was so dreamy, so thoughtless and irregular in all her ways, that Mary grew disheartened and wearied between the worries entailed by the daily habits of father and sister. Mr. Beaufort was neat and precise, but he wanted as much waiting on as a woman. It seemed to Mary that the best hope for Nuna lay in placing her away from home with some regular, precise person, with whom she could be well and carefully educated. Doubtless Nuna would have done better at school, but Mr. Beaufort's aristocratic mind revolted against the contamination of mixed society for his daughters. His views of life were apt to be taken through a pair of special spectacles, and he was never quite convinced of the sanity or good repute of any one who did not use these glasses too.

So Nuna had been sent up to London to live in Bloomsbury with a distant cousin of Mr. Beaufort, a Miss Matthews, who till this arrangement lived with her mother in a country town on the scanty income of a captain's widow.

Miss Matthews was now an orphan. She was not clever, but she had a keenness of shallow perception, and she was a disciplinarian in all the small ways of life ; she was also quite capable of superintending the work Nuna would have to prepare for her various teachers.

"Nuna has plenty of ability," thought the careful, anxious sister ; "she will not be idle if she is well taught, and Elizabeth's constant oversight will be so much better for her than mine."

The tender soul shrank from the constant blame she had to administer. Mary was far too humble-minded to see that her gentle patience, her cheerful labour for all, might have provoked imitation. She was more bent on sowing fresh seed than of educating original qualities by special cultivation, and the result in Nuna's case was to all human sight a failure.

Nuna left Bloomsbury certainly more dreamy and unlike other people than she went there, and with a new failing developed and ripened into habit—an intense dislike of Elizabeth Matthews, and to the petty rules and regulations she associated with her remembrance.

When she came home, she found Mary in failing health, and again her sister's unselfish tenderness injured Nuna. Mary knew that she was in a rapid consumption, and she begged so hard that Nuna might be spared the slightest risk of infection, that Mr. Beaufort consented to admit the services of a professional nurse.

The end came very soon, and it still seemed a dream to Nuna that this darling sister, the only creature who had loved her, or cared for her love in return, was gone to her rest, as her gentle mother had gone before her.

"They were both so good," said Nuna, her thoughts travelling on as she stood at the gate; "how much more comfortable either of them would have made my father than I do. I wonder why the best people always die and the worst ones are always left?" She checked the next idea that came. She wished for a more peaceful life in the hazy, indefinite way that was natural to her, but she could not bring herself to wish to change places with Mary. With all her dreamy ways, Nuna was full of warm, glowing life; she felt that if she only knew where it lay there was happiness that might be hers somewhere—a life quite different to this that she was leading—a life with more of sorrow in it perhaps, but with passages of rapturous joy between.

"That was just one of the things which showed me I could never get on with Elizabeth; she always would say that an even, calm, untroubled life, free from passions either way, is so preferable to my up-and-down visions." Here came a sudden start, and a vision of the study. "Oh, I quite forgot! Oh, the ink! the ink!" She darted back to the house at full speed, not to the front entrance, but plunging into a narrow path

cut in the shrubbery, she found her way to the kitchen.

"Jane, Jane, take a flannel, will you, and a pail of hot water and soap, and whatever else is good for ink; some has been upset in the study."

Jane, the red-faced country girl who acted as housemaid, giggled; even the civil, respectful cook smiled.

"It's all right, miss, don't you trouble," she said; "Jane and me have wiped all up, and set everything straight, and master's writing away quite comfortable."

It was a relief to hear this, and yet Nuna felt uneasy; she would have liked to help in repairing some of the damage she had caused.

She went on to the study and knocked at the door, her heart beating loudly with fright.

There was no answer, and she knocked again.

"Who's there? Don't come in, I'm busy," in a very worried voice.

"Yes," Mr. Beaufort sat listening to his daughter's retreating footsteps. "I've no doubt Nuna is sorry, and all that, but it's too late; I really can't overlook such carelessness. And if she had come in and had seen this letter—we should have had an argument, and I really have had quite as much disturbance as I can bear in one day—quite."

He finished his letter, sealed it, and then took it himself to the "Bladebone." He did not choose that Nuna should discover he had been writing to Elizabeth Matthews.

"She will be sure to come," he said. "She has few invitations, poor thing! and her example, even for a few weeks, will be of immense use to Nuna—immense. Yes, I am sure the step is a judicious one."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ONLY A PENCIL SCRIBBLE.

AND while Nuna was incurring reproof and punishment (for the visit of his cousin was a bitterer infliction than

Mr. Beaufort knew) because she so longed to find Paul Whitmore's likeness, what had Paul been saying to Patty Westropp?

Very little indeed. At the angle of the lane where Mr. Beaufort left them the girl hurried on, and before Paul could overtake her she ran away through a little white gate that seemed to lead nowhere, it was so blocked with lofty scarlet bean vines. However, these bespoke the unseen presence of a cottage; and moving on a few steps, Paul came in view of the low whitewashed dwelling, with its cabbage garden.

The garden showed signs of thrifty cultivation. The cabbage-stumps were left to sprout, and rows of vegetables and plots of herbs were so close together that there was little space for flowers. A porch was outside the door; within it on each side a crazy-looking bench. The whole erection was so weather-stained and worm-eaten that the overwreathing honeysuckle seemed rather to support it in its embrace than to be clinging to the porch itself.

Paul had just turned a fresh page of his book to sketch the porch, when Patty appeared at the open door behind it, blushing under her white sun-bonnet.

She made such a picture there among the pink and white flowers that the artist in Paul got the better of the mere human being. "Will you stand there a minute, please? Yes, like that; thank you."

He had put in as much as he wanted of her in five minutes, and then threw his head first over one shoulder, then over the other, to look at his handiwork; Patty stood still, blushing and smiling, far happier than she would have been at the finest compliment in mere words from the stranger gentleman.

Her portrait painted by a real London artist!—for she felt sure he came from London.

"I wonder what Miss Coppock will say? She never had a painted portrait done of her, nothing but a brown photograph."

She stood as he had told her, looking at the honeysuckle, her cheeks matching

its loveliness; she could not see that Paul had only used his pencil, and that he was actually closing his sketch-book.

"I have finished, thank you," said Mr. Whitmore, gently.

"Finished!" Patty bit her lips hard to keep the tears out of her eyes. "Finished!" She knew nothing about sketching, but she felt sure that no one could make a proper painted portrait of her in that minute—a painted portrait like Miss Nuna's up at the Rectory when she was a little girl, or those grander ones at the Park, which Patty had seen long ago, when as a child she had been taken up to the housekeeper's room to be shown to the grand lady who kept Lord Storton's keys. The little puss had been expecting that a full-length picture would grow by magic out from Paul's fingers, and she felt as if she had fallen into a trap.

Seeing that she made no movement towards him, Paul jumped over the low fence, and crossed the bit of garden between it and the porch.

Something in her face struck him; she looked disappointed, he thought.

"Would you like to see the sketch, Patty?—Patty's your name, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," and again the words dropped out like round sugar-plums. Paul felt provoked at her apparent stolidity.

Patty's eyes fastened eagerly on the page he held to her; her breath came short, and her colour deepened to crimson as she looked.

Why, this was worse than she expected. Painting! it was just a sort of pencil scribble that any one could have done as well. Miss Nuna had drawn Bobby Fagg ten times better. It was all porch and flowers, with a few scratches behind that might be meant for any one.

Paul was watching her face, and he could not mistake the vexation there.

"What's the matter?" he said smiling. "Isn't it like?"

But Patty was resolved not to tell; she nearly choked in the effort to keep

back her tears, but she kept them back.

"I was thinking how pleased Father would be to see it, sir. He was going to take the old wood down to light fires with, but I asked him to leave it for the suckle to rest on."

"Take it down! why, the cottage would be hideous without it—it's the making of the place."

"Yes, sir."

But the enchantment was broken for Paul. Patty no longer sent up those sweet shy glances through her black eyelashes; she seemed really afraid of him now.

"Do you always live here?" he asked. He was trying to make an excuse for seeing her again, and he wanted another glance from those exquisite blue eyes.

"I do now, sir; I keep house for Father."

"And your father goes out to work, I suppose."

Patty looked up quickly, and Paul's eyes soothed her wounded vanity. It was plain he thought her beautiful, though he had not painted her.

"Yes, sir; Father gardens and does for the cows and horses at the Rectory."

"I see; and do you go to the Rectory, or what do you do?"

"I stay within and mind the house," said Patty, demurely.

She was still framed in by the porch, her dimpled pink fingers playing with the strings of her sun-bonnet, and Paul stood close to her, looking at her. He did not want her to talk now; every instant he was growing more dangerously infatuated with the strange power her beauty had on him—and Patty liked to be looked at.

There came a sound of lowing from the back of the cottage, and she started.

It was long past milking-time, she knew that, and Peggy the cow would be cross, and maybe knock both her and the milk-pail over; but Peggy must wait, Patty was not going to demean herself by milking before this gentleman:

he would think her no better than a common farm servant.

Again came the same lowing sound, and fear of Peggy's temper conquered Patty's love of being admired.

"I must go, sir, please."

Paul roused himself; he had forgotten time and everything else.

"I should like to paint you really; if I come this way to-morrow, I shall find you here, shall I?" he said so winningly, that Patty forgave him the pencil-scribble at once.

"Yes, sir," and this time she looked at him and smiled while she spoke, looked as if she really wanted to see him again. The smile drove him almost distracted.

"Good-bye," he said, reluctantly. "Won't you shake hands, Patty?" he held out his slender brown hand.

Patty blushed with triumph. She put her rosy, plump fingers into his, and looked up in his face once more.

This time her eyes did not droop again directly; they took a proud, admiring glance at him.

Just then Peggy lowed angrily, and Patty drew her hand from the warm clasp.

Paul turned hastily away, and did not look back till he reached the little gate.

There he drew a deep breath.

"What am I about?" he thought. "I'm a fool: I laughed at Pritchard when he said he had better come down and take care of me among the country girls. Nonsense, I'll go and find the inn."

## CHAPTER V.

### AT "THE BLADEBONE."

MR. FAGG was still nursing his newspaper, but his wife soon caught the sound of an arrival.

She came to the open door and curtsied to Mr. Whitmore.

Paul took a liking to her at once, but Mrs. Fagg's neat instincts shrank from the sight of his baggage.

"I want some dinner and a bedroom," he said. "The rest of my luggage is at the station; I suppose you have some one you can send out for it?"

The landlady was pleased with his gentle manner, but this request was unusual and irregular; there was a fly at the station, and strange gentlefolks always took the fly and brought their "traps along."

"I'm sure I don't know who it is, then, I can send," she said sharply; "Mr. Fagg's asleep, and tired besides, and folks is most all out harvesting. Roger now, if he'd been at home, he'd go for you."

"Who's Roger?" A dim remembrance of the name made Paul inquisitive.

"He's the Rector's man, sir; but afterwards, no matter how hard he's been working, Roger 'ud walk his legs off to earn a shilling. But come in, sir, please; I oughtn't to keep you standing. This way, sir."

She led the way into a small room behind her own parlour, a room like that of any other village inn, except, perhaps, that the muslin curtains looked fresher, the horsehair sofa brighter, and that, instead of the usual tawdry paper flowers in the grate, it was entirely hidden by glistening white deal shavings, from the centre of which rose a plume of shield fern, with a spike or two of late foxglove here and there.

Only an artist knows how irritation of any kind is allayed by an object of beauty, no matter what. Paul had not felt peaceful or contented when he reached the "Bladebone," and now something, perhaps the exquisite grace of the foxgloves, soothed him at once. He walked on to the window at the end of the room, and looked into the garden, and he breathed freely with a sense of keen enjoyment.

A London gardener—the possessor of any conventional garden with close-shaven lawn, rolled gravel-walks, and box-edged flower borders—would, I suppose, have shuddered at the irregular mingling of flowers and fruit, and herbs and cabbages, displayed in the garden

of the "Bladebone." It was not very wide; the wall that fenced it on one side was gemmed with ruby morellas, some of them so purple that they looked ready to drop into the mouth of any one who might go near enough. It was difficult to guess how far the garden reached: golden brown wreaths of pears and red and russet-cheeked apples so overshadowed it that the eye was baffled as to its extent; and the gay plots of cloves and marigolds and snowy rocket were backed by dwarf hedges, in which large lusty apples lay basking as if the sunshine were made specially to burnish their jolly brown faces; lavender bushes, like middle-aged women with scanty hair all sticking up on end, were frequent; and so were stocks and courtly hollyhocks, suggestive of powder and propriety, and other flowers, quaint old-fashioned darlings which we can never improve on, though we may add to their number.

Just below the window grew a huge patch of mignonette, and Paul leaned out to enjoy the fragrance.

"Will you like to see the bedroom, sir?" said Mrs. Fagg; and when she had shown him into it she left him, promising him his dinner in a quarter of an hour.

The bedroom was so exquisitely clean and fresh, with its snowy dimity and neat furnishings, that when Paul had washed away the dust and heat of his journey, he felt quite at home.

"I believe I'll stay here," he said as he went downstairs again; "this Bright may be a disagreeable, ignorant fellow, for anything I know. I would not have accepted the introduction, only I thought he lived in the village, and I could see what he was like without going expressly to see him. I hate forcing myself on any one's hospitality; and this place seems full of charming bits—and Gray's Farm may be ugly. And then there's that sweet Patty." He paused a few minutes. "I want my dinner, I expect," he said lightly, "or such absurd fancies would not come into my head. What harm can there be either to the girl or me if I study that lovely face of hers for a few days? Quite a bit of

study, and a very rare bit too in point of colour; she would soon make her fortune as a model."

He went to his sitting-room window and looked out. Mr. Fagg was coming across the garden. He was a short stout man, and walked with his legs wide apart; his head was narrow at top, with a massive jowl and throat, so that Mr. Fagg bore in some respects a likeness to the letter A, especially when he walked. His neighbours said he was like a flat fish, but that was probably because of his small dull eyes, and wide thin-lipped mouth. He looked up at the window and touched his hat.

"Good afternoon, sir." Mr. Fagg's voice still sounded sleepy. "Do you know these parts, sir?"

"No, I'm a stranger here."

Paul Whitmore had the reserve one often finds in an artist—in any mind, in fact, to which concentration of thought has become the necessity it must become to him who creates, and in whom it is often, though not always, a pre-existent faculty. With Paul this reserve was far more apparent towards men than towards women, perhaps because he was more used to the society of the first, and so was more constantly on guard with them; and also, it may be, that the ardent enthusiasm which lay hidden under the somewhat cold manner he had among his equals was so apt to kindle at sight of a beautiful face, that the excitement produced rendered him for the time more what he really could be when moved than that which he really was in daily life. And abrupt and haughty as he could and would be under the slightest attempt at patronage from even the most beautiful woman, there was the spirit of true chivalry hidden somewhere in Paul's heart; the spirit—which either the railway system or the self-assertion of women has done so much to root out of being—of true reverence for a woman, young or old, simply because she is a creature made not only to be useful to man, but also to be protected by him.

Paul's father had died when he was sixteen, and his mother had not lingered

long after her husband. Dearly as she had loved her boy, he had not had the full association with her, the full monopoly of her time, that is sometimes the portion of sons less dearly loved; for Mrs. Whitmore had been a writer, and it was from her that Paul inherited that power of concentration without which imagination may indeed work, but can never work effectively. So the mother and son had gone on living in the same house, each, although the other knew it not, pining for a more united life, till death had come with awful suddenness one day, and had taken the weary woman to rest.

Not so suddenly that she could not speak a few last words to Paul. Paul kneeling horror-struck beside her, unable to realize the truth of that which was going on before him—to him it was all a mocking drama; even he seemed to act that which he did and spoke.

"Paul," she said, gently, "I have worked only for you. I meant to have tried for more leisure, to be more to you as a companion than I have been. I have loved you, darling, God knows how much, but I see now that was not enough. I might perhaps have been more to you than mere money ever can be. Don't marry a dreamy wife, Paul; you will not be happy with her."

He could not speak, but he covered her hands with passionate kisses.

We never perhaps become aware of a definite want in our natures except by the loss of that which has suffered by it, and therefore Paul Whitmore had always considered his mother's words as the pure fruit of her unselfish devotion to him, and of her self-blaming nature. He worshipped his mother as men do who have a strong power of tenderness, and now that he had lost her it seemed to him as if he had only half loved her as she deserved to have been loved, he had shown her so little outward affection. It is possible too that he had been more conscious of his mother's silent sympathy than she knew of, for since her death he had been possessed by a kind of recklessness.

He rarely made acquaintances; it may

have been that, as it was no effort to him to create a favourable impression, he took no pains to effect it; the reputation he had, both among fellow-artists and others, was, "a very jolly fellow, if he would only let you know him."

It seemed to Paul, as Mr. Fagg's small inexpressive eyes fixed themselves on his face, that this clodhopper was inquisitive, and he was determined to give him as little satisfaction as possible.

"Do you know whether any one can fetch my portmanteau from the station?" he said.

"If to-morrow 'ud do, sir, I'd go myself."

Fagg had a slow, ponderous utterance; his mind had become overgrown by matter, and so had a weary journey before it could find an outlet.

"To-morrow won't do. You don't mean to tell me there is not a single industrious fellow in the village besides this Roger your wife talks about."

"Well, sir, you see, Roger—well," Fagg stopped to scratch his head, "he's a wonner, he is. Now, sir, that there chap passes for being poor, and it's my belief that he hoards and saves every farthing instead of keeping things about him comfortable, and letting that pretty lass of his see a little life."

Paul's reserve melted on the instant.

"Has he a family, then?" He had no intention of owning his acquaintance with Patty.

"Well, sir, hardly what you'll call a family. His wife died years ago, and left him with this one girl, and he's brought her up hisself; and I must say," Fagg looked behind him cautiously, and then lowered his voice, "and I'm sure if you come across Patty you'll bear me out in saying, she's as pretty a face as ever you looked on."

"Dinner if you please, sir." Mrs. Fagg's voice sounded very sharp at Paul's elbow, and then she placed a chair for him at the table, and took her place behind it.

Paul had forgotten his hunger, he wanted to hear the rest of Patty's

history without the necessity of asking questions; but he knew by a sort of instinct that Fagg was not likely to talk about a pretty girl in the hearing of his wife. He seated himself at the table in silence; he did not even compliment Mrs. Fagg on the excellent cooking of the mutton-chops she took the cover from.

There came a sound of voices in the passage, and Mrs. Fagg went out of the room.

"If you please, sir," she said, when she came in again, "Mr. Fagg is going to the station himself with a letter for the Rector—there is a later post goes out from the station, you see, sir; so if you'll be so good as to say what your luggage is, Dennis 'ull bring it along; and if you please, sir, the Rector would like a word with you himself." Then, in a lower voice, "That was the Rector just now, and I said you was at dinner, sir, and that you will step round to the Rectory after. I'm afraid your chops 'ud have been quite spoiled by such time as the Rector had done with you, if you'd have seen him now."

Paul looked up half annoyed at being managed for; but there was something thoroughly feminine in Mrs. Fagg's face, though it was an intelligent one—something, too, so well featured and pleasant that he was mollified.

"He's a sort of invalid, you see, sir, the Rector, and he do get just a trifle prosy and slow in his talk. Poor gentleman, he's sadly put about to-day on account of Roger being away; such a thing hasn't happened for years, and wouldn't now, only the old man thought it might be to his advantage. It's his late wife's mother, you see, sir, is dying, and she sent for Roger, so the Rector tells me."

"Yes," said Paul; then to himself, "Confound the woman! why can't she talk about Patty."

He felt very stupid, he supposed it was the heat; but try as he would, he could not hit on any way of approaching the desired subject indirectly. He waited till Mrs. Fagg's reticence had quite exhausted his slender patience,

and then he said, just what he might have said ten minutes sooner :

"Your husband says this Roger has a pretty daughter."

Mrs. Fagg was changing his plate as he spoke. She never allowed the maid to wait on young gentlemen, "for fear of larks," she said, but the plate nearly fell from her dexterous hand. She tossed her head, and then shook it. Dennis was foolish sometimes, but she never could have thought of such folly as this; to go making a gentleman—a young one like this, too—curious to see Patty Westropp! "Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Well, sir, I believe my husband do think her pretty; she's too high-coloured for my taste, and too much dash about her. You should have seen Miss Mary—Miss Beaufort, sir; *she* was pretty, if you like—face and figure and conduct all to match."

"Where's she gone to?" said Paul, carelessly.

"She's in heaven, sir," Mrs. Fagg

said softly. "Do you like your cheese decayed or sound, sir? we have both."

"Neither, thank you—I've done. Where shall I find the Rectory?" said Paul; he was rather shocked by Mrs. Fagg's abrupt transition.

She went to the door and showed him the way; but he had no intention of going there at once. He sauntered into the inn garden, and smoked his pipe among the apple hedges.

He did not want to go to the Rectory. Something about Mr. Beaufort, even in that short interview, had smacked of conventionality, and in the country Paul liked to be free from all restrictions.

"If I go to the Rectory I shall have to behave myself, and perhaps have to talk to that piece of pale propriety who ran away from me in the lane this morning. How much more really innocent the other little girl was—so truly simple!"

And with this thought in his head Paul Whitmore went at last to the Rectory to make the acquaintance of Nuna Beaufort.



## MR. DICKENS'S AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

## A REMINISCENCE.

IT is now some eighteen years since the present writer—then in his school-days—took part in the earliest of those winter-evening festivities at the house of the late Charles Dickens which continued annually for several years, terminating with the performance of Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama of "The Frozen Deep." And when he remembers the number of notable men who either shared in or assisted (in the French sense) at those dramatic revels, who have passed away in the interval, he is filled with a desire to preserve some recollections of evenings so memorable. *Private* theatricals in one sense they were; but the size and the character of the audiences which they brought together placed them in a different category from the entertainments which commonly bear that name; and to preserve one's recollections of those days is scarcely to intrude upon the domain of private life. The greatest of that band has lately passed away, and before him many others of "these, our actors;" and though some remain to this day, the events of those years have, even to those who shared in them, passed into the region of history.

"What nights have we seen at the Mermaid!" What evenings were those at Tavistock House, when the best wit and fancy and culture of the day met within its hospitable walls! There was Thackeray, towering in bodily form above the crowd, even as he towered in genius above them all, save only one: Jerrold, with the blue convex eye, which seemed to pierce into the very heart of things and trace their subtle resemblances: Leech, with his frank and manly beauty, fresh from the portrayal of "Master Jacky," or some other of the many forms of boyhood he knew so well: Mark Lemon, "the frolic and the

gentle" (dear to all us younger ones, irrespective of blood-relationship, as "Uncle Mark"): Albert Smith, dropping in late in the evening after a two or three thousandth ascent of Mont Blanc, but never refusing at our earnest entreaty to sit down to the piano and sing us "My Lord Tomnoddy" or his own latest edition of "Galignani's Messenger:" Augustus Egg, with his dry humour, touching from contrast with the face of suffering that gave sad presage of his early death: Frank Stone, the kindly neighbour and friend, keen as any of us boys for his part in the after-piece: Stanfield, with the beaming face, "a largess universal like the sun," his practised hand and brush prompt to gladden us with masterpieces of scene-painting for the Light-house, or the Ice-fields: and last,—but not here to be dismissed with a few lines only,—our bountiful host, like Triplet, "author, manager, and actor too;" organizer, deviser, and harmoniser of all the incongruous assembled elements; the friend whom we have so lately lost,—the incomparable Dickens. The very walls of that home, and the furniture which filled it, were rich in interest and eloquent of his fame and the tribute which it had brought him: the testimonial given him at Birmingham; the handsome case of cutlery sent him by Mr. Brooks, of Sheffield (recognizant of the chance mention of his name in the pages of "Copperfield"); Grip the raven, in his habit as he lived, under the glass case in the hall; the Chinese gong, then less common in English houses than now, reminding the reader familiar with his "Dickens," of that one at Dr. Blimber's which the weak-eyed young man, to Paul's amazement, suddenly let fly at "as if he had gone mad or wanted vengeance;" the

pictures which looked down upon us from the walls of dining-room and staircase, Sir Charles Coldstream in his ploughboy's disguise, or Bobadil prostrate on the couch; the lady in the barouche reading the current number of "Bleak House," and the curious tiger skimming the contents over her shoulder; Dolly Varden in the wood; poor Kate Nickleby at work in Madame Mantalini's show-room; little Nell among the tombs of that old church which in these days of restoration will soon have no existence but on the canvas of George Cattermole;—these, and many more such signs of the atmosphere of art and literature in which we moved, were gathered then—and are now scattered to the four winds.

In one sense our theatricals began and ended in the school-room. To the last that apartment served us for stage and auditorium and all. But in another sense we got promotion from the children's domain by degrees. Our earliest efforts were confined to the children of the family and their equals in age, though always aided and abetted by the good-natured manager, who improvised costumes, painted and corked our innocent cheeks, and suggested all the most effective business of the scene. Our first attempt was the performance of Albert Smith's little burletta of "Guy Fawkes," which appeared originally in the pages of his monthly periodical, the *Man in the Moon*; at another time we played "William Tell," from the late Mr. Robert Brough's clever little volume, "A Cracker Bon-bon for Evening Parties." In those days there were still extravaganzas written with real humour and abundant taste and fancy. The Brouchs, Gilbert à Beckett, and Mr. Planché could write rhymed couplets of great literary excellence, without ever overstepping the bounds of reverence and good taste. Extreme purists may regret that the story of the struggle for Swiss independence should ever be presented to children in association with anything ludicrous; but, those critics excepted, no other could object to the spirit of "gracious fooling" in which

Mr. Brough represented William Tell brought up before Gesler for "contempt of hat;" Albert, his precocious son, resolving that, as to betraying his father, "though torn in half, I'll not be made to split;" and when he comforts his father, about to shoot at the apple, by assuring him that he is "game," the father replying, "Wert thou *game*, I would preserve, not shoot thee." This is drollery, it seems to us, not unworthy of Sydney Smith or Hood, and in no way to be placed in the same catalogue with the vulgarities and inanities of a later brood.

Another year found us more ambitious, and with stronger resources, for Mr. Dickens himself and Mr. Mark Lemon joined our acting staff, though, with kindly consideration for their young brethren, they chose subordinate parts. In Mr. Planché's elegant and most witty fairy extravaganza of "Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants," Mr. Dickens took the part of the old Baron Dunover, whose daughters so valiantly adopt man's attire and go to the wars; Mr. Lemon contenting himself with the *rôle* of the Dragon, who is overcome by Fortunio's stratagem of adulterating the well, whither he usually resorted to quench his thirst, with a potent admixture of sherry. What fun it was, both on and off the stage! The gorgeous dresses from the eminent costumier of the Theatres Royal; our heads bewigged and our cheeks rouged by the hands of Mr. Clarkson himself; the properties from the Adelphi; the unflagging humour and suggestive resources of our manager, who took upon him the charge of everything, from the writing of the playbills to the composition of the punch, brewed for our refreshment between the acts, but "craftily qualified," as Michael Cassio would have said, to suit the capacities of the childish brain, for Dickens never forgot the *maxima reverentia* due to children, and some of us were of *very* tender age: the comedian who played (in a complete jockey's suit and top-boots) Fortunio's servant Light-foot, was—we are afraid to say *how* young—but it was somewhere

between two and three, and he was announced in the bill as having been "kept out of bed at a vast expense." The same veracious document, by the way, represented the sole lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Tavistock House, as Mr. Vincent Crummles, disguising Mr. Dickens himself in the list of *dramatis personæ* as the "Modern Roscius," and Mark Lemon as the "Infant Phenomenon,"—an exquisitely conceived surprise for the audience, who by no means expected from the description to recognize in the character the portly form of the editor of *Punch*. The time, by the way, must have been the winter preceding the commencement of hostilities with Russia, for Mr. Dickens took advantage of there being a ferocious despot in the play—the Emperor Matapa—to identify him with the Czar in a capital song, (would we could recall it!) to the tune of "The Cork Leg," in which the Emperor described himself as "the Robinson Crusoe of absolute state," and declared that though he had at his Court "many a show-day, and many a high-day," he hadn't in all his dominions "a Friday!" Mr. Planché had in one portion of the extravaganza put into the mouth of this character for the moment a few lines of burlesque upon Macbeth, and we remember Mr. Dickens's unsuccessful attempts to teach the performer how to imitate Macready, whom he (the performer) had never seen! And after the performance, when we were restored to our evening-party costumes, and the school-room was cleared for dancing, still a stray "property" or two had escaped the vigilant eye of the property-man; for Douglas Jerrold had picked up the horse's head (Fortunio's faithful steed *Comrade*), and was holding it up before the greatest living animal painter, who had been one of the audience, with "Looks as if it knew *you*, Edwin!"

Another time we attempted Fielding's "Tom Thumb," using O'Hara's altered version, further abridged and added to by the untiring master of our ceremonies. Fielding's admirable piece of mock-heroic had always been a favourite of

Charles Dickens. It has often been noticed how rarely he quotes in his books, but the reader of "Pickwick" will remember how in an early chapter of that immortal work Mr. Alfred Jingle sings the two lines:—

"In hurry, post-haste, for a licence,  
In hurry, ding-dong, I come back."

They are from Lord Grizzle's song in "Tom Thumb." Mr. Lemon played the giantess Glumdalca, in an amazing get-up of a complete suit of armour and a coal-scuttle bonnet; and Mr. Dickens the small part of the ghost of Gaffer Thumb, singing his own song, on the occasion, a verse of which may be quoted, if only to illustrate the contrast between the styles of the earlier and later burlesque. In O'Hara's version the ghost appears to King Arthur, singing:—

"Pale death is prowling,  
Dire omens scowling  
Doom thee to slaughter,  
Thee, thy wife and daughter;  
Furies are growling  
With horrid groans.  
Grizzle's rebellion  
What need I tell you on?  
Or by a red cow  
Tom Thumb devour'd?  
Hark, the cock crowing, [*Cock crows*.  
I must be going.  
I can no more!" [*Vanishes*.

Mr. Dickens's substituted lines were as nearly as we remember, the following:—

"I've got up from my churchyard bed,  
And assumed the perpendicular,  
Having something to say in my head,  
Which isn't so very particular!  
I do not appear in sport,  
But in earnest, all danger scorning—  
I'm in your service, in short,  
And I hereby give you warning—  
[*Cock crows*  
Who's dat crowing at the door?  
Dere's some one in the house with Dinah!  
I'm call'd (so can't say any more)  
By a voice from Cochin China!"

Nonsense, it may be said, all this; but the nonsense of a great genius has always something of genius in it.

The production next year, on the same stage, of the drama of "The Lighthouse," marked a great step in the rank of our performances. The play was a

touching and tragic story, founded (if we are not mistaken) upon a tale by the same author, Mr. Wilkie Collins, which appeared in an early number of his friend's weekly journal, *Household Words*. The principal characters were sustained by Mr. Dickens, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Wilkie Collins, and the ladies of Mr. Dickens's family. The scenery was painted by Clarkson Stanfield, and comprised a drop-scene representing the exterior of Eddystone Lighthouse, and a room in the interior in which the whole action of the drama was carried on. The prologue was written (we believe) by Mr. Dickens, and we can recall as if it were yesterday the impressive elocution of Mr. John Forster, as he spoke behind the scenes the lines which follow:—

“A story of those rocks where doomed ships  
come  
To cast their wrecks upon the steps of home:  
Where solitary men, the long year through,  
The wind their music, and the brine their  
view,  
Teach mariners to shun the fatal light,—  
A story of those rocks is here to-night:  
Eddystone Lighthouse”—

(Here the green curtain rose and discovered Stanfield's drop-scene, the Lighthouse, its lantern illuminated by a transparency)—

“in its ancient form,  
Ere he who built it died in the great storm  
Which shivered it to nothing—once again  
Behold out-gleaming on the angry main.  
Within it are three men,—to these repair  
In our swift bark of fancy, light as air;  
They are but shadows, we shall have you back  
Too soon to the old dusty, beaten track.”

We quote from memory, and here our memory fails. We are not aware that the prologue was ever published, or indeed the play for which it was written; though “The Lighthouse” was performed two or three years later at the Olympic, with Mr. Robson in the character originally played by Mr. Dickens. The little drama was well worthy of publication, though by conception and treatment alike it was fitted rather for amateurs, and a drawing-room, than for the public stage. The main incident of the plot—the confession of a

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murder by the old sailor, Aaron Gurnock, under pressure of impending death from starvation (no provisions being able to reach the lighthouse, owing to a continuance of bad weather), and his subsequent retraction of the confession when supplies unexpectedly arrive,—afforded Mr. Dickens scope for a piece of acting of great power. To say that his acting was amateurish is to depreciate it in the view of a professional actor, but it is not necessarily to disparage it. No one who heard the public readings from his own books which Mr. Dickens subsequently gave with so much success, needs to be told what rare natural qualifications for the task he possessed. Fine features and a striking presence, with a voice of great flexibility, were added to a perfect mastery over the sense of his author, because that author was himself. But it is certain that many a low comedian would have made the character of Sam Weller, for instance, more telling than it proved in the hands of its originator. Many persons will remember what a hush of expectation used to take possession of the entire audience, when in the trial-scene from “Pickwick,” the crier of the court said, “Call Samuel Weller,” and that immortal worthy stepped into the box; and what a palpable feeling of disappointment succeeded his first words as spoken by Mr. Dickens! Whether it was that the average reader of “Pickwick” expected to find the peculiar flow of humour associated with the character to be accompanied by some equally marked peculiarities of tone and manner, or that every person present had formed a different conception of the hero, and was therefore inevitably doomed to disappointment; certain it is that nearly every one of the audience thought that the reader had in this respect unaccountably failed: and, as we have said, many a low comedian without a tithe of Mr. Dickens's genius or knowledge of human nature would have better satisfied the general expectation. But we are persuaded, and were persuaded at the time, that Mr. Dickens exhibited a fidelity

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to truth in this instance more really artistic than in his imitations of certain familiar types of character such as Serjeant Buzfuz or Mrs. Cluppins. He presented Samuel Weller as having, in spite of all his wit and readiness, the characteristics of the class of society to which he belonged. People had forgotten that Sam Weller was a boots and a waiter, and that, although a master of chaff and slang, he was not a professional clown; and they expected to hear from the artist and the literary man what they would have heard in a dramatized version from the low-comedy actor. In this respect Mr. Dickens, as an actor, was amateurish; but it is only another way of saying that he was not of the stage, stagey. If there was a certain ease and *handiness* which the practice of the art as a profession might have brought to him, he at least escaped the tyranny of those conventionalisms which the best actors (at least of our own time) have not been able to resist. Mr. Dickens's acting—certainly his *serious* acting—might have failed in a large theatre just as a picture painted by Creswick or Cooke would have been ineffective if used as a scene in that theatre. In both cases, broader effects and less carefulness in details would have been needed to produce the desired effect.

The farce of "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," the joint production of Dickens and Mark Lemon, which followed Mr. Collins's play at Tavistock House, was well calculated to exhibit the versatility of the principal actor. Mr. Dickens played one Mr. Gabblewig, in which character he assumed four or five different disguises, changing his dress, voice, and look with a rapidity and completeness which the most practised "entertainer" might envy. This whimsical piece of extravagance had been before played by the same actors in the performances for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, but has never been printed, except privately for the use of the original actors. What portions were contributed by the joint authors respectively we can only surmise; but there were cer-

tain characters and speeches which bore very clearly stamped upon them the mark of their authorship. One of the characters played by Mr. Dickens was an old lady, in great trouble and perplexity about a missing child; of which character (being nameless in the drama) he always spoke, when he had occasion to refer to her off the stage, as Mrs. Gamp, some of whose speeches were as well worthy of preservation for droll extravagance of incongruity as the best of her famous prototype in "Martin Chuzzlewit." In addition to her perplexity about the missing infant, she is further embarrassed as to the exact surname of Mr. Nightingale, whose name she remembers to be that of a bird, but cannot always refer to the correct species of that order. A quotation we make from memory will leave no doubt as to the fertile and singular fancy from whose mint it came:—

"No, sir, I will not leave the house! I will not leave the establishment without my child, my boy. *My* boy, sir, which he were his mother's hope and his father's pride, and no one as I am aweer on's joy. Vich the name as was giv' to this blessedest of infants and vorked in best Vitechapel mixed upon a pincushin, and 'Save the mother' likewise, were Abjalom, after his own parental father, Mr. Nightingale, who no other ways than by being gurv' to liquor, lost a day's vork at the veelwright business, vich it was but limited, Mr. Skylark, being veels of donkey-chaises and goats; and vun vas even drawn by geese for a wager, and came up the aisle o' the parish church one Sunday arternoon by reason of the perverseness of the animals, as could be testified by Mr. Wix the beadle afore he died of drawing on Vellinton boots to which he was not accustomed, after an 'earty meal of roast beef and a pickled walnut to which he were too parjial! Yes, Mr. Robin Redbreast, in the marble fontin of that theer church was he baptized Abjalom, vich never can be unmade or undone, I am proud to say, not to please nor give offence to no one, nohows and noveres, sir. . . .

Ah! 'affliction sore long time Maria Nightingale bore; physicians *was* in vain'—not that I am aware she had any one in particular, sir, excepting *one*, vich she tore his hair by handfuls out in consequence of disagreements relative to her complaint; and dead she is, and will be, as the hosts of the Egyptian fairies; and this I shall prove, directly minute, on the evingdence of my brother the sexton, whom I shall here produce, to your confusion, young person, in the twinkling of a star or humin eye!"

Scarcely had the old lady quitted the stage when Mr. Dickens reappeared as "my brother the sexton," a very old gentleman indeed, with a quavery voice and self-satisfied smile (pleasantly suggesting how inimitable must have been the same actor's manner as Justice Shallow), and afflicted with a "hardness of hearing" which almost baffled the efforts of his interrogators to obtain from him the desired information as to the certificate of Mrs. Nightingale's decease. "It's no use your whispering to me, sir!" was the gentle remonstrance which the first loud shout in his ear elicited; and on the question being put whether "he had ever buried"—he at once interrupted to reply that he *had brewed*; and that he and his old woman—"my old woman was a Kentish woman, gentlemen: one year, sir, we brewed some of the strongest ale that ever you drank, sir: they used to call it down in our part of the country (in allusion, you understand, to its great strength, gentlemen), 'Samson with his hair on,'"—at which point the thread of his narrative was cut short by the reiteration, in a louder key still, of the intended question in a complete form. A third character in the farce, sustained by Dickens, was that of a *malade imaginaire*, for the time being under treatment by a new specific, "mustard and milk," the merits of which he could not highly enough extol, but which nevertheless was not so soothing in its effects but that the patient gave every minute a loud shriek—explaining apologetically, "That's the mustard!" followed immediately by a still louder

one, "That's the milk!" We are afraid to say in how many other disguises our manager appeared, but there was certainly one other, a footman or waiter, in which character the actor gave us a most amusing caricature of the manner of one of his own servants; and we remember with what glee, one night at supper after rehearsal, Dickens learned that the man in question had been heard imitating his master in the part for the amusement of his fellow-servants, in utter ignorance that he himself had sat in the first instance for the portrait. This very clever farce might well be given to the public now that the chief actor is no more; for though the character is wholly beyond the reach of most amateurs, or even most professionals (and we are not forgetting Mr. Charles Mathews in "*Patter versus Clatter*"), the piece contains dialogue full of humour peculiarly Dickensian. As a comedian, it is perhaps with Charles Mathews alone that we should think of comparing Charles Dickens. In repose, the walk and voice and manner of the two were much alike; though in power of facial and vocal change Mr. Dickens had great advantages; and he had further an *earnestness* quite beyond the reach of the other actor, the lack of which has kept him from excelling in many characters for which in other respects he would seem to be peculiarly qualified. The same amazing fertility and rapidity of invention, in which Dickens stands without a rival as a humorist, often served him in excellent stead, in the sudden substitution of extempore remarks known to the professional actor as "gag." On one occasion in a farce (we forget its name) played after "*The Frozen Deep*," one of the characters having occasion to disguise himself for the moment in the chintz-cover of the sofa, Mr. Dickens suddenly observed, to the astonishment of his fellow-actors, "He has a general appearance of going to have his hair cut!" a comparison so ingeniously perfect as to convulse everybody on and off the stage with laughter. In this rapid discovery

of resemblances — for example, Mrs. Lirriper's description of the poor gentleman, when the fire broke out in her lodgings, carried out in a chair, "similar to Guy Fawkes," or the description of Captain Bunsby's eyes, "one moveable and one stationary, on the principle of some light-houses"—our great novelist has never been approached. "Thus," it has been truly said, "he makes human nature and its surroundings speak to us; and thus the richness of life is multiplied to us infinitely, so long as we are enabled to view it with his eyes." This predominant note of Charles Dickens's humour, in which he has had and continues to have endless imitators but no equal, adds another to the many difficulties that are found in drawing any sharp line of distinction between humour and wit. Wit, according to the definition commonly accepted, lies in the discovery of relations between words or ideas before unsuspected or unimagined; but the genius of at least one eminent contemporary of Dickens shows how any definition of the kind is subject to continuous modification. Thomas Hood was a great wit—in his own line without a rival—but his best wit merges into humour, transfused by his great gift of human kindness. Thackeray was feeling his way to a truer account of the matter when he said, "Shall we not call humour the union of love and wit?" In this combination of a swift and vivid intellectual apprehension with the controlling sense of a human relationship with all the diverse creations of his fancy, consists the power of Charles Dickens. And in this regard, as a humorist, he takes higher rank than Thackeray. The latter does not stand on the same level as his characters: he looks down upon them, kindly, no doubt, and pityingly, but still from a higher elevation. The allegory which he suggested in the preface to "Vanity Fair" was more candid than perhaps the writer knew. He looked on the men and women whose thoughts and actions developed under his hand as puppets, and he thereby missed the sense, ever present with his brother-

novelist, of a real human equality with them. He was capable of love for them, but it was the love of compassion rather than of sympathy.

It was perhaps partly owing to Mr. Dickens's sense that his mission in life was to be an "entertainer," that from the outset of his literary career he exhibited so strong a fellow-feeling with entertainers of all kinds: and these few rough notes of his own theatrical relaxations may be of interest if only as illustrating one undoubted characteristic of his genius. His love of the stage, and his familiarity with every aspect of it, are apparent in almost everything he has written, from the "Sketches by Boz," in which he described an evening at Astley's (which, by the way, may be compared, by those who like to trace the growing power and the perfecting touch of a great artist, with a description of the same scene in the "Old Curiosity Shop"), to the casual mention in the unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood" of the picture of "Signor Jacksonini the clown, in the act of saying 'How are you to-morrow?' quite as large as life and nearly as melancholy." The conventionalities and artificialities of the stage afforded him constant material for humorous description, or comment. He has written nothing more genuinely humorous and clever than the account of Mr. Crummles and his company at the Portsmouth Theatre. Who can ever forget Mr. Crummles' expression of honest regret as he recalled the first-tragedy-man, once a member of his company, who "when he played Othello used to black himself all over. That's going into a part as if you felt it. It isn't common, more's the pity;" or the same gentleman's account to Nicholas of his first introduction to Mrs. Crummles:—"The first time I saw that admirable woman, Johnson, she stood on her head on the butt-end of a spear, surrounded by blazing fireworks"! But, although Mr. Dickens constantly introduced the theatre and the theatrical profession, to laugh at their too common absurdities and their



adherence to tradition, he believed in them still. His own genius was too dramatic for him not to have strong sympathy with dramatic representations, if at the same time his close observation of human nature, and his keen sense of the ludicrous, forced him to see how little illusive stage illusion commonly is. There is no theme on which he appears to love more to dwell. "The Uncommercial Traveller," and the miscellaneous papers which he contributed to his periodical *Household Words*, are full of exquisite instances in point. He cannot mention Dullborough as "his boyhood's home" without remembering that he feels "like a tenor in an English opera when he does so." He cannot pass the Dullborough Theatre without calling to mind that there he had first seen "the funny countryman, but countryman of noble principles, in a flowered waistcoat, crunch up his little hat and throw it on the ground, and pull off his coat, saying, 'Dom thee, Squire, coom on with thy fistes, then!'" At which the lovely young woman who kept company with him (and who went out gleaning in a narrow white muslin apron with five beautiful bars of five different coloured ribbons across it) was so frightened for his sake that she fainted away." And everyone has noted, in reading that uncomfortable and rather dreary story "Hard Times," that the part which the author himself really enjoyed is that which deals with the interests of the poor horse-riding people—Mr. Sleary, Sissy Jupe, and Master Kidderminster. Mr. Gradgrind's method of gauging all human nature by statistics is a trifle caricatured, and the boasts of Mr. Bounderby a thought conventional; but poor old asthmatic Mr. Sleary's account of his new scene in the circle, as he imparts it to Sissy Jupe, reveals at once where the humorist was really strong and rejoiced in his strength:—"If you wath to thee our Children in the Wood, with their father and mother both a-dying, on a horth—their uncle a receiving them ath hith wardth, upon a horth—themthelyth both a-goin' a

blackberryin' on a horth—and the robinth a comin' in to cover 'em with leavth, upon a horth—you'd thay it wath the completetht thing ever you set your eyeth on!" Dickens was drawn towards all that multifarious class who live by affording what he conceived to be innocent amusement. It was his favourite doctrine that people must be amused—that they needed it; and no form of pharisaical propriety was more irritating to him than that which advocated the mechanics' institute or the lecture-hall as the only legitimate relief to the working man's hours of labour. The great novelist must himself have known to how many thousands his own writings ministered refreshment and enjoyment after the dull mechanic routine of daily work, and he had no sympathy with that uneven-handed policy which would deny amusement, because it must needs be of a less elevated character, to the social ranks below his own. Hence was it, in part, that while his own tastes led him to enjoy the theatre and all its associations, he looked tenderly and lovingly, and therefore with real humour, upon Mrs. Jarley, and the Punch and Judy men, and Dr. Marygold: yes, down to the poor artist "who had somewhat deranged the natural expression of his countenance by putting small leaden lozenges into his eyes and bringing them out at his mouth."

The success of "The Lighthouse," performed at Tavistock House in the January of 1856, and subsequently repeated at Campden House, Kensington, for the benefit of the Consumption Hospital at Bournemouth, induced Mr. Wilkie Collins to try his dramatic fortune once more, and the result was the drama of "The Frozen Deep," with an excellent part for Mr. Dickens and opportunity for charming scenic effects by Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Telbin. The plot was of the slightest. A young naval officer, Richard Wardour, is in love, and is aware that he has a rival in the lady's affections, though he does not know that rival's name. His ship is ordered to take part in an expedition to the polar regions, and, as we remember,



the moody and unhappy young officer, while chopping down for firewood some part of what had composed the sleeping compartment of a wooden hut, discovers from a name carved upon the timbers that his hated rival is with him taking part in the expedition. His resolve to compass the other's death gradually gives place to a better spirit, and the drama ends with his saving his rival from starvation at the cost of his own life, himself living just long enough to bestow his dying blessing on the lovers; the ladies whose brothers and lovers were on the expedition having joined them in Newfoundland. The character of Richard Wardour afforded the actor opportunity for a fine display of mental struggle and a gradual transition from moodiness to vindictiveness, and finally, under the pressure of suffering, to penitence and resignation, and was represented by Mr. Dickens with consummate skill. The charm of the piece as a whole, however, did not depend so much upon the acting of the principal character, fine as it was, as on the perfect refinement and natural pathos with which the family and domestic interest of the story was sustained. The ladies to whose acting so much of this charm was due are happily still living, and must not be mentioned by name or made the subjects of criticism in this place; but the circumstance is worth noticing as suggesting one reason why such a drama, effective and touching in the drawing-room, would be even unpleasing on the stage. Such a drama depends for its success on a refinement of mind and feeling in the performers which in the present state of the theatrical art must of necessity be rarely possessed, or if possessed must speedily succumb to the unwholesome influences of that class of dramatic literature which alone, if we are to credit the managers, is found to please at the present day. The fact further suggests that if the drama as one of the arts which give high and noble pleasure is to endure, it must be (for a while, at least) under such circum-

stances as the private theatricals which Mr. Dickens's talent and enterprise have made famous. While the true drama is under persecution in public, it must find shelter in the drawing-rooms of private houses and the willing co-operation of the talent and refinement of private life. No theatrical performance can satisfy an educated taste in which the characters of ladies and gentlemen are sustained by representatives who cannot walk, speak, and act as ladies and gentlemen. Such performances as "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Not so Bad as we Seem," and "The Frozen Deep," in which Mr. Dickens with his friends and literary brethren took part, are worthy of being cherished in memory, as showing that the drama is not superseded by prose fiction, as some persons believe, but is still capable of affording high and intense intellectual pleasure of its own.

The production of "The Frozen Deep" has a literary interest for the reader of Dickens, as marking the date of a distinct advance in his career as an artist. It was during the performance of this play with his children and friends, he tells us in the preface of his "Tale of Two Cities," that the plot of that story took shape in his imagination. He does not confide to us what was the precise connection between the two events. But the critical reader will have noticed that then, and from that time onwards, the novelist discovered a manifest solicitude and art in the construction of his plots which he had not evinced up to that time. In his earlier works there is little or no constructive ability. "Pickwick" was merely a series of scenes from London and country life more or less loosely strung together. "Nicholas Nickleby" was in this respect little different. In "Copperfield" there is more attention to this specially dramatic faculty, but even in that novel the special skill of the constructor is exhibited rather in episodes of the story than in the narrative as a whole. But from and after the "Tale of Two Cities," Mr. Dickens manifests a diligent pursuit of that art of framing and developing a plot which there can be little

doubt is traceable to the influence of his intimate and valued friend Mr. Wilkie Collins. In this special art Mr. Collins has long held high rank among living novelists. He is indeed, we think, open to the charge of sacrificing too much to the composition of riddles, which, like riddles of another kind, lose much of their interest when once they have been solved. And it is interesting to note that while Mr. Dickens was aiming at one special excellence of Mr. Collins, the latter was assimilating his style, in some other respects, to that of his brother-novelist. Each, of late years, seemed to be desirous of the special dramatic faculty which the other possessed. Mr. Dickens's plots, Mr. Collins's characters and dialogues, bore more and more clearly marked the traces of the model on which they were respectively based. It is possible, however, that another consideration was influencing the direction of Mr. Dickens's genius. He may have half suspected that the peculiar freshness of his earlier style was no longer at his command, and he may have been desirous of breaking fresh ground and cultivating a faculty too long neglected. As we have said, we believe that his genius was largely dramatic, and that it was the overpowering fertility of his humour as a *descriptive* writer which led him at the outset of his literary career to prose fiction as the freest outcome of his genius. However that may be, he loved the drama and things dramatic; and notwithstanding what might be inferred from the lecture which Nicholas administers to the literary gentleman in "Nicholas Nickleby," he evidently loved to see his own stories in a dramatic shape, when the adaptation was made in accordance with the spirit and design of the originator. Most of his earlier works were dramatized, and enjoyed a success attributable not less to the admirable acting which they called forth than to the fame of the characters in their original setting. His Christ-

mas Stories proved most successful in their dramatic shape, and it is difficult to believe that he had not in view those admirable comedians, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, when he drew the charming characters of Britain and Clemency Newcome. His "Tale of Two Cities" (which, by the way, Mr. Wilkie Collins has somewhere publicly referred to as the finest of his friend's fictions in point of construction) was arranged under his own supervision for the stage, and he seems to have had a growing pleasure in seeing his works reproduced in this shape, for "Little Em'ly," the latest arrangement of "David Copperfield," was produced with at least his sanction and approval; and at the present date a version of the "Old Curiosity Shop," under the title of "Nell," is announced for immediate production, as having been similarly approved by himself shortly before his lamented death. In the present state of the stage we may well be thankful for pieces so wholesome in interest, so pure in moral, so abounding in unforced humour, as his best stories are adapted to provide.

Not, perhaps, till the next great master of humour shall have arisen, and in his turn fixed the humorous *form* for the generation or two that succeed him, will Dickens's countrymen be able to form a proximate idea of the rank he is finally to take in the roll of English authors. The shoals of imitators who have enjoyed a transient popularity by imitating all that can be imitated of a great writer—his most superficial and perishable attractions—will have been forgotten, and it must then be seen whether the better portion of Mr. Dickens's genius is of that stuff which will stand the test of changing fashion and habits of thought. We have little doubt that, to use the words with which Lord Macaulay concluded his review of Byron, "after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language."

## THE COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION SYSTEM IN CHINA.

SOME years ago there appeared a somewhat remarkable book by Mr. Thomas Taylor Meadows, one of her Majesty's consuls in China, called "The Chinese and their Rebellions," under which title the writer contrived to give to the world his opinions not only respecting the Flowery Land, but also to treat *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. It was an eccentric work, both in its views and in the manner of expressing them, but above all from the order, or rather disorder, in which the author invited his readers to address themselves to its digestion. The student was directed to begin by reading an advanced chapter, (Chapter XIII., if our memory serves us right), thence he was to fly back to some other chapter and an essay on civilization and the preface; having mastered which, he might consider himself educated up to the pitch necessary for beginning Chapter I. By the time he had finished the book the reader discovered that he had all his life been directing his envelopes in the most cumbrous and inconvenient manner, and that the true way of writing addresses was by reversing the accepted order and adopting the Chinese method, according to which, for instance, a communication addressed to the Editor of this periodical should run as follows:—

England,  
London,  
Covent Garden,  
Bedford Street,  
*Macmillan's Magazine*—The Editor,

—a measure of reform, the advantages of which, it was contended, would be obvious to any twopenny postman. Secondly, he learned that of all political systems throughout the world the Chinese was the most perfect, thanks to the system of public competitive examinations of which Mr.

Meadows appointed himself to be the prophet. It is into the nature of these examinations that it is the object of the present paper to inquire, not indeed admiringly after the admiration of Mr. Thomas Meadows, but rather wondering how a country and government that are contented with exclusively washing the outside of the platter can have continued to exist so long.

Of all the whited sepulchres throughout the world, the inner rottenness of which disgraces this nineteenth century, none probably is so foul as the great and wonderful land of Cathay, while none is more excellently polished on the outside, decorated with moral quotations from the works of the sages, and adorned by a civilization which was fully developed more than two thousand years ago.

But the greater the abomination of that which is hidden, the greater the necessity for keeping up appearances. It happened once that a Western, who had been wrestling in argument with a Chinaman upon religious topics, wound up his speech by saying, triumphantly, "Look at the purity of the lives of our missionaries! Surely that is a proof of the great excellence of their doctrine which produces such good results."

"Venerable teacher," answered the learned and respectable Kung, "the goodness of a dumpling does not depend upon the pucker at the top of it. You can no more judge of a man's merits by his appearance than you can mete out the sea in a bushel measure. It is true that, to all outward appearance, your missionaries lead very pure lives; but, to all outward appearance, so do our people. Look at Mr. Li and Mr. Pao, who live in my street—nothing can be more respectable than their outward demeanour; yet we know perfectly well that Mr. Li sleeps in flowers and closes

his eyes in willows,<sup>1</sup> and as for Mr. Pao, the less we say about him the better. What guarantee have I that these men, whose excellence you extol, are not like my neighbours Li and Pao? Since I must doubt even that which passes before my eyes, how can I believe that which I know only by hearsay? The proverb says, 'If your front teeth are knocked out, swallow them;' the meaning of which is, that no one should publish his own misfortune or his own disgrace."

The Chinaman knew his own country well, and judged of others by himself.

But this is a digression, not indeed wholly irrelevant to our subject; for we shall see presently how seeming may often be better than being, even in the matter of schooling, and that the chastity of the Goddess of Learning herself is not always proof against the seductions of gold. Our purpose is to follow the Chinese youth through the three degrees of *Hsin Tsai*, *Chii jên*, and *Chin Shih*, which may be rendered Bachelor, Master, and Doctor of Arts, into that sublime stage of Confucian wisdom which throws open to him the highest offices of state and the richest prizes of bribery and corruption.

At the age of from six to eight years the Chinese boy is removed from the petting and pampering of the women's apartments, and is sent to school, where he receives his first lessons in reading and writing as purely mechanical processes. He is taught to read by droning out passages from the classics in hideous unison with his schoolmates, and to write by painting over characters printed on thin whitey-brown paper. This preliminary process of education lasts for some two years or more, at the end of which the young student is looked upon as sufficiently advanced to be instructed in the meaning of what he reads. The books now put into his hands are of course the famous Four Books and the Five Classics, every passage in which, with its hidden obscurities and doubtful interpretations, is

<sup>1</sup> A metaphorical expression for leading a dissolute life.

diligently and painfully explained to him, until not only the text itself, but also every note and commentary with which successive ages of scholars have overlaid it, are familiar in his mouth as household words. Having accomplished this end, the youth is allowed to try a flight upon his own wings, and begins to write essays and poetry, which by careful and assiduous reading he must model upon the best patterns. "Poetry of the Tang dynasty, handwriting of the Chin dynasty, essays of the Han dynasty," says the proverb; these, with all humility, should the student endeavour to follow at however great a distance.

As soon as the young man's compositions begin to take some sort of shape and to satisfy the keen criticism of his master, when his language is neatly fitted to his thoughts, and he does not use so much as a particle out of its place, he may look forward to preparing himself to undergo his examination for the degree of *Hsin Tsai*, or Bachelor of Arts.

The examiner for this degree is an officer from the *Han Lin* (literally, Forest of Pencils), or Imperial Academy of Peking, and is specially appointed by the Emperor. One examiner is appointed for each province throughout the country, and he holds his examinations from town to town in the chief places of the province to which he is accredited.

We will suppose the examination to be taking place at Shun Tien Fu (the provincial capital of Chih Li, the province in which Peking is situated). The examiner, having arrived with no small arrogance of dignity, takes up his abode in the examination-hall inside the town. On an appointed day the undergraduate candidates from the various Chou and Hsien, or lesser towns which are dependent upon Shun Tien Fu, flock into the hall to be examined, and take their places each according to the township to which he may belong. As soon as his flock is gathered together, the examiner gives out two themes selected from the Four Books to serve as texts for essays,

and one subject for an exercise in verse. Each candidate is expected to produce two essays and one set of twelve verses in rhyme; but he has plenty of time to perform his task, for the examination begins at four o'clock in the morning, and the papers are not given in until between five and seven o'clock in the evening. On the third day the examination list is given out; the examiner writes out the names of the successful candidates in order of merit, and gives it to the overseers of the hall, who, carrying it respectfully on their heads, go out and paste it on the wall fronting the entrance-gate of the hall. Then follows a scene of great excitement, when the undergraduates crowd the gate to read the list, and search for their names among the elect. Should they have been successful, they are now entitled to call themselves *Hsin Tsai*, and are so delighted that, in their joy, everything in heaven and on earth seems lovely to them, and they look forward with confidence to the day when they will receive the much-coveted official button.<sup>1</sup> Should, however, some unhappy candidate find that his name is not upon the list, he knows that he has been plucked; but it is no use his hanging down his head and making a wry face; he must swallow his disappointment and go home, to labour away in the hope of being more lucky a second time.

The successful candidates are now called "assistant students," and wait until the next time the examiner visits their town to undergo a second examination, at which the Bachelors, or *Hsin Tsai*, are divided into three classes. To obtain a place in the first of these classes is a great distinction, and its members are called *Lín shan shêng*, or Bachelors, who receive a present of food

and money. The next class, the members of which are called second-class Bachelors, is limited to a certain number, and is filled in order of merit as vacancies may occur. The third class is composed of the *oî πολλοί*, who remain assistant students.

There are certain honorary degrees which are conferred upon Bachelors of the first class, who are privileged graduates; these degrees are called *Sui Kung*, *Ngên Kung*, and *Yu Kung*. The first of these is conferred by election every other year; the second is, as its name implies, given by the special grace of the emperor in years when there would not otherwise be any promotion to the rank of *Sui Kung*. The third grade, that of *Yu Kung*, is conferred upon the successful candidate among a number of privileged Bachelors, selected to compete for it, by the assistant examiners; the chief examiner and the viceroy of the province conduct the examination, in which it is no small honour to carry off the palm. Graduates who have obtained either of these three distinctions are eligible for employment as assistants at examinations, the right of appointment to such an office being vested in the *Li Pu*, that one of the six Boards of Pekin which specially superintends all civil appointments.

There is yet another distinction, that of *Pa Kung*, open to the privileged Bachelors. Once in twelve years this degree is given to a representative graduate from each petty township; it is also conferred on the successful competitor in an examination held of privileged Bachelors, in which case it is awarded to the cleverest, most respectable, and youngest of his class. When certain official appointments of an inferior grade are about to be made, the Emperor summons the Bachelors of the grade of *Pa Kung* to Court, where they are made to go through an examination, according to which they are divided into three classes. The members of the first class are employed as Brass Button Mandarins in the capital; those of the second class are appointed to be *Chih Hsien*, or magistrates of small towns;

<sup>1</sup> There are nine official buttons worn on the cap, each denoting a particular rank: 1st, the plain red; 2d, red figured with the character *Shou* (longevity); 3d, clear blue; 4th, opaque blue; 5th, crystal; 6th, opaque white; the 7th, 8th, and 9th are of brass. Each of these is subdivided into a first and second class. Civil rank takes precedence over military rank. These ranks in China may be not unfairly compared with the *Tchin* in Russia.

while the remainder are only eligible for employment in the capacity of assistants in the public examinations.

Such, briefly, are the honours and offices open to a man who has passed through his first examination. We now come to a far more serious affair, the examination for the degree of *Chü jên*, or Master of Arts.

This examination takes place during fixed years; and when the appointed time arrives, all those Bachelors who may be fired by ambition for promotion, together with a class of graduates called *Chien Shêng*, who have purchased their degree, in fear and trembling prepare to submit to the ordeal.

On the 6th day of the 8th month of the year, an imperial decree is issued appointing the various officials who are to conduct the examination. There are three high examiners, assisted by eighteen sub-examiners, whose duty it is to look over the papers sent in by the candidates; subordinate to them are a number of officers, who search the candidates as they come in, to see that they smuggle in no books, or memoranda, or other aids to intelligence; and a strong posse of imperial informers, who watch all that goes on, and keep up a sort of secret police in the examination-hall. Two personages, the one being a Manchu Tartar and the other a Chinese, superintend the internal economy of the hall. The whole of the compositions of the Masters expectant are handed over to copyists who copy them out, lest the handwritings of the candidates being recognized by the examiners, there should be any foul play, and the copies so made are compared with the originals by clerks appointed for the purpose. Besides all these persons, there are 180 minor officials who superintend all petty details. The examination is divided into three parts. On the 8th day of the month the first examination begins. The candidates are divided into four parties, to each of which is assigned a door. The four doors are called the Right Eastern door and the Left Eastern door, the Right Western door and the Left Western door. At each of the doors stand

two imperial informers, the one a Manchu Tartar and the other a Chinese, whose duty it is to mark off the names of the candidates, and to distribute to each a roll of paper, by consulting which he discovers the number of the cell allotted to him, whither he carries the provision of food and bedding which he has brought with him,—for he will be locked up for three days and nights. In the evening, when the candidates have all been pricked in, every door is sealed, and all coming in or going out is rendered impossible.

The exercises set for the first part of the examination consist of three essays upon texts taken from the Four Books, and one composition in verse. The first subject is selected by the Emperor in person, and the remainder are chosen by the chief examiners. The *Cycle*, an English paper published at Shanghai, gives the texts so chosen at a recent examination at Wu Chang. The subjects of the essays were—

I. From the Lun Yu of Confucius: "Tsze Yu being governor of Wu Ching, the master said to him, 'Have you got such a thing as a real man in the place?' He answered, 'Here is Tan Tai Mieh Ming, who does not in walking side off by a short cut, nor come to my office except on public business.'"

II. From the Chung Yung of Kung Ki, the grandson of Confucius: "He only who is accomplished, learned, profound, and critical, has wherewith to exercise sound judgment."

III. From the Shang Mang of Mencius: "When any one told Tsze Lu that he had a fault, he was pleased with him. When Yu heard anybody say a wise thing, he bowed to him."

Each of these essays, says the *Cycle*, was required to contain not less than three hundred, nor more than eight hundred, characters or words.

The theme for the poetical exercise was, "An observer of the beauties of nature being so absorbed as to forget the march of a whole round of seasons."

When the subjects have been selected and approved by the Emperor, they are sealed up in a box and given over to

the care of a chief eunuch of the palace, to be handed to the high examiners, who give orders for them to be engraved on wood and printed. When the printed papers are ready, they are distributed among the candidates by the lesser officials; and on the tenth day of the month, when the essays and poem are finished, they are handed in to the proper officers in a hall set apart for the purpose, and the candidates leave the building.

The officers, having received the exercises, examine them carefully to see whether there be any informality in them: if they should discover anything like an infringement of prescribed custom, the papers are rejected, the peccant candidate's name is struck off the list, and he is incapacitated from taking part in the second examination. If the papers are found to be in due form, they are sent into the copying department, where copies are made of them in red ink; thence the copies are passed into the comparing department, where they are accurately read over and compared with the originals. From the comparing department the copies are handed into the sealing department, where the distinctive mottoes that were borne by the originals are pasted on to them. They now find their way to the office of the superintendent, who forwards them to the eighteen junior examiners.

With great care and patience, measuring every word and weighing to a nicety the fitness of every particle, these men of learning apply themselves to the criticism of the papers before them. If the exercises find favour in their eyes, they are docketed as good, and given over to the superintendent of the interior of the examination-hall for transmission to the chief examiners; but it does not follow that papers which have satisfied the eighteen will be approved by the three chiefs: should they fall short of the standard, they are thrown into a waste-paper basket; but the candidate still has the credit of having passed the preliminary test. Should the chiefs be pleased with them, they write upon the successful exercises the character

*Chung*, thereby signifying that they have hit the mark. Only a fixed number of men are admitted into the fellowship of Masters at one examination; and it sometimes happens that, after the list of successful candidates has been made up, the work of some new Bachelor is recommended to the notice of the chief examiners. Should the essays so sent in show pre-eminent ability, their fortunate author is rewarded with the degree of *Fu Pang*, or assistant-master; and if the list of *Fu Pang* is already full, then he is appointed *Tan Lu*, a distinction bringing with it no advancement in rank in the state, but rendering its possessor eligible for certain offices.

It must not be forgotten, however, that, before this final award of degrees can be settled, the second and third examinations have to be gone through, whereas as yet we have treated only of the first.

The second examination takes place on the 11th day of the month, and consists in writing five essays founded upon texts taken from the five classics; and the third test, which is held upon the 14th day of the month, is devoted to the propounding of five sets of questions upon the subject of literature, political economy, or general science. The *Cycle* tells us that "the first question asked at Wu Chang was of the nature of criticism of the classics; the second question was on historical matters; and the third on the various forms of military colonization. The Chinese government hope at the present time to save their western provinces by allotting land to soldiers on the frontier line, and requiring them to keep themselves in readiness for fighting. The fourth question entered into the various plans adopted by previous dynasties in the selection of suitable persons to hold the offices of government. The fifth question referred to the ancient and modern geography of King Chan Fu, the course of the waters of the Han and the Yangtsze, and the history of the Tung Ting Lake." The answers to each of the five questions were to contain a minimum of five hundred characters.



It is worthy of notice that during this examination at Wu Chang a subordinate official of the examination-hall was convicted of having passed manuscripts to one of the candidates. The punishment inflicted was summary : the official was beheaded, the candidate sentenced to transportation to the frontiers, and the graduate who wrote the false essay is to be executed when captured. As the writer of the article in the *Cycle*, from which we have quoted, observes, "It is interesting to find the Chinese authorities so prompt and just in punishing the guilty. If some unfortunate foreigner had been murdered by these precious literati, the governor would have declared it to be impossible to touch the offenders in the presence of a myriad of members of their order."

The chances are that the candidate was a foolish candidate, and did not offer a sufficient bribe to have the matter hushed up ; and that the officers of the hall were not sorry of an opportunity of cheaply showing a little zeal in the execution of their duty.

When the three tests are over, and the degrees have all been conferred, the superintendents of the examination-hall address a petition to the Emperor praying that a day may be fixed for publishing the names of the successful candidates. This generally takes place on or about the tenth day of the following month. On the first day of the ceremonies of publication a table is ordered to be set out in the hall called *Chih Kung Tang*, the Hall of Unsurpassed Justice. The three chief examiners, accompanied by the two chief superintendents, solemnly take their places at the table, and on each side, spread out diagonally ("like a goose's wings," says the Chinese author before us), are the eighteen junior examiners, clad in their official robes. All this galaxy of learning and wisdom is gathered together to witness the breaking of the seals of the exercises, and to hear the calling out of the candidates which are written on the list. On the second morning, before daybreak, the list is rolled up and placed inside a palanquin of honour, richly decorated with coloured

silks ; a procession is formed, which is preceded by standard-bearers carrying emblems as at a wedding, and the whole heaven is filled with the sound of drums and of delicate music, gongs being beaten to clear the road. Immediately behind the palanquin containing the precious list, march the chief examiners and their subordinates, who accompany it outside the Dragon Gate. This gate of the examination-hall, be it observed, is allegorically called the Dragon Gate, because in the same manner as the fish rose from the sea to heaven, and became perfected into the heavenly dragon, so the successful candidates have by the grace of learning cast off the grosser clay of which they were formed, and have risen to rank and fame. The superintendents of the examination-hall escort the list as far as the outer gate of the provincial capital, where it is hung up on a high platform specially erected for the purpose.

When the list has thus been finally published, etiquette requires that the new Masters of Arts should go and pay their respects to the chief and junior examiners. At these visits, albeit they are visits of ceremony, Apollo not indecorously unbends his bow, and, having drunk his fill of wine, adjourns to the theatre to witness the deadly dulness of an historical piece, relieved, it is true, between the acts by the performance of improper farces, and during the acts by the consumption of light refreshments, such as fried melon-seeds, sweetmeats, tea, and cakes. We can readily imagine that there is no small amount of merriment upon such occasions ; for the successful candidates are naturally elated by the first pleasure of wearing their new honours, while the officials connected with the examination, from the highest to the lowest, have substantial cause to rejoice over the termination of their labours.

In spite of all the pains taken to insure fairness and to exclude any possibility of trickery, ingenuity on the one side and greed on the other find means to give the slip to all law and rule. Although the candidate's name



is only made known after the papers, have been judged and reported upon, it is easy for him to frame them in such a way that they shall be readily recognized by the examiner whom he has bribed; for instance, by agreeing beforehand that his essays shall begin and end with certain characters. On the other hand, should the officers of the copying and comparing departments not have received the fee which they expect, they can throw the candidate's work all out of tune with the greatest facility; nor is there any appeal in such a case; the copy in red ink which is sent in to the junior examiners stands as the *ipsissima verba* of the writer. A spiteful copyist may mar the best essay.

On the eighth day of the third month of the second year those *Chü Jên*, or Masters of Arts, who desire further advancement in letters again present themselves at the examination-hall. The order of the examination for the degree of *Chin Shih*, or Doctor, is the same as that observed in the examination for the degree of Master, the only exception being that the examination for the latter honour is provincial, whereas to obtain the degree of Doctor the candidates from all China assemble at Shun Tien Fu, which, as we have said before, is the provincial capital of the metropolitan district. The expense and difficulties attending what may be so long a journey naturally limit the number of aspirants.

On the 10th day of the 4th month the list of successful candidates is sent in by the examiners to the Li Pu, or Board of Magistracy;<sup>1</sup> and on the 21st day of the same month the selected few present themselves at the Imperial Palace at Peking to undergo a further and final examination, called *T'ien Shih*, or "the examination of the palace." According to their performances in this test, the Doctors are divided into three

<sup>1</sup> The six boards, under the control, which fill the different departments of government, are the Board of Ceremonies, the Board of Magistracy, the Board of Revenue, the Board of War, the Board of Punishments, and the Board of Public Works.

classes. The first class is limited to the three best men in order of merit, who are called respectively *Chwang yuen*, *Pang yuen*, and *Ta'n hwa*, which we might translate Senior Wrangler, Second Wrangler, and Gold Spoon. The second class consists of from seven to ten men, the first of whom is called *Chuên Lu*; and the third class is made up of the remainder, and may hold as many as two hundred men or more. At the second part of this examination, which takes place at court, the new Doctors receive the honour of being presented to the Son of Heaven, who in person appoints them to various offices in the state. The senior wrangler is usually employed in the Forest of Pencils, or Imperial Academy, as a writer of records, while the second wrangler and the gold spoon are appointed to be correctors. All the Doctors are sure of obtaining office, either in the Forest of Pencils or in some other public department. These appointments are, however, in some measure probationary; for if the newly appointed officials fail to satisfy their superiors, either by their ability in the discharge of their duties or by bribery, the Emperor may dismiss them.

"In the olden time," writes a native author, "a man need only pass the degree of Hsin Tsai, or Bachelor, to be sure of obtaining some office in the state; but nowadays there are too many who buy their rank, so that a man's merit is measured by the capacity of his purse, while the right men are pushed out of the right place. Hence it comes that many a ripe scholar, if he have but enough means to keep the life within him, and be a man of spirit to boot, will rather remain in obscurity as a private individual, than be mixed up with such men as hold office: good men holding aloof, the officials of the country are but a sorry lot of people after all. How can we be surprised if discontent and treason are rife?"

These are the words of a modern scholar; but so early as five hundred years before Christ, Lao Tzê, the founder of the Taoist sect, pointed out the vanity and hollowness of the system of

education and government into which the country was drifting. "If some men," said he, "would abandon their sageness and cast away their wisdom, the people would be more benefited a hundredfold." Of all the Chinese philosophers Lao Tzê was probably the one whose teaching of simple virtue approached nearest to the Christian standard. Confucius himself, after having had an interview with him, said to his disciples, "I know how birds can fly, how fishes can swim, and how beasts can run; and the runner may be snared, the swimmer may be hooked, and the flyer may be shot by the arrow. But there is the dragon. I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds and rises to heaven. To-day I have seen Lao Tzê, and can only compare him to the dragon."<sup>1</sup>

It is a common error to suppose that there is no hereditary rank in China, and that letters are the only ladder to rank. From very ancient times there have been five titles of nobility, called *Kung*, *Hou*, *Po*, *Tze*, and *Nan*, corresponding to our Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Baron. These titles were conferred upon relations of the Emperor, or upon subjects as a reward for distinguished merit, and were accompanied by grants of land. As a general rule the estate assigned to a *Kung* or a *Hou* did not exceed one hundred *li* (about 33 miles) in circumference; that given to a *Po* did not exceed seventy *li* (or 23 miles), and the lands of a *Tze* or a *Nan* were confined to fifty *li* (or 17 miles). Since the accession of the present Tartar dynasty four new ranks have been added, called *Chin wang*, *Chun wang*, *Pei lo*, and *Pei tze*, all of which are held exclusively by members of the imperial family. The eldest son of the Emperor is called *Tai tze*, "the

heir apparent;" his brothers, with the exception of the youngest, are called *Chin wang*, and the Benjamin of the imperial family has the title of *Chun wang*. In some cases rank is transmitted unchanged from father to son: in other cases the son of a *Chin wang* becomes a *Pei lo*, the son of the *Pei lo* a *Pei tze*, and the son of a *Pei tze* a *Kung*, or Duke. This is called descending rank. Members of the imperial family do not descend below the rank of Duke. When a subject is ennobled for his services, he may either receive his rank to be transmitted unaltered to his heir, or he may receive the "descending rank." Rank is not inherited by all the children of a nobleman; only the eldest son and his issue, who must be born of the lawful wife, and not of a concubine, can bear the family title; but in default of legitimate issue of the eldest branch the hereditary rank devolves upon the issue of the second son, and so on; or the representative of the elder branch, being himself childless, may adopt the child of either of the younger branches, and the child so adopted inherits the title.

Conspicuous among the nobility of China are the *Pa Ta Chia*, or eight hereditary princely families, which accompanied the reigning family from Manchuria, and waived their claim to the usurped throne in its favour. Their rank remains unchanged to all generations.

It is said that it is impossible to buy a patent of nobility in China. If this be the case, it is the only thing which money will not buy there. It would be, indeed, straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel, were simple rank not to be obtained by purchase in a country where offices, conveying the highest power for weal or for woe over millions, are notoriously sold to the highest bidder.

<sup>1</sup> "The Speculations of the Old Philosopher Lao Tzê." Translated by John Chalmers. London: Trübner and Co.

## THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

BY LORD HOBART.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S message has re-awakened an ill-favoured controversy whose sleep, it was fondly hoped, would deepen into dissolution. Unfortunately the material is of no perishable kind ; and while it lives there are no bounds to its capacity for evil. War between two such nations, allied in blood and pre-eminent in commercial importance, is, indeed, very generally held to be impossible as a direct result ; as an indirect result few will question its possibility. But, apart from any such danger, the rankling, ill-suppressed, and continuous hostility, which is the other alternative during the life of this unhappy misunderstanding, is scarcely less to be deplored ; and assuredly nothing should be left unsaid which can contribute to its extinction. Above all, it is desirable that Englishmen should be correctly informed as to the real position of affairs. Because little or nothing has been known of what our rulers were doing, we have drifted before now upon many a perilous shore. It is not too much to say that three-fourths of the wars which have been waged in modern times might have been avoided if the negotiations which ended in them had not been secretly carried on. Bullets and bayonets, which diplomatists call eventualities and complications, are a crop very seldom sown in the light of day.

Early in 1868 the negotiations on this subject had come to a dead lock, and the state of the case was then as follows. The Government of the United States having failed in its application for redress when Lord Russell conducted our Foreign Affairs, had made another attempt when they were in the hands of Lord Stanley, in the shape of a Despatch, which enclosed a formidable list

of claims on account of property of American citizens destroyed by the *Alabama* and her sister ships, and recapitulating the grounds on which the complaint against Great Britain had been based. Those grounds were the following :—That by the Queen's Proclamation of 1861 "belligerent" privileges were wrongfully conceded to certain slaveholding states then in insurrection against their lawful government ;—that in consequence of such concession those states obtained not only immense moral support and encouragement, but power to assume a national flag, and to seize and destroy goods and shipping of the United States ;—that thereupon from the very nation which had mainly occasioned this injustice there proceeded swift and powerful vessels of war, which became the recognized property of the insurgents and inflicted enormous injury upon American trade and navigation ;—that to prevent such vessels from leaving her shores no serious, or at least no sufficient effort was made by the British Government ;—that, moreover, such vessels were repeatedly harboured and protected in the ports of Great Britain and of her Colonies ;—and that Great Britain owes to the United States reparation for these injuries.

The British Minister had refused, as his predecessor had refused, to admit the validity of these representations. He had maintained, as his predecessor had maintained, that the Queen's proclamation of neutrality simply confirmed what had been done by the President's proclamation of blockade, which was itself a virtual declaration of Southern "belligerency ;"—that, moreover, the belligerency of the South was a matter of fact evidenced by the existence of a

regular Government, the maintenance of a large army, and a declaration of war, and that this had been admitted by the Minister of the United States in his despatches to foreign Governments. That it was not correct to say that the maritime rights obtained by the Confederates were the result of any action on the part of Great Britain, since, independently of all such action, those rights were a consequence of the belligerent *status* which events had conferred upon them;—that the Royal proclamation was necessary in order to inform British merchants of their liabilities on account of the blockade; was in the interest of the United States themselves in so far as it enabled them to maintain the blockade; and had not, as was well known, been dictated by any unfriendly feeling towards them. That, with regard to the escape from England of ships intended for the Confederate service, it was only at first that any negligence could possibly be alleged against the British Government, which after the escape of the *Alabama* took effectual measures to prevent such occurrences;—and, finally, that under these circumstances the British Government could not admit that the United States had established any claim to reparation. He had offered, however, on the part of Great Britain to refer the claim to arbitration, but only on this condition,—that in the case submitted to the arbiter no account should be taken of the recognition of the insurgent States as belligerent by the Royal Proclamation of 1861. On this condition the British Government insisted, because it considered that the question as to the propriety of that recognition was of a kind upon which “every State must be held to be the sole judge of its duty.” The United States, on the other hand, while assenting to arbitration, desired that the whole controversy might be referred as it stood, in order that their demand for compensation might be laid before the arbiter accompanied by all the statements and arguments on which it was founded. Neither Government being willing to abandon its position,

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the correspondence had come for the time to an end.

The negotiations were shortly afterwards re-opened in England by Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the diplomatic successor of Mr. Adams; and the consequence was a Convention signed by Mr. Johnson and Lord Clarendon. By this Convention, the claims on either side arising out of the war were to be submitted to a commission composed of two Americans and two Englishmen, who before considering them were to appoint an arbitrator for the decision of any question upon which they might disagree. But for the “*Alabama* claims” the Convention made exceptional provision. For the settlement of these, in case of disagreement the arbitrator to be named by the commissioners was to be the “Sovereign or head of a friendly State;” and it was further provided, that with regard to these claims neither Government “should make out a case, nor should any person be heard for or against such claims,” the official correspondence which had already passed being alone submitted to the arbiter. Of this Convention the American Government (as was to be expected) disapproved, chiefly on account of the exceptional treatment applied to the *Alabama* claims, and more especially of the limitation with regard to the evidence to be adduced on either side. They informed our Government that this limitation would have to be entirely removed, and they specified the particular alterations, in this and other respects, which would be necessary in order to render the treaty acceptable to the Senate of the United States. The result was, that the British Government accepted these alterations almost as they stood; and a new Convention was signed by Mr. Johnson and Lord Clarendon, in which, among other amendments, the limitation respecting the *Alabama* claims was omitted, and the fullest liberty of adducing evidence on either side permitted; the obstacle which two years ago appeared alone to prevent a settlement of the question being thus removed by means of the most complete conces-

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sion on the part of the British Government. This new Convention was laid before the Senate of the United States, and almost unanimously rejected by that Assembly.

In October last, the question was revived in a despatch from Mr. Fish, the American Minister for Foreign Affairs, which was communicated by Mr. Motley (who had succeeded Mr. Reverdy Johnson) to our Government. The object of this despatch was, in Mr. Fish's own words, "to state the position and maintain the attitude of the United States in the various relations and aspects of the grave controversy with Great Britain." It was not, he continued, "written in the nature of a claim, for the United States now make no demand against Her Majesty's Government for the injuries they feel they have sustained." They preferred, he said, to leave the time at which negotiations with a view to the settlement of the question should be renewed, and the manner of its settlement, to the consideration of the British Government. When the British Government thought that time had come, they would, he added, be ready to consider with all due attention and impartiality any proposition which it might have to offer. The despatch was, in fact, an elaborate recapitulation of the ground of complaint against Great Britain which had so long been insisted upon. It also referred to the reasons which had led to the rejection of the Convention by the Senate of the United States. Lord Clarendon replied by expressing the surprise and regret with which the British Government, after having conceded so much, had learnt that the Convention had been rejected, and by very naturally observing that the next proposition on the subject must proceed from the United States. He shortly afterwards sent to Mr. Motley, in reference to Mr. Fish's despatch, a memorandum, which was in effect a recapitulation, on our side, of the arguments on which the British Government has relied for its defence against the charges and claims of the United States. The negotiations were thus once more inter-

rupted, and have not since been resumed.

Such being the present position, what is the future fate of this question? It seems impossible not to admit that a nation which by its senate or in any other manner rejects a convention, not only bearing the signature of its accredited representative, but, after important alteration to suit the views of its Government, approved by that Government, places itself *pro tanto* in a disadvantageous position before the world. Constitutional peculiarities may deprive such engagements of legal obligation, but cannot prevent them from being considered by public opinion as some kind of admission on the part of the nation that equitable terms have been offered to it, or, in other words, that a demand for further concession is exorbitant. The British Government, however, has with much wisdom and moderation refrained from insisting strongly on this view of the case, and contented itself with the requirement, the justice of which is sufficiently evident, that, as regards any renewal of the negotiations, the initiative should proceed from the American side. Assuming, then, that at the instance of the American Government the negotiations will before long be resumed; it remains to inquire on what their success or failure may be expected to depend. Now, it is evident from the statements of Mr. Fish and of Mr. Motley, and indeed would be sufficiently clear without them, that though several reasons are given for the rejection of the treaty by the American Senate, the chief reason was the fact that the claims for which it provided a settlement were those of individual losers by the depredations of the *Alabama* and her kindred, no mention at all being made of any claim on the part of the Government of the United States against that of Great Britain for alleged breach of international duty. The United States consider, wrongly or rightly, that they have two distinct claims against us: one for the reimbursement of American subjects for the losses which they incurred on this account; the other, to

some kind of redress, reparation, or *amenité honorable* for the important assistance which (as they contend) was given to the rebel States by the premature recognition of their "belligerency," and the subsequent negligence of the British Government to prevent some of its disastrous consequences by detaining the *Alabama* and other vessels in the ports of England. There can then be no doubt that, whatever other amendments it may be desirable to make in the Convention, if a few words could be added to it providing for reference to an arbitrator of the questions, whether the conduct of Great Britain during the war involved any breach of international obligation—whether, if it did, the error was of a kind for which reparation could properly be demanded—and if so, what ought to be the nature of that reparation,—a settlement of the dispute would at once ensue.

Now, if the state of affairs was simply this—that the United States had demanded of our Government reparation of some kind for the recognition of Southern belligerency, and our Government had replied by a distinct refusal—there would be very few Englishmen, probably very few persons on this side the Atlantic, who would find fault with the reply. That on the English side of the question there are arguments of considerable force Americans themselves would admit; and the British Government has as good a right to hold that it is not responsible for that act and its consequences, as the Government of the United States has to a contrary opinion. But that is not the proposal now under consideration. That proposal is, that the question—which of these two opinions is right—should be referred to the judgment of a tribunal selected for its wisdom and impartiality. Whatever else may be thought of this proposition, it is one which undoubtedly merits the most anxious consideration. A nation deliberately rejecting such a mode of settling differences for which there is only one other settlement, may have valid reasons for doing so, but (always supposing that a fitting arbi-

trator can be found) incurs very serious responsibility. In the disputes of private life, which cannot be made the subject of legal decision, it is commonly inferred that the disputant who refuses to submit the question to the friendly decision of a third person, is the disputant who is in the wrong. This may very possibly not be the case; but there are, at all events, no unreasonable grounds for the inference. It might seem superfluous to repeat, but is too often forgotten—that to make concessions on a mere demand is one thing; to make concessions which have been pronounced just by a duly appointed referee is quite another. In the first case there is implied either an admission of the justice of the demand, or a deficiency of power or of courage to resist it,—in the second, neither the admission nor the deficiency. From concession the result of arbitration there can fairly be inferred neither a sense of culpability on the one hand, nor of weakness or fear on the other. In ordinary cases it is properly attributed to a just appreciation of what is due to the general interest, which requires that the members of a community shall abstain as far as possible from taking the law into their own hands.

Judging from past discussions, the objections which will be taken on the part of England to this proposal are as follows:—The first is that we are so unquestionably in the right, that there is no case, or shadow of a case, on the other side. But this argument (to which it may reasonably, though perhaps not conclusively, be replied, that if so we have no need to fear an adverse decision) appears now to be very generally considered as untenable. It seems, indeed, impossible to read the correspondence on the subject without perceiving that there exists at least some colour for the American view. The statement that the recognition was precipitate, derives, to say the least, some show of reason from the fact, that of the great battles of the war not one had been fought when it occurred (which is saying, in other words, that the "civil war" had

not then actually begun); while the reasoning of our Government, that the United States themselves had, by blockading the ports in the hands of the rebels, already declared their belligerency, is deprived in great part of its value by the further fact that the Queen's Proclamation appeared before the issue of the *complete* Presidential authority for the blockade of the Southern ports. But even supposing that the recognition could not, in these respects, be considered as precipitate, is there no foundation for the complaint of the United States with regard to it? The answer is thought to be absolutely conclusive that they had blockaded the ports, and thereby themselves proclaimed the belligerency of the Southern States. But is it possible that a Government has not the power, at the outset of an insurrection, to blockade ports which may happen to have been seized by rebels, without conferring upon them belligerent rights, and entitling them to the political *status* which those rights involve? How would it suit Great Britain to accept this doctrine for her own ports of Cork and Waterford, supposing them to have been suddenly seized by Irish rebels? Is it, or is it not the fact, that when these very United States were rebels against Great Britain, we blockaded some of their ports, and, so far from admitting that belligerent rights were thereby accorded to them, treated as a *casus belli* the admission of some of their cruisers into a foreign port? It is not here asserted that to these arguments on the American side no answer can be given on the part of Great Britain;—it is not even asserted that they have not been answered by our Government in a manner which, to many persons, will not unreasonably appear conclusive;—all that is contended for is that it is really absurd to assert that on this point the American Government is so absolutely and hopelessly destitute of all shadow of argument and all possible pretext for complaint that this is a case to which arbitration is wholly inapplicable. It is perfectly possible and even probable that Lord

Clarendon's reply to Mr. Fish might be considered as conclusive by the arbitrator. What seems impossible is, that any conceivable arbitrator, at all qualified for the position, should consider that there was absolutely nothing to be said on the other side. Another answer, supposed to be decisive as against the view taken by the United States in regard to the recognition is, that in his correspondence with foreign Governments on the subject, their minister spoke of the insurrection as a regularly organized "civil war." But it is surely not difficult to see that this argument, though a fair weapon of controversy, is by no means unanswerable. The insurrection of the British American colonies which led to their independence was as regularly organized; and if anyone had said that those colonies had levied "imminent, flagrant, deadly war" against Great Britain, he would have said that which was neither very unnatural nor very inconsistent with the facts of the case; yet no one can imagine that such a statement would have prevented an immediate declaration of war on the part of Great Britain if any foreign State had dared to accord to the colonists the *status* of belligerency. On the whole, it seems impossible at the same time to pretend to impartial judgment, and to deny that, whether the view taken by the United States on this subject be erroneous or not, it rests upon some plausible foundation.

The other great objection on the part of England will probably be that the proposed reference to the judgment of a neutral power of her right to recognize the belligerency of the revolted States would not be consistent with national self-respect. It is true that this objection has been so far invalidated as that, by the Clarendon-Johnson Convention, England had agreed that this grievance of recognition should be submitted to the arbitrator appointed to adjudicate upon the *Alabama* claims as one of the data for his guidance; but the difference in degree between this concession and the direct reference now suggested will be strongly insisted on. Nor can



it be denied that such a mode of deciding such a question is more alarming to national susceptibilities than would be its decision by that time-honoured tribunal which dispenses justice through the medium of explosive compounds. But the question is, which of these two methods is really most worthy of a great nation? If it were not for the strange hallucination which supposes that nations and individuals are amenable to different moral laws, it would be seen that this is a case in which the more peaceful course is also the most magnanimous. In civilized society, the man who, in disputes with his fellows, resorts to violence rather than to conciliatory interposition, is not the man who is most credited with a due sense of his own dignity. Nor is it easy to understand how a State, whose representative was the chief author of the paragraph in the Protocol appended to the Treaty of Paris in 1856, and which expressed a hope on the part of the great European Powers that serious international differences would in future be referred to arbitration, can reject arbitration on an occasion such as this. That paragraph must have been intended, if it had any meaning at all, to counteract the undue sensitiveness of national honour; and it is not easy to perceive, if inapplicable to this question of recognition, to what great international disputes it can ever be considered to apply. Reference to arbitration in such a case as this seems almost forced upon a nation which is neither so weak that it need be ungenerous, nor of so little account in the world that it need stake incalculable interests on points of international punctilio;—a nation which, fourteen years ago, led the way in the onslaught against that pride of race which refuses to submit to judicial inquiry and has been the parent of the most calamitous wars that have desolated the world.

There is no need to insist, in the interest of a speedy and peaceful settlement of this unhappy dispute, on the

general advantages of international amity, or on the special importance to England of a good understanding with the United States. But there are some considerations which are apt to be lost sight of, but which appear to recommend to us, in this instance, a course conciliatory to the extreme limits of concession. One of these is the fearful national loss and suffering which was really inflicted upon them, as well as that which, it may be erroneously but at all events devoutly, Americans believe to have been inflicted upon them by the conduct of England during the war. Whether that conduct involved any breach of international duty such as to furnish them with a right to reparation, may well be questioned:—what cannot be questioned is that it cost them terribly dear, and that they believe it to have cost them dearer. Apart from the plundering and burning by Confederate cruisers, there can be no doubt that the escape of these vessels from England, transferred in great part to England herself the carrying trade of the United States; and the blow thus dealt upon their mercantile marine appears to be one from which recovery is most difficult. Nor can there be any doubt but that the Royal Proclamation of neutrality gave in important respects assistance and encouragement to the rebel cause, or that Americans consider, with what sound reason may well be disputed, that to this alone or mainly it was owing that the rebellion was able to make head at all. The injuries thus sustained, or believed to have been sustained, by the United States do not make their demands just, but they constitute an important reason why England should consider those demands with the most careful attention, and should do all that can possibly be done, consistently with her own rights and true interests, to heal the gaping wounds, material and mental, which, however unintentionally, her hand has made.

Another consideration, of no trifling importance, is the character of the American people. Let any one consider



the history, and, above all, the recent history of that nation. There is nothing, in modern times at least, with which it will not, for moral grandeur, favourably compare. An insurrection, formidable not only in numbers, but in foreign sympathy, and in the possession of almost all the disciplined forces and material of war, sprang suddenly into fierce and ominous life. It was no question between slavery and freedom, (though that was a collateral issue,) but whether the vast dominion—the mighty fabric which was the pride of a free people, the admiration of the world, the refuge of liberty, and full of bright promise for the future of mankind—should stand firm on its pedestal or be shivered into fragments at their feet. Surprised and betrayed, disarmed and friendless, the nation never faltered. For long months it encountered with raw levies the disciplined forces of the South:—for long months there poured from every loyal State the flower of the American youth, abandoning home, comfort, and prosperous industry to meet almost certain destruction in their country's cause. In ever-increasing numbers the untrained soldiers of liberty pressed forward at her call to fill with their lives the deadly interval required to redress the balance of the strife. When at last the tide turned, and victory declared for numerical force submitted to gradual discipline, no vengeful exultation marked her advent. Calmly, firmly, and thoroughly the great work was done. And when it ceased, the passionate excesses which have been the usual retinue of such triumphs were looked for by the world in vain. The people which had satisfied so grandly the test of adversity passed still more grandly through the terrible ordeal of success. Not one drop of blood was shed in revenge for treachery and rebellion more pernicious and worse-founded than any which the world has seen. In sadness rather than in triumph, when the fight was done, the nation set itself resolutely to grapple with the difficulties which the fight had bred. No lust of military glory,

no intoxication of military success, ruffled the steady current of that beneficent toil. Having saved their country, the vast triumphant hosts were hosts no more. The transformation was complete:—the fierce and daring soldier became at once the quiet, industrious citizen;—the Government, full armed for desperate resistance or majestic conquest, became the peaceful, conscientious labourer for a people's good. Now it is of course possible that a nation may have shown itself to be the possessor of so much wisdom and nobleness, and yet act unjustly towards a foreign state. But a claim, not destitute of all foundation, and persistently put forward in a temperate and conciliatory tone by the unanimous voice of a nation such as this, cannot be set aside as the product of mere arrogant impertinence, malignant hostility, or perverse self-delusion. It may be a claim, in the opinion of those upon whom it is made, quite inadmissible; it cannot be one which is no fit subject for impartial adjudication. The American people, thus calm in judgment, moderate in self-assertion, just and humane in spite of every temptation, zealous for the right yet merciful to the perpetrators of wrong, is under the firm impression, whether well or ill founded, that it is bound in justice to itself to demand reparation for certain acts of a foreign Power. Upon this reparation, however, it does not insist; it only asks that some authority should be named by both parties who may pronounce upon its justice. The character of the proposition and of the proposer alike seem to counsel compliance.

Another consideration which should influence in an important degree the decision of England upon this question is the feeling with which she is regarded by the American people. Vulgarities are not confined to Europe; and to envy, disparage, and vilify England is characteristic of American vulgarity. But to any one who will look a little below the surface, and take his impression of American opinion from other sources than rowdy newspapers, it must be evi-

dent that the great heart of the nation—the aggregate of thought and feeling which have made her what she is—yearns for sympathy and amity with ours. There is in the people of the United States a reverence, an admiration, even a filial affection, for the nation from which they have never forgotten that they sprang, which long years of mutual misunderstanding, recrimination, and suspicion have been unable to subdue. The people of the United States believe, rightly or wrongly, that we have inflicted upon them a grievous wrong, for which, by some means or other, it is incumbent on them if they can to obtain redress; but whoever has had an opportunity of observing them at all must see that it is by a sense of justice, and not by an impulse of vengeance or hostility, that their course is steered; and that if this dispute could be settled by arbitration, they would, though the decision of the arbitrator should be in our favour, welcome it with satisfaction as that which would obtain for them, without sacrifice of national rights or interests,

the long sought and intensely valued friendship of England.

The object of this paper has been, first, to explain as clearly as possible the present position of the controversy; and, secondly, to inquire what ought to be the course taken by Great Britain as respects the solution which, or something like, it seems necessary for her either to accept, or to reject without hope of a final understanding. It is hardly to be imagined that the proposition for renewed negotiation, which must come from the United States, will be long delayed. And there is ground for confident hope that the fairness and moderation which have marked the recent conduct of the case by the English Government, aided by the good sense and enlightened patriotism of the English people as represented by a reformed Parliament, will before long bring about the consummation so ardently desired on both sides of the Atlantic—the reconciliation of great and kindred nations too long estranged.

## LA MORTE VIVANTE.

My Aunt Mary was an excellent story-teller. The following tale was considered one of her best.

I will give it as nearly as possible in her own words, merely pausing to mention that the first time of my hearing it, was on occasion of the severe illness of the twin dwarfs Paxsy and Maxsy, her handmaidens, who were always, well or ill, together. I was spending a few days with my aunt, to assist her in nursing the faithful creatures. On the first night of my arrival an unusually violent storm succeeded to a day of intense heat. We sat in the small parlour, both windows open to catch every breath of air—the dense darkness only illumined from time to time by flashes of forked lightning, while the pealing thunder, now rolling and muttering in the distance, now bursting apparently over our very heads, rendered it difficult to distinguish the feeble tones of my dear aunt's voice.

The time—midnight ; the scene—the fearful contrast of light and darkness ; were well calculated to intensify the terrors of a tale which required no fictitious aid to lend it an interest.

Once, and once only, began my aunt, has it been my fate to witness a storm such as this. You have not forgotten, my love, that after the death of my father, and the break-up of my home, I spent several years on the Continent. The end of 18— found me among the Pyrénées, accompanied as usual by Robville, my trusty courier, and the inseparable twins Maxsy and Paxsy. But Robville was old, and as obstinate as ancient, and by his mismanagement we had lost our way among the mountains. A storm and

an adventure followed as a matter of course.

We had our storm ; we arrived drenched at a small village inhabited only by the poorest of the poor ; we solicited shelter, and were taken in, warmed and fed with the generous hospitality as often to be met with among the very poor as among those of a higher class. There was but one room in the barn-like hut in which we had taken refuge, and overruling the decorous scruples of my servants, I insisted upon their sharing with me the meagre fare, which was, however, the best our kind entertainers could place before us. The meal concluded, I was about to relieve them of my immediate presence, by retiring to a couch composed of the cushions and wraps from the carriage which had been prepared for me in one corner of the apartment, when the frail door which alone sheltered us from the terrific blast was burst suddenly open, and a figure, drenched to the skin, staggered rather than walked across the threshold, and advanced rapidly, with the same gait, among the now arisen group.

Wrapped in a large but thin cloak, which concealed even the head and face, snow clinging in large patches to the slight form, the meagre dress running down with water—could it be ? yes, it was—a woman. For one moment she paused, as if blinded by the light ; the next, she laid an ice-cold hand on my shoulder, and, letting the hood fall partially from about her face, fixed her piercing black eyes upon me, as she uttered the words,—

“La Grise vous appelle ! Pour l'amour de Dieu et de la Sainte Vierge !”

Her words, her touch, thrilled me in a manner which even at this distance of

time I can recall with strange distinctness.

The villagers trembled, crossed themselves, and muttered words of fear and prayer. I felt no fear. Only, come what might, I must obey the strange command. I rose mechanically, and would have moved to the door, regardless, nay, oblivious of the still furiously raging storm; utterly unconscious that I was without shawl or bonnet; my whole being apparently subservient to my weird visitor; when Maxsy and Paxsy, whose love for their mistress is more than proof against all imaginable terrors, sprang to me, clung to my dress, implored me to pause—not to be so rash, so mad; while Robville and the peasants, roused for the moment from their fear, joined their entreaties to those of the faithful twins.

The Veiled Woman trembled visibly with impatience while the supplications continued, and when a moment's pause enabled her to make herself heard, she once more repeated with emphasis, still fixing those eyes on my face—

“*La Grise vous appelle. Pour l'amour de Dieu et de la Sainte Vierge;*” adding with singular distinctness, “*Elle vous attend.*”

And then moving close to my side, she uttered in my ear a name, which, as I live, I declare to you was known, *could* be known, to no human being now living, nay, I should say then living, in this world. In those days we knew nought of mesmerism. Clairvoyance and animal magnetism were words unframed, unthought of. Can you conceive my sensations? Can you wonder that I silenced the importunate group with one gesture, that I allowed the ghostlike woman to wrap my own cloak around me, to place my bonnet on my head, and that I followed her from the house in passive submission.

“*La Grise, La Grise terrible! La Morte qui se meurt. La Morte Vivante!*” were the last words I heard muttered by one of the peasant girls as I crossed the threshold into the angry tempest.

It was a fearful night. But I was

a strong woman then; far stronger than my fragile guide, who bent and swayed with every blast, yet battled on with a pertinacity wonderful to behold. I will not weary you with a long account of the terrors of that midnight journey. At the end of nearly a mile of severe rock-climbing, we suddenly came to a spot where two animals, whether horses or mules I know not, stood sheltered in a cleft of the rock. We mounted them, and commenced another dreary ascent.

If you have ever climbed up a winding and a broken staircase on horseback, you can form some idea of this extraordinary ride. The stones rolled from under our horses' feet, and fell with a dull hollow splash into—what? What was beneath us? Where would one false step precipitate us? A flash of lightning revealed the deep dark waters of a mountain torrent, far, far beneath us.

The difficulties of the ascent were only varied by an occasional descent even more trying to my nerves. Repeatedly I reeled in my saddle, and was only saved from falling by the indescribable sensation first imparted to me by the ice-cold touch of my companion, which was now renewed, and lent to me a strength truly astonishing. At length the deep hollow sound under our horses' feet, the regular motion and even ground, led me to hope that our destination was reached. And so it was. We alighted at a dead wall built into the rock. A gigantic crucifix occupied the centre. I perceived no sign, no movement from my companion. She merely waited. But ere we had stood many minutes the crucifix slowly, and apparently without agency, moved aside. Through the aperture thus formed we entered.

Many were the passages we traversed, dark and sombre the rooms, gorgeously furnished,—curtains of velvet and satin, chairs and tables of richest gilt, and purest marble and ivory, studded with precious stones and gems, yet all covered with rust and mildew, all falling to decay, a prey to the moth. Curtains

from the richest looms hanging in tatters, carpets of the softest pile thick with the dust of ages. Rats scampered away as we approached; bats rustled from behind the unhinged shutters,—an owl flew blindly out from one broken window, and a dark bird came tumbling heavily in at another.

One dim lantern lighted us, carried by my guide, whom I followed closely, moving as in a dream.

The rooms became darker and smaller. We crept up a winding staircase of interminable length. It landed us in an ante-room of the most humble description; through it we passed. One more door was opened, and I was ushered into a room totally different from all the others which I had yet seen.

Very long—very low—very dark. No vestige of curtain or carpet decorated the bare walls and boarding. One dim candle burning on a small table on the further side of a huge funereal bed, round which the curtains were carefully closed; for the bed alone boasted drapery. A faint odour filled the apartment. Dim and death-like it stole into my very veins, and filled me with horror unspeakable. An intense longing to flee, to escape, to refuse to penetrate further these mysteries, for one moment gained possession of me. But the Veiled Woman laid her ice-cold hand once more on my shoulder, and once more I was her willing slave.

In that attitude she paused. There was a dead silence in the room. My eyes were fixed on the bed with horrible fascination. No sound, no groan, no murmur, no breath issued from those closed curtains. Surely Death was there! But how? in what form? and why was I called on to gaze upon its terrors?

With a gliding motion, perfectly noiseless, the Veiled Woman advanced to the side of the bed, on which the dim candle cast a feeble light. Noiselessly she drew back the curtain. Involuntarily I covered my face.

It was an awful moment. To me it seemed hours, nay, ages of ponderous silence weighing upon my excited brain.

Then a voice, clear yet feeble, uttered in accents, the wild peculiarity of which no words of mine could convey, "Marie! Approche! C'est La Grise!"

My hand seemed drawn from before my eyes, and I looked. . . . A coffin rested on the bare boards of the bedstead. A female form slightly raised by pillows rested therein. You will hardly believe me if I say that her beauty was far beyond anything I have ever witnessed elsewhere, for her hair was white as the driven snow, her face and form wasted away to a skeleton, the cheek-bones clearly defined, the poor cheeks rising and falling with every breath, the nose sharp, the lips a mere line of hue more leaden than the deadly white of the face. It was "La Morte qui se meurt." It was Living Death, or rather death dying afresh. The eyes alone lived; large and luminous, of unearthly beauty and sadness. Her dress of the softest grey tint harmonized with her whole appearance.

Again she bade me approach, and oh! with the voice there was no movement of the lips. Slightly open, they seemed not to stir. Only the cheeks still rose and fell, and the eyes looked through and through my brain, or I should have *known* that she was dead.

I could not but obey. I could not but approach her. And then, that measured voice told me a tale of such horror and woe, that, had I not heard it from the lips of her who had suffered and seen it herself, I could not have believed such things could be permitted in this beautiful world. Even now my heart stops beating, my blood freezes, as I realize that *it is a true tale*.

"I looked for you," said she, in French, "I knew you would come this year—this day—this hour. I have known it for fifty years. I have waited for it. And now you have to do for me a work, and you will do it."

She did not *ask* me, she *told* me I was to do it, and I knew I must; and if I had not so felt at once, I must have yielded to what followed. I tell you that this Living Dead spoke

to me of scenes in my past life of which no earthly being could have known. She uttered words that had been whispered into my ear alone, not then so very long before. She told me the thoughts that had combated in my heart at that moment, the strange circumstances that had followed, and which *could* only be known to one other on earth; for my own story has been more wonderful than many and many which I have told you.

When she ceased there was a pause. I marked her labouring breath, and more and more I marvelled as I gazed at the rise and fall of those transparent cheeks. Once more she resumed, and, still without turning even her head in the very slightest degree, she directed me to a black oak chest standing not far from her bed, the only object of any value in the apartment. By her command I raised the lid; it contained only a casket of ancient device, highly decorated and emblazoned. I brought it to her. Would those attenuated hands now be raised from her side? Would that death-like stillness be broken? No: *I* was to raise the cover of this likewise. I did so; a thick book in a cover of ebony, highly carved, met my view.

"Le Livre Noir,—le Livre des Tableaux," said the measured tones, pronounced as one fancies a mechanical voice would utter. "*C'est là ma vie,*" said she; "*c'est ici ma mort.*"

She desired me to open the book. I did so. It contained eight pictures—between each a few pages of writing. The pictures were defective in drawing, in composition, in perspective. They were as full of faults as pictures could be. Yet the expression, as well of form as of face, therein delineated, was something far beyond what we could dream of in the finest works of mere human art. As in the Living Dead herself, life was there, in spite of the total absence of all that sets forth and demonstrates life. And so it should have been, for they were the work of that Living Dead. Each picture portrayed a scene in her

life,—the story given in the pages following. She told me all.

PICTURE FIRST.

An ancient castle in Normandy—long uninhabited. The giant form of an old man at the castle-gate—a grim and gaunt figure, ill-favoured to behold.

A long white road—two figures toiling painfully toward the castle. One, a man but a few years younger than the first named—the other, a young and lovely child with long curls of rich chesnut hair floating in the breeze, with large dark eyes full of youth and innocent happiness, dancing in the sunshine in spite of fatigue and toil.

Could it be? Surely this could not portray the childhood of the Living Dead! Yet so it is. That fair young child—that pale still form, resting in her coffin, yet breathing, living—have but one soul, one spirit.

She was of high rank, of noble birth. Misfortunes drove her from her home ere her tenth year was sped—drove her from all that childhood loves, to wander forth with no other guardian than that old man by her side, one whose life had been devoted to her family. He was taking her to his own land, where, in his simplicity, he believed all would know and love him still, although years had passed since he left his home, and now his very name was long forgotten there.

They reach the castle gates. The men exchange greetings, and Anselm begs a glass of milk for the little one. Old Radoc fixes his fierce eyes upon her gentle face, and as he hands her the welcome draught, he asks: "Have they journeyed far? Night draws on. The little one is foot-sore. Will they not rest with him that night?"

Anselm gladly embraces an offer of so much apparent kindness, and they turn to follow their host. Not to the castle—no—years have passed since man slept within these walls—but to a rude yet massive *chaumière* close adjoining. Here Radoc bids them welcome, and after a slender repast the two men enjoy their

pipes on the bench at the door, while the little one rests her weary limbs on the fresh green grass, or wanders among the few flower-beds left in the once brilliant castle-garden. After a while the talk, as was but natural, fell upon the venerable pile before them. Anselm marvelled much that so goodly a building should be deserted by its owners; and Radoc, nothing loth, descanted on the ancient dignity and state of the old family to whom it still belonged.

"Pardieu," said he, "though they possess estates and châteaux in half the provinces, yet had they none like this. Notwithstanding these old walls have been deserted for upwards of two hundred years—left to the bats and the owls—to me and to my forefathers. For in the time of the last Count, who lived in his ancestral house, was a foul crime committed here, since when it has been haunted by fearful sights and sounds, and no man dares to sleep therein—nor has dared since the year 15—, when the deed was done; excepting only the Radoc of that day and his son—and even they were driven forth in the course of years, and forced to take up their abode in this lean-to where I now dwell. You must know," continued the old man, "that we Radocs have filled the office of servitors to the De Crespignys since the Flood, for aught that is known. Now every Radoc is tall beyond his fellow-men, and each Radoc has ever one only son, born but to live and die for the De Crespignys—and that is why we Radocs alone have been able to live so near to and take charge of this château, haunted as it is. For living De Crespigny a Radoc fears nor man nor devil. Yet even the love, the heart's blood of our race, cannot break the spell. No, it is reserved for those of softer mould to effect that work. The curse must be removed by one of higher name, of purer fame—and I know that the time draws on, for so saith the prophecy."

Anselm was curiously excited by these mysterious words, and eagerly he inquired further.

"List," said Radoc, "list to the pro-

phesy;" and he uttered in the patois of the district some lines of which I can only give you a rude translation:—

A curse on the house of De Crespigny!  
A ban on the blood-dyed walls!  
Here dare not to rest, or to bow the knee,  
Till time has run on o'er a century—  
Till Radoc's race nigh falls.  
Then innocence and youth shall sleep—  
High rank and name no vigil keep! . . .  
Alone . . . within the Damask Room . . .  
The curse is past—fulfill'd the doom.  
De Crespigny restored—forgiven . . .  
Shall wed with her by whom he's shriven. . .

"The day *the deed* was done," continued the old man, "these lines were traced by a blood-red hand in letters of fire on the wall of the Damask Room. You may read them there now. Till to-day I never understood their full import. I knew well that the time approached—nay, the time is passed; for, as I said before, it is upwards of two hundred years since the sentence was pronounced. Yet till now each Radoc has had one only son, stronger and taller than his fellow-men. Now only is our race about to fall. With me the last of the Radocs will be gathered to his fathers—and when, as will soon now occur—when the De Crespignys return in all their ancient state and grandeur to these ancestral walls, no Radoc will bid them welcome,—strange hands will wait upon them—strange voices respond to their commands—strange footsteps hasten to obey; only our bones will ever rest near them—only our spirits, faithful in death as in life, will ever linger around them!"

The old man paused, and brushed with his hard rough hand something like a tear from his fierce black eyes. Anselm was deeply moved.

"But how?—but how?" said he, eagerly; "how shall the curse be removed? I understand not. Repeat to me once more the prophecy."

Radoc did so, pronouncing the last lines with great emphasis, and pausing with a meaning look at the end.

"Friend," said he at length, drawing nearer to Anselm, and gazing earnestly

into the mild blue eyes of the old Swiss ; "friend, the time is come. Yon child averts the doom. Innocence and youth—high rank and name. Nay, start not," for Anselm all but rose from his seat at the words, "I betray you not. Nay, I assist you on your way when day dawns. But think not to deceive me! As you neared these gates, as my eye fell on yon little one, I knew it all. And more still I know. I know that by her alone can the curse be averted—the prophecy fulfilled. Yon child will sleep this night in the Damask Room."

Anselm shuddered, and drew further from his companion.

"Shall wed with her by whom he's shriven," pronounced Radoc, in a low guttural tone, his eyes still fixed on Anselm. "And what fear you for her? A good night's rest in a good bed?" What can the Powers of Darkness effect against the innocence of childhood! Pardieu! You are fortunate to secure her welfare so easily. What better can you do for her?"

"What, indeed?" He thought of his delicate charge—highly nurtured, highly bred. How was she to rough it through a life of poverty? He remembered his age, his failing health . . . . He would hesitate no more. His hand is hastily outstretched, and grasped by that of the ancient servitor.

No word was spoken. In silence they smoked on for a while. Then Radoc rose and fetched out his old lantern of horn, while Anselm signed to the little one to come to him. Already was her fatigue passed away. She bounded towards him, her soft hair floating like a veil around her sweet face—those eyes, raised to his own, so full of joy and life. Oh, surely there was before her a long, long life of happiness! . . . .

PICTURE SECOND.

A small chamber in the castle, partially hung with damask. A large bed with damask curtains. The two old men and the child entering at a door. Luminous, yet now almost illegible cha-

racters, traced on the only uncovered space on the wall. Yet is there nothing in the room to alarm: on the contrary, it has an air of almost English comfort. The child is delighted, and overwhelms her conductors with questions.

"And is it true, dear Anselm, that I sleep here this night? this little room all to myself! And a real bed once more! How many nights have passed since I have slept in a real soft bed!"

A few minutes, and the child is nestling her fair head into the pillow. A few minutes more, and she is all unwittingly alone in that haunted pile. Anselm would fain have watched by her side; but Radoc, fearful of the least infringement of the command, would not even permit him to remain outside the building, but dragged him by main force into his own small dwelling, and closed the door. . . .

PICTURE THIRD.

The same room—the Damask Room—but oh! how to render into words the thrilling horror of that scene.

A dim and ghostly light shone through the arena—a faint, a green and sickly light—the air was filled with dim and ghostly shapes: huge heads with hardly defined yet distorted dwarf forms—faces with expressions all too diabolical and misshapen, cloudy, filmy horrors; skeleton hands with claw-like fingers. On the floor rolled and twisted a huge green serpent with blood-red and terribly human eyes, pursuing a gigantic cat, black as death, of long long hair and twisted horns; which in its turn was bent on the destruction of an animal resembling a dog, but with human eyes and sea-green skin. A mingled sound of shrieks and groans, moanings, cries, and hissings. In the midst, a little fair child, crouching in deadly terror against the dark damask pillow, sitting almost upright in bed, her very lips blanched with terror, her large lustrous eyes open widely—widely, as though they could never close again—her sweet soft breath coming in spasms of wildest



agony . . . . . Hours sped, and still the turmoil raged, and still those innocent eyes grew more and more intense in their expression of agony. And when by degrees the filmy horrors all passed away, there glided into the room a more silent company.

Alone—in that Damask Room, at the dead hour of night, that little child saw with her own eyes the faces, the forms, of all those with whom her future life was to be passed, all those she must meet as friends or foes. Then and there was the Future laid bare before her, graven on the tablet of her fresh childish memory. There she saw me. There she knew all that would occur on the night of which I have told you. There, too, she saw him to whom she was to be more than all the world besides—and there she learnt how strangely she was to blight yet brighten his life. . . .

PICTURE FOURTH.

Again, the Damask Room. It is the dawn of day. The two old men are entering at the door; the one all unnerved and trembling with anxiety to see how it fared with his little one: the face of the other betrays mingled curiosity and triumph, as he drags rather than leads his companion to the bed. The little one is there; but oh, how changed! how sadly changed! Still crouching against the bed's head—still half buried in the big damask pillow, the tiny hands still grasping it in almost deadly agony, the large eyes still wide, wide open, as though they never more could close. What must not those eyes have looked upon, that in one short night all child-like brightness should have passed away from them, replaced by that wild, fixed, anxious gaze. Deep lines were on the fair young face. *The chestnut hair was white as driven snow.* Now, indeed, could I trace the likeness to La Grise! La Grise terrible. The Living Dead! . . . . The old men look into each other's eyes. Radoc knows that the curse has fallen from his master's

house; but Anselm feels that it has fallen on his little one. . . .

PICTURE FIFTH.

A fair castle in Normandy surrounded by a magnificent pleasaunce; the banks of a river; a young girl, dressed in sober robes of softest grey, seated listlessly on the grass, neither reading nor working—neither musing nor dreaming dreams of girlhood—only living, living on through her dreary death-life. Again the air is filled with shadowy forms, waving round her, ever moving, ever present. Nearest to her glides her second self; one like her in all points save one—the eyes. *Her eyes have lost the wild, scared look of fear; only a deep sadness, a far-off look of settled woe, will meet your gaze.* But the Shadow's eyes are wild, and wicked too. The Shadow's face is ever twisted into grimaces horrible to look upon. The Shadow ever mocks her, never leaves her, yet is visible to none but her.

In the distance, a young man advances; handsome, gifted, well born. It is the Lord de Crespigny; he whose curse she has taken, whose race she has saved. For the prophecy has been fulfilled; once more the De Crespignys reign in all their former state at the Château of Corridac: once more the ancient walls resound with sounds of merriment. But the curse has clung to the little one. She bore forth from the Damask Room a darkened spirit, a haunted life. For her, too, the prophecy must be fulfilled. Riches came to her. How it came to pass I know not, for on this portion of her history she did not dwell; but this fair domain was hers, and here she had lived her haunted dream-life and waited—waited for the day, the hour, which well she knew, when the Lord De Crespigny should come.

And now he came. Slowly she rose, and went to meet him. She placed her hand in his; she raised her haunted eyes, heavy with visions, to his face. The young man paused in great amaze, as well he might. What wondrous dream

was this?—or was it real? Her beauty passed all words, so sweet, and yet so strangely sad. He had seen many passing fair, but never one like this. *His* heart beat wildly, but hers kept on its measured pace. For her, joy and sorrow, love and hate, were not; only the haunted life, only the knowledge of all that was to be. . . .

looked upon it. He is roughly awakened from his dream of mingled bliss and heaviness. *La Grise* has fled—nay, vanished! Only the living flee. The wife of the Lord De Crespigny has faded from his side, and none can tell whither. But now she was here, her hand was in his own, and yet she is gone, and no traces of her flight are found! . . .

PICTURE SIXTH.

The Château of Corridac once more, but not the Damask Room. A light and airy *salon*, with windows opening on to the river. A *salon* furnished with all the luxury of the day, a couch drawn near to the window, on it the Living Dead; close to her, De Crespigny. He had brought his bride to his ancestral home. Of her former visit there he knew nought. In her dead heart the return to a scene of so much terror could awaken no feelings of fear or pain.

They are silent, both, side by side, hand in hand. They gaze into each other's eyes. She is unchanged,—still the same snow-white hair—the same sad far-off gaze of mournfulness, the old-young face, the soft grey dress. Only the second self is gone; the filmy shapes no longer hover near. But he—oh, in him much is changed. His youthful joy is gone; the bright quick glance, the ready word, the jest, the life. He, too, is sad and silent now. They rarely spoke. She lived and gazed at her haunted life. He lived and thought of her. . . .

PICTURE SEVENTH.

The same château once more, but no longer in repose. It is midnight, but lights flash and flicker on the ancient walls; servants are hurrying to and fro; steeds hastily saddled are led forth and as hastily mounted. Men are calling to one another; girls and women crying; and one may there be seen more eager than the rest, one to whom all there look—pale, haggard, with dress in disarray. His face tells all the anguish he endures; yet has it more of life than when last we

PICTURE EIGHTH

Portrays the scene which I witnessed with my own eyes, and of which I have tried to give you some faint idea. The long, low room, the draped bed, the coffin, and its strange yet lovely occupant. How she left the castle she told me not, nor why. Only she said, "When the time came I knew that I must go. It was not hard to leave him, though he loved me. I knew nor love nor hate." She came to the place where I found her. Here she had dwelt for forty years, always in her coffin, always without hope, or joy, or fear, or love; with no interest, no occupation, no life.

De Crespigny had never traced her. "It was not to be," said she. Vague stories of her strange existence, her death-life, were afloat in the neighbourhood, but they were little attended to, for poverty and time had dulled curiosity and gossip. When spoken of, it was as "*La Grise* terrible—*La Morte qui meurt*."

"And now," said she, as I closed the book, "you will do for me what I shall say. You will take this book to the Lord De Crespigny; show it to him, page after page, picture after picture. He is now at his Château of Corridac. Tell him that I am dead. That with me the curse has left this world, and in the next I bear it not. Tell him, I left him not for love or hate, but that *it was to be, and so it was*. He was to live a life of love and happiness. For me were neither here: I go where both will be. Go now, and do my bidding."

I dared not disobey. With one lingering glance at that death-like form, at the dark low room, the oak chest, the

coffin, I grasped the heavy book and turned to go.

Once more the veiled one glided forth; once more I followed her through all the ghostly rooms, and the day was already old when I found myself in the little village which I had so strangely left at midnight.

"And did you take the book?" said I, eagerly, as my aunt paused. "Did you go to the Château of Corridac? Did you see the Lord De Crespigny?"

"I did," replied my aunt. "I lost no time, but at once sought the chateau, to which I had been so strangely directed. It was a noble building, and evidently the abode of great wealth. Nothing was wanting to add to its beauty, or even luxury. I sent in my card, with a request for a private interview with Lord De Crespigny.

As I waited in a magnificent *salon*, a lady richly attired swept past the windows, which opened to the ground. With her were two children, a boy and a girl. Both were fair and lovely to behold. I could hear their voices as I stood half concealed by the curtains. The words "Papa" and "Mamma" first caught my ear. The boy was eagerly telling some tale of childish enterprise; the girl ever and anon chiming in with some gentle remark. The lady listened smilingly, and bid them tell it all again to "Papa." It was evident that they were at home. "Surely," thought I, "this cannot be the wife of De Crespigny. Surely he cannot have forgotten his Phantom Bride!"

Alas! it was a woman's thought; a thought of constancy; and even as it passed my mind those upon whom I gazed were joined by a fourth. A gentleman, tall and majestic, yet numbering some seventy years at least, crossed the green lawn at some distance, and the children running to him called "Papa! papa!" while the lady advanced to meet him, and placed her arm within his own. Could I mistake that face? Even at that distance the singular resemblance to the picture of De Crespigny's young lord was too marked to escape my atten-

tion. I drew back hastily, with an involuntary exclamation of surprise, so differently had I pictured to myself my meeting with the Living Dead.

Another moment, and he was at my side, bowing with all the courtliness of the old French *noblesse*.

How I told him my tale, how I got through all I had to say, is even now to me a matter of marvel. He listened at first with an air of well-maintained courtesy, but ere long his face became of ashy paleness; even from his lips the colour faded; his hand was raised to his eyes, and in the action it trembled visibly.

When I drew the book from beneath my cloak, and placed it before him, he shrank for one moment, with a horror evidently uncontrollable, from touching it; but mastering his emotion with a great effort, he followed me through the ghostly tale so strangely interwoven with the story of his own early life.

At the conclusion I raised my eyes to his face, upon which I had as yet scarcely dared to fix my gaze. It was no longer agitated. The lips were firmly closed. Deep lines were about the eyes and forehead. Years seemed to have passed over him since I saw him first with his lovely wife and those fair young children.

Twice he essayed to speak, and twice his voice died away in husky whispers. Yes, he had loved her!—that Living Dead. He had loved her well and truly, for her memory yet dwelt in his heart.

Once more he strove to speak, and this time his voice was audible, though the tones were strained. Laying his hand on "Le livre noir," he bent to me lowly.

"I thank you, Madame," said he in excellent English, though with a foreign accent; "I thank you for the noble courage you have shown, for your ready kindness. Forgive me if I quit you somewhat hastily. No man could hear unmoved what I have heard this day. If you will permit me, I will write to you. It is but right that you should know the whole."

I rose, and, almost overcome at the sight of the brave old gentleman struggling thus manfully with his strange weight of memory and sorrow, hastened to relieve him of my presence.

"But surely you accepted his offer? You did not refuse to receive his account of the wonderful events, my dear aunt?" said I, as Aunt Mary drew her shawl more closely round her, and prepared to rise from her chair.

"On the contrary, my love. I assured him that I should be most grateful to him for the performance of his promise," replied my aunt, as she closed the window, against the panes of which the summer rain now beat in torrents; "and his letter followed me to England within a month of the time when I saw him; but as the little MS. was marked 'strictly

private and confidential,' I fear I must break off my story at this point, and leave you either to die of curiosity or to invent a *finale* for yourself. I will, however, tell you this much: the second marriage was an affair of love on one side only,—that of the lady. He married her from the very nobility of his nature, because he fancied that he had unwittingly given her cause to believe that he felt for her what he never could feel for any but that Living Dead. There, I have told you all that I dare to tell of La Grise—La Grise terrible—La Morte qui meurt."

And with these words my aunt returned to the bedside of Maxsy and Paxsy, leaving me by no means easy in my mind, in all the darkness and gloom of that usually cheerful little parlour.

## HOSPITALITY.

πρὸς γὰρ Διὸς εἰσιν ἅπαντες ξείνοί τε πτωχοί τε.

WERE we to believe implicitly in those luscious descriptions of the present season, by which, if by nothing else, the late Mr. Dickens asserted his powers of imagination, we should picture to ourselves all England given over at this moment to the indulgence of "the best feelings of our nature"—to the resuscitation of family ties, the mutual forgiveness of injuries, and hilarious but innocent conviviality. Although, however, we are not so credulous as to accept these pictures as average specimens of an Englishman's mode of spending Christmas, we are not so cynical as to deny the truth of them altogether, or to speak of such festive traditions with that exquisite contempt which a certain class of writers seem to think the "correct" tone; but which, to our mind, is an extreme just as conventional, just as superficial—if you like, just as vulgar—as the other. We do believe that the season of Christmas awakens in a great many people associations and reminiscences which do them good for a while; that of those who are beyond the reach of such influences the good nature effervesces, to use a phrase of Mr. Disraeli;<sup>1</sup> and that, on the whole, it is a time when, notwithstanding the admixture of a large element of hypocrisy in the old-established methods of celebrating it, there is a good deal of real happiness and unaffected enjoyment, which reanimate the charities of life, and dispose people to think less evil of each other than they are inclined to do at ordinary times.

Christmas, being supposed to be the

<sup>1</sup> "The Dinner Party at Marney," in "Sybil, or the Two Nations," where a character not wholly unlike one we have here attempted to depict is to be found in Lord Marney.

season *par excellence* of hospitality, is supposed to be the very cradle and fountain of all those social fictions on which hospitality is built. We have therefore taken advantage of the time to say what we have to say on the subject. But the vices incidental to the practice of hospitality, which persons are generally thinking of when they declare it to be humbug, are not the vices on which it is our purpose to dwell in this article. The idea of the social treadmill, whether in town or country, is that of a number of persons keeping up a round of entertainments which they find laborious and dull, simply because they have got into a groove and don't know how to get out of it. That is not what we are thinking of at all; it is something quite different. We have in view the humbug not of the man who doesn't want to see you when he asks you, but of the man who does. This is a less common form of the disease than the other, but, morally speaking, it is a much worse one. Because he who practises the former kind of humbug is only part of a system, whereas he who practises the latter does it for himself alone. This, we think, is a character whom satirists have hitherto spared. But he richly deserves castigation. Opulent persons who can afford led-captains and lady-companions, and the like, bear a faint and distant resemblance to him. But they are obliged to pay for their whistle; and, after all, there is no real disguise about the whole transaction. It is the villain who, under the mask of hospitality, turns his friend into a led-captain, and tries to get all the gain that is to be got out of that agreeable relationship, without the expense of it; who would make the temple of friend-

ship a den of thieves, and reduce the most exalted of human ties to the level of the basest—that here excites our scorn and indignation. What is all this hollow declamation about?—says the reader. He shall soon know. There is more in it than he thinks for.

No doubt the most amiable form which this vice is capable of assuming is where the host requires your services as a genuine *conviva*, a companion with whom he can eat and drink more agreeably than he can by himself, or whose presence serves him as an excuse, either to himself or his wife, for more luxury than usual. Amiable, indeed! I hear some one exclaim. Why, such a man is the very prince of good fellows! Softly, my friend. We never said that he was not what is often called “a good fellow,” simply meaning a man of strong social propensities, a healthily developed animalism, and with no indisposition to spend his money on his friends, provided they promote his self-indulgence. But thwart my friend Glowworm in any of the objects of his life, keep him waiting for his dinner, refuse to share the second bottle, go to sleep in the smoking-room, and see what your fate will be. Mind, let it be distinctly understood that we have no sympathy with any one of the three transgressions aforesaid. To keep a man waiting for his dinner is to do him a physical injury; to drink only one bottle when you can get two is simply a confession of weakness; and to go to sleep over that cozy, lazy chat to which the “sweetest morsel of the night” should be dedicated, is an act which, when not the result of overpowering bodily fatigue, is sheer stupidity. That is not the point. True hospitality, unselfish hospitality, consists in allowing a guest to do exactly as he likes; and when he makes a blunder, such as being late for dinner, to show no irritation at what hurts only yourself and not him. But the host we have in our eye shows by unmistakeable signs that he has asked you to his house for his own enjoyment, not yours; and that, if you can’t give him what he wants, you had better go about your business. The best

thing about Glowworm is that his requirements don’t extend beyond the powers of most persons in good health, who live a good deal out of doors, and take due pleasure in the refined indulgence of all natural appetites. The chains in which he binds you are forged by the same selfishness as in other cases; but you feel them less. The host is not more hospitable, but the guest is less likely to be uncomfortable, than in other associations dependent on analogous motives.

As the above is the mildest form in which this infirmity manifests itself, so we think the most exasperating is where a man asks you to his house simply to use you as a talking-machine. When such a man has exhausted all the power of opposition and contradiction which his wife, his schoolmaster, and the principal farmers present to him, he bethinks himself of getting a fresh man down from London to go on with while they are *hors de combat*. “Come down to Mangoldworzleshire, Snob, my boy,” says Major Ponto, in that inimitable “Book of Snobs,” “and I’ll give you as good a day’s shooting, and as good a class of claret, as any in the country.” Now, this in Ponto was a mere little bit of harmless swagger. There was no deep-laid design in it. Not so with the Rev. Bull Terrier, who comes up from the North in May, ostensibly to see the Exhibition, but in reality to secure a supply of victims for summer consumption, *vice* wife, squire, farmers, and clergyman, turned out to grass, so to speak, to recover from the effects of many a hard run during the previous six months. “Ah,” says Bull, “when are you coming down to Goreham, old fellow? I saw Sir John’s keeper the other day; he says he can give you some fishing”—the serpent!—“and we shall be very glad to see you.” One person I know will be, and that is poor Mrs. Terrier, whose only hope of recovering her flesh depends on the advent of a guest who will divert the fire from herself. So in a hurried way, and not thinking of quite all you are committing yourself to, you reply that you will be most happy to run down

next week, and go home to bed, saying to yourself that, after all, Terrier is a good hospitable fellow. And so in one sense—the conventional sense of the word—he is. He sends his pony-chaise to meet you at the station, and, after a journey of nearly two hundred miles by rail, into it you tumble on a raw spring evening; your whole soul wrapped up in the expectation of dinner. The very pony has the air of an animal whose mane and tail have been nearly talked off. The driver is quite silent. All power of loquacity has been taken out of *him*. Arrived at the house, you meet a hearty welcome from the servants, who are only too glad to see a stranger in the house, and walk into the dining-room, where, however, there is no sign of dinner. “Missis,” you are told, has gone to stay with her sister, and “master” is out in the parish. Confound it! you say to yourself,—but it’s seven o’clock: what does this mean? “What time does Mr. Terrier dine?” you ask. “Oh, just according to what time he comes in,” is the reply. This provoking platitude only irritates without informing you, and you stare in impatient perplexity at the self-possessed handmaiden, who communicates a trait in her master’s character which would cause a domestic revolution in half the homes of England, as if it was the most ordinary behaviour in the world. Well, there is nothing for it but to wait. And after waiting about three-quarters of an hour—by which time it is eight o’clock—in trots Bull, with the sweetest of smiles upon his face. “I’m so glad you’ve come,” he says, shaking your hand heartily. “Have you been here long?—we’ll have some dinner directly,” he adds, apparently as if that might have been quite an open question before he spoke. There is something exasperatingly cool about the whole of this address, as if there was nothing at all odd in the situation which required an apology. But if one thing does inflict upon us keener disgust than another, it is to hear people talk of having “some” dinner. You *can’t* have *some* dinner. Such lan-

guage implies a radically false conception of the whole meal. You may have some food; but it is impossible to quantify dinner. There may be different kinds of dinner, but each one is complete within itself. Whether you have six spoonfuls of soup or twelve, one slice of mutton or two, a wing only or a wing and a merry-thought of the chicken, you have equally had dinner—a repast complete within itself—the realization of a distinct idea. If you see a man only five feet high, you don’t call him *some* man. And a beefsteak and a Welsh rabbit at the “Cock” is just as much a dinner as a feast *à la Russe*, of courses innumerable. Not but what much depends on the consumer. The elements which compose the meal may be dinner, or not, according to the spirit in which they are received. *Ad modum recipientis recipiuntur*. To minds which cannot comprehend what dinner is, nothing is dinner. It is simply a block of meat. The man of taste clothes it with form in his own mind, and to him, subjectively, it is dinner. Now of this form or idea you can’t have *some*. That is too ridiculous.

All this passes through your mind in no time, while you are standing with your back to the fireplace waiting for your host, who is washing his hands upstairs. Every cloud has its silver lining, and presently the gleam of damask and the flashing of silver pierce through the moral gloom in which you are enveloped, and you begin, like Bob Sawyer after supper, to feel quite convivial. Down comes Bull, the picture of geniality. “I’m rather chilly,” he says—he doesn’t ask if *you* are. “I think we’ll have the fire lighted.” The grate crackles and blazes, the curtains are drawn, the lamp is placed upon the table, the lid is taken off the soup-tureen. Yes, you have got dinner at last, that is certain, though it is nearly nine o’clock, and for a while all goes well. Notwithstanding your very natural suspicions of a man who has spoken of dinner with so much ignorant levity as is evinced by prefixing the word “some” to that imperial meal, you dis-

cover that you *can* dine at Terrier's. But experience soon teaches you that the price of that privilege is considerable.

"They must be awfully hard up in Paris, I should think," says he: "I shouldn't like to be there."

"No more should I. Why should the Prussians do anything more than starve them out?"

"Oh, that would take a long time; the French have got plenty of bread and plenty of wine; the Prussians would be fools to rely on famine."

"Yes, perhaps they would," is your answer. "They would find it difficult to stay in France through the winter."

"I don't see that," he says; "they've got the whole country."

"Yes, to be sure. And the Prussian cavalry is supreme."

"It is not so good as the Numidian cavalry was under Hannibal."

"Ah, yes," you cry with an expression of the deepest interest. "Let's see—what were some of their chief exploits?"

"Oh, they never performed any great exploits, you know. You know very well what they were. Hannibal must have been a magnificent general."

"Hannibal, Turenne, and who was the third of whom Napoleon thought so highly?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I should think Turenne would have been bothered a great deal by the Crown Prince."

"Yes, the Crown Prince is a great man. He wouldn't have allowed himself to be outnumbered like the French."

"The French never were outnumbered—that's a mere delusion."

"Well, whether or no, their infantry was so inferior that the odds must have been the other way, to have given them a chance."

"I don't see that. The infantry fought splendidly on several occasions."

"Badly officered," you suggest as a safe observation, being in fact the only solution now left. But Bull would scorn to be done in that way.

"They're much better officered than the English," he says.

And now, finding that he is determined

not to allow you to agree with him on this subject, perhaps you try another. But even if he lets you leave the other till he has done with it himself, you find no change. The chances are, however, that, after his last reply, he will add, "Don't you think so?"

Well, you hardly know; the systems are so different, you say; or make some other evasive remark of equal originality and power, on a par with the rest of the conversation.

Now Bull is in his element at once. You have indirectly contradicted him.

"Pooh! you *must* know—English officers are never taught anything at all," in tones of indescribable contempt.

"But they do pretty well in battle, somehow."

"They're not afraid of knocking their heads against a wall—I know that," he says, "if that's what you mean."

You press him with historical instances to show that they could do something more. But as you find him to retain a firm and unalterable conviction that the only war of any magnitude in which English troops ever were engaged was the Crimean, and that our successes there, which have been immensely exaggerated, were only a series of lucky accidents, it is impossible to pursue the subject, and you are obliged to listen to him for another quarter of an hour, as he continues to reiterate with heightened and contemptuous emphasis every one of his previous statements. This is exactly what Terrier likes—to get, that is, a man fixed at his dinner-table, and, after reducing him to silence by the process aforesaid, to enunciate a series of propositions which he knows are disagreeable to him, but which he knows also that the poor fellow will be afraid to challenge. It is for this he invites him to his house, gives him of his mutton and his claret, procures him fishing and shooting, and in fact coddles him and fattens him up as it were for the evening shambles. If you can bear this periodic torture, and can put up with such laxity about the hour of dinner as naturally flows from your



host's uncivilized and illogical conception of that institution, in other respects you are in clover. Bull won't put himself out of his way, or suspend a single one of his eccentric habits, to save you from the worst inconvenience; for that would defeat the very object of his hospitality. But submit to his conditions, and your material comfort will be great. He has the reputation of being a most hospitable fellow. But he acts on the maxim that

"True self-love and social are the same,"

in a much narrower sense than was ever intended by the poet, and in open defiance of the Homeric maxim that guests come from God. Doubtless Homer and ourselves mean two different kinds of guests. But then, to use a convenient and compendious formula, the principle is the same.

There is a vast deal of what passes current for hospitality in the world which is nothing better than this. And lest the reader should fancy us more in earnest than we are, we don't really mean that *this* is bad. But what we do mean is that as in the whole field of jolly good fellowship, so in this particular department of it, there is much deception practised, and that people get credit for a much larger stock of benevolence than they actually possess. Terrier, for instance, is a man of the most kindly impulses, who, if he heard of a friend being in trouble, would feel sincerely sorry as long as his misfortunes lasted, and would help him if he could. He is a man, too, of an affectionate nature, who is conscious of feeling happy in the company of a man he likes; in general society he is most agreeable, being a man of high culture, considerable native ability, and a strong sense of humour. All this he is. But hospitable he is not in the true sense of the word, who gives you dinner and bed merely for the sake of bullying you. It may be objected that so cordial and good-natured a man could take no pleasure in bullying people. But they will not think so who have observed how easily tricks of this kind

grow upon men who are extremely able without being equally observant; and whose intellectual irritability is not kept under by an habitual consciousness that in society it is not tolerated.

A third kind of spurious hospitality is the fussy, harassing species, which is to the last-mentioned what the crank is to the lash. Far be it from the present writer to insinuate that he ever has been, ever expects to be, or ever wishes to be, received as a lion in any quarter. Nevertheless, in remote rural districts, even in these days of railroads and newspapers, a visitor from London is a novelty, and can be utilized by an adroit host. Such a host is Bobbins, of Gossup-in-the-Bogs, Torkshire. Bobbins has just the same amount of natural cordiality as Terrier, is just as glad to see you, and entertains you nearly if not quite as well. But hospitable he will not allow himself to be, because, like Terrier, he has always got a selfish object to gain by your presence in his house, in pursuit of which your own comfort and convenience vanish from his mind. Bobbins's passion is not for argument, but for exposition tempered by small talk. And just as to one man you are an excuse for a better dinner, more wine, and a longer smoke, so to Bobbins are you an excuse for more bobbing about, more lecturing, more indulgence in petty scandal. It is a much longer journey to Gossup than it is to Goreham, and you arrive there tired in proportion. What you would like best is a quiet chat with Bobbins after dinner, an early pipe, and an early retirement to bed. But Bobbins did not ask you all the way to Torkshire to please *you*. So he says to his wife, about the middle of dinner, "Oh, Susan, I've asked old Mr. Wether to look in this evening. I knew he would like to meet John." Accordingly, just as you are raising to your lips your second glass of port, a ring at the bell announces the arrival of the gentleman whose good taste makes him like to see you, and he is shown into the dining-room. You have met him before, and you shake hands with warmth. Now in Wether

himself there is no harm: he is only a little solemn, a little prosy, and a little inarticulate by reason of his want of teeth, but mixed with Bobbins, like common air with coal gas, he becomes noxious directly. Of course, the first thing he asks you is if you are going to make a long stay. Before you can reply Bobbins takes the answer out of your mouth, and immediately expounds to Mr. Wether at some length your plans and prospects for the next three days, as settled by himself. The next question is, equally of course, whether there is any news, and, equally of course, it is answered for you. These two subjects being exhausted, Bobbins and his friend fall to on parochial topics, stimulated by the presence of a stranger, to whom each in turn volunteers an explanatory "aside." This lasts for hours. To move from your seat would be high treason. The present writer tried it on once, and went out into the garden with a cigar. He was speedily brought back. "I want you to talk to Mr. Wether," said Bobbins. We went back, and the conversation was resumed as before; that is, confined exclusively to these two. The whole evening is passed in just the same manner; and when Wether goes away at twelve o'clock, he has certainly had the satisfaction of seeing you—but that is all: he has not been allowed to hear you. The next day you go out shooting, and come in, more tired than ever, to a late dinner. Before the cloth is off the table, Bobbins, who doesn't rest, looks at his watch. "We mustn't sit very long," he says. "I promised the Blinkers we would walk up there this evening: they want to see you, I know." Confound the Blinkers! is your internal ejaculation. But all you can do is to say, meekly, that you are quite ready; and off you go accordingly, only to find the scene of last night re-enacted. The Blinkers *do* see you; and let us hope they are gratified. They hear Bobbins, and that is what gratifies *him*. Thus, you see, Bobbins has done a good stroke of business these two nights. He has exhibited you twice as his distinguished London friend; he

has expounded several public questions with great effect; and has clearly shown that you, eminent as he represents you to be in some profession or another, have nothing to say in *his* presence. The price which Bobbins makes you pay for his hospitality is, on the whole, I think, more exorbitant than Bull Terrier's. The latter is more aggravating at first, but you get used to it, and learn in time to hear your favourite ideas ridiculed, and your stateliest idols blasphemed, with tolerable equanimity. And, to do Bull justice, he is never offended by your silence; he never imputes it to sulkiness—only to sheer inability to continue the struggle any longer. But there is no getting used to being dragged away from your dessert, on a wet October night, after shooting seven hours over heavy clay, that you may go and sit out the evening in silence at a neighbour's house, because they like to *see* you. Now Bobbins doesn't give a thought to the effect of this amusement upon *you*. It increases his own importance. And though not generally a selfish man, he is like Terrier in being essentially unobservant—a fault which often produces the worst fruits of the worst selfishness, though by giving it another name we prevent its atrocity from being recognized.

To such an extent is this forgetfulness of every one but themselves carried by some people, that I have seen a man actually sit with a decanter of wine at his elbow and fill himself glass after glass while earnestly engaged in conversation, without once thinking of his guests. Now I am convinced that if you told this man that you had seen him do so, he wouldn't believe you. There would be nothing affected in his incredulity; it would be real and immovable. Such conduct would be so abhorrent to his own nature, so gross, so ungentlemanlike, that he could no more suppose himself guilty of such a thing than of cheating at cards, or eating with his knife. These are the bad habits which a man's wife ought to correct, if she has the chance. But there are some wives again, and very often the wives of such men, who

think it high treason in anybody to object to what their husband does, and that what would be a heinous breach of manners in another person is irreproachable in him. This fault no doubt does not proceed from selfishness ; but it is so closely allied to it, it is a habit to the formation of which such constant self-neglect must contribute, such deliberate resolution not to take the trouble to conform to rules which, if every one disregarded, society would be impossible, that it is only a shade less culpable.

It is doubtless quite true that between host and guest there should be a certain degree of reciprocity. The guest is bound to exert himself to give pleasure to his entertainer, as much as the entertainer is bound to exert himself to promote the comfort of his guest. That is all fair. But there should at least be an understanding beforehand whether the guest will be required to render any services, either vexatious in themselves or not warranted by the customs of society. Bull Terrier and Bobbins ask you down much as a great nobleman would invite a troupe of actors or a celebrated singer. Hospitality hardly enters into the consideration. And even the festive Glowworm has his own enjoyment so steadily in view all the time, that his case is not a great deal better. It may be difficult to draw the line where real hospitality ends and spurious begins. But the two extremes are quite distinct, though they may melt into each other in the middle. If a man's first thought is of his guest, he will be quick to see when he is boring him or annoying him ; but when his first thought is of himself, such symptoms may long pass unnoticed. This is almost the only approach to a general rule that one can lay down. But, such as it is, we commend it to the careful consideration of all masters of houses who are in the habit of flattering themselves that they are good fellows, and no mistake ; and that if you want genuine hospitality, you must go to them.

The reader will, perhaps, have re-

marked that, of the little social sketches which are here attempted, the scene lies always in the country. The reason is, that for the exercise of that particular kind of hospitality, which it was the object of this essay to expose, there is not the same opportunity in London as there is in country districts. That tyranny which is possible in a village is impossible in a city, where a code of social laws in full force protects the individual against all oppression except what it sanctions itself. As we remarked at the commencement of this article, there is as much hypocrisy in town hospitalities as in country ; but it is not of the same kind. The former has been shown up *ad nauseam* ; the latter has been little noticed. And trivial as it may seem, the author cannot persuade himself that it really is so. If social intercourse is a humanizing influence, nothing can be trivial which interposes with its mutual operations. What ought to be our moments of refreshment and relaxation are turned by such men as we have described to perpetual worry and fatigue. Whether conversation be a lost art or not we refrain from inquiring. But it is certain that

To mouth *a subject* as curs mouth a bone,

to shake it and worry it, and turn to it again and again, like an ill-bred dog to a half-dead rat, is *not* conversation ; and deserves only the same treatment as the dog would receive, *i.e.* to be whipped off it. And whether the conception of a dinner as a meal closing the day's work, after which nothing serious should be undertaken, be or be not too sensual a one we will refrain from inquiring too. But this is certain, that to couple it with such post-prandial conditions as we have here glanced at is fatal to all the ease and *abandon* which ought to distinguish it. Now dining and conversing are the two component parts of "hospitality." And if the world would only think of this, how much more agreeable life might be.

## A BULL-FIGHT, AND AFTER-THOUGHTS.

EVERYONE said, "You must see a bull-fight; never think of leaving Spain without it." The reasons were just those which the same "everyone" would have used to persuade a foreigner to go to the Derby or an English prize-fight; and they sufficed.

The landlord bought my ticket: five francs; fourth tier; in the shade; half-past four. There was a notable increase of strange Spanish costumes in Madrid all day. People from the country came in great numbers, but nearly all were of the lower classes; and by a street-stall near us there was a great sale of tickets going on, and such a crowd as one sees in the blackguard betting-corners in London. And from within half an hour of the fight all the road to the ring was full of people going to it, but all orderly, quiet, and as serious as Spaniards usually are. There was none of the sheer blackguardism one would have seen on the way to a prize-fight, or of the fun on the road to a race. There appeared a little more than the usual excitement in the street, and that was all.

The Plaza de Toros was a great circus, uncovered, able to hold 10,000 people. The arena level, hard, sandy, scrupulously clean. Its first enclosure was a wooden fence about six feet high, with a ledge about two feet from the ground, from which a man, stepping on it, might easily vault over the fence. Outside the fence was a clear space some four or five feet wide, and then came the tiers of seats, some eight or ten. The better were separated from the worse by a high rail; and the best, above all, were like a set of private boxes in an opera-house, well enclosed and covered-in. Among these, the chief, like a royal box, was occupied by the president, the Marquis di Villaseca, and his friends.

At half-past four a trumpet sounded, the arena, up to this time occupied by scattered groups of people, was quickly cleared, and in a few minutes every one

was in his seat. About nine-tenths of the whole amphitheatre were filled; there were about thirty men to one woman, and not more than one in twenty could, in even the loosest sense, have been called a gentleman. Yet the whole company was very quiet; there were no police or gendarmes, yet all was orderly, as in an assembly of connoisseurs.

When all were seated, there came a loud flourish of trumpets, and, through doors opened in the fence around the arena, two men rode in—heralds they might be thought—and galloped round the ring, and then cleared off. Another louder flourish, with beating of drums, and through the same opened doors a long procession filed in. All who were to engage in the fight, the men with flags or cloaks, and those with the darts, the horsemen with their lances, and the chiefs of all with their long thin rapiers, marched slowly across the arena, gorgeously, or at least brilliantly, dressed. They were followed by some ten or twelve huge mastiffs, led or held by chains; and, after homage to the president, all filed off except two horsemen and about six of the men carrying cloaks or long flags. These remained for the beginning of the fight, and the horses, very poor hacks, were blindfolded.

The whole scene thus far had a good stage effect, and was in some degree exciting, for the lookers-on cheered their favourites among the fighters, and the men bore themselves well, and were manifestly a set of very dexterous, swift, and strong-limbed fellows, in whom a great populace might feel the same interest as among ourselves is felt for distinguished rowers, cricketers, or other athletes. Thus far one could not but look on with interest, in the belief that the whole scene must be very like the beginning of an old tournament, or not unlike the Roman amphitheatre.

Less than a minute passed: and then with great noise of music soon drowned in a louder noise of voices, the bull ran

into the ring, driven in through a side door in the fence. He was a fine, broad-chested, short-limbed, dark brute, and looked very powerful and very agile. With a glance or two in front of him, he rushed at once to fight. With a steady quick trot he ran with his head low at a group of the men with flags, but he ran wildly, as if only to hurt somebody, something, or anything; and the men dispersed and easily leaped the fence, and were away from risk. Again he rushed at some more with the same result, and then at a horse, from which he was slanted-off with a slight graze from a lance. Thus for the first few minutes the bull made all the fight; and he fought of his own will and after his own fashion, as if with enemies that he might despise. But when his foes escaped, and again and again returned unhurt, he seemed to tire of the work, and would have left it for some sort of sulky peace. But then began a series of unceasing provocations. One after another the men with flags, bright green or red, held them out in front of him, or flared them in his very face; and when he ran at them and tossed, slipped cleverly aside, or ran right ahead and vaulted over the fence, against which he ran in vain, or tried in vain to leap. Not a moment's peace was allowed; one flag provoked him on one side, another on another, or one man bolder than the rest would stand in front of him close by his very horns, and, as he tossed this way and that, would leap and dance that way and this, plaguing the last remnant of his patience, and gaining for himself a boisterous round of applause. And as if men teasing worse than flies were not enough for vexing, the horses were brought in to add, unwillingly, their provocations.

They were made to run by the side or to stand in front of the bull, and then gallop off, and when he pursued he was lanced in the skin of the neck or of the shoulder, and so was shunted off. But he could sometimes have his revenge on the horses. They were blindfolded, and the spectators wished them to be hurt; so their riders, well padded and with broadly shielded stirrups, often left them exposed

to the bull's horns. He gored one savagely along the shoulder, and struck a horn deep and wide into the stomach of another, and had the people's loud applause when the poor brute's entrails came through the wound, and hung out of him half way to the ground. But still there was no rest; even the wounded horses were again and again urged and beaten up to the bull; and the flags incessantly enraged him: till a trumpet sounded, and for a few seconds he was left nearly alone, baffled, tired, wounded, worried, but very far from beaten.

The respite was but for a little time, and then came worse tormentors. If the chulos, the men with flags, were to the bull as evil flies, these, the banderilleros, were to be as hornets. Each of the three carried a pair of darts, with shafts wrapped round with silk, and each in succession attracting the bull, alone, or with the help of one of the chulos, drew him to a straightforward rush and toss. Then, at a fair occasion, but sometimes after many feints and foilings, the man stood steady as if he would certainly receive the bull's full thrust, and at the very instant of the thrust, leaping aside, drove in his darts and ran away.

It was an act of marvellous skill. None but a very cool, dexterous, and light-footed man could have done it; none but a bold one could have tried it. For the darts must be planted deep enough to hold, and one on each side of the nape, right over the spine, so that when fixed they may hang down and swing, one on each side of the neck. To make sure of this the man must either reach right over the horns, or take the very instant of their passing him as he slips aside. In either way, the deed is done so swiftly that the winking of one's eyes would shut out all sight of it.

The three pairs of darts were duly fixed, and the rage, but not the power, of the bull increased threefold. He bellowed with the pain and irritation, but his rushes were less swift and he ran less wide abroad; he had been fighting for some twenty minutes, and seemed tired. Two acts were played

out; now with the loudest trumpets came the third and last. The matadore, the spada, the real bull-slayer came into the ring, and bowed and made his speech to the president: a formal speech, asking leave to kill the bull, and promising to bring honour to his craft and style by the manner of his killing. (Such is said to be the general purport of the speech; but it can be audible to only a very small group among the thousands who are present.)

One could not but admire the look of this man—tall, handsome, well-made in all his limbs, and well proportioned; graceful, dressed as for the stage, brilliant, and closely fitted, but with no affectation of manner. Compared with the others, they looked excellent for swift escape; he for cool attack.

With his slender long sword in his right hand and a scarlet flag in his left, he walked quietly to the bull, flaunted him in the face, drew him to the one side or the other as he swayed his flag, and let him drive at it. There was no running now, but a fight at close quarters, or rather a fighting by the bull and a fencing by the man, whose whole design seemed to be to bring his victim to the middle of the ring. And he brought him to it with gradual enticings and enragings; and then he seemed only to watch for an opportunity to make his one thrust. He never left the bull; was always in his face or close by his side; he never ran, or gave him occasion to run, but coolly stepped aside from his repeated thrusts and tossings. At last, at such an instant as the banderilleros had caught for thrusting in their darts, so did he thrust in his sword; but not into the mere skin; it went right down between the shoulder-blade and the spine, between two ribs, far into the left side of the chest, probably through the heart: and there he left it, and the ring rang with applause.

The bull scarcely staggered; he stood still and would have died there. But he was not even yet incapable of rage or fight; and he must die in the place of honour, near the nobility of the president. So, with renewed provocation of noises, and flags at which he faintly butted,

fighting to the last, but with each step feebler and more slow, he reached his appointed goal. And there he stood for a minute, while all looked at him, still, dim, and peacetul, and then fell dead.

Instantly, with a fresh call from the trumpets, three mules, as large as horses, harnessed together, were ridden in, and, dashing across the ring, were turned so that the dead bull's horns might be fastened to their traces; and then, with the same speed at full gallop, they dragged him out, and the people shouted as for a victory of great wisdom and great bravery.

After a little interval another victim was driven in for similar provocation and similar slaughter. Connoisseurs could find in the two fights, and in the four that followed them, a hundred differences that were unobserved or uncared for by the uneducated writer. For him two fights sufficed; for they appeared just alike, except in that the second bull, who seemed dying very slowly from his first wound, was despatched with a *coup-de-grace*. As he stood and feebly fought by the president's box, a sword was very dexterously driven deep between his skull and spine, and falling on his knees, he died instantly.

It suits the tastes and feelings of Englishmen to speak of bull-fights as cruel, brutal, and demoralizing. Spaniards retort by asking why they are worse than prize-fights, hunting, or deer-stalking: and the retort is too good to be evaded, or to be answered with a mere sentiment. As one thought calmly, after the bull-fight, about the national differences of sport, one soon reached the larger question as to the conditions under which men can be justified in gaining pleasure at the cost of pain to animals.

For the decision of such a question it is not necessary to consider the whole question of what is called "cruelty to animals." When we need them for food, we may "kill and eat," though the killing is painful, and we might live as long, though not so pleasantly, on food that may be obtained without giving pain. And the infliction of pain

in scientific inquiries may be justified on grounds entirely different from those on which, if at all, we may excuse the pursuit of our own pleasure in sport which costs another creature pain or death.

One may doubt whether, on any sure grounds of mere reason, such pursuits of pleasure can be justified: just as one may doubt the supposed rational justifications of war. But the "universal custom of mankind" supplies a practical argument for both, which, though it may not be unanswerable, is irresistible, and leaves us, in the matter of sports, only room for discussion what are, and what are not, justifiable, consistently with good sense and morality.

Now, in every question of the right or wrong of sports, two distinct classes of persons must be considered—the actors and the spectators; the sportsmen and those who only look on. For here, as in some other cases, it may be right for one man to do what it is wrong for another to look on at. Surgeons may do with every right much painful and disgusting work; but they who would be frequently looking on at surgical operations, without any motive of helping or learning, or in some way being useful, would certainly become hard, and culpably careless of the sufferings of others. A hangman may justly do what he is paid for, and be none the worse man for it; but he who loves to look on at executions may fairly be thought mad or brutal. Thus it may be with respect to sports. A sport may be justified, though it gives pain to animals, if its exercise promotes a man's health; and much more if it leads a man to cultivate and exercise patience, courage, endurance, deep attention, skill, and all or many of those tempers and powers for the attainment of which he must repress the lower and merely animal propensities of his nature. Sports in which these higher qualities are educated are (each in its appropriate measure) ennobled by the nobility of the ends to which they conduce. And to these grounds of justification something may be added for the advantages of taking a man from the routine of his life—from money-making, or self-increas-

ing cares of many things, or from any of the narrower pursuits of life, in which, though they may be really virtuous, a man becomes dry and hard.

On these grounds I cannot doubt that sports, utter stranger as I am to their delights, may be justified. If we have a right to kill and eat kinds of food which are not indispensable for life, so may we kill for health or mental improvement or refreshment; and the more a sport contributes to these ends, the more, other things being equal, may it be not only permitted but praised.

But though this may be true for sportsmen, what can we say for the lookers-on at sports? They can plead in their justification nothing about the education of skill, or courage, or endurance; nothing about the improvement of their health. Mental recreation they may have through being excited or amused; and something may be pleaded about the advantages of encouraging curiosity, which has been the motive to much good, and of patronizing skill and courage. In these pleas there may be found, I hope, reason enough to justify the seeing one bull-fight; but they surely cannot justify an habitual or frequent mere looking on at sport. It seems impossible to believe that a reasonable and good man could be often willingly and passively present at bull-fights, pigeon-shooting, deer-driving, or any other pain-giving amusements, without violence to his good sense and risk to the keenness of his sympathy.

This contrast between the active and the passive participation in sports, of which the one appears right, the other wrong, is in agreement with the general judgment of the best classes in the best nations, however that judgment may have been arrived at. Hunting, fishing, shooting, stalking, and other active sports that are practised with few or no mere spectators, are pursuits of the better class of Englishmen; rat-killing, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and other sports that are only to be looked at, are pursuits of the lower class.

Now the bull-fighting of the Spaniards, and our own prize-fights, which I think may fairly be coupled with them as



instances of one animal inflicting pain upon another, do not fall exactly within either of these two groups. For the pugilists and the bull-fighters really train themselves to marvellous strength and agility; they cultivate some of the high mental qualities that ennoble our best sports, and they might deserve the praise of good sportsmen, but that their skill and courage tend, indirectly, to degrade and demoralize the many who are frequent spectators of them.

In judging then between the Spaniard and the Englishman, when the one, charged with brutality for bull-fights, retorts brutality on the other because he hunts and shoots, the decision must rest mainly on the fact that the one does and the other does not inflict pain for the amusement of lookers-on. For it cannot be doubted that they who often watch the infliction of pain, while they run no risk, practise no skill, and study no worthy art, do acquire a kind of enjoyment of the very pain of others, and measure the amount of sport not by their own gain, but by the amount of suffering inflicted.

That this is so seems clear from the different estimates of pleasure given by any ordinary English sportsman and by the Spanish spectators of a bull-fight. The English sportsman measures his sport and its pleasures by his success,—by his conquest over difficulties, his escape from dangers, his skill and pluck. These are the things he talks about and boasts of. He may forget the pain he has given, may be culpably indifferent to it, but he does not boast of it, and, at least, he would have had it less if it could have been so without loss of his pleasure.

But the Spanish habitual looker-on at a bull-fight measures at least part of his sport by the pain and misery that he sees inflicted; he would not have them lessened if he could. He can admire and very cleverly estimate the skill of men with darts and swords and swift limbs; he can applaud their skill and courage: but he enjoys to see them in danger while he sits in safety, and, worse than that, he enjoys the very suffering of the bull, and worse still, the pain and anguish of horses exposed blindfold to be gored.

Nothing can illustrate more strongly than this does the brutalizing influence of a sport in which none of the better qualities of the human mind are cultivated. It is bad enough to enjoy the sight of the teasings of a bull, the goadings into fury, the final killing: but the goring and killing of horses made helpless and witless by the covering of their eyes is sheer barbarous cruelty; it could not be tolerated except among a people not raised above the indifference of savages to others' pain. In a Spanish bull-fight the brutality is more than tolerated,—it is thoroughly enjoyed. It is deemed a poor day's sport if horses are not killed. The hanging out of their entrails through horrid wounds is the signal for a loud "Bravo, Toro!" and as if the poor wretches, being wounded, had been in some way disgraced, they are again driven, spurred, and beaten to the fight with an enemy whom they cannot even see.

The watching of any excited group of Spaniards at a bull-fight is enough to make one doubt whether anything can justify a man—or worse still, a woman—in habitually looking on at sports without taking any other part in them. It may, as I have said, be just and useful to show sometimes respect for those who train themselves to daring deeds and to glory with them in their success; and it cannot be doubted that the love of praise leads men to greater strain of mind than they might submit to for the mere love of sport, or the desire of the health or other good that it may bring. But spectators of the infliction of pain need be always on the watch lest, while they allow full play to their feelings of interest in the skill and courage of other men, they blunt their much better feelings of sympathy with suffering. They must watch the more, because their own degradation is sure to bring after it that of the men whom they have admired. A pugilist or a bull-fighter may, as I have said, cultivate in himself very noble qualities in the discipline of his art. St. Paul thought such a man not an unworthy model for the Christian athlete. But the ruin of the pugilist is in his popularity with those who look on at his



work. *They* have no need to endure hardness, to keep under their bodies ; they take part in nothing which is good in him ; they share only in what is bad ; they degrade themselves, and their hero is degraded with them.

This conclusion accords so nearly with the general sentiment of the great majority of respectable English people, that it may seem not worth taking the trouble of reaching it by argument. Yet it may be useful to point out a rule for measuring right and wrong in these matters more exactly than modern sentiment does. Correct as it usually is, sentiment has not been right in letting fashion secure a regular attendance of lookers-on at pigeon-matches, or in permitting battues to be preferred to open field-shooting ; or in looking calmly on several sports in which the pain and death endured by animals are out of all proportion to the advantages of either mind or body obtained by the sportsman.

I will venture to add a few words, to shield my argument in favour of active, as contrasted with passive sports, in what may seem a weak place.

It may be said that the attainment of health and mental improvement cannot justify pain-giving sports, because they are not the objects sought. Sportsmen seek pleasure, not health or mental power. In respect of bodily health, this is not always true ; but as to mental power, it may be admitted that few sportsmen seek it as their object ; they seek pleasure, fun, excitement ; they gratify a passion, and are inconsiderate of the more distant benefit ; or they seek praise for skill. But much the same may be said of other cases in which the infliction of pain is almost universally allowed. The naturalist who kills birds or insects has not always in his mind the advancement of science, or even his own mental improvement. He seeks pleasure, the pleasure of study or of mere possession ; for these he kills the living and preserves the dead, and the mental advantage comes afterwards. And, much more generally, men do not eat and drink, or, at least, they do not choose their foods with a direct view to the consequent health of body and mind,

but for the sake of pleasure. They gratify an appetite, and the good follows, they know not how. And so of many other cases ; we attain a distant good through the gratification of a present desire, and the end justifies the means, though we may have had no conscious part in the design. And this fact, that, in the course of nature, we are generally induced by the opportunities for pleasure to obtain a more distant good—for example, by the pleasure of eating to obtain bodily maintenance—is enough to counterbalance the argument that because health and mental improvement may be gained through exercises that inflict no pain on others, therefore these exercises, and not pain-giving sports, should be pursued. It is enough to say, that, to many men, the pleasure of sport is sufficient, and that of athletic exercises is not sufficient, inducement for submitting to such training as is useful to the mind.

The above were "after-thoughts," written down before the controversy on field-sports began, in which Mr. Freeman and Mr. Anthony Trollope were chief combatants, a good summary of the arguments in which, with a repetition of his own opinions, is given by Mr. Freeman in the *Fortnightly Review* for Dec. 1. If, as it seems to be implied, this is to mark the close of at least one stage of the controversy, and if it be now asked whether any, and if any how much, pain may be inflicted on animals for the sake of pleasure to man, it is probable that the great majority of the few persons who are impartial on the subject would agree that it is not possible to state, in clear terms, a rule to which, as well as to the practical deductions from it, all right-minded men are bound to conform. Each case of pain-inflicting pleasure, or at least each group of cases, these would say, must be considered on its own merits or demerits, and each must be separately judged. Among the groups of cases may be this with which we have tried to deal fairly, and in which the chief general characteristic is that the spectators far outnumber the actors in the sport.

J. P.

## INTO VERSAILLES AND OUT.

BY J. SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S.

### PART I.

To an English citizen who has never seen war, it is a strange sight to pass through a land peopled by one of the most civilized races in Europe, but subjugated and overrun by hordes of what they call "barbarians." The French nation was well entitled to rank first in Europe: the land is spotted with marks of the highest modern civilization; the language, manners, and customs of the people form in many ways the models followed by rival nations. Like the ancient Romans, the French believed themselves the one civilized nation in Europe—their own language the only tongue not barbarous, and their own ways the sole manners polite and refined. To see this fine people beaten down by an overwhelming army of invaders, which has in ninety days struck down all their complicated machinery of fortresses, armies, chassepots, mitrailleuses, rifled cannon, percussion shells, and parabolic bullets, is to witness a revolution which overthrows all one's notions of human progress and modern civilization. The peasant sees his hoarded harvest of grain and grape, his fattened oxen, his flocks of sheep, his plough horses, his carts, seized to feed the armies of an enemy, hungry, violent, rough, and unintelligible: the peasant himself is not spared, but is compelled at the point of the bayonet, to drive his own stocks into the stores of the enemy, to guide his own teams along the route which soldiers march, and to assist in the destruction of the beautiful towns and strong fortresses of his native land. He feeds, he serves, he aids his country's foe; and the passer-by who witnesses the free citizens of France acting the part of subjugated serfs to invading battalions of Saxon soldiers, sees before him an abyss of moral humiliation of

which no former sight or narrative could have given him the faintest conception.

But to this picture there is another side. The civilization of the last fifty years, during which no war has intruded on France, is suddenly overwhelmed by a war which converts the whole country into one huge battle-field. But it is one civilization overturning another. The war is German civilization pitted against French civilization. Never, I believe, in all history has a war been conducted in a less barbarous or more humane way. The men who make the war are patriots fighting for the unity of their race, for the liberty of their people, for the future aggrandizement of their country. They invade because they were threatened with invasion. They overrun France because France threatened to overrun Germany, and they surround Paris as the French would have surrounded Berlin. France is not then, in truth, invaded by "barbarians," but what one sees is the deadly clash of two great opposing civilizations. It is not the barbarism of human beings of which one is the witness, but the barbarism of the institution of modern civilized war.

It is impossible to witness this great moral collision of opposing civilizations without deep mental trouble and agitation. What does it all mean? How has it come about? To what can it lead? Are all our ideas of modern civilization and progress mere delusive dreams? Are refinement, invention, wealth, science, all worthless as an end of human beings; and are war and conquest the only worthy direction and aim of manful human exertion? Are all machinery and engineering worthless, save the machinery and engineering of human slaughter? Is the great end and purpose of railways to trans-

port armies, cannon, ammunition, and food for the devastation of continents? Are electric telegraphs applied to their highest destiny under the direction of Almighty Providence, when they serve but to point out to an invading enemy the time and place at which he may at least inconvenience to himself put to slaughter in the shortest possible time the greatest possible number of fellow-Christians? Is it possible that when the laws of motion and space and time and force were communicated to those inspired philosophers, Newton, Laplace, Bacon, Bernoulli, Kepler, and Galileo, and when men were encouraged to believe that this revelation of the ways of God to man in the starry heavens and in the fertile earth and in hidden depths was gradually to ennoble human nature and develop the divine part of man,—is it possible that all this knowledge and all this divine gift and this profusion of human genius had no other aim and end but a mighty Armageddon of Christian nations, and that the moral of human modern civilization is expressed in these words—"Behold with what skill modern Christians slay one other"?

The war of Germany and France is therefore the culmination and collision of the highest modern civilization. It is as such that we must regard it, and we are bound to look upon it not as an incident in the lives of these two nations only, but as part of a great human revolution in which we ourselves form an inevitable and integral portion. It is the story of our own future which is being forecast on the stage of Europe.

It behoves us therefore to ask what are the lessons which this great war is to teach us. Does it confirm the doctrines so long inculcated by the cotton lords of Manchester and echoed by the woollen lords of Leeds, that cotton mills and woollen mills are after all the great achievements of human genius for which all the discoveries in science and art have but paved the way? Are calicoes and flannels the culmination of human effort; and in the

universal peace of which they prophesy the speedy advent, is the hum of universal spinning machines to sound the Creator's praise? Is it the destiny of universal railway to transport universal bales of cotton; and are the telegraphs which are to surround the earth to carry as their winged thoughts the quotations of grey shirtings,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  dollars? To those citizens of Manchester and Leeds who believe in this *Mill-ennium* we earnestly recommend that they at once request permission from M. de Bismarck to pass through the lines of the Prussians and to witness in the poor subjugated towns of mill-spinning France the consequences which the unpreparedness for war of the Manchester spinning schools has brought on one country—*our* nearest ally—and may speedily bring on another, *her* nearest ally.

#### A SEAPORT PREPARING FOR ITS INVASION.

It was near the beginning of November when I landed in Havre on my way to Versailles. Metz had just surrendered, and M. Thiers had just unsuccessfully finished his negotiation with Count Bismarck. Paris was going to be bombarded, and the Americans were all on their way out of the doomed city.

Havre at first sight presented no symptom of the war; it was indeed happily out of the war, for the sea is still held by the French fleet, and a couple of iron-plated floating batteries gave at least a show of protection to the port. The buildings, docks, and public works gave it a cheerful, prosperous, progressive look, and it is rather in the moral than in the physical aspect of the place that the miseries of this war are to be sought.

Havre, though not in the war, has been busily preparing for it. The fine ships and valuable cargoes destined for that port, were, at the outbreak of hostilities, wisely diverted from it. Ships arriving home received instant orders to sail for Liverpool, Southampton, or London. Ships in America and India were ordered to stay there, and on no account come home. The

stores of cotton, sugar, and coffee, with which the warehouses were laden, were instantly shipped to the English markets, and the gold and goods of Havre were thus at once rescued from the risks of capture. On walking round the extensive harbour, quays, docks, and warehouses, I found everything empty; nothing left for the Prussians. But the moral affliction of the war sat deeply and heavily upon the people. The workmen were idle, the provident living on their hoardings, the improvident on pauper allowance. A few who had skill enough were employed in making and repairing roads, and laying down fresh pavement in the streets. In the streets, the idle merchants were assembled in groups round the possessor of the latest fragment of war-news, and it was to the newspapers of London that they were indebted for the little knowledge they had of the affairs of Paris and France. The arrival of the mail-bag from Southampton every two days was the great event of the community of Havre. The inside of the merchants' offices was equally sad. The letters received from the markets in Europe merely informed them of the losses they had sustained from the forced disposal of their cargoes on glutted markets. The only commerce which remained and which seemed to afford any satisfactory occupation, was the transmission of cargoes of cordials and clothing for the use of the ambulances.

But in their homes and in their families the real depths of sadness and misfortune were only too manifest. All relish for the luxuries of wealth and refinement has disappeared. A frugal stinted meal has replaced a sumptuous repast in the houses of the wealthy merchants. In such times a luxury has become a sin, a levity a shame. The sons of the family have gone into the war, are wounded or slain. The parents of some are shut up in Paris, and the children of Parisians are exiled in Havre. To many of these I was charged, if it should be possible to get into Paris, with the only family news which for many weeks could have been able to

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reach them. But the future—the great future of France—that was the dark cloud overhanging every family, and none had words or thought for aught else. High above every other feeling, intolerable antipathy to Prussian soldiers, inexpressible hatred to German rulers. For the Emperor and his generals, not a kind word nor a kind feeling remained. The Emperor, who had long been judged worthy merely by the touchstone of success, was now equally pronounced unworthy by the touchstone of unsuccess. Humbled by his fall, they felt equally humbled by the fact of his ever having been elevated. But in Havre some hopes for the future still lingered. They had six or eight thousand of their young clerks dressed in Mobile uniforms, and undergoing daily drill, though with antiquated arms. They had been taught to believe in the Army of Paris, in the Army of the Loire, and in the Army of the North; and though the citizens themselves knew that as volunteer soldiers they were little worth against experienced troops, they were still hoping against hope that other volunteers equally inexperienced and undisciplined might be able to make up for these faults, and emancipate their country from the irruption of barbarians. Havre had not yet begun to realize the miseries of war.

#### A MANUFACTURING TOWN DURING WAR.

At Rouen I was nearer the seat of war, and I found the material suffering already considerably greater. Havre had been able to transfer its ships, crews, and cargoes to other ports, but the spinning and weaving manufacturers at Rouen have been simply annihilated, and the whole of the spinners, weavers, workmen, and tradesmen, left workless. The entire working population live in common on the common goods. The contributions on the town support the poor, and the rich only pay the contributions. In Rouen every man is a soldier, in or out of uniform, the distinction being that the majority receive pay and the minority give it.

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There is also gunnery drill and artillery drill going on, and there are a few troops of cavalry being organized. Rouen may possibly furnish 20,000 men, but very few real soldiers. At Rouen, as at Havre, I cannot say that I gather the impression that the inhabitants derive much of their confidence from what they say they themselves will do. At Lille, on the contrary, another manufacturing town, I found them full of confidence and determination as to what they would themselves achieve for themselves. What is the meaning of this difference of condition and feeling? Is it difference of race, of education, of social condition, or of political feeling?

The comparative nearness of Rouen to the seat of war was marked by few symptoms. Some corps of cavalry of the regular army left there made daily reconnaissances in the direction of the enemy, and brought back from the outposts of the neighbouring towns any tidings gathered from the points of contact with the enemy. These fragments of truth and rumours of fears formed the chief food of the people hungering after information.

During the three days of my stay in Rouen, a flood of truth flowed like a torrent into the town. The whole American colony shut up in Paris had been ordered out a few days before, and after a week or ten days of toilsome journey, long processions of Americans, in their own carriages, with their own horses and servants, were seen filing down the streets. These welcome visitors brought to the inhabitants many letters from their dearest friends, and gave us all an insight into the realities of Paris under siege.

In Rouen there still remained a few citizens who occupied their minds and their time as fully with the common safety as in times of peace they had occupied themselves with the accumulation of wealth. Among such citizens, and the centre of the group, was the well-known representative manufacturer of Rouen, M. Pouyer-Quertier. He is the well-known opponent of the Manchester school, the enemy of free trade,

the most popular of citizens, and an indefatigable patriot. From morning till night his bureau is as crowded as the Bank at quarter-day. His theory of political economy is that buying cheapest and selling dearest is not the wisdom of modern commerce. What he says is, "Let us buy at a fair price which will not starve the seller, and sell at a fair price which will not stint the manufacturer." He thinks that the French workman is of more value than the dead matter he works on, and so he zealously sets himself against the modern doctrine which our political economists call "free competition," and which modern trade has realized in the shape of whole nations of rival workmen diligently occupied in ruining one another. The motto of his policy is, workman first, merchandise afterwards. Pouyer-Quertier, therefore, is our great enemy, and the greatest friend of the workmen of Rouen. As a natural consequence of such a man's character, he is the leading citizen of Rouen, and without him nothing is done.

I naturally strove to learn from him what his views were on the issue of the present struggle, and of the destinies of France. I found his views quite as decided as I expected. He is the open enemy of the Emperor's free-trade legislation and the direct opponent of M. Rouher, so long the Emperor's free-trade Minister. He believes the restoration of Imperialism impossible, the restoration of the Legitimists impossible, the formation of a Republic almost inevitable; but a Republic with an Orleans Prince President, or a temporary transition monarchy, not unlikely.

The great difficulty of all seems to lie in the divisions of France. The small landowning peasantry are, as a class, thoroughly opposed to the political views of the skilled artisans in towns; while the towns themselves, Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, may be considered as individual republics, imbued with totally separate and even opposite ideas. Voluntary conciliation of these antagonistic elements seems next to impossible, and

M. Pouyer-Quertier, like the rest of the practical and sagacious citizens of France, finds it difficult to see how the heterogeneous elements called France can be induced to act together as a great nation, except under the physical compulsion of a gigantic tyranny—a tyranny, call it which you please, Empire, Monarchy, or Mob.

#### A COUNTRY TOWN PREPARING FOR RESISTANCE.

Amiens was another manufacturing town, also an agricultural market, which at my arrival in France had not tasted the bitter issues of war. Right through from Rouen to Amiens a continuous railway had been kept up. Havre, Rouen, Amiens, Boulogne, and Calais were still united by the thread of iron rails, and the beautiful country through which that railway passes was even more rich in agricultural products than its wont. Its meadows were crowded with oxen and horses, its pastures dotted with sheep, its peasants ploughing, planting and sowing, and sorting into heaps the rich results of the past season. The ordinary wealth of those rich strips of pasture-land along the Normandy coast formed the refuge into which had been driven, out of the way of the Prussians, all that portion which had not been driven into Paris when the lands were cleared before the impending invasion. The circle of 1,000 kilometers round Paris had been cleared inwards, the remainder had been cleared outwards.

As I passed through those rich pastures and wealthy agricultural fields, I could not help asking myself whether these stores were preserved for the poor inhabitants themselves, or were to be reserves for the use of the Prussian conquerors. That must depend entirely on the success of the outer armies of France, on the south, the west, and the north. If these armies deserve the name, and number 800,000 as the newsmongers of Paris would have us believe, these peasant proprietors may yet enjoy the produce of their own

lands. But if, as I believe and fear, these volunteers are not soldiers, and these masses of citizens in uniform are not armies, then I fear that modern artillery and organized strategies will circumvent these crowds of half-trained soldiers, and drive them before them like the cattle they protect, and the wealth of the rich pastures and well-stored farm-houses will form the provisions of the winter campaign of the victorious German armies.<sup>1</sup>

It was from Amiens that I started on my direct route into Versailles. Amiens is, to some extent, a fortified town, and is one of the important seats of the Army of the North. I think the troops in or around it must have numbered ten or twelve thousand. On our way out, our carriage passed through a battalion of 2,500 young volunteers, all carrying spades, on their way to throw up earthworks. This was one of the exercises with which they were occupied in the absence of the arms which were daily expected. The officer who commanded them accompanied our carriage some way, chatting freely with a French family inside. He had no hesitation in telling his countryman what he thought of the troops in his command. He thought little of their discipline, their resolution, or their valour. The community found them a livelihood in substitution for their ordinary work, and gave them a uniform, but the martial spirit, the spirit of patriotism, and, above all, intelligence and discipline as soldiers, were not there. Moreover, there seemed to be no heads engaged in planning the campaign, no organization engaged in preparing the vast material of war; everything left to be improvised when wanted, nothing foreseen or prepared. The officer himself told us that the works he was going to throw up were worthless, and they all felt that in meeting the enemy they would be merely a sham to be shot at. This account of our roadside friend seemed to us at the time too desponding, if not unseemly, from the

<sup>1</sup> One month after the date of this visit these fears were too exactly fulfilled.

commanding officer of 2,500 men. The soldiers seemed stout, well-fed, well-conditioned people of from twenty to thirty years of age; but "*A la boucherie ! à la boucherie !*" seemed a much more natural expression of their feelings than "*En avant ! en avant !*" "*Pour la patrie ! pour la patrie !*" Still, I suppose it was better for these men to be engaged in what they were made to believe useful work, than left to form idle pauper mobs in the streets. Some day they may yet be made soldiers in the army of deliverance. The only fault I found was, that the work given them to do was not always wisely selected. Why throw up useless earthworks instead of useful? Why cut down avenues of beautiful trees, under the pretence that by laying them across the roads they would arrest the Prussian invasion? Why ruin their own highways by cutting breaches which those very trees form the fittest material for the Prussian pioneers to bridge over by a temporary platform? Why demolish bridges which only serve to make their own manœuvres impossible, while to the Prussians, with their magnificent material of pontoon bridges, they form no obstruction whatever? If any maxim at all guided those reckless operations, it seemed to be that of doing themselves the greatest possible harm with the least possible inconvenience to the enemy. As we passed over mile after mile of such folly within the French lines, our spirits fell lower and lower, with the growing conviction that improvised soldiers, improvised strategical operations, and improvised material, are as improvident in modern warfare as they are useless and costly.

#### THE UHLANS AND THE OUTPOST SYSTEM.

We were two good hours on our way from Amiens towards Versailles before we were out of the French lines, but we were still two hours' journey from the first village occupied by the Germans, and we might at any moment expect to encounter those redoubtable German Uhlans of whom we had heard so much. My fellow-travellers were a French

family, who, at the beginning of the war, had taken fright and fled from the "barbarians." The family consisted of three children, three nurses, a handsome young mother, and an intelligent head of a large manufactory. After three months of voluntary exile, they had been told by the few friends who remained behind that in running away they had committed a blunder; that the property and persons of those that remained behind were respected; that the houses and property of those who fled were appropriated by the captors; that theirs had been with difficulty preserved, and that if they wanted to save it they should at once return home. Terrified to stay and terrified to go back, they had at last made up their minds, and the entire family was now returning home.

At last, two horsemen with long lances were seen advancing towards us. "Uhlans! Uhlans!" cried the alarmed mother, throwing herself back in her corner, and covering her face with her handkerchief. "Les Prussiens! Les Prussiens!" echoed her husband, and stiffened into an attitude of compressed hatred in the opposite corner. At the sound of the approaching horses, and the terrible words "Les Prussiens!" the children began to cry, and when they passed by, contenting themselves with a simple question addressed to our coachman, the nursemaids also burst into tears. The Uhlans asked at what distance we had passed through the French lines, and we saw them halt at the first cross-road and turn back. Next we saw six such horsemen assemble where four roads met, awaiting the return of the two who had passed us. This was only the beginning of the system of a succession of cavalry outposts which has become so famous in this campaign. It was interesting to watch the systematic development of its working as we went inwards towards the town of Beauvais, which formed their base. Their stations seemed to be wherever cross-roads met, or wherever there was a commanding view. At the cross-roads there were generally eight



horsemen stationed, along each road a couple moved backwards and forwards like those we first met. Between those posts the intermediate horsemen continually circulating conveyed to each end the slightest information, the horseman who received it carried it along his own branch to the next, and thus, although no horseman ever left his station, a continuous stream of wave messages poured towards the centre. We had no doubt that in this way our coachman's information reached Beauvais in half the time we did, for we saw that as each horseman arrived at a post, his advent was the signal for another horseman to gallop back over his beat. It is easy, in considering this system of outpost organization, to see how the apparent Prussian omnipresence and omniscience has been achieved. Imagine a central army corps of 30,000 men placed in the centre of a circle forty miles in diameter, and see with what ease and certainty all that is visible within that radius passes to the centre. Four companies of cavalry set out to the north, south, east, and west; at every two miles they drop two horsemen, and at all important cross-roads they send off branch parties. The whole area of the forty-mile circle gets dotted over with Uhlans, none more than two miles apart. Something happens at the most distant point—a horseman gallops his two miles in five minutes: thus in forty minutes the fact is known at headquarters, and in forty minutes more an answer can be returned. Next take these centres: they are connected by field telegraph, and you will see how readily every half-hour everything is known that happens everywhere in all the army corps. As we went on, we were able to see the outposts being relieved. It was interesting to watch the fresh body of horsemen coming up to those they relieved, getting from them all their information, and rolling outwards with no visible change except that, for every tired man and horse they took away, a fresh man and horse remained.

#### THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF A PRUSSIAN ARMY CORPS.

Beauvais was the first town I saw in full possession of the Prussians, and organized under their *régime* of war. It is a town of some 15,000 inhabitants, possessing a magnificent cathedral and a famous history. Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, has her rival in Jeanne Hachotte, the Maid of Beauvais—and a very fine statue of her slaying the bold Burgundian and carrying off the standard of the besiegers adorns the wide market-place, and forms once a year the centre of a grand ceremony commemorative of the long but successful resistance to the siege of the town by Charles the Bold. In this square nothing is now to be seen but symptoms of humiliation and subjugation. The wide market-place converted into a Prussian Place d'Armes; the "Mairie" the site of the military commander, who, using the Mayor of Beauvais as his chief secretary, converts all the machinery of this peaceful town into convenient mechanism of war. By their system of organization, there is no disorder in the conquered town—nothing is done by violence or passion—nothing is permitted to be robbed or stolen. The machinery works in this wise. The mayor issues a proclamation that everybody in the town is to go on with his business just as before, and that they are to buy and sell with the Prussians just as they have bought and sold with the French. At the same time the military governor issues in his own name a tariff of prices at which everything is to be bought and sold: especially is given the value at which the one-thaler note of the Prussians is to be accepted as worth so many francs, and in these notes all small things are paid.

For large payments the organization is different: they are paid by orders on the commander's secretary—the mayor of the town. These the commander distributes to the officers of his army, and hands to the commissariat. Provided with these orders they visit the various villages and farms all round, and



take from the farmers and peasants corn, wine, cattle, sheep, horses, carts, and carriages, giving to the owners these vouchers in return. Thus all is regularly appropriated and properly certified for payment.

The next step in this process of organized robbery is to make provision for these payments, and here again the mayor happens to be the most useful of instruments. For all the purchases authorized by the commander a careful estimate has been made, and the mayor has already been ordered to make a legal requisition, in money, on the inhabitants of the town and district, for the necessary amount. Thus the banking account of the mayor is kept solvent, and the Prussians are kept supplied: everything goes on methodically and evenly; no injustice is done, except the one huge injustice of the war. It is gigantic wrong wrought with all the beautiful mechanism of Justice and Right. It is utter barbarism achieved with all the refinements of organized civilization.

To the stranger's eye, therefore, Beauvais presented few of the expected symptoms of war. But for the spiked helmets, the greater height and strength and famous needle-guns of the soldiers now parading on the Place, they might have seemed the ordinary garrison of the thriving town of Beauvais. Peasant women were selling pears, potatoes, and cabbages to townsfolk and soldiers. Many shops had been re-opened; those with shutters closed had been deserted by their owners, and inside, their ample shelving and counters were improvised into soldiers' beds and mess-tables.

As a rule the streets were very still—not to say deserted. Between men in uniform and men out of uniform there seemed an impassable barrier. The little man out of uniform walking towards the big man in uniform, seemed to shrivel as they got nearer. The seeming was true: the sad, but not conquered captive shuddered as he approached the rude barbarian who now ruled him with steel, and the vicinity of the conqueror sent a new agony of humiliation through the frame of the citizen of the first country

of the world—the poor captive French man slinking along the lanes and byways of his own town, to avoid the gaze of the victorious foreigner.

Inside our hotel the passing travellers could not escape the all-present conqueror. Of the four sides of the square he had taken possession of three sides and a half, and in such holes and corners as were left we stowed our port-manteaus, the maids, the children, and ourselves. Some food was still to be had—soldiers' food; and somewhere in the garden were hidden a few bottles of better wine which an ingenious waiter knew how to extract for the grateful customer. It was a sample of what I found everywhere on my way throughout the hotels of Prussian-France—the hotels for the invaders, and its odd corners for the inhabitants; luckily the odd corners were nearer the kitchen.

#### DESTROYED RAILWAYS RE-ORGANIZED BY THE INVADER.

My first railway station within the Prussian lines was close to Beauvais. I now saw the novel sight of a captive railway resuscitated by organizing invaders. Unluckily for us, it was not quite organized, but only begun to be. Whatever may have been defective in the organization for war of the French army, the disorganization and destruction of French railways by French engineers in preparation for it was most effectually accomplished. To my mind it was done far too well: there was too much zeal, too much fear, and too much haste thrown into the work; what they destroyed was that which did least harm to the enemy and greatest harm to themselves. They chose for destruction gigantic works of art—bridges and viaducts, which by ameliorating gradients and avoiding sharp curves conferred on their lines of commercial traffic the great advantages of high speed and moderate inclinations: huge viaducts of many arches rising 200 and 300 feet into the air, they chose to blow up in such a manner that arch after arch, falling, overset pier after pier, until

the whole structure lay flat in the valley below, ~~damming~~ <sup>up</sup> the navigable channel of the river, and rendering reconstruction the work of years. Almost everywhere that I have seen these works of destruction, I am obliged to say that they have done far more harm to the French than to the Prussians. I do not think they have anywhere for a day impeded the march of the invaders.

I hope that our Government, with the view to an invasion of England, will organize a corps of instructed railway destroyers. The battle-fields of France form the scene of a capital apprenticeship for this work; and I undertake to say that a well-organized corps of military railway destroyers will be able to contrive ways of better damaging our railways for the hindrance of the invading enemy, at much less cost to ourselves for after reconstruction and restoration—I mean if we set about it now when we don't want it, instead of leaving it as usual to the day we do want it, and then, when too late, doing it worse even than the French.

The re-organization of the railways, of which the noble monuments were destroyed, but the useful parts retained, was rapidly proceeding in the hands of Prussian railway engineers. The station at Beauvais was already restored to perfect working order. The Prussians have a complete staff of military field telegraph engineers, and they merely put a few of them in charge of the system of railway telegraphy, and immediately the cut wires are rejoined, reunited to the electric telegraph apparatus of the railway station; and although the system of telegraphy used on the French railways is different from that employed in Prussia, yet these engineers are so well educated in the theory of telegraphy, and so thoroughly acquainted with all the systems practised in Europe, that they were able at once not only to organize but to work the French system.

In like manner the army has its staff of military railway engineers, into whose hands was at once thrown the re-organ-

ization of the lines of communication; and with surprising rapidity—aided by forced levies of French peasants, carpenters, smiths, and masons—the permanent way was got into working order, first in a single line, and then at leisure on the double line. The men of this instructed corps were put in charge of railway signals, points, and crossings, and thus out of French ruins is reconstituted a Prussian railway line in the middle of France. Luckily also for the Prussians, the French had left behind them a sufficient number of waggons, carriages, and locomotive engines, to enable the lines to commence working. Their best engines and carriages had been removed into Paris or far out beyond the circle of the Prussians; but the old engines and carriages left behind and repaired, made shift until the through communication with the Rhine railways should join them. This they had not yet accomplished, but before I left France it had been accomplished, and all round Paris, within the circle of Prussian power, the French railways were occupied with trains from Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Hanover, and Berlin.

I need scarcely add that this organization, incomplete though it was, was good enough to take my French fellow-travellers to their home near Creil, and to land me at Chantilly. Creil is the first express station out of Paris on the Great Northern Railway, known to all passengers between Calais and Paris, and in ordinary times I should have been, here at Chantilly, within an hour of my journey's end.

Chantilly, the château of the Duc d'Aumale, with its neighbouring town, the seat of a sporting colony of English and Americans, was then the headquarters of the Princes of the Saxon army. A railway spur goes from Chantilly to Gonesse and Villiers-le-bel, whence from a gentle eminence the army of encamped Saxons looks down on the fortifications of Paris, with a beautiful ancient battle-field lying between. The ground slopes gently down on Paris, just as Norwood and Sydenham Hill slope gently down on London; only, to make

the picture more complete, old London wall should be shifted a great way outside, and Denmark Hill and Tulse Hill should be crowned with detached forts. Redhill would be Chantilly, and the Croydon and Crystal Palace Railway the line from Chantilly to Gonesse.

But now I must go back to Chantilly, and grope my way all round to Versailles. The line is cut at Gonesse, and no more direct way is possible. I must go round in something like a circle from Redhill to Richmond, on my way to London, only longer and more winding. My first attempt to leave Chantilly is a failure. I take a ticket at the station for the sweet little village of Villiers-le-bel, and I am told there will be a train there in two hours. I march up and down the station for these two hours, listen to the talk, and study the manners of the young Saxon soldiers who are likewise waiting for the train. I wait other two hours, and again other two hours, when I find out that there is something seriously wrong, for the chief engineer has ordered his carriage and is off by road to remedy the disaster. The train has gone off the line. "An enemy has done this," as has been frequently done before. Sending trains off the line is a new element in warfare. A little later on the way, the train in which I myself journeyed was the victim of a similar disaster, and yet further on I saw the ground covered with the *débris* of a shattered train, in which many lives had been lost. A certain degree of glory was beginning to be attached to the volunteers of this railway war, when the Prussians decided to make the landowners round the place of battle and the citizens of the nearest towns responsible in person and in purse for this easy sort of zeal and patriotism. My fellow-traveller over the scene of that accident had been one of the party who immediately after marched to the nearest château, found its owner comfortably eating his breakfast, and sent him prisoner to the nearest town. There, under the direction of the military authorities, he and the mayor had to draw up the regulations and issue the proclamations most likely to prevent the repetition of the disaster; and a fine of 100,000*f.* on the owner of the

château, together with the vigilance of the mayor, have prevented the repetition of the incident. These are dismal, cold-blooded transactions, but they initiate ignorant civilians like myself into the real nature of that of which we have heard so much and understood so little,—the barbarism, brutality, and hideous wrong of modern war.

But the accident to my train at Chantilly was much less grave, and the train which suffered it was merely an army provision train. Unluckily, it was drawn by the one locomotive which night and day had to do the whole service of the line. I waited four hours more, and so on, until at last I had waited a whole day and night, and having got no train, I engaged the only horse and cart to be had, and started by road for Beaumont. I parted from Chantilly with some regret. My twenty-four hours' waiting there had given me the acquaintance of the commanding officer of engineers who was constructing the railways, of a colonel of the Prussian Guards who was moving off his men to make way for the Saxons, and of a young Saxon officer who was taking his place. The three men were typical of their class. The young Saxon was a dragoon six feet high, manly and gentle, blue-eyed and fair-haired. His regiment went into the field counting 2,200 strong; of forty-four officers, he alone came out unwounded, and was now in charge of his regiment; 800 of the men were left on the field. The Prussian was an officer of the reserve, as tall as the Saxon, but broader and stronger, large featured, and more robust. He seemed to me to be of the race of the giant soldiers of the first Frederick. He spoke little, but his eyes went everywhere, and when he did speak his words were few and clear. He did not like the war, but he had come readily when called. He preferred farming his own lands to laying waste other people's; nevertheless, as a soldier he went to work with a will, and had determined that whatever had to be done should be done thoroughly and once for all. I found him a very fair type of the country gentleman Landwehr. A landed aristocracy tilling their own land and leaving that healthful and manly work

only to serve their country, without regard to pay or promotion, and merely to protect it from the invader—that kind of aristocracy seemed to me a thing a country might be proud of. As I paced up and down the station, looking at this gallant man occupied with his troops, I could recognize by many marks the great advantage possessed by the organization of an army of citizen soldiers wherein “all classes fill all ranks,” a maxim which is true only in so far that all classes may fill the rank of private, while only those fill the rank of officers who possess the highest special qualifications in person, education, and training. With each individual soldier this gallant officer was entering into personal conversation, getting from him his own story of the war as each had felt and seen it, and asking with kindly interest after his personal relations and the effect of the war on his private affairs. That this perfect equality and fraternity of a citizen army should have been reconciled to a discipline rigid, severe, and absolute beyond the measure of other armies, and a subordination in military ranks perfect, prompt, and unhesitating, is one of the merits of Prussian organization. I do not think our volunteers are capable of it; and to French military men it is perfectly incomprehensible. If I am asked to reconcile these discordant elements—the equality, fraternity, and liberty of the German citizen, peasant, and landowner, with rigid inflexible discipline and subordination—I should have to travel a great way out of my road to Versailles, and take my reader into those admirable parish schools where every citizen is a scholar; into those upper town schools in which every skilled craftsman is first made a man of science; into those town colleges in which the talent of the country is trained specially for the discharge of the peculiar duties of each man’s vocation; and into those numerous Technical Universities where the leaders, teachers, statesmen, and philosophers of a thoughtful and earnest people are trained to the highest wisdom, knowledge, and truth.

Such a wide discussion as this would, however, lead me too far out of my road

into the villages, towns, and plains of Germany, whose inhabitants I have only now to do with as they present themselves to me as invaders of France. Still, as my cart-wheels trundle me along the road to Beaumont, I cannot help musing over all I have seen in these twenty-nine hours passed among Prussian soldiers round about the railway station. Plainly, to my mind something more is wanting to make a nation of soldiers than mere schools and colleges. I call to mind the remark made to me long ago by a distinguished Prussian, when I asked him to account for some marks of superior civilization and cultivation which I had noticed in the ways and conversation of very plain working mechanics. “Ah,” he said, “you don’t know that most of our common folk are University-bred men.” “How can that be?” I asked. “What a University is to gentlefolk,” he replied, “that with us the army is to common folk. We make our army both a finishing school and a University. The three years of forced military service we accompany with three years of compulsory education. The drill of the army occupies four hours a day, the drill of the school occupies three hours a day; and so, that time in the army which you think we waste, we doubly occupy in giving our citizens the best gymnastic development for the body, and the highest moral and intellectual culture for the mind; and their social culture we achieve by that happy mingling of all ranks in the equal intercourse of citizen army life.”

#### A COUNTRY VILLAGE AND VILLAGERS COME TO GRIEF.

As these reflections and recollections passed through my mind we neared the town of Beaumont, where I happily succeed in exchanging my cart without springs for one with springs. Here I begin to touch the war a little closer. Beaumont is a railway station, but dismantled, the telegraph wire cut, the rails disordered, and the signals deranged. Here, too, the pinch of hunger is felt: with difficulty I find shelter and warmth, with greater difficulty food and drink; but an early custom of speaking bad

French stands me in good stead, here and all through this trip. The landlady of the 'quondam hotel, now a Prussian barrack, gives me a chair to warm my feet by her kitchen fire, and makes ample apology for having at first mistaken me for a Prussian. Every strange-looking, uncouth non-Frenchman now passes within the lines for a Prussian barbarian, and it is only by my prominent umbrella and the decided accent of my bad but fluent French that I establish my character of English ally instead of German invader. That done, the aspect of the kitchen immediately changes: another billet of wood comes from a hidden corner and is added to the fire; a basin of warm but thin soup is prepared; I get a slice of good white bread and a small glass of brandy, which I had just heard refused to the imperious demand of a Prussian officer, who was told that "all the cognac was done three days ago." By and by she told me the family griefs; how she was parted from her three children by the war, which burst on them while the children were absent with her mother in Versailles. Of the Prussians she had little to say, except that they had first taken all they could get, and had since given her money to enable her to find more. Then she wept as she went on to tell me how she and her husband, once landlord and landlady of this hotel, were now the mere domestic slaves of its Prussian occupants, whose harsh commands they had no choice but to humbly and implicitly obey. I offered, if she trusted me, to take a letter to her children and deliver it into their hands at Versailles. While the spring-cart was being brought to the door she sat down and wrote the letter, and it was with difficulty she let me pay for my cheer as I started, with a warm invitation never to pass her house without stopping to see her. Need I say that I duly delivered the letter, and had the pleasure of witnessing the joy it occasioned.

I am now on the second stage between Beaumont and Pontoise. Hitherto I have traversed a tract of beautiful rich corn land: now I am in the valley of the Oise, and vines make their first appearance on

the sunny banks; the villages are full of soldiers, with here and there a battery of artillery, and now and then a squadron of cavalry; but the villagers are all sad and dismal; most of the shop windows shut; the villagers skulk along, fearing to look up, and avoiding the objects of their fear; the signboards remain, but they are no longer sure; the warehouse of "*nouveautés*" is no longer a house of wares, but contains only the eternal Prussian; arms are piled in the market-place, where drilling goes on from morning till night; the blank walls are still covered with gaudy placards of the great Paris cheap shops, telling the peasant when he makes his Sunday trip to Paris where he will get clothes of the best cloth for nothing, and draw prizes in a lottery which has no blanks, but will establish him for life in the "*haute finance*," and entitle him to be a candidate for the mayorship of his village. Just outside the village, also, we can see that the wealth of the industrious villager has become more than suspected by the Prussian soldier, for in many a garden where there are no longer vegetables to dig, we can see groups of soldiers turning up spadefuls of soil, and examining them with the scrupulous care which I imagine gold-diggers bestow on their shovelfuls of golden sand. The secrets of many a long-gathered hoard have unluckily been thus revealed to covetous eyes, and have not been regarded as unlawful spoil. To my commentary on the sight, my driver only replies with a sigh, "*Ah, c'est la guerre! c'est la guerre!*"

Winding along this beautiful valley, what next strikes me is the absence of culture, the absence of farm stacks and of the winter heaps of forage and cattle-food. But one kind of heap remains—the earthen mounds of beetroot for unmade sugar; for of beetroot the supply is ample, but sugar there is none. What will become of these untilled homesteads, of these unsown fields? The orchards which line the way have been fruitful in apples and pears which make the cider and perry of a district too cold for good wine, but the ground is littered thick with the ungathered and rotting fruit. This year no cider will gladden the heart of the forlorn villager.

What has become of the flocks and herds one can well understand: part were driven in Paris to feed the Parisians; part were driven away out into the more distant country, beyond the Prussian lines, in order to starve them; but the agricultural horses, where are they? Part are in Paris, being eaten; the rest, with their owners as drivers, are now doing duty with the army of invasion. No one seems left to till fields, tend kine, or prepare the food of the coming spring. What misery will not the end of the war bring to this trodden-down land!

AN ARMY CHAPLAIN AND THE FALL OF METZ.

The mind deeply saddened by such sights and thoughts, I followed the windings of the Oise to Pontoise, with its famous bridge and most picturesque site. It is a large market town, being in time of peace one of the feeders of Paris, the centre of a large group of corn and flour mills now silent and idle. Its fine railway station and the space in front form a Place d'Armes for the Prussian troops which fill the town. The architects have availed themselves of its beautiful situation to erect a very handsome church on the high bank which towers over the town. This was to be, I hoped, my last station on the way to Versailles, and here I acquired a valuable travelling companion, whose company lightened the rest of the way, in which, however, there lay quite other incidents than I had yet encountered.

While I was searching the stables of Pontoise for an unrequisioned horse to take me on to St. Germain, which seemed quite near, I met a reverend gentleman, in the silken robes of the Order of Jesus, engaged in the same search, and the bond of mutual wants soon united us in the same carriage, which we engaged to go right through to Versailles. To me, the gain by this arrangement was great. I gained a hearty sympathizer in my sorrow for the poor trodden-down French, but I also gained a travelling companion full of life-experiences, for he was one of those Jesuits who had schooled himself to the earnest work of Christian missionary

duty. He had formed part of the Jesuit China Mission, and I soon found in him one of those large-minded men who had long abandoned the petty puerilities of sect for the wide doctrine of Christian love. Sec-tarianism and selfishness had gone out of his creed, and he was content to be, to me, but a simple Christian, and to accept me as merely another. But I had gained more. Le Père de Damas had been through the war, had been imprisoned in Metz, been released, and was now, like myself, on a volunteer mission to Versailles, to help his countrymen whom he had been obliged to part with at Metz. He was going to entreat Count Bismarck to grant the permission he had hitherto been unable to get, to follow his prisoner flock into their German prison: his request had hitherto met with so much opposition that he was not sanguine of success; and I may here add, that up to the moment of my quitting Versailles he had not been successful. As a last attempt, he was going to use the intervention I had got for him of the Commander of the Knights of Malta in care of the sick at Versailles, to urge his request on cosmopolitan and Christian grounds.

On our way I was glad to receive a perfectly reliable statement on the much-discussed question of the surrender of Metz. Of the inability of Metz to continue to hold out, he gave me the most absolute assurance; of the fact of the soldiers and commanders having done their duty he entertained not the slightest doubt. At the same time he readily admitted that in successive stages, from Bazaine's first retirement on Metz till its final delivery up, various political questions were mixed up with purely military ones, and that in the earlier part of the siege quite another system of strategics might have been adopted from those followed. It is necessary also to observe that such a circumstance as the victory of Sedan could have formed no previous portion of Bazaine's calculations; and so the whole matter, regarded from inside Metz as disaster after disaster outside, cannot come into any fair comparison with the view we now take of what Bazaine might or should have done had he been able to foresee the strange series of im-

possibilities afterwards accomplished. As to the end, hunger and disease had already done their terrible work when Bazaine, wisely, as he thinks, released his army from further disaster and demoralization.

#### OUT IN THE COLD.

So much for the troubles of Metz: now for our own. We had the pleasure of finding that the bridge, to which we had driven in order to cross the Seine, had been cut, and that our chance of reaching St. Germain that night were small; we had nothing for it but to turn our horses' heads up the right bank of the Seine, and perform a long circuit to seek some bridge, road, or railway. We found a bridge of the Paris and Rouen Railway that had been left standing, near Sartrouville; and although the railway was impassable, the bridge had been turned to account by the Prussians and used as a common road-bridge, and to join it new inclined roads had been constructed on both sides of the river—not good, indeed, more like a canal bank, deep rutted by artillery wheels and waggons, along which a slow walk was our fast pace. We were also destined to encounter moral as well as physical obstructions on our route, and, as night fell, Prussian outposts made their appearance. “Halt!” was repeated every two or three hundred yards, and the sentry turned the horse's head, while another came to our window. “Turn them back! turn them back!” was the general order, and I began to fear that the thing I had been told—that it would be utterly impossible to pass through the Prussian lines and reach Versailles—was now coming true. I had no end of bits of paper to show—all but the right one: for the only bit of paper known here was an authority to pass, signed by the general commanding the corps of the army through which I passed. I am not a German scholar, but luckily I can speak a little very bad German, and I possess that vocabulary of 100 necessary words, by the proper combinations of which a certain philologist asserts it is possible to express 100,000 separate ideas. For my present purpose a much smaller number sufficed: a polite

German salutation; a remark on the coldness of the night; a cordial wish that the war was over, and they and I both at home again; a ready display of all the papers we had got—good, bad, and indifferent—of few of which could they make head or tail; and the assurance, borne out by our papers, that we were both on the way to Versailles itself, where we should certainly be well looked after at head-quarters—succeeded in passing us through sentry after sentry after repeated stoppage and delays. As we got on, our dexterity in this sort of thing improved, and our delays shortened; at last we used to indulge in good shouts of laughter at our success when beyond hearing of the sentry. The weather was luckily fine, the morn bright, and the scenery around lovely, reminding me of my last row on the Thames from Pangbourne to Richmond.

At last, as we reach the bridge which crosses the Seine, we encounter an obstacle which all our papers and all our passes cannot turn—every corner is strongly guarded, and after dark no human power can force the way across. “Halt!” is repeated over and over again: halt we must—return we must. The officer of the watch politely explains the inevitable necessity of the case, and we have no alternative but to return and pass the night in the occupied village of Sartrouville. At first we are in despair and indignant, but gradually we subside into contentment at the idea of the insight and experience we shall gain, and we try to establish ourselves as well as we can in the village for the night. It is choke full of Prussians, and we have nothing for it, they say, but to station our carriage in the market-place, and to pass the night in it. But to any such conclusion we offer a determined resistance: our horses and driver shall be housed and fed; we will be lodged, even though Prussians should have to turn out; so straight we set about it. In the crowd about us is a Prussian groom: in his stables, he says, there still remains standing-room for two horses, only nothing but the order of the commander of the place can give entrance. We ask for the hotel: the groom shows it us, but its arched gate is closed against



horses, its bar is closed to travellers, and not a ray of light proceeds from its windows. We knock—ring—kick—shout—nothing happens; it is a fort occupied by the Prussians. At last we descry one little chink, and through it the flickering of a fire, and hear the voices of men and women: these voices heard, tell us that our voices may be heard, and after long perseverance a window opens, and the two houseless travellers tell their tale and pray their prayer. It is the landlady herself: she yields, and we hear her say there is still one room left; but a rude step approaches, and a rough voice is heard, and the Prussian sentence is issued: "No stranger enters here to-night." The argument waxes loud and louder, but at last the window is closed, and our communication cut off.

We are shut out for the night, but we are not to be beaten, and our Prussian groom still stands by us. An order of the commandant, he says, will get us all we want, and to him we must go. We go to the Place d'Armes; we find there four officers, old and evidently of high rank, deeply engaged in smoke and whist, with their brandy-and-water and all the comforts of civilization about them. They are willing, but can do nothing; the "over-commander" alone can give us house-room or horse-room, and in search of him we must go further afoot, for he lives just out of town. Luckily it is moonlight, for there is not a lamp in the place. The over-commander inhabits the house of the parish priest, and near the church, high on the hill-side, we come on it: we ring, and a window is opened. From this window sentence is passed upon us: the over-commander has gone on his rounds to visit his outposts—he may be home late; no one knows.

Here, then, our chase ends, and has to begin again. Next in civic dignity comes the mayor of the village, who is, as usual, the acting secretary of the commander for affairs of the town. We must seek him out, though he has probably gone to bed, and, even if roused, hard to persuade. So we have another long walk, with our faithful groom as pilot. An old square house is the site of the present "mairie," the

real one being the official head-quarters; and in a dingy room lighted by one candle we come on six peasants in their blouses, poring over papers and industriously smoking cigars. We pull off our hats and bow to M. le Maire, and now the eloquence of my clerical friend takes the place of my 100 German words. He lays our case before the mayor; the heart of one of the town council is melted; he is acting as secretary, and offers, if the mayor will authorize him and dispense with his services, to conduct us to his own house, where two bedrooms have just been vacated by Prussian soldiers. Low bows tell our deep gratitude, and we accompany our beneficent patron home, but not without obtaining, from the same beneficent hands, housing for our horses and man; our obliging groom takes charge of them, and we are relieved from further anxiety.

We go home with our host for the night. He is a plain journeyman harness-maker, and he presents to his wife his two guests as non-Prussians—that is, as friends, whom she then receives with a smile. In the low, dark little kitchen she dusts two chairs with her apron, sets a little table between, stirs the fire, and we find there is to be a basin of soup forthcoming. This soup, a bit of bread, and a slice of cheese are to form our dinner, for there is nothing else to be had in or out of the house. The couple, who had already supped, look on. An interesting conversation follows. They tell us how they have been two long months under Prussian rule—how it began gently, and became harder gradually. At the first incursion the Prussians were civil, treated the villagers kindly, and were kindly treated in return. "We divided," said they, "the food and wine we had; we gave them our spare beds; they were contented, and went away pleased." Then a second batch came, who were less well-fed, "for we ourselves had less to give. They were less well-bred, and we were more unhappy; and as they went away they growled, kicked things about, and left us a good deal worse off than they found us." The third wave came, more savage than the previous one. "We had scarcely



anything left to give them ; they growled, threatened, and when they went away, the weather being cold, they took our coverlets and blankets with them."

The wife very properly observed that a great deal of the domestic distress would have been saved if the invaders and their victims had possessed a common tongue. "A barbarian roughly enters, hungry and cold, and calls out in unintelligible noise for something he wants. We try to meet his wishes, and give him something he does not want ; he gesticulates and gets angry ; I run away, and try to get something else ; and so we go on, misunderstanding and misunderstood. Oh, if the Prussians had only spoken a civilized tongue instead of their rude, barbarous noise ! Mais, c'est la guerre !"

"Oui, c'est la guerre," said the poor husband, and he began to tell us of the miseries of the village from the outside ; how all the food had been swept off the land ; how all the men had been taken to do the labour of the Prussians ; how all the rich people had run away and left only the villagers and the poor to bear the brunt of the war ; how even the mayor had abandoned his trust, and these peasants in blouses had to elect one of themselves as mayor, and organize that government of the village from which their natural protectors had fled ; how no work was being done—no food being grown—no money being earned ; and how he wondered what it all would come to. To him our visit was a godsend, for, of all that had happened in France, not a word had reached the village. The mails were stopped, the rails torn up, the electric wires cut, no travellers permitted within the circle of the lines, and no information of what happened elsewhere could be got or given or understood. My readers should have seen that poor couple hanging on the lips of the priestly father as he related the battle of Sedan and the terrible issue of the siege of Metz. It seemed to me that the long dream of this humiliating war had become to them a fever on the brain ; their looks were vacant, their eyes scared, as if there was too much in all this for human reason to understand : and even when this war shall have ended, it will

take a long time before those poor trodden-down peasants, with their delicate sensibility to kindness and sympathy, and their deep indignation at rudeness and insult, will recover sanity, amenity, and self-respect. This terrible moral humiliation seems to me the worst and most ineffaceable calamity of the war.

It was with saddened feelings and after many tears that, late in the night, our little meeting was broken up, and we went upstairs to the beds left for us by the Prussian soldiers. There stood the beds with their mattresses and bolsters, but all the bed-clothes had been carried away. The mantelpiece possessed the usual Louis XIV. clock in the middle, the usual vases and flowers at each corner, with less distinguished ornaments, but under the rude realities of war these pretty bits of brass, glass, and china had lost their significance and value, and had been chipped, knocked, and broken as obtrusive, worthless trifles. Pretty little coloured pictures of the sort we are used to see in Parisian shop windows had disappeared from nails which were needed to hang up helmets and swords ; and I confess that, even upon myself, the sight of those *débris* of refinement, grown worthless in the clash of contending nations, drove home this conclusion—that manly, patriotic force must be the first of civic virtues ; refinement and cultivated taste the last. No one respects art-workmanship more than I do, but the cultivation of such things first, and the postponement of the manly, patriotic virtues into the second rank, is an inversion of human progress.

However, these moral reflections did not make up for the want of blankets, and my sleep in the cold would have reconciled me to the refinement of clean sheets and a down coverlet.

#### INTO VERSAILLES.

Our last day's journey was one of sunshine, unbroken by inconvenience of any kind. Setting out from Sartrouville, we found a somewhat rough road extemporized, which led us to the top of a railway embankment. This embankment, despite its broken rails, formed a tolerable road lead-

ing to a viaduct by which we crossed the Seine and proceeded along the river to St. Germain. Relieved from further personal anxiety, we were able to take in the changed aspect of the villages through which we passed, most of them like the suburbs of London, surrounded by villas of the wealthy citizens. One village only showed the horrors of war: it had been held by Franc-tireurs, and consequently was punished by total destruction—every house was burned to the ground. A long succession of batteries of field artillery were packed on either side of the road. Our passage was delayed, but diversified, by the successive incidents of long trains of forage guarded by horsemen, trains of ammunition, trains of provisions, chiefly hogsheads of sugar, casks containing coffee, &c., enormous waggons with sacks of meal; then followed long ambulance trains, with waggons beautifully contrived not merely for the transport of sick and wounded, but equally well for the transport of soldiers and their baggage. Then came the novelties to us of the electric telegraph trains, with their companies of skilled soldier artificers, prepared to follow the track of every corps d'armée with those iron lines for the interchange of thought between the great chess-player in Versailles and his knights and pawns over the wide chessboard of France. After that came a most interesting train, marked "Schleswig-Holstein." It was a long bridge of boats, and showed a marked distinction in its general outline from the other pontoon bridges belonging to the army corps of the Rhine Provinces. The boats in the two cases had no resemblance: the one showed all the characters of an inland riverside people, in the unshapely, unseagoing qualities of their boats; while the boats of the Schleswig-Holstein bridge were ship-shape, and fit to hold their own against wave and sea. Still, each in its own way was admirably contrived and perfectly equipped. The next party we came upon was one of Uhlans and their officers, in rather a lone wood where three roads parted. They stopped our driver, in order to get from him all he knew of that part of the country. The officers spoke

French, and they were out on the duty of studying the strategic points of the country, and comparing it with their maps; the officers showing their men what their special duty would be if called upon to act in this part of the country, in order that the moment the order was given each man should feel that he exactly knew his duty and how best he should set about doing it. It is easy to see how by this systematic study beforehand of officers and men together, all the elements of uncertainty and hesitation are taken out of action, and how when the word arrives the work is done shortly and surely. It is this that makes each soldier a strategist as well as a warrior, and it is this certainly which renders fear and cowardice impossible.

Having passed the soldier-trains, we come upon the droves of oxen and the flocks of sheep, which, collected from the country all round by the requisitions already described, were being driven in upon St. Germain and Versailles for the use of the beleaguering army. These droves increased in number as we neared Versailles, and we felt sure that there was no want of fresh food for the Germans, whatever happened to the poor Parisians inside. And here I may say that all the German soldiers I saw in France seemed healthy, strong, and well-fed; and I soon saw what it was that caused an illness the effects of which we have heard much exaggerated. The peasants had buried or removed their good wine, so that what remained was common new wine of this season still fermenting. In many of the places I passed through, fresh cider was being sold to the soldiers as white wine; such medicine could not be taken with impunity by men used only to German beer.

All along the way we were accompanied by the temporary telegraph wires of the Prussian army corps. It is curious to see how adroitly they extemporize their telegraph posts. On their waggons they carry large stores of poles that look like lances, each pointed with a china cup, but even of these are sparingly economical; they use every line of trees they can discover in their vicinity, and cutting off all the branches, or cutting down all trees that incommode them, they attach the telegraph

to trunk after trunk and branch after branch; the telegraphs no longer follow the shortest but the most convenient line, and their wires winding about look like spider-threads on a dewy morning. We afterwards found out that the threads we saw preparing were Von Moltke's communications with the corps of the Duke of Mecklenburg and Prince Charles, then on their way to sever the communications between the French armies of the South and the North. It was a strange characteristic of this war that a few days afterwards in Versailles we were able to know beforehand all those steps of intercepting the French armies and driving them asunder which have occupied the last three weeks, with events which appear to have been to the French quite unforeseen. So much for telegraphs and work thought out beforehand.

Our entrance into Versailles was a strange contrast to the desolation and sadness of the country we had just traversed. The streets were gay with brilliant uniforms, flags decorated the buildings, sentries did honour to porches and gateways, bands of music played lively airs, men and women made promenades under alleys of trees, shops were open, the market was thronged with peasants selling vegetables and fruit, regiments were being reviewed on the Place d'Armes, princes and nobles were chatting in knots round the door of their club-house. Versailles seemed brilliant and gay—it is the seat of a Sovereign and a Court, and it had the air of a capital; but it is a Prussian Sovereign

and a German Court, and the Versailles of Louis XIV. is the capital of Prussian France.

In this Prussian capital there was for the time an end of our privations, and nearly an end to the horrid sights and events of actual war. The Rue des Réservoirs is the Pall Mall of Versailles; the hotels and quasi clubs are there, the club of all the princes is there, and there is also a club of the few fast men who are to be found even in the German army. The principal hotel is the Hôtel des Réservoirs, and next in degree is that of Vattel, and it was this little hotel that sheltered the writer, and its smallest cell the only room vacant. Had I been a soldier or favoured official, I need only have applied to the commander of Versailles, and he would have assigned me any room I chose in a vacant house, free of cost; indeed, the owners of apartments rather invite such guests, as the flag over the door, and the name of the occupant on the door, form a sort of guarantee against the intrusion of less scrupulous tenants. My fellow-traveller was much better off, for the Jesuit Fathers have a mansion at Versailles, into which he was at once welcomed and installed.

I ought now to tell my readers all I heard and saw in Versailles—why I went there—what I did there, or did not do—what I learned on my way out through the country first conquered, by Sedan and Luxemburg, home,—but that has to be reserved for next month.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

## LONDON FORTIFIED.

"No man can enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man ; and then he will spoil his house."

### I.

THE cynical Frenchman who said that there was something "pleasant" in regarding the misfortunes of our friends must surely have meant something "profitable." There is undoubtedly much profit to be obtained from observing the calamities of our friends, and investigating the causes of their misfortunes as guides by which to shape our own actions. Let us suppose two persons entering life together, always rivals, alternately enemies and friends. How often in the race of life have they paused to observe each other's course of action? how often have they weighed and analysed each other's conduct and motives? what great influence will they, both directly and indirectly, have exercised on one another? After many years spent in the pursuit of material prosperity, one of these two is overtaken by calamity, as great as it was unexpected. Eager as the other had been to examine the causes of former success, will he not now be tenfold more anxious to investigate the causes of failure, to observe the various strong and weak points that calamity has laid bare, in order that he may adopt all the points that have enabled his neighbour to struggle against adversity?

No. 136.—VOL. XXIII.

Is not this a fair description of England and France? It appears but yesterday that the newspapers teemed with accounts of the great material prosperity of France, the giant strides she had made in manufactures and commerce. Not content with equalling England in many things, it was openly declared that in some points she was actually surpassing her,—points too in which the Englishman believed himself to be pre-eminent. It was stated that English companies had actually purchased steam-engines from French manufacturers because they obtained them cheaper and better than in England!

How eager we were to adopt every hint that could be borrowed from France. Each of us, according to his temperament, named the panacea that England should adopt. At one time Trades Unions were to be abolished by the law, at another they were to be placed under its protection. Schools of Art, Co-operative Societies, Improved Dwellings for Artisans, were all to be introduced into England. A large party strove to place a limit on Free Trade itself, and to bring back Protection under the garb of Reciprocity!

Now that France has met with misfortunes greater than history recounts

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of any other nation of modern Europe, now that she is struggling against those misfortunes with a gallantry and a fortitude unexampled in the history of the world, do we strive to seek and learn the lesson taught by the calamities of France? Are we seeking to copy that which has given France her power to struggle with her enemy, and which if she succeed in dislodging him from French soil will undoubtedly enable her to do so?

Keenly as we strove to find out the causes of French prosperity, we are neglecting the lessons to be learned from French calamity. Our attitude is that of the Pharisee of old; we thank God we are not as other countries are, ill-governed and misguided, even as that France. None who thoughtfully read the current literature of this country but must have been struck by the prevalence of this spirit. Most earnestly do we deprecate it. We do not propose in this place to do more than simply point out that years hence the celebrated New Zealander may, perhaps, see but little to choose between the country that allowed its Ministers to sell the artillery and cavalry horses to obtain votes on the ground of economy and retrenchment, and that which allowed its Ministers to obtain votes by leasing the cavalry and artillery horses to farmers; or between the Ministers, one of whom, on the eve of a tremendous war, being questioned, informed his country that everything was ready, even to a gaiter button, and the other of whom, on being similarly questioned, informed his auditors that the army was equipped with breech-loaders, and that there were 300,000 in store, so many torpedoes that a vote of £2,000 was ample, and that a month would turn out all the ammunition used at Sebastopol! He may, however, observe that in the one case France has had to learn the bitter truth from disaster; England has had time afforded her to learn the truth from the press,—the use that she may make of the knowledge she now possesses rests with herself. Leaving our New Zealander, therefore, to note these things, and question, as doubtless one of that in-

telligent race will do, whether, after all, there can be so much difference between two systems of government, producing results so similar, as we in our national pride think there is, we shall endeavour to point out one lesson to be learned from the calamities of France.

Whether France, beaten to the ground, dismembered of her fairest provinces, loaded with debt, and become a prey to internal dissensions, sink into a second or third class Power; or whether, as we hope, purified by the trial she has undergone, deprived of her army, her leaders, and her statesmen, she will learn from her calamities that self-trust, self-reliance, and self-help, which her people so often seem to want, and rising from her ashes become more beautiful, stronger, and greater than ever,—whatever may be the fate of France, there are two periods in her history that her future historian will dwell on with feelings of mingled sadness and pride. Tracing down the long list of her ancient kings, dwelling on the many great warriors and statesmen whose names are familiar to all who read; on that long list of men eminent for their piety, learning, and philosophy, men whose names can never be mentioned without exciting the love and gratitude of the civilized world; on the many fair, noble, and graceful forms that crowd across the pages of her eventful history, ennobling the brightest, shedding a clear ray of light which redeems even the darkest portions of her story from utter degradation,—tracing down her history with unfaltering hand, her historian will pause and hesitate as he treats of 1814 and 1870, periods so similar, yet so dissimilar. Similar, in that both were periods of invasion; at both times the soil of France was trodden and her fairest provinces ravaged by her most hated enemy; at both periods she was threatened with dismemberment and her Government overthrown. Dissimilar, in that during the former the army alone maintained the struggle, the people being quiescent; during the latter, the army was swept entirely away, and the people alone maintain the conflict. As a patriotic writer describes

these two epochs in French history, he will feel two conflicting emotions. As he describes the former, he will feel pride, and just pride, at the glorious achievements of the great soldier and his handful of war-worn men maintaining an unequal struggle in the plains of Champagne; sadness and sorrow as he describes the quiescent state of the people. On the other hand, as he treats of 1870, he will feel pride and exultation at the attitude of the nation which struggled manfully on despite the loss of its just protector; sorrow, nay anger, as he contemplates the great French army, despite its gallantry, swept into Prussian prisons through the incompetence of its leaders. *There must be some cause, some reason* for the dissimilar result of two invasions that possess so many points of similarity. Political and social causes alone can never account for their marked difference; we conceive that the difference arises to a great extent from *the different military condition* of France at the two epochs we have named, and to this we desire earnestly to draw our readers' attention. Let us survey the state of affairs in January 1814, when Napoleon, leaving Paris, took command of his army at Châlons. The Russian campaign had destroyed the French Grand Army: a second army had been called into being by the gigantic genius of the Emperor. Russia and Prussia, defeated at Lutzen and Bautzen, had been joined by Austria. The victory of Dresden stayed but for a moment the progress of the confederates. Borne down by numbers, weary with fighting, deserted even on the very field of battle by their allies, the French fell back after the three days' carnage of Leipsic—fell back to the Rhine, pursued slowly by the allied monarchs. At that time France held military possession of Germany: though defeated, she was still strong: and the tricolour still waved over Dresden, Torgau, Zamosc, Hamburg, Dantzic, Magdeburg, Custrin, Glogau, and Spandau—in short, all the strong places of Central Europe—although France was denuded of trained soldiers, arms, horses, and munitions of war.

Yet all Napoleon wanted was *time*, a little *time*. Guns had to be cast, harness made, horses obtained, and some consistency given to his new levies; the Emperor fondly hoping that the French peasantry would rise again, as in the year '92, and that scenes similar to those enacted at Valmy and elsewhere would again take place. Weak though the French army was, never exceeding 60,000 men, opposed to nearly half a million led by the best European generals, yet so transcendent was the genius of the French leader that the Allies won each inch of the way to Paris only by desperate fighting, and the plains of Champagne, and the valleys of the Seine and the Marne, rang again with military achievements such as the world has never seen, and the days of Montmirail, Champaubert, and Vauchamps proved that, in war, genius backed by gallantry can perform miracles.

We confess that this campaign has ever a strange interest for us; there is something grand in the sight of the old lion tracked to his lair, springing on the hunters, baffling them by his agility, courage, and coolness, and showing in age all the fire and prowess of his youth.

About the beginning of March 1814, Napoleon conceived the daring design of leaving a small force to cover Paris, and manœuvring so as to get in rear of the Allied generals, to withdraw the garrisons from the frontier fortresses of France, and thus raising his army to 150,000 men, and basing himself on the fortresses to attack the Allies in rear. Carrying out this project, he, by a series of masterly manœuvres, placed himself at St. Dizier, in rear of the Allied armies, on the 26th March. Meantime, Mortier and Marmont, who were left to cover Paris, being far too weak to protect it, fell back on that city. On the 29th of March, the Allies, disregarding Napoleon, who was then on their line of communications, attacked the small French force before Paris, and, seizing the heights of Montmartre, threatened to shell the city, which, being completely open and at their mercy, surrendered on the 30th.

With it fell France and the Napoleonic dynasty.

Had Paris been fortified, and the Allied armies detained before her walls—the city, secure from the threats of a bombardment, remaining simply quiescent—there can be no doubt but that Napoleon would have ultimately succeeded. Drawing the garrisons from the various fortified places on the frontier to himself, completing his army from the arsenals within their walls, arming the peasantry, for whom arms too often were wanting, he would have had such a force at his disposal as would have compelled the Allied Sovereigns to fight under the walls of Paris with their faces towards Germany.

Paris fortified, the heart of the empire would have been protected, and such elasticity would have been given to the actions of the army, no longer troubled for the safety of the capital, as would have nearly doubled its force. More than this, Paris fortified would have furnished a standing-point from which new levies raised from the surrounding country, or the population of Paris itself, armed and equipped from the arsenal of that city, might have issued forth to support and strengthen the armies in the field.

Many reasons have been assigned for the strange quiescence of the people of France while the army was performing so much. It has been said that they were worn out by the conscription and by continued taxation, and were disgusted with the rule of the Emperor. These reasons undoubtedly exercised their influence, but none who read of the gallant conduct of the conscripts and National Guard, notably the column under General Pachtod, who were cut to pieces under the eyes of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia rather than surrender, can doubt but that other causes were at work. Chief amongst those causes were the confidence of the French people that Napoleon would overcome all difficulties; the discreditable system by which successes were magnified and disasters concealed,

and the want of a free press to circulate intelligence amongst the people; last, but by no means least, the want of any fortified central place, where the raw levies could be formed into shape, armed, clothed, and drilled, secure from molestation by the enemy, and the want of arms and munitions of war caused by so many of the great arsenals being situated in the fortresses blockaded by the Allies. It is a strange fact that this campaign, which above all others demonstrates the necessity of fortifications, has been often used by those who are opposed to fortifications to show their inutility. But the truth of the axioms laid down by the great masters of the science never were more clearly demonstrated, and we need only turn to their writings to see how clearly they recognized that the fortification of frontier towns was but a portion of a system of defence to be completed by the fortification of the capital. In France there was at least one man who, seeing what we have so roughly sketched, felt deeply the national degradation. In after years this man had occasion to study the military history of France, in preparing materials for a celebrated book, which, one-sided though it be, will always remain a standard work. Becoming First Minister of France, M. Thiers had sufficient military knowledge within himself to understand the necessity that existed for fortifying Paris. In place of turning a deaf ear to the proposals of military men, he eagerly pushed the question forward, and finally carried through the Chamber the bill for the fortification of the capital, at a cost of £7,000,000 sterling. To quote the arguments used against this measure, or to refute them one by one, would be endless. The portion of the scheme most bitterly opposed was the construction of the detached works which are at this moment securing Paris from bombardment. The construction of these works was opposed on the ground that they would be so many points from which the army could act against the liberties of the people; that if Paris were to revolt, the detached

forts would be the surest means of coercing her. Be that as it may, they have for three months saved Paris from Prussian shells. Had they been constructed since the introduction of rifled artillery, *not one shell* would have fallen in Paris itself.

Let us now turn to 1870. The years that have elapsed since 1814 have been fruitful in discovery and progress. Wealth and prosperity have increased enormously, especially in France and England, and with wealth has followed its invariable concomitant, the love of ease and pleasure. Science, while adding much to every branch of human knowledge, has not neglected the military art. Railways, telegraphs, rifled small arms and artillery have produced great modifications. And nowhere is the change more apparent than in the part played by fortresses in the great drama of war.

Before railways were invented, armies trusted to the great roads for the carriage of their supplies. It is evident that if a fortress barred one or more of these roads—occupied a strategic point in fact—it must either be captured or masked; if the latter, the invading army left a force to watch it, and improved some of the country cross-roads in the vicinity, so that their convoys, protected by the blockading force, simply made a short detour. Armies have now to be supplied by railways. If the railway passes through the fortress or close under its guns, the whole of the traffic must be stopped, the wagons must be emptied, loaded on carriages, dragged by horses to another point on the railway beyond the fortress, and there reloaded on the railway wagons; or a branch railway must be made like a loop-line to pass<sup>1</sup> round the fortress—all works of great labour, and taking a long time to perform. Hence many fortresses have become, from third or fourth class places, to be of first-class importance (witness Toul); while first-class places have, from there being no railway in the neighbourhood, lost all, or nearly all, their strategic value.

<sup>1</sup> As done by the Prussians round Metz.

Again, rifled arms and artillery have added greatly to the resisting power of fortresses, not only in compelling a besieger to open his approaches at a much greater distance, and so increasing his labour, the circle of his investing lines, and consequently the force requisite to besiege a given place: but the size and power of the guns mounted on the ramparts, and the means of protecting them, have been likewise so much increased, that the siege artillery has also to be increased in weight, or—with the view of making up for deficient weight—in numbers.<sup>1</sup>

Telegraphs, too, despite the exertions of Government, *do* convey the truth; and while the fortress is resisting and gaining *time* (which is the essence of war), the population can arm to resist the invaders' onward progress.

Now, it is a remarkable fact, that France, wonderful as has been her material progress, had made little or no military progress for many years. Content to rest on the prestige that the wars of the Empire had given her, she seemed anxious only to rival England in her navy. The easy triumph of her arms in Italy strengthened her even more in adhering to what really were antiquated notions. The slightest inspection of French text-books on any military subject, and a comparison of them with German books on the same subject, will show how much behindhand the French were, how completely they believed in and trusted to their old supremacy; while, curiously enough, they have led the way in many naval improvements—screw line-of-battle ships, steam launches, iron-plated vessels, &c.

The first doubt the French army appear to have entertained of their position as leaders in all military matters, was after the battle of Sadowa in 1866: when many pamphlets and documents, urging reform, and treating of

<sup>1</sup> The number and size of the guns forming the Prussian siege train, the difficulty of moving them, and the mass of projectiles requisite, have caused the delay in beginning the bombardment.



the effects of modern improvements on military science, made their appearance. But the habits of thought of a body of 400,000 men, to say nothing of an entire nation, cannot be altered in three years.

Thus matters stood when France found herself again opposed to Germany. But oh! how changed were the leaders! True, France was led by a Napoleon, but the matchless genius of the Great Captain was not to be found in the French army, the *corps d'armée* of which, pushed helplessly out, unsupported and isolated from one another, were crushed at Wörth and Forbach. Her military administration broke down hopelessly at each step, and her leaders appeared to be paralysed, while the Prussian wave swept on. Bazaine, halting under the guns of Metz too long, was caught in the very act of retiring. Gallantly did he and his army strive to retrieve their fortunes, but in vain; and, like Würmsers at Mantua, he was enclosed and hemmed in. The countrymen of the great Vauban failed to recognize the truth of the principle that fortification is *but the art of enabling a weak force to resist a strong one*. No army of the size of Bazaine's should ever halt under the guns of a great fortress in presence of a greatly superior force: to do so is but to entail the loss of both army and fortress; the latter being unable to feed the former. Meantime the relics of MacMahon's *corps d'armée*, reinforced and raised to 100,000 men, were at Châlons, while the Prussians divided into two great bodies, one of which held Bazaine in check, the other proceeded towards Paris. MacMahon, if he felt himself too weak to fight at Châlons, should have retired south of the Loire. Knowing Paris was fortified and consequently secure, he would have covered the south; and while the Prussians amused themselves before Paris, he might have raised a force that would have crushed the Crown Prince's army and relieved Bazaine. The fatal words, "If you do not march to relieve Bazaine, the revolution is in Paris," sent him to Sedan, abandoning

and neglecting the very advantages which the fortifications of Paris gave him. The capitulation of Sedan left France without an army, without a Government. From Sedan the Prussians, unopposed, marched on Paris. For fifteen long weeks they have looked at it. Within its walls the genius and energy of Trochu have raised a vast army equipped with artillery and breech-loading rifles, have armed the forts with heavy artillery, and still keep the Prussians at bay; while large armies, hastily raised it is true, and roughly thrown together, threaten the Prussian communications, and contend with the Prussian armies in the field. The surrender of Metz has removed all vestige of the regular army from France, yet she fights on, her raw troops clothed and armed from the western arsenals, while Paris itself, within its works, bids defiance to its foes.

## II.

What lesson then are we to learn from French calamities, if it be not *that in modern war the capital of the State must be fortified* if the State is to make a successful resistance?

(1) Let us see how this country stands. It has been said that Paris is France. In a far greater sense may it be said that London is England. In London one-sixth of the entire population of England is collected. It is our great commercial and political centre; and, worst of all, it is also the great military centre of the country.

Not only is the head-quarters of the army in London, but the ONLY ARSENAL that this country possesses is situated at Woolwich. There such military stores as we *yet* possess are concentrated; there the whole of the workshops for casting, making, and fitting artillery, and making carriages and platforms, with the Laboratory where small-arm ammunition alone is made, are situated.

Let us just consider that within forty miles of our frontier is situated the

largest and richest city in the world, and not only that, but the only *manu-factories of military stores, and the greatest storehouses we possess.*

We beg our readers to try and realize this fact. Within two marches of an easy, accessible, undefended landing-place in Essex, within three marches of the southern coast, all this wealth—wealth of gold, silver, precious stones, arms and munitions of war—lies undefended, ready to be the prey of the first body of determined men who land in this country.

(2) Let us suppose the navy crippled by a severe action, or storm, scattered to protect our multifarious interests, and unable to command the Channel. Suppose 120,000 men, complete with infantry, cavalry, and field-artillery, thrown ashore, could we hope to resist them? Yes, if we could gain time. Three weeks, a fortnight, might perhaps be sufficient. But time is the very thing we should not have. The frontier of France threatened by Germany was only 170 miles long; the threatened frontier of England from the Tweed to Plymouth is 700 miles long, leaving out of consideration the other coast, and taking no notice at all of Ireland. The silver streak that girdles our island does undoubtedly offer great facilities for defence; does it not offer also great facilities for attack? Of all frontiers, a river is the most difficult to defend; it may be crossed anywhere, while a chain of mountains can only be penetrated by certain well-known passes. What is a narrow channel or strait but an exaggerated river?

We beg our readers to try and realize what would happen if four Prussian army corps landed on the coast of Essex. Not one moment would they lose, but push forward for London: they would turn neither to the right nor left, but would hasten forward. We can see the London Militia, Volunteers, and regular troops marching out to meet them; assistance could be obtained from no other place, time would not permit it. A battle would be fought. Suppose (a very wild supposition) that

we could place 120,000 men in line: what would be the result? The man who is most confident in the prowess of his countrymen would acknowledge that it would be a very doubtful conflict. *If* we succeeded, the Prussian force must surrender; if beaten, the Prussians would enter London, which would be powerless to resist. The political, commercial, and military centre of our country thus grasped, what could we do? We ask any man in his senses how our Volunteers and militia, stout men and true, scattered throughout the northern and central counties, could retrieve the fortunes of England, when deprived of the whole of the military stores which alone could enable them to contend with an enemy? England must surrender at discretion. With London, and all that the word London means, in the hands of an enemy, we could not, even if we would, maintain the struggle. Like France in 1814, our heart grasped by the enemy, the central point from which all authority emanates occupied by hostile forces, we must submit to whatever terms the invader might choose to dictate. We ask you, reader, Is it not worse than madness, *is it not criminal folly* to leave all this treasure, all this wealth, the fate of a great empire, the weal or woe of millions, to such a chance as this, to be decided by one battle, perhaps lost and won without one blow being struck for its protection? Do you trust your private affairs to such contingencies? Do you not strive to place every chance on your side, to provide against and foresee each adverse contingency?

(3) But you may reply, "The whole of this story is founded on a supposition that 120,000 men complete at all points *can* be landed on English soil. The supposition is a most wild and absurd one; the thing will never be attempted, much less effected. 'Happy England, safe behind the silver streak of sea,' protected by her navy, no invading host *can* land on her shores."

But, we would ask, is it more difficult to cross the Channel now than it was

in 1805? Has steam made no difference? Is England now more completely mistress of the seas than she was in 1805? Have not our responsibilities, our necessities for naval defence, increased far more than our navy has done? Have not other navies—smaller, it is true, but when united far more powerful than our own—grown up?

Most undoubtedly it must be confessed that England's naval power at the present moment, relatively to that of the rest of the world, is far less than it was in 1805. Yet in 1805 (it is no fancy of ours, it is sober reality) England escaped such an invasion as we have feebly attempted to describe, by luck so great, by a combination of events so fortunate, that it is impossible to count on the like again. At the present moment, when those who support the Ministers in a course of fatal inaction are never tired of repeating that invasion is impossible, it is well that the story should be repeated in its naked simplicity. It is well that the dwellers in "happy England" should know how narrowly she escaped shipwreck.

The rupture of the Peace of Amiens took place in 1803. In 1805 Napoleon had assembled the most perfect army the world has ever seen in great camps on the northern shores of France. Despite the vigilance of the English cruisers, 2,000 gunboats had been assembled at Boulogne, Dunkirk, and Calais. The army destined for the invasion of England, 150,000 strong, complete with all requirements, had been so trained in embarking and disembarking that it took but ten minutes to embark 25,000 men. The French and Spanish fleets blockaded in the different ports by the English squadrons had only to be liberated. By consummate address Napoleon contrived that Villeneuve should draw Nelson off to the West Indies, and then return to Europe. The plan succeeded marvelously. Nelson, deceived, found on his arrival in the West Indies that the French fleet had sailed for home eighteen days before, the intention being that Villeneuve, joining to himself the

Spanish ships from Ferrol and Vigo, should unite with the French fleet at Brest, and, sweeping the Channel with sixty sail of the line, cover the passage of the French army. Nothing could have been better contrived. Learning the truth in the West Indies, Nelson sent the *Curieux*, the fastest vessel in his squadron, to England. By a fortunate chance she outstripped the French fleet, and arrived in England in sufficient time to allow of a force being collected to intercept Villeneuve on his way to Brest. *Had* the *Curieux* met with adverse winds, *had* Sir Robert Calder failed to meet Villeneuve, Napoleon must have landed in England.

What was nearly accomplished then is far more easy to accomplish now. Years after, in St. Helena, reviewing these events, Napoleon said:—

"If Villeneuve, instead of entering the harbour of Ferrol, had contented himself with joining the Spanish squadron, and instantly sailed for Brest to join Gantheaume, my army would have embarked, and it would have been all over with England. . . . The English never penetrated my real design, and when from the failure of the movements of my squadron my project was revealed, the utmost consternation pervaded the councils in London. All men of sense in England confessed she had never been so near ruin."<sup>1</sup>

(4) Recall these events to your mind, and then say, is the invasion of England, after all, such a problematical question? Recall to your mind Russian aggression, Prussian hate and ambition, American rancour and envy, and say, are not these elements sufficient to accomplish it? We say that the fortification of London is no wild scheme, it is now a national necessity. Our rulers insist upon keeping our army at such a figure that it is useless for *offensive war*: at least let the people of England *insist, aye and demand*, that London, the heart of the kingdom, should be rendered secure from a *coup de main*. Lord Palmerston, to whom this country owes the fact that her dockyards are fortified, was far too able a man, and too clear-headed a statesman, not to per-

<sup>1</sup> Montholon.

ceive that fortifying the dockyards and leaving London unfortified, was like clothing a man in armour and omitting the cuirass—protecting the extremities and leaving the heart exposed to hostile thrusts. The fortification of London is no new scheme; it is one that has occupied many of the ablest men in England, and but one opinion as to its necessity has been entertained by all who have studied the question. If our military engineers have not been very remiss, such a scheme must exist in the War Office. If our War Minister doubt its necessity, let him read Napoleon's views. He considered it the greatest of all contradictions to leave a point of such importance as the capital of a great State undefended.

"Paris ten times in her history has owed her safety to her walls. If in 1814 she had been fortified, the destinies of the world would have been altered. If in 1805 Vienna had been fortified, the battle of Ulm would not have decided the war. If in 1806 Berlin had been fortified, the army routed at Jena might have rallied there till Russia could have come up. If in 1808 Madrid had been fortified, Napoleon after the action of Somosierra could not have entered it, leaving the English army in his rear at Salamanca."

To those of our readers who have followed us so far, it must be evident that the fortification of London is not only desirable but absolutely requisite.

(5) *How, then, is London to be fortified?*

The idea of putting a ditch and rampart round it, as has been done round Paris, is manifestly absurd; the enormous extent and great cost of such a work, to say nothing of its inutility, completely forbid it. Modern artillery has rendered the old bastioned wall which surrounds several of our seaport towns a thing of the past; in a few years we shall look upon such walls much as we do on Kenilworth or Raglan Castles.

But modern artillery, terrible in attack, is still more terrible in defence, and has given the engineer a power of extending his works never dreamed of in former days. It is manifest that if a given area has to be protected, so long as all the approaches to it are swept by

the fire of heavy artillery, the area itself is unapproachable until those guns are destroyed. Hence, by selecting certain commanding positions at intervals round any space to be fortified, and placing detached forts on those positions the guns of which will cross fire over the interval, the area may be completely protected.

The advantages of such a system as this are very great, and may be enumerated as follows:—1. It enables a much greater space to be defended with a given sum of money than could formerly be done. 2. It enables the defenders to keep the besiegers at arms' length, and entirely prevents the city behind the works from being bombarded. Strasburg had no detached forts, and fell before a terrible bombardment. Paris has detached forts, and hardly one shell has fallen in Paris as yet. 3. It gives great confidence and support to volunteers, militia, or other irregular troops. 4. It affords great facilities to an army acting within the works, and compels an attacking General to scatter his forces to an enormous extent.

Applying then this system to London, we would propose to surround it with a ring of detached forts on carefully selected sites. The line which these should occupy should not be too near the metropolis. We prefer to see a circle wide in extent pushed into the country. Doubtless the wider the circle the more forts are required, but at the same time the less costly will be the land, and the less likely will houses be to spring up in the neighbourhood. We would propose, then, a circle of forts following a line beginning at Erith in advance of Woolwich, and passing by Bexley, Bromley, Addington, Croydon, Ewell, and Malden, to Richmond on the Thames. A glance at a map will show approximately the line that these forts should follow. From Richmond the circle would be continued *via* Hounslow, Southall, Harrow, Barnet, and Enfield, to Buckhurst Hill, Hainault Forest, Romford, and Rainham, to the Thames. This line will embrace all the more important railway junctions,

and a railway, following pretty nearly this line, should be constructed as a portion of the scheme.

It has been proposed that the sites of the works requisite for the defence of London should be merely selected, and the works themselves constructed on the spur of the moment. This is the greatest fallacy that can be conceived. Much may be done on the spur of the moment, and must be done. But nothing can be done effectually unless there are certain points completely fortified and held, which, acting as a skeleton or framework, will allow of the whole defence being filled in and completed. In such a circle as we have described, seventy miles in circumference, if certain fixed points are occupied with permanent works, the spaces between may be completely closed either by inundations,—as near Hounslow and all along the Paddington Canal,—or by small fortified posts, abattis, and other obstacles, which, although of little avail *if unsupported*, become most formidable obstacles when swept by heavy artillery.

(6) *Where would the defenders for such a system of forts come from?*

We are of opinion that there is no city in the world where defenders for the system of forts we have described can more easily be found. Inside the space we have marked out are the headquarters of eleven militia regiments, each 1,000 strong, and twenty Volunteer battalions, each averaging about 600 men. This force *alone* would afford ample garrisons for the forts, and behind their ramparts no better troops could be found. The great want of the London Volunteer Corps at the present moment are armouries, drill-grounds, and rifle-ranges. And in the daily press we read that large subscriptions are being raised to furnish these requisites. They can all be easily found in conjunction with the proposed forts.

We consider that the whole area we have pointed out should be divided into districts, each district containing three or four forts, and that one fort should be assigned to each militia or

volunteer corps; the fort to be called after the name of the corps, and to contain its armoury and head-quarters. Slightly in rear of the fort should be built quarters for the adjutant and permanent staff, and each corps should be called on to raise two companies of garrison artillery for service in the fort. The garrison of each fort would then be one thousand men.

Some arrangement might be come to with the various railway companies (by giving them the use of the Circular Railway) by which members of the various corps should be able to proceed, free of cost, to their own forts at all times. An officer in command of each district, with an engineer and artillery officer on his staff,—the former to look after the forts, know the country, and be at all times prepared to strengthen the spaces between the forts; the latter to look after the artillery,—would be all the staff requisite. We conceive that such a system would give what the London Volunteers require, some clear and tangible return for the time and labour they gratuitously bestow on the country. There can be no doubt but that the words *cui bono? cui bono?* must often rise to the lips of the most enthusiastic Volunteer; and *that the clear, well-defined object* which is absolutely requisite if long-continued exertions are to be obtained from any body of men, can be given to each corps by handing over a fort to it for which it is responsible; a clear tangible object can be given to each man in the corps by the fact that he has to consider how in war-time the interval between his fort and the next can be best closed. These things cannot be given by an annual field-day at Brighton or elsewhere—field-days which are perfectly useless, we would almost say hurtful, so far as military instruction is concerned.

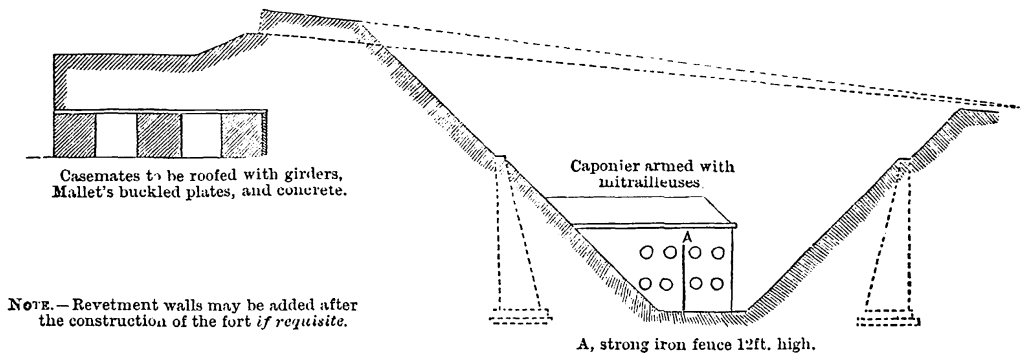
(7) *Of what nature should these forts be, and how long would they take to erect?*

We have already stated that the line to be occupied would be about seventy miles in length, the distance apart of the forts being about two miles.

The shape of each fort must be decided by the nature of the site, but there are certain features which each should possess. These may be enumerated as solid thick ramparts and parapets, sufficient bomb-proof accommodation to protect three-fourths of the garrison, constructed not as barracks for peace, but as bomb-proof shelter in war; water supply, a good magazine, ditches flanked by caponiers armed with mitrailleuses; some heavy guns, well protected, mounted on each work. Guns suitable in every way for this purpose may at a cheap rate be made, by Major Palliser's process, out of the useless cast-iron guns of which so many exist. It may, however, be urged that these works are of such a gigantic nature that they will take years to construct. We do not admit this; the great delay in the construction of most of our fortifications arises from two causes, both of which

are easily removable. The first is the great masses of masonry that are used in the scarp walls and bomb-proofs, and the time occupied in forming the casemates as barracks. The second is the extraordinary number of legal forms that have to be gone through before land can be obtained, and the truly marvellous quantity of circumlocution and red tape that surrounds all the actions of the War Office.

To obviate the first, we would propose to reduce the masonry to a minimum, leave the scarp and counter-scarp (certainly at first) at the natural slope of the ground, placing a strong wrought-iron railing, twelve feet high, in the ditch to prevent escalade; making the caponiers chiefly of boiler plate bolted to iron girders, and substituting Mallet's buckled plates and iron girders for the heavy arches usually used in bomb-proofs.



To obviate the second, let Parliament pass a short Act authorizing the land to be taken at once, and further (by far the most difficult thing) compel the War Office to abrogate some of its red tape. Let these things be done, and before the snow again whitens the ground, London might be encircled by a girdle of forts within which she could smile placidly at any hostile invaders.

(8) *What will all this cost?*

We reply, if it only cost £5 and is not necessary, it is dear. If it cost ten millions and is requisite—requisite to protect us from the continual panics to which we are subject, requisite as an

insurance to protect the vast interests at stake—it is cheap.

But let our readers consider the following points, and then say whether it is cheap or dear.

*Approximate Estimate for defending London with Detached Works.*

Sites for 40 forts, 50 acres of land each, at £750 per acre .....	£1,500,000
Clearance rights over 100 acres in front of each fort at £375 per acre .....	1,500,000
40 forts at £60,000 each .....	2,400,000
56 (say) miles of railway at £30,000 per mile .....	1,680,000
Quarters for Volunteer adjutants, and permanent staff, 40 at £5,000 .....	200,000
Law expenses, telegraphs, &c. ...	280,000
Contingencies of all kinds .....	1,000,000
	<hr/>
	£8,560,000

Figures are deceptive, and we have added a million, as our readers may see, to be on the safe side.

With Consols at 92, the country can obtain this money in terminable annuities at four per cent; or the fortification of London will entail an annual outlay, for a limited term of years, of £342,400, which is about *one farthing in the pound income-tax*.

(9) *Now let us see if it be really worth while to pay such a sum.*

We will not say one word about national honour, not one word about prestige. Earl Russell may think such things of consequence, but he belongs to an antiquated race of men, who were ready, and have proved it too, to risk life, limb, and fortune for England's glory. You and I, dear reader, are much too wise for such nonsense. Is the property worth the insurance?

Consols are now at 92,—at what would they stand with London in hostile hands? Would they stand at 70? Would they stand at 60?<sup>1</sup> Credit is a wonderful thing. England's long good fortune has preserved her credit, but London in the hands of an enemy *would* be a rude shock. Remember that a fall of 20 in the Funds is a depreciation of national wealth by 160 millions. What would be the fall in other securities? would it be as much more, or twice as much more? We feel sure that we are not over-stating the case when we say that the depreciation of national wealth from this cause alone would be 400 millions. Is one farthing in the pound

<sup>1</sup> Vogel von Falkenstein took Frankfort July 16th, 1866, and imposed a requisition of 7 million florins. Next came Von Mantuffel on the 20th: he imposed a requisition of 25 millions. This same helmeted and privileged "requisitionist" took Rouen, and imposed a requisition of 17 millions of francs.

As the population and importance of Frankfort is to the population and importance of London, so is 32 millions of florins to . . .

As the population and importance of Rouen is to the population and importance of London, so is 17 millions of francs to . . .

Let each of our readers work these rule-of-three sums for himself.

income-tax too much to pay as an insurance to prevent this?

(10) The consequences of the capture of London are too frightful to contemplate. It must not be. Let us turn to our rulers and say, "It must not be; it is your duty, you who are the leaders of this great nation, to take all precaution *that it shall not be*; that such mighty evils do not follow because you lack the courage, the common moral courage, to spend eight millions and a half, to augment the income-tax by *one farthing in the pound*."

We insure our houses, we insure our ships<sup>2</sup>—men whose houses have never been burnt down, shipowners who have never lost a ship—because fire and shipwreck are things of every-day occurrence: each man has seen his neighbour's house burning, each man has known of his neighbour's ship being wrecked. We don't insure our metropolis, the heart and soul of our great empire, because we have never seen a foreign foe. Look to France; the smoke of the burning villages, the groans of starving women and children, perishing of cold and hunger, may almost be seen and heard from our shores. Let us learn the lesson. Blind confidence in her rulers has brought her to the state in which she now is. Full of promises and high-sounding words, "All is right," "All is complete," "Plenty of soldiers," "Plenty of arms," all have vanished away, scorched up by the fiery breath of war. No hope is left to France but such as can be built on the fortress bequeathed her by the wisdom of a former generation. Alone it has proved faithful and given her power to struggle on. If she repel the invader, she may thank the wisdom of the statesman who fortified Paris. When shall we find one with courage and energy sufficient to fortify London? Pitt fortified our dockyards

<sup>2</sup> In 1868 the fifty-eight fire insurance offices in Great Britain insured property to the amount of £886,445,784. The Government duty on this sum was £1,069,236, or three times the annual sum required to fortify London; the premiums paid to one office, and that not the largest, being £505,000.

in 1803; Palmerston fortified the same dockyards in 1861; Pitt wished to fortify London in 1803; Palmerston would have done so had he now been alive.

"It is vain (said Mr. Pitt in 1803) to say you should not fortify London because our ancestors did not fortify it, unless you can show that they were in the same position that we are. We might as well be told that because our ancestors fought with arrows and lances, we ought to use them now, and consider shields and corslets as affording a secure defence against musketry and artillery. If the fortification of the capital can add to the security of the country, I think it ought to be done. If by the erection of works such as I recommend you can delay the progress of the

enemy for three days, it may make the difference between the safety and destruction of the capital.

"It will not, I admit, make a difference between the conquest and independence of the country; for that will not depend on one or ten battles; but it makes the difference between the loss of thousands of lives, with misery, havoc, and desolation spread over the country on the one hand, or the confounding the efforts and chastising the insolence of the enemy on the other."

Alas! in an hour of great need, when the ship of State is tossed to and fro, and surrounded by rocks and quicksands, there is neither a Pitt nor a Palmerston at the helm.

# SONNET.

THE bitter wind was blowing from the west,  
 The chill December sky was overhead,  
 Yet somewhere hovering o'er an unseen nest  
 I heard a lark's shrill treble: "Fool," I said,  
 "Canst thou be glad, when spring is far away?  
 What pleasure in the bleak December day—  
 The barren ground, the leafless, shivering trees?"  
 He answered with a carol loud and long,  
 A bold bright challenge of defiant song,  
 "What though the wind be keen, the hedgerows freeze,  
 There burns a fire within this tiny breast,  
 Kindling my soul: joy will not let me rest—  
 I must be soaring ever; and they say  
 That he who soareth singeth all the way."

E. D. S.



## P A T T Y.

## CHAPTER VI.

## AT GRAY'S FARM.

MRS. BRIGHT, as she sits facing her tea-urn, is a comfortable representative of the Englishwoman of middle age, not too plump for a certain amount of good looks. She has a fresh bright complexion, and a sweet and kind expression; there are few lines on her smooth forehead, thought being one of the things which Mrs. Bright considers specially intended for mankind—women being made to look nice, be useful, and do as they are bid, especially by their lords and masters; from which considerations the reader will perceive, if he be discerning, that Mrs. Bright is a woman of a thoroughly conservative kind, with no dangerous modern dogmas about her.

At this moment her pleasant face has somewhat the aspect of a surprised full moon; the eyebrows have so raised themselves that her forehead is far from smooth as she listens to her son's news.

"Good gracious, Will! you don't mean that Stephen Pritchard has been random enough to send a stranger down upon us without warning? Why"—here the beaming face turns almost the colour of a red peony—"dear me, dear me! and I've just picked my best lace cap to pieces for wash, and I have not got a new shape yet to make it up on again. Stephen really might have a little thought—so clever as he is too!"

Mr. William Bright has risen from breakfast before his mother comes to the end of her sentence; he stoops over his leather bag, fastening a strap tightly round it, and his face is flushed by the effort as he looks up again.

Will is a fine young fellow, tall and square and deep-chested, with honest clear grey eyes, and the fair hair that

goes so well along with them. It is far easier to describe the master of Gray's Farm than to describe Mr. Paul Whitmore; and as one man had much to do in making and marring the happiness of the other's life, it may be well here to speak of them together; and as a true description must always partake of the nature of the person described, that of Paul can only be fitful and uncertain. The charm of his face lay in expression, and this varied as a landscape varies under passing clouds across April sunshine. Words cannot paint Paul's smile; it came like a sudden summer, but when it faded you felt you had a new revelation of the dark-eyed man you had been thinking proud and cold.

Will Bright is a man to be looked at at any time you please; his face bespeaks him at once—no need to wait for the clue given by a smile or a frown. As he stands smiling at his mother's discomfiture, he is as fine a specimen of manhood as you can see anywhere; an impersonation of handsome health and strength, of that fair square Saxon type which is often united to two specially English mental qualities—dogged resolution in practical duties, and a narrow judgment on folks who have less perpendicular principles.

Will is more awkward than shy; he is thoroughly self-reliant. His mother has worshipped him from his cradle with the sort of teasing fondness some mothers, and some sisters too, indulge in, and though Will is a good son he sets little store by his mother's judgment.

"Stephen only thinks of the people in his books, mother; you see he knows nothing about dress, and I don't think your cap matters."

"Dear me, Will, not matter how I look! I thought you liked your mother to look nice."

"She always looks nice;" Will stoops

and kisses her, much as he would have pacified a child. "But Stephen should have written beforehand. From what Mr. Beaufort said last night, this Mr. Whitmore was coming over to us without any notice at all, just when the Rector met him. Mr. Beaufort says he seems a pleasant fellow; he sent him to the 'Bladebone,' but I was in a hurry to get home, so I didn't go in there. I sent a message by the Rector to say I was going from home for a day or two, but I would call and drive Mr. Whitmore out here on Monday. Mr. Beaufort seemed to think he should ask him to the Rectory to-morrow."

"Ask him to the Rectory!" Mrs. Bright's happy face fills with sudden trouble; "and he an artist! Oh, my dear Will, I'd rather have had him here fifty times—indeed, indeed I would. So fond of sketching as Nuna is too; and who is to say they may not go out sketching together and get flirting over the paints? O Will, I can't tell you how anxious you've made me!"

"Anxious! what d'ye mean, mother?" Will speaks as surlily as a man is apt to speak when he fully realizes a danger presented to him by another—danger which, because the suggester of it is a woman, he loftily resolves to ignore.

"Will, dear, please don't be tiresome. I don't know, but I don't fancy you are quite so sure of Nuna Beaufort as to give every young fellow a chance of pleasing her—and you say this Mr. Whitmore is pleasant."

"Oh, bother chances!" says Will, all the sunshine hidden by the cloud that shadows his grey eyes. "I know one thing well enough, Nuna will choose only to please herself, and I can't keep her from seeing a dozen strangers a week if she has the chance, so why on earth should I try?" he ends defiantly, and takes up his bag.

Mrs. Bright looks up proudly at her tall, handsome son.

"Well, dear," she says with that wonderful humility mothers display far more liberally to their sons than to their husbands, "of course we all know she is not likely to see any one like

you. But I say, Will dear, just tell me before you go whether I should have the best curtains up in the blue bedroom—those with the daisy fringe, you know—or the plain ones."

"Both if you like, only don't bother me;" and Will kisses his mother and goes off with his bag through the pleasant stone hall-entrance, then down a narrow red-tiled path to the little gate set in a holly hedge, outside of which his dogcart stands waiting.

A tall lazy-looking fellow, with a constant grin that shows teeth as white and as strong as a young wolf's, stands at the horse's head. He touches his ragged straw hat.

"Is everything in, Larry?"

"That it is, yer honour, and I'm thinkin' it's meself wouldn't mind the laste in life if ye'd put me up along wid the victuals."

He grins wider than ever; but Mrs. Bright has reached the gate, and she shakes her head reprovingly.

"O Larry, if you spent less on eating and drinking, your wife and children would be more comfortable."

"Is it Aileen then, and the childre? It's not desaving ye I am, but they takes a dale more comfort in their bellies than in jist outside show; they'd sooner feed barefoot than starve in shoes and stockings, be jakers they 'ood! But it's thankin' yer honours all the same I am for the boots for the boy." His voice had fallen into a whine, but here the droll look comes back. "Bedad, he kicked his sisters all round wid 'em, he did."

"Then you should have flogged him," says Mrs. Bright, seriously.

"Bedad," says Larry, "and that's what I've no heart for. But," he winked, "the boy's not set eyes on 'em again; he can't kick so hard widout 'em, yer ladyship sees."

"Good-bye, mother," and Will drives off, Larry running on before to open the gate of the yard into which the garden opens. Larry wants to get out of Mrs. Bright's way; he has no mind to be questioned about the boots, which have been already bartered away for drink and tobacco.

"I wonder why Will keeps Irishmen on the farm," his mother thinks as she leaves the gate, "they are so full of excuses and so false. I don't trust one among 'em, man or woman either. I believe they'll do anything to gain their own ends, and keep up a fair seeming all the while."

The stone entrance-hall had in former generations been the chief living room of the old rambling farmhouse. The sunken stone floor went up and down, and the huge oak table stood all unlevel; the empty open fire-place would have seated a dozen people, and the tall andirons held themselves up stiffly, guardians of the deserted spot. A row of pleasant diamond-paned lattices on each side of the door gave light to the ancient place—a place literally of passage. Mrs. Bright used it only for drying lavender and rosemary on the deep window-sills, and Will used it as a kind of business room.

Mrs. Bright stood a minute and looked round her. "Will must marry Nuna of course; he won't be happy without her. I don't think she'll alter the old place; she'll let everything be just as it is; she'll let the house fall down about her ears before she knows there's aught amiss. Well, well, Will's got wits enough for man and wife too, only it seems hard for a man to have to think of everything." She looked pensive, and then the usual cheerfulness returned to her good-humoured face. "I suppose it's all use," she said; "we must all of us have something to put up with. I don't know I'm sure what I had,"—here the tears came, and she wiped them away,— "unless it was my poor dear going hunting and then breaking his neck; but then that's not a thing that could well happen twice, and I had begged him to be careful, and his last words to me were, 'Nancy, my dear, I will.'"

This remembrance was always too much for the affectionate widow, and she sat down on one of the tall oak stools and cried.

After a bit she took her face out of her handkerchief, wiped her eyes in a

determined final way, felt in her wide deep pocket for her keys, and took her way to the oak staircase.

"There were just one or two things certainly that I had to put up with in my poor dear, but they don't seem much now," she said, as she mounted the dark slippery stairs. "He would smoke in the parlour, and he would drink beer with his breakfast, and I'm thankful that in those two things my boy don't take after his father. Will never forgets he's a gentleman. I shall put on the best bed with the daisy fringe, and the best toilet curtains too. I must show this Mr. Whitmore that my son is something more than a mere farmer; but I do wish I knew what shaped caps are worn in London. Will never thinks about fashion when he goes to town; never can tell me anything of that kind."

Mrs. Bright had a way of prattling on without taking much heed to what she said. She had got so used to being laughed at and not listened to, that she would have been puzzled now if she had known how some of her careless words were pricking at her son's heart, as he drove his spirited black horse over to Guildford.

"What am I about?" Will asked himself. "My mother is right; Nuna is just the girl to be much more taken with any one coming in, in this sudden unexpected way, than with the regular matter-of-fact courtship I pay her." Here he lashed out at the black horse. The horse having a full consciousness that it was doing its duty, gave a violent plunge and bolted, and Will had a narrow escape of being pitched on his head. It was fortunate for him that the road was level and free from awkward stones, and after a bit he managed to soothe the irritated creature. They went on evenly as before, and Will's mind travelled again to Nuna, and to the chance of her love for the stranger.

"Does she know I love her?" He went slowly back in thought to the early days when Mary Beaufort had been often glad to trust

her fragile little sister to Mrs. Bright's motherly care. What golden days those had been, when Nuna had been given to his sole guardianship! Spring days, when they had gone to the woods to find blue-bells and starry anemones; summer days, when he, a great sturdy fellow of twelve, had carried dinner for both to the old chalk-pit at the farthest end of the farm, and then afterwards had crowned Nuna with wreaths of dog-roses; autumn days, with the crimson glories of blackberrying, or more adventurous nutting; and then, when Nuna grew stronger and was permitted to spend winter days at the farm—the dear delights of sliding on the large pond in Four-acre meadow. What days these had been! Will was not twenty-five, and yet it seemed to him that life did not hold in the present these bits of sunshine crystallized for ever in his memory. And such recollections evoked the vivid triumphant consciousness that if Nuna lived to be an old woman, no one could ever have the power of serving her that he himself had possessed. Why, the pretty weak little girl could scarcely run the first time he saw her; he smiled as he remembered teaching her to run races down the Creek field, and then how he had caught her up in his arms and lifted her over the deep ditch at the bottom of the hill. And in those summer days, more than once she had tired out, and had thanked him so gratefully when he carried her in his strong arms.

Will sighed. His love for Nuna then had been protecting and brotherly—the pitying love strength has for weakness. How little he had prized those days, so precious now as memories!

Will sighed again. What would he give for the privilege of carrying Nuna across the creek now—the privilege of feeling her arms round his neck, and hearing the sweet “Thank you” from the rosy mouth that once on a time had offered a kiss with the words.

Memory went on again to the time when these visits grew rarer, and when, on his return from school, these ten-

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dernesses subsided into ordinary boy and girl acquaintance.

“But I never had ordinary feelings for Nuna,” he said to himself impetuously. “Why, when I taught her to ride, it was the lifting her up and down I cared for more than the riding. Why didn't I make her love me then? Before she went to London I could say anything I liked to Nuna.”

Will had never forgotten that leave-taking. How, in the midst of the exquisite June day, a sudden winter had come on his spirits, and going home in the long light evening, it had seemed to him that the season was in error, and that the trees should have been brown and leafless.

He learned on that day a truth which had since been developing and making itself felt more and more urgently, that he could never love any one as well as Nuna Beaufort, and that, if she would not love him in return, he would be content to live alone for her sweet sake. He had told himself over and over again that she should love him, and she must; there was nothing else for her to do. But six months ago Nuna had come back a tall graceful woman, whose sweet shyness subdued him far more than even the changeable fitful frankness of her girlhood, and a new sort of barrier seemed to have grown up between them. Then had come Mary Beaufort's death, and Will told himself that he must wait till Nuna's deep sorrow for her sister softened, and then she would be his wife. He would claim the fulfilment of a promise made in one of their childish rambles.

“I will be your wife, Will, dear,” the little maiden had said, “and you'll always take care of me, won't you?”

He knew the idea was foolish, but it haunted him. As he drove along to-day it pressed on him that he was letting the year slip by without having made one effort to win Nuna's love.

“I have been away in London, and then there came hay-making and harvesting; what chance have I had?”

A deep flush rose on his broad open

U

forehead. He had seen Nuna every Sunday, and he might have seen her oftener; why had he been so backward a wooer?

The reins slackened, and the black horse, feeling that his master was lost in reverie, took himself along the road at a more leisurely pace than the swinging trot he had been keeping up.

A woman would have got to the root of the matter in no time; but Will being a man, and being gifted only with the large lordly faculties of mankind, could not understand the reason of his delay, simply because that very British part of his nature—his own self-reliance—put a bandage on his eyes. It was not likely that he would own to himself—he, the firm, determined, cool-headed Will Bright, to whom men older than himself appealed in matters of difficult judgment—how could he own to himself that he was afraid of the girl he had known and petted ever since she was three years old? And yet if he had led a less active outside life—had he been more of a student—Will might have learned out of books that much of his love was founded on the sort of reverent awe which now tied his tongue. Even as a child Nuna had talked to him, not learnedly, for Nuna had little enough of learning till she went to London, but in a way quite as much beyond Will's comprehension as learning itself, about pictures in the clouds, in the fire; she would even weave stories out of a hedge-bank, which made Will marvel. He could not define his feelings; but he had long been aware of the presence of something in Nuna beyond his power either to grasp or to sympathise with; and the very self-reliance which he never shrank from manifesting among his fellows, made him prefer to love that to which he felt himself inferior. Tangible superiority he would have shrunk from, but he did not recognize this in the Beauforts. Mr. Beaufort was proud that his wife had been an earl's daughter, but his poverty kept him aloof from his aristocratic connections; and as to blood, Will Bright was not of yeoman descent:

some of the oldest families in the county were kin on his father's side.

In his matter-of-fact way he would perhaps have said that his wealth and the comforts with which he could surround a portionless wife were equivalents to the bluest blood in England. His mother's words had aroused him to the fact of his delay, and Will was impatient to atone for it.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A TALK.

ON the morning on which the master of Gray's Farm took his way to Guildford, Paul Whitmore had risen much earlier than he ever did in London, and had in consequence gained considerably in the opinion of Mrs. Fagg.

So far as feeling went, possibly she might have preferred to have got his breakfast later. It was a busy morning at the "Bladebone;" a noisy party of horse-dealers had come in over-night from Weston fair, and they were assembled in the large room clamouring for breakfast when Paul asked for his. But Mrs. Fagg was one of those women to whom an emergency is as a whetstone to a knife; it neither flurried her nor made her impatient, just a flush on the pale cheek, a fire in the sunken eyes, and a compression of the firm mouth told an observer that the woman was overtaxed, and might somewhat stir his indignation against her small-eyed lord and master smoking his pipe in the garden, while he counted his plums and apricots ripening on the wall.

How many eggs and rashers of ham were cooked and carried into the consumers thereof on that hot summer morning it would be hard to say. The horse-dealers disdained all cold meats; and Mrs. Fagg being too solicitous for the credit of the "Bladebone" to permit her maid a share in the cooking, Paul found her still bending over the fire when he went to look for her after breakfast.

"I shall come in to dinner some time, Mrs. Fagg," he said, "and I shall want to keep my room on certainly till Monday, perhaps longer. Dear me! is not that very hot work?"

He looked admiringly round the kitchen: the white wood of the long dresser, the bright oak table up in one corner, the shining array of pots and pans glowing in the fire heat, and sending out a warm greeting to the sunshine which streamed in through the window, Mrs. Fagg placing the last golden egg on the dish of crimson rashers, all struck his fancy as new and unusual.

Mrs. Fagg set a cover on the dish and gave it to the maid before she answered.

"Now mind what you're about, Sarah; if you overset an egg, there's no pickin' it up, mind you that. Well, sir, it is hot, but I don't look to find cooking cool; perhaps you never saw an inn kitchen before, sir?"

Something in the landlady's manner told Paul that Mrs. Fagg deemed his presence in her kitchen superfluous.

"Oh, yes," he said; "I've not seen many English kitchens, but abroad I'm sure to find them out. You should see the wonderful brass pans and kettles they have there; they are quite a study. Well, I must say good morning."

"Quite a study!" Mrs. Fagg threw back her cap-strings contemptuously. "That's so like a man; they always judge of things by the outside; they set no vally on the trouble that things cost folks to keep bright. Just like Dennis; he'll go about, I haven't a doubt of it, this morning, making a boast all over Ashton of the breakfasts the 'Bladebone' has served up, and he'll give no more a thought to my trouble than I give to them egg-shells," and she flung a handful of them on the fire.

Paul was glad to get away from the heat, glad to find himself again in Carving's Wood Lane, under the over-arching trees. These were the causes of gladness he owned to; he was half ashamed of the eagerness which drew him on to Patty's cottage.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," is a sort of maxim we grow up to have faith in, as we put faith in "A stitch in time saves nine," and other wise adages, with a secret belief that if they came freshly to us, and so presented tempting food for investigation, we might discover that they are not so flawless as they seem. One point, however, in respect of this first maxim is certain: if a man's fancy be strongly and suddenly impressed over-night, the impression grows almost as Jack's beanstalk did—grows in a semi-conscious way through his dreams, till when he awakes next morning it has shaped itself into an intense desire to realize the half-tasted delight which caused it.

It had been so with Paul Whitmore. Those few brief moments with Patty had been exquisite to him; his ardent love of beauty had found full scope for worship in her loveliness, and the simple, sweet shyness with which it seemed to him she shrunk from his admiration, had made him long to conquer it—to tame this lovely rustic into a liking for him. If you had told Paul Whitmore that there was any danger of his really loving Patty, he would have scoffed; and yet his thoughts had been so full of her over-night at the Rectory that he had scarcely noticed Nuna Beaufort. The Rector had explained to him that he had seen his friend Mr. Bright, who would be absent till Monday; and Paul had accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Beaufort on Sunday, much against his will, and only because he could not plead any good reason for refusing.

"I would much rather get a stroll with Patty," he said to himself, "than have to play fine gentleman to a proper young lady like Miss Beaufort. When one goes in the country, one doesn't care to wear harness. I like freedom in every way."

He was in hopes of meeting Patty somewhere in the lane; but even when he reached her cottage gate there was no trace of her.

Paul hesitated as to what he should do. There might be some one besides

Patty in the cottage, and it might vex the young girl if he ventured in without her asking.

He stood leaning on the gate whistling—whistling a tender, appealing strain he had heard in Italy; he whistled it without being conscious of its appropriateness to his feelings. He had learned it from a young vetturino in a moonlight drive one soft spring evening; and memory, linking the tender emotions the sweet mournful air had evoked to his present state, tuned his lips to produce it at Patty's gate.

But there was no answering sign; all was quiet. After a bit Paul seated himself on the gate and looked across the open country. In front of the cottage the ground sloped downwards in broken masses of yellow gravel, fringed with long fine grass, and then sunk into a bulrush-shaded pond crowded up with bog-plants; beyond this it spread out into a wide, far-stretching common, purple and green and brown in the bright morning sunshine, only here and there flecked with golden gorse blossoms.

Unless as a study of colour, there was not much in the prospect for an artist's contemplation, except that an artist finds food for study in all nature; but the common was so specially flat, and the horizon beyond so specially level, that a windmill with outspread sails was quite a boon in this unbroken monotony.

Presently Paul looked towards the angle of the lane, and his heart gave a great leap; there was Patty.

He was beside her in a minute. He had resolved to repress his admiration, to be quite indifferent; but he had counted on meeting Patty in a natural way in her garden or at her cottage-door. Instead, he was so taken at unawares, so eagerly delighted, that he had got both Patty's hands in his before he knew what he was doing, and was gazing down into her face, his feelings speaking ardently in his dark eyes.

No, his fancy had not deceived him; she was lovely—far lovelier than she had looked yesterday. She stood with downcast eyes, a delicious blush rising

softly in each cheek; and it seemed to Paul that her hands trembled while they lay passively in his warm clasp.

All Paul's speech had flown; he only wanted to look at Patty. He feared to break the exquisite raptures the sight of her face inspired, by any word. He would have stood there much longer if Patty herself had not roused him.

The white lids were gently raised, and then the sweet blue eyes looked up from under their black lashes. Patty drew her hands away gently.

Then Paul found his tongue.

"Where have you been? I feared I should not see you. I have been waiting for you ever so long."

"I'm very sorry," said Patty; "I went to the post, sir."

"Do you write letters then?" he said, with a keen pang of jealous vexation.

Patty stooped a little; she tried to tread a stone into its place in the loose gravel.

"Sometimes, sir."

"Don't call me sir—pray don't. Would you object to tell me the name of your correspondent, Patty?"

Patty looked at him; she saw that he was frowning, and a half smile curved her full red lips.

"I wrote this letter to a friend of mine—Miss Coppock," she said.

"A friend of yours! Where does she live?" said Paul. He said the words absently.

"In Guildford. I used to live with her before father sent for me home." Patty sighed.

This was the first clue she had given him, and Paul caught at it eagerly. He longed to make her talk about herself, as he had longed just now to stand still gazing down into her face.

He saw this morning that she was less rustic than he had thought. She had been used to something better than a mere country life; others had doubtless admired her as much as he did; and yet if she were aware of her beauty she could not be so simple.

"Which do you like best, Guildford, or the cottage here?"

"I don't know quite," and Patty blushed.

"But your father is kind to you, isn't he? You are happy with him, aren't you?"

Patty tossed her head like a young pony.

"Father's kind; but you see I've been brought up different to his ways, and I find them too strict."

"Ah!" said Paul, and Mr. Fagg's words came back.

Poor little Patty! she was then one of the victims he had fancied only existent in books; shut up in this lonely cottage with a miserly father, who probably made her work cruelly hard so as to get the most he could out of her; and yet her hands showed small signs of work.

"He says," Patty went on, timidly glancing up every now and then to make sure her listener did not think her over-bold, "I ought to earn wages; he wants me to take service at the Rectory."

"Take service!" Paul's brain spun round. It was fortunate for Patty that she stood there close to him in all her beauty as she said this, or he might have been cured of his growing passion. "Service!" a vision of Patty with cap and apron cleaning the grate in the Rectory drawing-room, of Patty thus garbed receiving her orders from the silent, unapproachable Miss Beaufort, almost made him gasp for breath.

"You must not dream of such a thing," he said warmly. "What can your father be thinking about? He must know that you would be exposed to all kinds of annoyance, even if you were in any way fit for such a thing. You must laugh at him, and tell him you mean to marry and have a house of your own to take care of."

Paul did not know how eagerly he looked at her as he spoke. He said to himself, "Of course she'll marry, only I hope it will be something better than a mere bumpkin." A quick flush on Patty's face, and a sudden light in her eyes as she looked full at him, told him he had in some way offended her.

"What is the matter? don't you mean to marry?" he said.

"No;" Patty looked sulky.

"And won't you tell me why?" said Paul. He felt so guilty at having made this poor child unhappy, he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"I don't know." Patty hung her head, and her lip quivered. Paul's curiosity grew intense.

"Ah, you can't marry the man you love, and so you won't have anyone else," he said, laughingly. "That's father's doing, is it?" and while he laughed he felt as jealous as Blue Beard.

Patty looked up, her eyes round with surprise.

"What does he know about me?" she thought. "I don't love anybody," she said slowly; "and I won't marry only to please Father."

There was a little pause. Paul had awakened to the consciousness that he was talking in a very unusual way to this country girl, and Patty was waiting to see the effect of her words.

Patty had learned much from her friend in Guildford, and one lesson that she had especially retained was, never to lessen the effect of her beauty by too many words. "Middle-aged women and plain women must talk, my dear," said Miss Coppock; "but till a man tires of a pretty face, let him look at it—that's all he wants; and yours is no common pretty face, Patty Westropp."

"Well then," Paul spoke slowly, "I don't see why you should not stay at home, and keep house for your father; he must have some one."

But Patty was not appeased, though she tried to hide her vexation, and the flutter she was in made this difficult; her only help lay in clinging to Miss Coppock's wisdom. "Patience says real ladies never look cross," she thought; "they only smile all the harder to hide what they feel," and she forced a smile. Patty was not as simple as Paul took her to be, but she had never talked quite alone to a gentleman before, and it was very difficult to know how to behave. Patty's rule was that no man was a gentleman who earned his living, but it was impossible to deny this gen-



tleman's claim to the title, even if he did paint pictures.

"I don't like rough work," she said, plaintively; "it spoils my hands."

Paul glanced at the ill-used hands; they were plump and well-shaped, with little rose-tinted dimples where knuckle-bones show later. The fingers, too, so far as he could judge, looked round and shapely; but Patty had taken good care to crumple up her finger points as she spoke, so that he did not see much more than two small pink fists.

"But you would have hard work to do in service, would you not?"

"Not if I was lady's-maid. But I shouldn't like service at all," said Patty angrily.

"Not even at the Rectory!" She looked so pretty, and in her pettish mood she had so forgotten her shyness that he teased her on purpose to prolong it.

"No, that I wouldn't. I wouldn't be Miss Nuna's maid not for better wages than she could ever give."

The words jarred, but she was growing more charming every minute, he thought.

"I should have thought Miss Beaufort a kind, quiet sort of young lady."

"I don't know about that," said Patty, and she fixed her eyes doggedly on the cottage, "and I don't care to know. I don't believe anybody does know her. She hasn't a bit of style or manner about her; why, the maids at the Rectory don't mind her more than they'd mind me."

"Well, we won't talk about her." Paul was sorry when he saw tears of vexation in the angry girl's eyes. "I'll tell you what I want, Patty; I want you to sit to me—I mean I want to take your likeness. You'll let me paint it, won't you?"

Patty felt horribly ashamed. Whatever had she been about, letting the gentleman hear her find fault with Miss Nuna, and getting in a passion, and all because she felt jealous that he had only made a pencil scribble of herself, while Miss Nuna was sketched distinctly as she sat on the tree-stump. And, mean-

time, he had been meaning this—this great wonderful triumph. Oh, how she wished she had known before she sent off that letter to Miss Coppock.

She looked up at Paul so sweetly, so gratefully, that he could hardly help kissing her.

"Yes, if you like, sir."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PATTY'S SUNDAY.

"JANE!" the Rector called through his bedroom door to the maid who had just brought his shaving water, "if any letters come for me this morning, bring them up to me here."

"Yes," he went on to himself, "there is sure to be a letter from Elizabeth, and unless she fixes a definite time for coming I shall not tell Nuna I have invited her. Why should there be any discussion about it? Surely I can judge better than Nuna can."

Having said this in the captious manner which some men mistake for firmness, Mr. Beaufort sat down before his looking-glass and shaved.

Another tap at the door, and when he opened it he found two letters—one from Miss Matthews, the other for Roger Westropp, under cover to the Rector of Ashton.

Miss Matthews would be delighted to come; but was her dear cousin quite sure that darling Nuna wished for her? "You must remember that she is mistress of your household now, and I cannot go to you unless I am sure of her welcome."

Mr. Beaufort looked fretful as he read, and then folded up the letter and put it in his pocket.

"These women have no consideration, not even Elizabeth. Why give me the trouble of writing twice? However, I'll soon let her know who is master at the Rectory."

The feeling that he was plotting against her made his manner to Nuna much more fatherly than usual. She was in one of her excited, sprightly

moods. Mr. Whitmore had promised to come in after church and spend the rest of the day with them, and Nuna had never in her life seen anyone like Mr. Whitmore.

He had scarcely spoken to her, but then Nuna did not thirst for admiration. The only man she knew intimately, Will Bright, always showed her that he was thinking of her, and she would have liked him better if he had occasionally treated her to a little neglect. Nuna had never loved anyone yet, but she had shaped out in her dreams a creature she idolized—a creature too high and noble for poor, weak human nature to attain to, but still a creature in whom Nuna believed as implicitly as she believed in heaven. She had given this dream-love a likeness, the portrait of which Paul had reminded her, and this had attached a strange significance to her casual glance at him when they met in the lane. And on that Friday evening when she came into the drawing-room and found Mr. Whitmore chatting with her father, his voice and manner had no strangeness for her; they seemed the realization of that which she had so often pictured.

All day Saturday she had been in what the cook irreverently termed “one of Miss Nuna’s moons.” She could not have told what she was thinking of, unless it was Mr. Whitmore.

This morning she had waked with the glad anticipation of coming joy. She tried hard to collect her thoughts in church, and luckily for her she did not see Paul; he sat some way behind her, far more intent on looking at Patty than at his Prayer-book.

“I tell you what it is, Dennis,”—Mrs. Fagg always took her husband’s arm and leaned on it as they walked home from church,—“girls such as Patty Westropp don’t ought to go to church—that they oughtn’t; they’re a snare to young men’s eyes.”

“Well, my dear, but Patty can’t help being so very pretty;” and then Mr. Fagg looked half-sheepish.

“Now don’t be a fool, Dennis, if you can help it, putting me out on a

Sunday of all days in the week. If you’d got sense in your eyes instead of folly, you’d have seen something in Patty’s face this morning besides the good looks you’re so in love with.”

“In love! that’s a good one!” Dennis sniggered till his wife’s fingers itched to box his ears; but she was not the woman to lower a man in the opinion of his neighbours, so she only held her parasol very stiffly, and leaned extra heavily on the delinquent’s arm. “Why, Kitty, you know I never was in love but once, and that’s been ever since—eh, old woman?”

“Don’t be a simpleton!” But she was clearly appeased. “What I mean is,” she lowered her voice, for they were still in the stream of folks that had come out of church with them, “there’s something up between Patty and our lodger. Now don’t contradict me, Dennis. He’d look at her, of course; I don’t mean that only. Men are just like flies at treacle, if there’s any pink-and-white doll to be looked at. But I never saw Patty look as she looked at him this morning. It’s high time Roger came home to see after that girl.”

Patty lingered in church. She had felt proud and happy that Mr. Whitmore did not sit on the Rectory bench, and she had likewise been aware that during the service his looks had been constantly travelling towards her; but the service was over now, and yet he made no movement to leave his seat. Patty waited till almost every one had gone out, and then she had to follow the rest. She stood waiting among the daisy-covered graves, as if she were reading some of the quaint headstones. “Why don’t he come, I wonder? He don’t know Miss Beaufort. Why need he wait till she comes out? I know that’s what he’s waiting for.” She stamped her foot angrily, heedless that she stamped it on an old blackened stone, blistered with orange-coloured spots.

She looked towards the porch again.

Miss Nuna was coming out, and Mr. Whitmore was following her; and, yes, they were shaking hands. Patty stood

as still as one of the old headstones, and she felt mad with jealous vexation when she saw Miss Nuna taking the path that led through the churchyard to the Rectory gate, and Mr. Whitmore walking side by side with her, seemingly without invitation.

He never so much as looked round at Patty.

"It's too bad—a deal too bad; and to see him yesterday while he was painting my picture, he looked as if he never could care for anybody but me." Poor Patty sobbed freely as soon as she was safe out of the throng of neighbours and in the lane, and the large hot tears blistered her fresh white ribbons. "I did not want him to speak to me before people, but he needn't go off with her. And is he going to be just the same to Miss Nuna as he was to me yesterday? Oh, I do hate her, I do!" said Patty, vehemently; "and she's not pretty. I don't care what folks say, I can't see no prettiness; she's as pale and as thin as a lily, no shape nor colour in her."

Poor Patty! her pretty white eyelids were red and swelled by the time she reached the cottage. She felt miserably ill-used. Her life had not pleased her, it had been so dull and hard to her ease-loving, pleasure-seeking nature; but till now she had endured it for the sake of what was to come by and by; she had looked forward. Miss Coppock had predicted that her face would make her fortune some day, and Patty had firmly determined to be a lady, however long she might have to wait for promotion. Her notions of benefits to be gained by this exaltation were perhaps not very refined, but they bore a strong family resemblance to those of many of her more cultivated sisters.

She should never walk; she should have a carriage to take her wherever she chose to go. Then she would live in London itself, and buy as many bonnets and gowns and gloves as ever she liked—much grander bonnets than Miss Coppock had ever had in her show-room; and she should wear plenty of real jewels. However lofty her dreams

would sometimes be, this last vision always floated on the summit of the pyramid.

One evening at Miss Coppock's a county grandee drove into town on her way to some large party on the other side of it. The lady's head-dress had got displaced, and Patty was sent for to help Miss Coppock in arranging it. The lady blazed with diamonds, and the girl saw how they renovated the faded beauty in her face. This same face in the morning Patty had thought sallow and plain, but now the lustre of the jewels lent a sparkle to it, and made it attractive. The lesson was not forgotten. From that evening Patty's resolve took increased strength. If she were beautiful in her simple cotton dress, what would she be in velvet and diamonds? Castle-building and planning had soothed her toil when she came to live at Ashton; bright dreams of the future gave a relish to the homely fare which her father said was good enough for such as them. But the last two days had taught Patty a new kind of happiness. At first when Paul noticed her, and she thought he would take her likeness, her heart throbbed with joy. If he painted her picture, others might see it; rich and grand people perhaps would inquire about the original; but yesterday as Paul talked to her while he painted, and as she felt his eyes fixed in their ardent gaze, a more idle, more exquisite sensation than castle-building had come to Patty; dress and bonnets, jewellery even, faded in the pride of being admired by him. Her cheeks glowed, her lips trembled, and when at last Paul left off painting and said he must go back to the inn, she could scarcely keep from tears.

He disappeared at last round the angle of the lane, and all the sunshine went out of her afternoon. She would have liked to have gone on always in such new delicious enjoyment, and to her surprise she found that hours had slipped away unheeded. It was very weary to think that he would not come again till Monday, and then her father might be at home.

"But Father can't find fault with him for taking my likeness ; no one can say a word against his coming here to do that. And yet I don't want Father to know, and I couldn't have Mr. Whitmore see Father ;" and then she began to count the hours which must pass before she saw Paul again.

Patty's nature was worldly ; and no one had ever tried to teach her that she must not live entirely for herself. But as she came home from church on this Sunday, with all the heart she had she loved Paul Whitmore better than she had ever loved anything or anybody, and she longed to have him beside her, chiefly because she did love him.

She threw the nicely-trimmed bonnet on her bed when she reached home, forgetful of the tender care she usually bestowed on it. She sat down before her tiny looking-glass. Her hair was ruffled, her eyes looked red and fretful, her face was tear-stained, her mouth even drooped in limp misery.

"If I looked like that in church," she sobbed, "no wonder he went home with her. Oh! why can't I have a grey silk gown and a black lace shawl as well as she? We'd see who'd do the most credit to their clothes then! But I didn't think it of him ; just because he was walking and talking with that miss, I didn't think he'd be too proud to speak to me. But it's not pride, it's meanness. Ah! and he'll forget all about me! He'll get fond of her to-day, and then to-morrow she'll plan to have him there again. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? Like will take to like ; I'm prettiest, but then she's a lady."

But this last thought had consolation in it. Patty drew her hands from her face and set about smoothing her rich hair into its usual wavy gloss. Mr. Whitmore had seen Miss Nuna in the lane, and he had not seemed much impressed by her ; he had been much more taken with herself. By the time Patty had washed away her tears, and settled her collar and brooch to her satisfaction, she decided that after all he could not help it, and it was just possible that he

had avoided her on purpose, so as not to draw notice on her.

"It would never have done for him to speak before that sharp-eyed, bitter-tongued landlady," she said. "But I will have it out with him all the same when he comes ; I'm not going to be made much of one day and snubbed the next without good reason."

She could pacify her anxiety, but she could not quiet impatience. She could not feel at ease ; she was restless and feverish ; the day seemed so hot and so long there was no bearing its shining dulness. Patty would not give herself even the variety of afternoon church. She could make excuses for Mr. Whitmore here, away from him, but she knew that if he walked past her again beside Miss Nuna she should probably do something foolish.

And so that Sunday went on, the most sorrowful that Patty had ever known, and yet the first in which she had found such happiness—for it was such happiness to think over yesterday. Would he come to-morrow?

Something whispered that he would ; and so, thinking over what would happen in his next visit, Patty sat, her head resting on her hand, while the light faded out of the glowing sunset.

It was happiness to have her thoughts so filled that the petty vexations of her daily life had lost power to annoy her. When Roger was at home she hated the darkness he insisted on, candles being, as he urged, too dear to be wasted on her crochet and finery ; but even if the light had been dimmer than it was now, Patty would have preferred to be alone with her thoughts in the darkness.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AT THE RECTORY.

PAUL had not seen Patty as he passed her half hidden behind a gravestone ; and even if he had, it is possible that he would not have noticed her. He wanted to see a good deal more of the pretty little thing, and he certainly did not

mean to make her a subject for village gossip.

He had eyes to discover that Miss Beaufort was far prettier than he had thought her on Friday. He was not influenced, as Patty had feared, by Nuna's superiority of dress. Her eyes chiefly had attracted him: as she sat opposite at dinner he found himself looking at them, wondering at their depth and variety of expression. Nuna was timid, and rather more silent than usual; but when Mr. Beaufort began to question his visitor about Italy, she listened with such enthusiastic interest that Paul warmed towards her. Mr. Beaufort left them together before afternoon service, and then, little by little, Paul drew her on from Italy to talk of pictures and of art, and learned that she herself had an earnest love of painting, and gave up all the time she could find to its exercise.

Still Patty need not have feared, though she would have seen that the deep glow on Nuna's transparent skin was very beautifying, and that her eyes looked into Paul's with a wealth of expression of which she was utterly unconscious. But Nuna was quite aware that Mr. Whitmore took a very ordinary interest in her, and that probably he would not have talked to her at all if she had not cared so much for the things he cared for; and if Nuna had been a little older she might have feared that in this very sympathy of tastes lay a repulsion to love—that the very last thing a man values in a woman is sympathy with his actual pursuit. She may sympathize with himself, and to a certain extent in his tastes, always provided that she does not grow learned in them, and so lose the sweet docile ignorance which he takes such pleasure in informing and correcting.

In one way her cousin Elizabeth had been a true friend to Nuna; she had so magnified her failings, and depreciated her gifts, that the girl had a very mean opinion of her own attractions; and it never once occurred to her that Paul could admire her. Truly she was too deeply absorbed in him to remember her own identity.

They had tea in the garden; Nuna sat under a grand old plane-tree, the light flecking her hair here and there with gold, as it crept down through the broad leafy canopy.

The cups and saucers were rarities, old Vienna porcelain. Mr. Beaufort had whispered to Nuna to produce them, after the dinner talk had shown him that his guest would appreciate them; but when Paul admired them, you would have thought, from the Rector's manner, that he was used to drink tea out of these treasures every Sunday. If Paul could have kept his thoughts from straying to the cottage, the evening would have delighted him. Mr. Beaufort was a good listener so long as he was well amused, and the glow in Nuna's eyes led the artist on from one description to another, till he was surprised at his own eloquence.

He looked at Nuna; she was bending forward to take a teacup from her father, and a remembrance struck him.

He drew out his sketch-book, and showed her the little drawing he had made in Carving's Wood Lane.

"You were just like it a minute ago," he said.

Mr. Beaufort looked at it attentively, and then a sudden remembrance came to him also.

"Had you been sketching again when I met you?" He looked hard at Paul. "Sketching Martha Westropp?"

Paul did not flinch under the Rector's scrutiny; he grew a shade paler. He was very angry, he could not have said why; but it seemed to him that Nuna need not be made acquainted with his intimacy with Patty.

"I sketched the little cottage there," he said, carelessly. He turned over the leaves, and showed the porch to Mr. Beaufort.

Nuna worshipped beauty. "Patty deserves to be put in more distinctly; she would make a beautiful picture, I think."

There was a little silence, and then Paul felt that he must say something.

"Yes, she is very pretty. I expect some artist or other has painted her before now."

"She is what I could fancy a Perdita might be," Nuna went on, growing excited with her own enthusiasm. "She is too short for a Dorothea, or else she has just that fair, fresh, healthy beauty, and yet her skin is more delicate and velvet-like than any I ever saw. I wish I could dress Patty like a lady for once, and see how lovely she would look."

"And most likely you would be disappointed." Her father spoke sharply, and Nuna drew into her shell in a fright. What had she done? "Peasant beauty," continued the Rector, oracularly, "owes much to its surroundings: in the garb of a higher class, its uncouth ways and awkwardness show out as they never would have shown in cotton gowns."

Paul longed to give the Rector a good shaking. He rose up to say good-bye presently, and he held Nuna's hand in a long, warm clasp. He could have thanked her with all his heart for her generous praise of Patty's beauty.

Even while he hurried down Carving's Wood Lane, impatient to see the face that so enthralled him, his mind went back to Nuna; and he felt that if he were free, there would be interest in getting her to lay aside her reserve, in developing the enthusiastic nature which had hinted its presence to-day, as the glowing cracks in the black ridge betray a volcano. But this was purely a mental idea. The day's separation had so fostered his passion for Patty, that it had been hard for him to return to the Rectory after afternoon service; only a slight fear of arousing the Rector's suspicions had induced him to do it.

After morning church, and that sweet vision of Patty in her bonnet, he had gravely asked himself, what he was doing, and how he meant this idyl to end? But then came the meeting with Nuna, and there had been no further opportunity for self-communing.

Now, as he hurried along in his mad impatience—an impatience quickened by Nuna's praise—a sense of wrong-doing hung over him, but did not check his progress. As he drew nearer and nearer

the cottage, thought grew confused; a tumultuous, throbbing joy left no room for aught beside its own presence.

## CHAPTER X.

### AN INTERRUPTION.

PAUL went in behind the scarlet-runner vines; he wanted to take Patty by surprise, so he stepped over the gate that its click might not give her warning.

Light had faded suddenly out of the sky, and by the time he reached the porch the green of the honeysuckle had darkened so that the blossoms showed ghostwise on the dusky leaves.

The stillness was deathlike, except for the weird, mysterious murmur by which Nature indicates her function of perpetual growth. As he listened, there came a shriller sound than these indistinct pulse-beats—a cricket chirping out in the silent house.

The charm was broken. He had stood in the porch, spelled by the murmuring stillness; he tapped at the door, and smiled.

"I am faint-hearted to need encouragement from a cricket."

The door opened, and there was Patty.

"I'll come out," she said, "it is so dark in here."

There was no surprise in her voice. It seemed to Paul that she had felt his presence before she saw him. Patty would have liked to ask him indoors, only then he would have seen how poor her home was.

She was so very glad that she could not find anything to say. But Paul's first words reminded her of her grievance against him.

"I thought I should see you at church again?"

Patty had meant to speak calmly, and like a lady, as she phrased it, but her indignation mastered her. He wanted her to go to church, did he, that he might look at her, and then walk home with Miss Nuna, without so much as turning his head?

"You wouldn't have seen me if I'd gone," she said.

Paul started, the words were so harshly spoken. Patty had turned her head away, but he felt that she was looking vexed.

There was no possible way of guessing at Paul's moods; he was, as Mrs. Fagg would have said, "so touch-and-go." The very cause of offence of one day might on the next be specially pleasing to his fastidious notions; and now, although at the sight of Patty his whole being seemed to go out to her, and though he could hardly restrain the avowal of his passion, these few words, hardly and flippantly spoken, threw him back on himself—almost broke through the charm that had held his senses in thrall.

He stood cold and unmoved. And Patty turned round her head and saw him so standing; and as she really did love him, nature prompted her to do the only thing which could have moved him: she began to cry.

The little quivering sob thrilled through his heart, and in a minute his arms were round her, and she was drawn close to him.

"You sweet little darling, what is it?" he whispered. "You know I couldn't vex you, Patty."

Patty made no effort to free herself. "I thought you'd forgotten me," she sobbed.

The light was very indistinct, but Paul did not want much light to make him see her face. He put one hand under the soft round chin, and raised it.

"You would not have liked me to speak to you before all those people?"

"No," said Patty. She was so happy she would have said anything she thought he wished her to say.

"Of course I knew I should see you here this evening; isn't it much better, eh?"

He bent down and looked into her eyes—looked until his soul seemed to go out at his lips. Somehow they met Patty's.

Even while that first thrilling kiss

lingered, a slight but distinct sound made them start asunder—the click of the gate latch.

"It's Father," Patty whispered; and then her keen wits helped her lover. "He can't see us because of the bean-vines; go away over the front palings—go, quick!"

Paul would have stood his ground, but there was such terror in her voice that he feared to expose her to her father's anger.

He stepped over the palings; and then he stood waiting till he heard footsteps going towards the cottage.

There was a murmur of voices, but no sounds of anger. He waited yet for some time, but there was no sign of life. He heard the front door shut, and some creaking bolts drawn across it, and then he turned slowly towards the lane again.

Patty had inwardly blessed her father's thrifty ways. He could not see her blushes in the darkness; and the very fact of finding her thus, and not, as he expected, burning a candle through the whole evening, put Roger in good humour with her, and made him unsuspicious.

"Well, lass, I'm come home later than I thought, but I'd have been later yet if Mr. Bright hadn't given me a lift; an' I've brought you news you'll like to hear."

"Oh, what's that?" Patty's heart fluttered violently; she longed to run upstairs and realize some of the delight of the last few minutes; it was dreadful to be forced away from the thought of it.

"Well," Roger spoke almost jocularly, "I'm not going to say all on a sudden; I'll make ye guess, lass; there's a visitor coming to see ye."

At any other time Patty must have guessed his meaning, but now she could not even take in his words.

"A visitor? Do you want supper, Father?"

"I'll have a crust," he said; and in the faint glimmer he found his chair and sat down in it, while Patty disappeared into the washhouse.

A little chill fell on her father. We are apt to proportion our notions by the mood in which we view things. If Roger's journey had proved unsuccessful, and if on his return he had found Patty writing a letter by the light of a half-burnt candle, he would have been as cold as usual, and would not have expected any warmth from his child; but he was in singularly bright spirits. Grandmother Wood had died easily, and had left her savings to "her daughter's husband, Roger Westropp, for the use of his only child Martha." This was better than he expected; he should have no trouble now in keeping the money from being spent in ribbons and rubbish. It had been a triumph, too, to rescue the money from his brother-in-law Peter. Grandmother Wood had only left her son ten pounds; he had displeased her by an imprudent early marriage, but at her death she had forgiven and blessed both him and his wife.

"How that fellow took on for the loss of his mother!" said Roger to himself. "He couldn't have done more if she'd left to him instead of to me. And how that wife of his did try to comfort him!"

A sort of smothered sigh escaped him.

"She means well, does Patty," he said to himself.

Patty came back with a thin candle in a flat tin candlestick, and then she set a loaf, a fragment of cheese, and a knife on the table.

Roger drew his chair up and ate in silence.

"I may as well have a drink," he said; "I'm thirsty." She fetched him some water, and then she tried to think of something to say.

"How's Grandmother?"

Roger took a draught out of the brown pitcher, and then set it down on the table.

"She's dead! And, Patty, she's left all she'd got to leave in trust to me against you're old enough to want it: it beant much, lass, but it 'ull be useful one day."

Patty's eyes brightened for an instant; then a look of disappointment came into her face. She made no answer.

Something in her silent manner struck her father as new and unusual.

He lifted the candle suddenly to his daughter's face, and gave her a keen, searching glance.

Patty did not wince; she had recovered her self-possession, and the very manifestation of her father's suspicion put her on guard to baffle it.

"What makes ye so quiet, lass? Why don't ye guess who your visitor 'll be?"

"Is it some one at Guildford?" And then she went on quickly, roused suddenly out of her deadness to outside things by an eager hope: "Is it Miss Patience herself?"

Roger nodded.

"I don't see as it can be any other, unless ye've friends in Guildford as I knows naught on. I saw Miss Patience in the street yesterday, and she said she was coming over to Ashton Rectory, to-morrow or next day, to wait on Miss Nuna Beaufort, and she 'ud be glad if you'd go up and see her there."

"You ought to have asked her here." Patty spoke crossly; a vision of Nuna waited on obsequiously by Miss Coppock, with the curtsying manner the milliner observed towards her customers, was disturbing. "Miss Patience can come over all the way from Guildford to wait on that Miss Nuna, and yet she won't take the trouble so much as to walk the length of Carving's Wood Lane to see an old friend like me."

But Patty was too practical to nourish such resentment.

"Miss Nuna pays for her going," she thought, and her forehead grew smooth. Just then it seemed to her that anything might be expected so long as the pay was in proportion to the service rendered; never in her life before had she felt such a craving for money.

Roger paused before he answered; his words were always weighed before he spoke them.

"I did ask the lady to come and see you, and I'll tell you why I did, Patty. You can tell Miss Patience of



your grandmother's bounty if you will, but I won't have Jane at the Rectory, nor Clara Briton either, chattering about my affairs ; d'ye hear, lass ?"

He spoke sharply, but Patty's spirits had come back.

"Never you fear, Father. Oh, I am so pleased Miss Patience is coming: to-morrow or next day? I hope to-morrow."

Roger's suspicion was lulled.

"She'd got dull like with being alone," he said ; "if she'd found amusement here, she wouldn't be in such a taking at seeing that stuck-up dress-maker." Then a thought struck him, and he went on aloud :

"Miss Coppock 'll be down here somewhere about three o'clock. You can give her a cup o' tea, Patty, but I'll have no waste in providing cakes and pastry ; don't you fancy I'll make the smallest change in my ways because of this bit of money comin' in. It's put by against a rainy day."

"Suppose the rainy day never comes," Patty laughed. She was too happy in the prospect before her to be vexed again. Her secret had been delicious enough in itself only, but to think of pouring out to Miss Coppock the story of the last three days ! Oh, it was too delightful ! Why, if Father had not come when he did, there was no knowing what Mr. Whitmore might have said.

Her father was tired, and scarcely answered her last words. Patty went upstairs to her little bare room, and listened impatiently to his slow, firm tread. It seemed to her he was longer than usual shutting and bolting the door.

"As if any one would rob a poor cottage like this," she said. "Why, I'm the only thing worth stealing in it."

She looked wonderfully pretty as she

sat on the edge of her bed, loosening her luxuriant hair till it reached the counterpane, and longing for silence in the cottage.

It came at last, and then Patty could give herself up freely to her reveries without fear of interruption.

While she sat waiting, a cloud had come across the sunshine of her future.

Were artists gentlemen ? To Patty the word gentleman did not represent a state of mind, or manners, or breeding ; it simply meant style of living—a large luxurious house, a carriage, plenty of servants, and, above all, an unlimited command of money ; these things, so the novels she had devoured at Miss Coppock's assured her, were to be found by poor country girls, provided they had wit and beauty, and it was for these things she had resolved to marry a gentleman.

"Such things make any one a lady," said Patty ; "it don't matter about the schooling or the breeding either—I'm sure it don't—half so much as the clothes and the carriage. A poor lady, if she's a lady to the backbone, 'ull get snubbed and sent to the wall if she's no money to cut a dash with."

And yet wasn't Mr. Whitmore enough in himself without anything besides ?

And that first kiss came back ; it seemed to be really pressing itself on Patty's lips again. She hid away her glowing face in her hands, hugging the memory of it.

And he might be rich after all, who could tell ? Perhaps he only painted pictures for amusement ; he had spoken of himself as an artist, but that might not mean anything ; he might be a real independent gentleman.

She went to bed at last, comforted in this new perplexity by the anticipation of Miss Coppock's counsel.

*To be continued.*

## GIORDANO BRUNO.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THE magic by which all old cities, with their warped roofs and worn pavements, recall the life of the past, has been given to Oxford in more than double measure. Her towers and gardens have rendered in due season, for so many summers, the tribute of their music and their fragrance, her academic generations have been so many and so fleeting, that she is invested with even a greater charm than other towns of beauty and antiquity not less than her own. While her gardens, filled with summer visitors, seem to bring back for a little the lettered ease and liberty of the Abbey of Thélème, even the lightest hearted loungeur may feel the permanence of the scene, the shifting of the characters and costumes; may seem to see for a moment, in the alleys, the laces and velvets of Charles's court; may remember how short is summer, and take to heart the lesson of the roses. The memory slips back to the gravity of ancient gaudy days, to the quaintness of disused pageants, and the learned grace of old commemorations. The meagre annals of Anthony Wood gain life and colour from the life of the present. We can realize the scenes of Leicester's chancellorship, when Elizabeth praised or scolded the scholars in Greek and Latin; or when the Polish prince, Alasco, was welcomed "by musicians that stood over the east gate, playing their wind music," when public disputes were held "to his great content," on such questions as whether the stars influenced human destiny, whether the soul was immortal, whether women were longer lived than men. It is of one of the disputants in that May Term of 1583, — of one who, though Wood does not condescend to name him, was doubtless to many the most remarkable figure there, — that we propose to speak for a little.

There was scarcely in Europe, at that

time, a person of more brilliant and mysterious renown than Giordano Bruno, the young Italian with the dark eyes, and "small black beard;" the preacher and the poet of a new faith; the friend of kings, the hated of priests; the guest of Philip Sidney and of Oxford. We may imagine the interest which he excited; how ancient doctors and heads of houses, the *Dormitantes* to whom he addressed a sarcastic tract, considered him "dangerous;" how younger men were charmed with his various learning, his wild Italian wit, his scheme of a system which should reconcile, in a faith at once sublime and joyous, the spiritual desires and the new material discoveries of humanity.

By the end of the sixteenth century the time had gone when men of letters, except the few who imitated the pensive epicureanism of Montaigne, could be content with culture only, when they could put aside the questions of theology and metaphysics. The many new relations of man; the Reformation, with its disturbance of the claims of Catholicism; the discovery of America, with its millions who had never heard the name of Christ; above all, the alarming hypothesis of Copernicus, in which, as in Mr. Rossetti's poem, the earth, no longer the one seat and centre of life and of intelligence, seemed to "spin like a fretful midge," — required to be reconciled to human faith and received opinion. There were signs that the spirit of doubt, or of schism, was no longer self-sufficient; in many directions different thinkers were seeking for a ground of union. To enable Catholicism to afford this ground, as of old, was the object of Loyola; it was in the search of this that William Postel sought the elements of a primitive faith and a primitive language, supposed to be still capable of being restored,

among the dangerous passes of Lebanon and the Caucasus. As they in religion, so Bacon and others dreamed of an ultimate unity and universal law in science. There was to be an end of controversy, an end of division—in the one religion of humanity for Postel, in a renovated church for Loyola, in the *Ars Artium* for Bacon.

To have pursued this quest in a different field; to have evolved a system which united an intellectual faith and love, like the *amor intellectualis* of Spinoza, with the most joyous acceptance of all new details of nature and art, as new gifts and garments of Deity; to have proclaimed this scheme with ardour of verse and brilliance of dramatic dialogue; to have attacked all shadows of elder faiths with the unscrupulous wit of Heine or of Lucian; to have armed his own philosophy with a fanciful and ingenious dialectic,—was the work of Giordano Bruno. He failed, for many reasons; his system had not the solidity, nor his character the balance and calmness of Spinoza; his Rabelaisian vein suited ill his pretensions to the name of "Philothæus;" yet in that twilight time of the sixteenth century, when the ordered advance of philosophy was broken and in disarray, no one spoke more of these sayings, which later, and from more fortunate lips, became the watchwords of power. Thus he was before Bacon with the saying, that we, and not the ancients, live in the antiquity of the world; he anticipated Descartes in the remark, that we must first doubt everything, that we may reason with more freedom and sincerity; his writings are said to have furnished Leibnitz with the origin of the theory of monads, and there can be no doubt that his philosophy forms an important link between the timid pantheism of the Florentine school and that of Spinoza. With all these claims to memory, the life, aims, and character of Bruno have long been dimly guessed at. He has found an advocate with Protestant divines, because he was the friend of Sidney; he has been a favourite with atheistic lecturers, because he is re-

puted to have scoffed at all faith. When all is said, it is more the manner and mystery of his death than any facts in his life that preserves his name in the ranks of the obscurely famous. The history of his life was till quite recently as dark as his writings were scarce and difficult. The year of his birth, the position of his family, the manner of his capture by the Inquisition, even whether he really perished at the stake, have long been matters of doubt. Bartholomess, the French biographer of Bruno, in a work almost overloaded with learning, failed to answer these questions, which Signor Berti, by the happy discovery of the records of the trial at Venice, has been fortunate enough to solve.

About ten years after the death of Copernicus, and ten before the birth of Bacon, in 1548, or 1550 as Bartholomess has it, Giordano Bruno was born at Nola. He came *di nobile prosapia*, and his childhood, like that of other men of letters, in the time when the Renaissance was half seriously adopting fragments of Catholic and classic mythology, was distinguished by a portent. Bruno declares that when only three months old he was attacked in his cradle by a serpent, and found articulate voice to call on his father by name. This is the one recorded incident of his childhood; we next find him hiding his genius, gay and filled with repressed fire, like the volcanic country of his birth, under the garb of Dominic. This early devotion soon yielded to the influences of the old university, and of the new and sceptical academies of Naples. Bruno began his career as a writer by an attack on the doctrine of transubstantiation, and by a lost work called "Noah's Ark," which he had the boldness to dedicate to the Pope, and which seems to have been a satire on the wisdom by which the world is governed. It soon became evident that the cloister was no more a fit home for Bruno than for Erasmus, Rabelais, or Campanella. After a brief stay at the Convent della Minerva at Rome, he passed, earning a living as he best could, by hasty tracts on the "Signs of the

Times," to Padua, Genoa, and Geneva. The home of Protestantism proved inhospitable; Thoulouse he had the good fortune to leave unharmed, after holding a public dispute; he shocked the orthodox medical schools of Montpellier by a panegyric on Paracelsus, "the leader and restorer of science."

At last, in 1579, the wandering scholar found a pleasanter and more abiding home in Paris, where the protection of Henry III., the example of many scholars not more orthodox or more Aristotelian than himself, enabled him to devote three years to studying and writing on the Lullian system of topics. It was here that the book called "*De Umbris Idearum*" was published, a work which contains the logic of Bruno, as the "*Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*" displays, in a popular form, the results of his philosophy, and the "*Eroici Furori*," the *vita nuova* of the contemplative life, chants its high delight and enthusiasm. The logic of Bruno is an adaptation of that of Lullius—a dream of the thirteenth century, never without attractions for minds that sought a short path to all knowledge, and never accredited by more serious thinkers. For the French, among whom Bruno taught, this system had the charm that it seemed to resume and to simplify the processes and results of science, and to afford an art of memory. In the eyes of the philosopher himself it had the greater virtue of proving, by its few and infinitely variable terms, the admirable and symbolic harmony of the universe—a harmony and oneness which his mind was never weary of demonstrating, nor his religion of contemplating and adoring. That all existence is of God; that God being infinitely good and powerful could never have created a finite universe; that, therefore, all the new discovered starry worlds, which seemed with so terrible a logic "to brand his nothingness into man," are only new grounds of hope; that God could never deceive us, and that therefore things must exist as they are known; that things are indeed in a certain sense shadows, but even as

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shadows imply the presence of that one Sun through which all that exists is and is seen; that knowledge is a constant process of recognizing new proofs of God's goodness, and of referring these to the ultimate source of life and light: this is the philosophy of Bruno, and the main lesson of the "*De Umbris Idearum*." Darkened by the forgotten trivialities of Lullism, made puerile by astrological drawings, obstructed by the attempt to make the ideal connection of things serve as an art of memory, the central thought is still clear, that all being is only the "veil before the face of God," the shadow of the idea. Yet this veil and shadow is not despised as fleeting and phenomenal; in itself it is lovely and holy, not merely the covering, but also the only possible manifestation of the inner verity. A few expressions may be translated thus:—"As the theologians say, unless ye believe neither shall ye understand, so we, unless ye will be content with shadows, ye shall not see light." Again: "There is a connection in things, so that there is one eternally existing frame, one order, one government, one source, one end of all." We may neglect the thirty *intentiones umbrarum*, the thirty *conceptus idearum*, and the combinations of both which form the mechanism of the logic. These attempts to demonstrate the ideal connection of the universe are fanciful rather than philosophic; the point of interest for us is the clearness with which Bruno saw the equal value, the inseparable character of either side of the eternal dualism: "What God has joined," he seems to say, "let no man put asunder." To his own times, and in the eyes of his frivolous patron, the Lullian art, with its great promise as a mnemonic, perhaps from its quaint figures, as a form of magic, and its want of fulfilment, must have seemed a failure.

An ordinary professorship was offered to Bruno at Paris; this he declined, and left the Court of Henry and his minions for the nobler society that surrounded Elizabeth. In England.

Σ

between 1583, and 1585 he passed the busiest years of his life.

Bruno came to England as the representative of Italy, of her new learning, her manners, her free thought, her beauty and charm, and Italy, dear as she has always been to the best minds of England, was never so dear as at that moment. English poetry borrowed, with Surrey, with Spenser, and with Shakespeare, her forms of verse, and in the case of Spenser, at least, her passionate mysticism. The Court too copied her fashions, and moralists complained of the looseness of manners learned in Italian travel, of the "new modes and toys of lovemaking, with ribbons and sonnets," and declared, in their version of an Italian problem, that "an Englishman that is Italianate, doth quickly prove a devil incarnate." (With Englishmen who took no harm from Italian culture, with Harvey, Fulke Greville, and Sidney, Bruno became intimate.) They formed a kind of club for the discussion of literary questions, a club which did not escape the charge of too curious inquiry, of atheism. It is probable that Bruno gave rise to this scandal, by dedicating his famous book, the "Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast," to Sidney. Of all the many difficulties which surround the history of this work, none is more obscure than the acceptance by Sidney of this dedication. Living on terms of intimacy with Bruno, he could scarcely have been mistaken as to the real meaning of the allegory. He could not have thought, as Bartholomew seems to have done, that it was merely intended to promulgate the Copernican "hypothesis." He could no more have supposed, with an orthodox writer in the *Spectator* (vol. v. p. 389), that "there was very little danger in it," than with Beyer and others, that it was that non-existent book the "*De Tribus Impostoribus*." Nor would he be induced, like Dr. Whewell and like Leibnitz, by isolated passages, to suppose that it was a satire on the Church of Rome, nor by other allusions that it was directed against Lutheranism. Probably enough he had

contented himself with reading the dedicatory letter only, and took Bruno's word for the fact, "that his intention was to treat of moral philosophy according to that internal light which the divine and spiritual sun had illumined within him." In the dedication, too, he would find Bruno saying, that "Jupiter was a type of each of us, that Momus represented the conscience, that each of the other gods was one of our intellectual faculties." Any more exact reading would have convinced him that Bruno does not, as Coleridge says, speak, "not only as a philosopher, but as an enlightened Christian;" for enlightened Christians are not in the habit of setting the miracles of Christ beside those of later Pagan mythology with the purpose of sneering at both. It is true indeed, as Coleridge points out, that one object of the allegory is to make concerns of morality independent of "motives of hope and fear from invisible powers." But the manner in which this doctrine is inculcated is not one which could have been tolerable to Sidney, nor perhaps to Coleridge himself, if he had not, as he apparently must have done, acted on Mr. Lewes' opinion, that the "*Spaccio*" is a "book which even bookworms may be allowed to skip." It must still remain a question how the name of Sidney — of Sidney, the translator of Du Plessis Mornay's treatise on "*Christian Certainty*;" of Sidney, who made, when dying, "such a confession of Christian faith as no book but the heart can truly or feelingly deliver" — came to be prefixed to the boldest, the wittiest, and most scurrilous attack on all religions claiming to be revealed.

Although reprinted by Wagner, and made comparatively accessible, the "*Spaccio*" is so little known, so much written of, as Mr. Hallam says, by authors who have never seen it, that a brief analysis is almost necessary. Like all Bruno's popular as distinguished from his scientific treatises, it is written in Italian, and in the form of a dialogue. Mercury is introduced as bringing to Saulinus and Sophia the news that a

reform is meditated in Olympus; there have been reformations on earth, within and without the Church, and the house of heaven too must be set in order. The gods are growing old and penitent; "the good father Jupiter is much given to devotion." Then follows a picture of divine decrepitude, drawn with remorseless satire.

"They are gods, and behold they shall die, and the waves be upon them at last." In this fall of the classic dynasty of heaven, prefiguring the fall of all anthropomorphic religion, Bruno rejoices, as Lucretius rejoiced in the physical philosophy that dispelled the terrors of death and judgment. With malignant delight he tells how Bacchus is bidden to give up his revels, Gany-mede to remember that he is no longer a boy, Venus reminded of her hollow cheeks, and how these "beautiful dimples have become the figures of four parentheses."

The first step in the systematic reform of heaven is the "expulsion of the beasts" from the stars to which they have given their names, names recalling the sins and delights of old days in Olympus. The cardinal virtues are to occupy the thrones of the constellations, and thus reform in heaven will produce reform on earth, for men born under the star of Truth or Chastity will have none of the faults of those on whose birth shone the Bear or the Scorpion. Against these measures none can protest, "save the dastardly sect of pedants, who say, that not doing good is acceptable to God, but believing in the catechism." Then there is an assault on the doctrine of predestination; some account is given of Jupiter's decree, that "three melons shall be perfectly ripe in a garden of Nola, but not gathered till three days too late." The enthronement of Truth in the polar star gives occasion for a panegyric on truth, the "ens verum, bonum, unum," "Causa, Principio, e uno Sempiterno," which is to be revered in place of the "cabalistic tragedy of the New Testament." With such sneers at all faiths save his own, Bruno goes on to tell how an advocate of the once deified

beasts appears. Isis of Egypt, representative of the old home of a true though fallen faith, comes forward to show that animal worship is a form of a primæval pantheism—that even now it may contrast favourably with Christianity. The old worshippers of animals recognized, says Isis, that God was "natura naturans," "the soul of the soul of the world, not made in the fashion of man, nor to be comprehended by man." Of this universal nature, "which is no other than God in things," animals and plants are the manifestations nearest the senses, and thus are to be worshipped at once as that in which God comes nearest to us, and as symbolic of his attributes, the serpent of his wisdom, the dove of his gentleness. The superiority of this ancient faith to Christianity lies in its not losing the conception of the universal and incomprehensible character of God, in too fixed contemplation of one perfect human character. Animal worship, Bruno thinks, preserves the adoration of the attributes of God, without adoring that in which the attributes are for the moment contemplated.

He forgets that the symbols *do* become the object of worship, and does not notice that the moral attribute ascribed to the Deity, and then worshipped in an animal, must first have been observed from the study of man's life. After all, his historical explanation of the origin of two worships, each apparently primitive, and diametrically opposed to each other—the Aryan cult of one *Dyaus*, the non-Aryan of the beasts that perish—is, perhaps, as probable as other guesses that have been hazarded. He is curiously suggestive when he says of the Jews in the wilderness, that in their need they worshipped the calf and the serpent, "and then, agreeable to their innate ingratitude, when they had obtained what they sought, broke both their idols." He recognizes, too, that the crests, eagles, hawks, and lions, borne by noble families in modern times, are a relic of the ages when each *gens* had its *totem*, its beast-god, and fabled progenitor, whose image it wore on shield or breastplate for a cognizance.

From this passage to the end the "Spaccio" becomes so audacious, so unsparing in its impious Italian humour, that we hesitate to reproduce it. The Christian miracles, the person of Christ, are compared with the prodigies and gods of elder faiths, notably to Orion, "who could walk on the waves without wetting his feet, and do many other pretty tricks." Yet this ribaldry is not that of mere scepticism; Bruno jests at Christianity as the fanatic of what he thinks a higher faith. In his unbounded self-confidence, he treats Christianity, not like Vanini and his followers, with sarcastic acquiescence, still less with the sentimental affection that would fain believe if it might, but as some rude old missionary might have scorned Thor and Odin, or as the Tishbite mocked the worshippers of Baal. The end he aims at is the destruction of all elder cults, and the establishment of "Il tranquille riposo, ivi la serena quiete." Like Lucretius, he wishes to win for men, that "passionless bride, divine tranquillity;" like him, he knows no limit to his scorn for a religion that can produce confusion and dismay. The "Spaccio" concludes with the prayer that "Superstition, infidelity, and impiety may depart from the altar, and that faith which is not foolish, religion which is not vain, true and sincere piety may sojourn there." On the whole, the perusal of the "Spaccio" leaves us with little cause to wonder that the Inquisition rejoiced over the capture of the author as of its worst enemy.

Why, it has been asked, did Bruno ever put himself within the power of that tribunal? Why did he return to Italy, which even before the days of his fame and of his bolder writings had been so dangerous to him? It may be replied that the climate and manners of England had never been to his taste, the University was hostile, and Sidney had departed on his last campaign. A kind of *nostalgie* drew the Campanian to the south and the sun. The German universities, the German emperor, Rudolf II., detained him for a while, but he could not live in the air of Calvinistic Wittenberg; and the Kaiser, misled like

others by the mysterious figures of the Lullian logic, soon found that his hopes of securing a court alchemist in Bruno were baseless. Frankfort was the scene of Bruno's last, and perhaps pleasantest, stay in Germany. Thence, in the early spring of 1591, he disappeared so suddenly, that it seemed as if he had been entrapped by the Inquisition. The real cause of his departure was unknown till the recent discoveries of Signor Berti. From the *procès* of Bruno's trial, it appears that he was indeed summoned to Italy, though without hostile intentions, by his accuser, Juan Mocenigo. This Venetian, a "noble of irresolute and malignant spirit," and curious in the arts considered dark, had been at once deceived and attracted by the Lullian works of Bruno. He hoped to be instructed in a magic that would realize for him the luxurious dreams of the Renaissance, and in this hope invited Bruno to Venice. Risking all, Bruno returned to Italy. A few weeks were sufficient to show how ill-matched were the master and pupil. The latter found his hopes disappointed, seized Bruno when on the point of returning to Germany, and palliating his treachery by the plea of obedience to his confessor, accused the philosopher of blasphemy and of heresy. Bruno's replies to these charges are remarkable. He showed none of the cowardly spirit of compliance which disgraced the last days of Vanini. He does not pretend to have been strictly orthodox; he admits that he only believed in the third person of the Trinity, in the sense of "Anima Mundi," quoting the lines of Virgil,—

"Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per  
artus  
Mens agitat molem."

He confesses his belief in an infinite universe and an infinite number of worlds. He explains the Trinity as the unity of Power, Wisdom, and Love. But after these admissions, which he must have well known to be fatal, he declares that he had always held the Christian miracles to be real, not phenomenal or illusory. It has been



sought to show that there was truth in this assertion, that the satire and blasphemy of the "Spaccio" were only the careless ebullition of Italian humour in a young man. This, we think, is contradicted by the grave enthusiasm of Bruno's more serious moments. His scorn and his eloquence are alike worthless if they do not proceed from the same source of deep, however mistaken, conviction. It is more probable that in his answer to his judges he only admitted the charges that could be proved by such of his writings as he knew to be in their possession.

After the trial at Venice, Bruno's history again becomes obscure. We know that he was surrendered to the Holy Office at Rome, and that he lay in the prisons of the Inquisition from January 1593 till February 9th, 1600, the date of his martyrdom. Of these seven sad years in his life—years of active thought in the outer world of Galileo's professorship—there remains no record. Coleridge quotes a Latin ode, written in expectation of death, and full of courage, of faith, of contempt for fools and fate:—

"Non curamus stultorum quid opinio  
De nobis ferat, aut queis dignetur sedibus.  
Alis ascendimus sursum melioribus."

The sentiment is the same as that of the sonnet to the "Causa, Principio, e uno Sempiterno," wherein he declares that "not blind error, vile fury, unjust fanaticism, deaf envy, hard hearts, and impious souls, can obscure the clear air of his mind, nor veil from his eyes the light of the spiritual sun." We hear no more of Bruno till Scioppius relates the story of his last trial, of his answer to the inquisitors: "You fear more to pronounce than I to endure your sentence." The same witness, a German convert to the Catholic faith, gives apparently the only authentic account of the martyrdom, for even this was long in doubt, and many believed that Bruno had been secretly removed to a lunatic asylum. His real fate, "the clean pain of dying" by fire in the Campo di Fiori, or field of flowers, was

less terrible. Why he was so long imprisoned, and why it was at last decided to execute him, may be known when the Vatican—perhaps at no distant date—shall give up its treasures. Of Bruno it has been said that "he is one of the precursors and prophets, rather than originators and founders, of a new era of philosophy." What he did was, to fulfil the work of the Florentines, to say the last word of the school of Ficino and of Nicolas—"Il divino Cusano." Their Platonism he carried out to its result in Pantheism. Dissimilar as is his tone, he is the spiritual child of Pico of Mirandola, of all the Italians who felt that all past philosophy was filled with one spirit, and struggled to utter one word. Where they were timid or reverent, he was impious; and he had, what they lacked, the confidence and stimulus given by new discoveries in physical science. He thus closes one period, while in such utterances as this—"There is one monad, the substance of all; and one primitive dread, opposition, difference; and one common ground and meeting-place of all oppositions"—he seems to predict the approach of a new dialectic. But in this sphere of thought he is careless and rhapsodic. The beginning of his system of development seems a prophecy of Hegel; but he immediately loses himself in attempts to trace the sacred number nine in all things, and in mystic figures, such as a trefoil, in a double circle, surrounded by stars. It is on account of such aberrations that Leibnitz, who has been thought by Erdmann to borrow from him, says that he is an author "*qui ne manque pas d'esprit, mais n'est pas trop profond.*" He was too unsystematic to leave a school; his prettily-printed little books of mingled verse and prose were not the source from which a grave philosophy was expected. Bruno's highest praise is due to his courage, fervour, and enthusiasm; his faith is like the faith of Bacon in his own system and in the future; and he is, perhaps, best described as the "poet of the theory of which Spinoza is the geometer."



# INTO VERSAILLES AND OUT.

BY JOHN SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S.

## PART II.

### WHY I WENT TO VERSAILLES.

FIRST, then, I went because I could not help it. In my doubt I told my difficulties to a wise man, a statesman, a Frenchman who knows England, France, and the Prussians thoroughly, who opposed this war and the men who made it. His decision was, "Go, or you may have to repent it all your life." So it became to me a case of clear duty, and I went because I could not help it.

The motive of my going was, as is common in human resolutions, not one, but several. First and foremost I had friends of long standing in Paris; I heard that Paris was in danger of being bombarded, and I believed I could make interest enough at head-quarters to save a mother and two children from such horrors; I wanted therefore to go in and fetch them out. I knew it to be difficult, I had even been told it was impossible, but I felt I must try.

While forming this purpose, other thoughts crossed my mind. It was impossible for me not to feel a far deeper interest in the existing war and its issues than most Englishmen. I had known the Prussian nation long and with intimate personal relations. I had known the French nation long and with intimate personal relations. I saw this war in embryo, and was in Paris when it broke out. I say in embryo, because its first visible germ in the Luxemburg difficulty cropped up in 1867, and I was then in Paris. I there mingled with the men who at that moment were immersed in actual preparations for a war. I was told then that the army was for war, that the navy was for war, that the then Minister M. Rouher was against it, and advised his master, who decided in favour of peace. I remember

being asked by movers for the war my opinion as to which side England would take, and I gave the answer which I thought ought to be true, and which I wish England was ever in a state to make true. "England," I said, "will be against the nation that begins the war." I do not know that that was the answer which Lord Stanley gave then, but I do know that it was to MM. Bismarck and Rouher that the wisdom is due of having stopped that war. I happened to be present at a meeting of high military and naval men when a message came to them direct from the Emperor, and the words were, "The Emperor has received a letter from M. Bismarck which is entirely satisfactory, and the war cannot be."

In like manner I was in Paris before and after the outbreak of the present war. I had opportunities of hearing the opinions of the Ministry who made the war, and my conviction is that M. Emile Ollivier is the man who did it, and that the political party in France most responsible for having caused it is precisely that party which has been in greatest haste to disavow the war and blame it the moment they found the Emperor weak enough to have yielded to the pressure they had put upon him. Up to the beginning of the war it had seemed to me that the thirty-three "Irreconcilables," or extreme Radicals as we should call them, forming the extreme Left of the Chamber, and the most inveterate enemies of the Emperor, had proved his most valuable allies, for by continually putting themselves in the wrong they continually helped him into the opposite course. Unluckily the Emperor determined for once that he would leave his friends and adopt the policy of his enemies. He took

their leader M. Ollivier as his Minister, and as they had always been reproaching him with having helped the aggrandizement of Germany, he determined to adopt their policy, and went to war to win back the balance of power.

In regard to the pretexts for the outbreak of the present war, these were mere shams, diplomatic truths, or perfect lies as they have since been seen to be. The cards of that game were shuffled and played very awkwardly both by M. de Grammont and M. Ollivier, and their little game was as shallow as poorly played. The leading card was that nearly forgotten debate in the Chamber "on the St. Gothard Railway." It was arranged that a violent speech should be made by an (independent) member denouncing the organization of this intended railway as a deep political scheme initiated by Count Bismarck for the combination of Italian and German interests against French, and as an instrument of warlike combination rather than of commercial amity. By a series of wilful misrepresentations and distortions of facts, a thoroughly false view was given to the Chamber of the whole matter, and this statement was allowed to weigh on the mind of France as political truth, until it suited the Ministry who had instigated the interpellation to come forward and gently state that the case was not altogether so bad as the (independent) member had made it. But the evil the Ministers had wanted was already done, and the public mind was put into that state of irritation in which it was meant to be kept.

Now it happened that I was myself directly, personally and professionally, cognizant of all the facts of the Gothard Railway affairs, for I had surveyed and selected a considerable portion of the line, and I knew that it was initiated, projected, and undertaken entirely on the instigation of the Swiss, and for their own proper benefit, but it was quite too large and costly an enterprise for them to undertake and complete alone. Their great difficulty was how to induce the Italian and German Governments to

contribute to a railway entirely running through Swiss territory. Such a railway through neutral country must be as useless for war as a railway through Belgium, and it was only by proving that very considerable economy in the transport of food, raw materials, and manufactured goods must result from improved communication between the sunny south of Italy and the hard north of Germany that the Swiss had succeeded, after long years of effort, in persuading the Governments of Italy and Germany that the common good of these great nations would be materially promoted by the construction of this international communication, in such a way as to afford a transport at once cheap, safe, and quick. In this way the Swiss had obtained, by the perseverance of some of their ablest men, the same sort of co-operation between Italy and Germany which had already achieved the Mont Cenis Railway between France and Italy. The French Government knew all this perfectly well. M. Kern, the Swiss Minister, had told it all to the Duc de Grammont, and I had told it all to other members of both Chambers; but it suited the Government to ventilate a false impression, and therefore they first encouraged it and then smoothed it over with a feeble contradiction. It did not make the war, but it helped.

I will not even allude to all the sham negotiations which during my residence in Paris were made the pretexts for this war, but in fairness I must say that I know of its hidden causes. It is quite certain that at the close of the Prussian war against Austria certain promises, pledges, or understandings between the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Prussia did remain unfulfilled. Of the form, degree, and measure to which both parties were committed, I have nothing to say; of the righteousness of the intended compensation I will also say nothing; but if it be admitted that monarchs have a right to compensate, one the other, for peoples and lands taken from one Power by force, by giving over other peoples and lands to another by force, then by that code the Emperor

had just claim against King William for payment of his balance in kind. This, then, was the true cause of the war—a personal debt not paid; and when the war broke out, it was this personal debt which determined the form the war was to take.

The reader will see that I regard this quarrel as having originated in a duel between two monarchs regarding a private understanding or debt of honour, and it must be regarded as one of the penalties people pay for powerful monarchies, that the personal misunderstandings of two men may suddenly plunge two nations into the horrors of war. I do not mean that the people themselves are exempt from the responsibilities of these wars. The leaders of popular opinion, the heroes of the tribune, the men who flatter the people, and whose flatteries are cheered in return, are neither more wise nor more patriotic than the men who inherit thrones and crowns.

I have gone into all these beginnings of the war because I am asking the reader to accompany me to Versailles, and I wish him to understand the views and thoughts which were in my mind when I went there. He will see that I went hoping to serve my friends locked up in Paris. But he will also now see that it was impossible for me to go into the seat of war without a strong feeling of sympathy for the suffering peoples on both sides. I have called it a war of sovereigns, but they have made it now a war of races—a thing much more terrible than a war of kings—and of races so constituted as to be probably the two most antagonistic in Europe. To me it seemed little wonderful that the negotiations hitherto attempted had failed. No kind of men could be more antipathetic than M. Thiers and Count Bismarck, and no one could expect that good could come of their meeting, for the strongest arguments one could use would seem to the other weak and inconclusive; and as I started on my way to Versailles, I learned that the last threads of negotiation had been broken.

It seemed to me far from improbable

that both the Prussians and the Parisians might be really desirous of peace. I have a friend actively engaged in the Committee of Defence of Paris; were I permitted to enter Paris and see him, I should have been enabled to learn the aims, purposes, and views of the better class of the men still left to defend Paris. Our discussion would have certainly led to a definition of the terms on which the defence of Paris ought to be continued or abandoned. On my return to Versailles I should have been able to know whether such terms were possible or impossible, and so I hoped that by making myself acquainted with the views of both I might open the way to their resuming negotiations with each other on better chances of success than before. All this I had been encouraged to attempt on authority much higher than my own. Such were the views and motives with which I started for Versailles. I cannot say that I had much hopes of success, for every Prussian authority here had told me it was impossible to get even to Versailles; but I am used to do the impossible, and thought it might be done again; the unknown quantity I had to deal with was this—*Did M. Bismarck really desire further negotiations and speedy peace, or did he not?* This I could only learn by going to Versailles.

#### SUNDAY IN VERSAILLES.

My first day in Versailles was a Sunday, and my first act was to seek a church. On my way I saw a Prussian personage in uniform crossing the street, to whom every one profoundly bowed and uncovered. On crossing near this personage, he smiled and held out his hand; then asked why I was in Versailles, gave me his address, and told me to call on him next day and tell him about the loss of the *Captain*. To me this meeting was most opportune; it let me know that I had a friend at headquarters whose good-will I could reckon on, and now I knew that if I got into a difficulty I should be helped out of it. Grateful for this chance, I pursued my

way and found the Church of Notre Dame filled exclusively by the French. And again I was struck by the down-cast humiliation of that people in its saddest aspect. The few of the better classes that remained were there as well as the bourgeoisie and the poor. All the ladies were in deep mourning; the men had laid aside all care about their dress, and the children appeared to have lost all that natural gaiety which even the formality of church fails to extinguish in ordinary times. Whether the women were weeping for lost relatives or a trodden-down country I know not, but sadly they wept, and what touched me deepest was the sight of the old men, the fathers and grandfathers who had witnessed the glories of France, now at the famous Court of Versailles, bowed by shame and grief, burying their faces in their handkerchiefs and trembling under their strong emotion.

Only near the altar was there no symptom of a world at war; the chants of joy and praise rose triumphant to Him who still makes His sun to shine on the oppressor and the oppressed.

As the people poured out of church, I could see how changed were their manners and ways from those of the bright, joyous, lively French of our old acquaintance. Sad groups whispered their sorrows with bated breath, and soon parted homewards, looking warily round as if they feared to be overheard or tracked by a hostile stranger, and as they passed group after group of Prussian soldiers they kept close to one side with averted faces. Sunday in Versailles was no longer a holiday, with fountains playing and crowds rejoicing, but a day of penance, humiliation, and woe.

From the cathedral to the market-place was but a step, and I was desirous to see how the army was served. The market of Notre Dame is a large square, which I found occupied by peasant-carts and waggons from the country full of vegetables and delicious fruits, which were far cheaper than the same in Covent Garden Market. In French markets it is the peasants themselves

who sell direct to the townsfolk the produce of their soil without the intervention of the middleman or contractor, and thus, among the poorer classes at least, one gets full value for his produce, the other full value for his wages, and are thus spared the burden of carrying a third man between them. This helps to explain why in France both the labouring agriculturist and the artisan are well-to-do.

In this market-place I saw one new element of market merchandise. Of this esteemed luxury the war has produced in France, not scarcity and dearth, but cheapness and abundance. All through the conquered district tobacco in all shapes is abundant. Cigars are now as plentiful, bad, and cheap in France as they have long been in Germany. I saw a great cartload come in, with all the marks of German fabrication, and there was quite a rush of peasants to buy up these luxuries for their respective homes and villages. It seemed to me as the cigars were opened that the peasants took out of their bags all the silver they had got, rushed into the scrambling crowd and fetched back to their vegetable-stands as many boxes as they could carry. At last, to keep something like order, the German Jews who had made the speculation had to call in the aid of the Prussian guards, and in ten minutes the whole cargo was dispersed over the market. What will the future of tobacco be in France? Will Frenchmen ever again endure a heavy duty on it and a government monopoly? And if they do not, how will the Prussians ever get back the interest on the cost of the war?

In the Avenue of St. Cloud, to which I betake myself, I come upon a large body of soldiers, with their brass spiked helmets shining like polished armour in the sun. It never before struck me how remarkable is the effect of these helmets when massed together in a large body. It must be remembered that the barrels of the Prussian rifles are left with the natural grey colour of the polished steel, not browned over as ours are. At a distance, therefore, in sunshine, the

bright bayonets, the clear grey muskets, and the shining brass helmets reflecting the sun's rays, give to the distant spectator the effect of a huge mass of moving metal; and if the effect of a mass of steel and brass metal be wanted to shake the courage of an enemy, in this seeming at least the Prussian uniform is perfectly successful. As they came nearer I was next struck with the strength and stature of each man. They have a manly if somewhat rude bearing, their step is long, strong, and heavy, and as the column marched past it gave the impression of strength with speed. I can only say that to me the French soldiers, by comparison, with their red baggy trousers and pretty little kepis, resembled rather fancy models of soldiers than real fighting men, while on the march these same Frenchmen, small, though agile, seemed much overburdened with the weights they carry, so much heavier were they than those which the Prussian (three or four stone heavier) has ever to support. And indeed the stalwart Prussian has rarely even to carry his own baggage, for so admirably is the *matériel* of war managed, that every marching column, as well as every corps, has always along with it its own train of waggons to relieve the soldier on his rapid march of every inconvenient weight or incumbrance. No wonder then that the daily march of the army is twenty miles a day, continued day after day without over-fatigue.

I followed the marching column on the way up to the spacious Place d'Armes, or review ground, in front of the noble palace of Versailles. There were the groups of statues of the heroes of the French armies looking down on the invaders with that seeming sorrow well described by the chroniclers for the *Daily News*, and so well depicted in our illustrated journals. The Prussian column, with its band playing, formed on three sides of the square; it was attended by its troop of skirmishing Uhlans, who with the attendant waggons retired into a corner of the Place, while a Prince and his staff reviewed the troops. The formula of the review was short and simple; they

shouldered arms, presented and grounded arms, and then one officer for every twenty-five men marched out of the ranks towards the reviewing centre, and formed in line in front of the commanding officer. With each of these officers — commissioned and non-commissioned — the commander held a conversation. The reviewing officer addressed some words to a select few; the officers returned to the ranks, and then, with band playing, the column marched to its destination. I afterwards learned that these were troops coming from the direction of Metz, and going south and west, and it seemed to me a wise gratification that they should take Versailles on their way, and carry with them the pleasant memory of its splendour. This column was only one of many that all that day kept pouring in and through Versailles; the weather being fine, and the review in itself a thing so naturally attractive to the military taste of the French that even many of them came out to see it, and by 4 o'clock the Place d'Armes had a considerable sprinkling of well-dressed men and women. Old grey-headed French military men criticised and measured the value of the troops they saw before them, and I heard the women acknowledge that some of the cavalry officers were handsome men, if only their manners were not so rude and brutal; and I must admit that the somewhat rugged sound of the German tongue, spoken rather loud by a somewhat blunt though manly young man, is not altogether that musical symphony which a polished French gentleman whispers to the ear of the refined French gentlewoman. It must not be thought that this small gathering represents Versailles. The few who were present tried to be amused, the many were absent and sad. As I turned from the Place d'Armes, down through the narrow streets, I found there, remote from Prussian sounds and sights, the family groups of French. As I neared them their countenances expressed fear lest the approaching stranger were some German in plain clothes. When that

fear subsided and they recognized a look of sympathetic interest, their faces brightened at the rare surprise; but if I continued to look at them, their expression saddened, as if asking the humiliating question, "What can the stranger think of us fallen so low?"

#### HOW PRUSSIAN THINGS THINK OUT WAR.

My second day at Versailles was one of research. My business was to find out how the land lay; who were there that could help or hinder the object of my coming there; and above all to find out the whereabouts of the great men now controlling the destinies of France, and who were either to aid or to oppose me. I was glad to discover, for I thought it good taste, that none of the great men occupied any part of the Palace of Versailles. The great monarch War, with Wounds and Death, alone occupies these Imperial halls. It is the Palace of the maimed and wounded. Its picture-galleries were the wards of a great hospital, of which true and touching pictures have been from time to time sent home to the *Times*. The mansions occupied by the King of Prussia, the Crown Prince, Prince Adalbert, Count Bismarck, the Count von Moltke, and the other heroes of the war, are chiefly the deserted mansions of the rich inhabitants of Versailles, and, excepting a flag or a sentry, there is nothing to proclaim to a stranger, "Hence are ruled the destinies of Europe." In truth it is impossible that great things could be managed with less parade than that with which this war is directed. Three or four men work together in a little room two or three hours each day; they have much to talk over, and then parting, each goes to his own home and does his day's work. At dinner they meet and try to forget toil and anxiety during the couple of hours of a *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, when they part to carry on their work late into the small hours. Short is the sleep of these men of war. And here I may say that nothing struck me more than the

great number of aged, grey-haired men who conduct this war. While we have been getting rid of all old admirals and old soldiers as fast as the laws of promotion and pension allow, and even making laws to exclude from active service men of ripe years, it seems as if it had been the policy of the Prussians to choose exactly the one the most opposite to that of the English. They have aged men to decide and guide,—young men to execute the work. But then they have taken care to have old men who *can* guide, leaders who *can* show the way, generals who *can* lead to victory; and they have also taken care to have educated, well-trained youths with strong bodies and hard heads, who will not only do what they are told, but have science and skill to do it the best way. To us this may seem strangely systematic and wise, for we are taught to believe that theory and practice, experience and foresight are virtues diametrically opposed: so we shake off old warriors and put in their place men who have neither experience nor science. It is to this process that we give the name of Army and Navy Reform.

While I witnessed the quiet, methodic, systematic way in which the political negotiations of Europe, the war organization of Germany, and the war in France were being carried out in this tranquil town, with so little show and so much strength, I could not help some feeling of sorrow for the way in which we are ruled at so much cost to such small purpose. £25,000,000 a year is what England pays for past wars, £25,000,000 a year is what she pays for coming wars; and at this great cost we are told by those who seem to know, that if Prussian readiness for war and English readiness for war were set side by side, we should find that at half the cost Prussia is able to produce double the value, so that we are four times more wasteful or less wise than they are. Is this true or false? I did all I could while in Versailles, where the machinery of Prussian war is under-

going its test, to find out where lay our huge inferiority, and whence came their superiority in matters of war. I think I find it in this—that they are patriots and thoroughly in earnest, that we are not patriots, that we believe in shams, and that we are not in earnest. To be just, I ought to add one element more, one that we possess in common with the French, but which, unluckily, has just broken down—we believe that we are the greatest nation in the world; we believe that our troops have always conquered and will always conquer; that good luck and pluck attend our arms and win our battles, and that what has been will always be. The Prussians trust nothing to chance, luck, or fortune; they prepare industriously for war in time of peace; they cast their cannon, finish their rifles, and make their shells, while they have ample leisure and means to do it; they prepare their trains of field telegraphs, of pontoon bridges, of ammunition waggons, of field ambulances, of commissariat trains, of war locomotives, and of military railway carriages, while at peace. Thus they do war timely, cheap, and well; while we do it late, in a hurry, and at extravagant cost, and at a time when, instead of preparing, we should have occupied the field before our enemy. That is how they don't spend their £25,000,000, and how we do.

There is another point in which I have recognized a very unexpected and marked superiority in the Prussian army. It is officered, like our own, from the aristocracy and wealthy classes. The difference between us is, that in their army I found every individual officer making a study of the higher branches of his profession; also that I found him already possessed of a high scientific education, preparing him to excel in study and practice, and that the whole army from top to bottom is pervaded by the desire to turn to the advantage of the army all modern inventions, and utilize for it all improvements in science. In our army, on the contrary, a man with an invention has at starting the feeling of—everybody

against him: next, he has to take out a patent; then he has to offer slices of the patent to all who will lend him a hand, and all the rest are turned into determined enemies. Our system is quite wrong. All modern inventions should be at once pressed into the service of the country. The inventor should be helped with all the aids that the military experience of the country can give him. Whatever is good should be turned to account, and the bad mercilessly rejected. As to patent-rights and payments, there should be none; each citizen should rejoice to be able to serve his country, and the country should be too grateful to the inventor to withhold national gratitude for national good. Our way of putting up patriotism, science, and public good to auction is a beggarly means of showing ourselves a great nation. It is because the Prussian army hails as one man each new beneficial invention, that their army has made such an astounding stride.

Another feature in army organization was forced on my attention by a scene I witnessed at head-quarters. It was somewhat early in the morning, when I observed a parade of officers in the open square of a courtyard, but under cover. In front of the line are two or three officers with papers, one reading aloud. There seemed to be many despatches to read, and between them were generally some words of conversation. I found that this was a daily practice at the head of each *corps d'armée*. The papers which were being read were the telegraphic or written despatches which had been received from every other *corps d'armée*, and the purpose of the arrangement was that every officer of the corps should be able to know what every other corps was doing all round. This seemed a remarkable method for giving unity of plan to the whole army. But the process does not end here. The officers who attend this reading, returning to their respective stations, give in their turn to the officers under their command, a summary of that knowledge which is nearest and



most interesting to them, and they again retail it to their men; so that every day is studied over and over what has been done, is doing, and is about to be done by their own division and by all around it. Here seemed to lie the secret of having an army with one mind, one will, and one way, each man foreknowing all he was about, and only awaiting the word of permission to do it. It also helps to explain the order, silence, and certainty with which the Prussian movements are conducted.

#### ENGLISHMEN IN VERSAILLES.

My third day in Versailles was occupied mainly in executing the measures I had already planned, and acting on the advice I had received for attaining the immediate object of my visit. The letters I had been recommended to write, and the applications which it had been suggested I ought to make, were all made, and in the afternoon I made holiday in visiting the few English friends and acquaintances who had been authorized or tolerated within the Prussian lines. I do not think that privileged company of Englishmen numbers more than twelve, and the most highly privileged not more than four. These last dine with the movers of the war, and receive from them in confidence the secrets of the future, it being known that that confidence will not be used till the proper time arrives. It is easy to notice in the report of these chroniclers the characteristics of their perfect or imperfect knowledge. Those privileged with this confidence are able to avoid the mistake of accepting false rumours for true, they avoid the error also of prematurely divulging truth, but they experience that they pay this penalty, that the gorgeously coloured statements of those who don't know throw their quiet, reticent, discreet notices of possible events into the shade. It is rather, therefore, in the errors which they avoid than in the indiscretions which they commit, that we detect the

privileged writer. The free pen of the free writer is freer.

Of the Englishmen who occupy privilege and favour at Versailles I must allow myself to name one who has rendered and continues to render great service to the army and government of this country, but whose name and services are little known and never proclaimed at home. For the last five or six years Colonel Walker of our army has been stationed at the Court of Berlin, charged with the duty of keeping the Government and the army direction of this country well informed of all the progress which Prussia has been making these many years in all that concerns her army. For many years also personal duties connected with the Prussian navy made me intimately acquainted with that national system of reorganization of which I have carefully watched the beginning, the progress, and the development. For twenty years I have been telling my countrymen that it was great folly on their part to think of France only as their competitor in trade, their rival in military power, their antagonist in political influence. I had seen Prussia arming her working population for the battle of commerce, by organizing through every village, district, and town, trade schools, where the working men learned the principles, theory, and skill of their craft. I saw them preparing for ascendancy in war by twenty years' training of an army of citizen patriots, and preparing for political ascendancy by training a staff of youthful statesmen in all the skill and knowledge of modern diplomacy. All this I had told seriously and earnestly, utterly to no purpose. I was told that Prussia was a nation of professors and pedagogues, that their fine-spun theories of might and right were theoretical dreams, that English iron, English coal, and English pluck could beat down everything of that sort the moment it made its appearance on practical life, and that in Europe England was everywhere and Prussia nowhere.

But at last Colonel Walker was sent



to Berlin at the time when the sending of naval and military missions to the Courts of Europe became a fashion. I say fashion, because our military and naval government had no wish to learn anything, only desiring to be let alone with folded hands and closed eyes. However, fashion prevailed, and Colonel Walker was sent as Military Attaché to the Court of Prussia. Unluckily for the Government, but luckily for the country, Colonel Walker had seen service all over the world, and, having witnessed the two greatest wars of modern times, was a competent judge of technical military affairs. If I am not mistaken, there is a large pigeon-hole or nest of pigeon-holes at the War Office filled with timely communications of all the improvements from time to time contemplated or made in Prussian army organization, military tactics, and material of war. On returning from occasional visits to Berlin I have sometimes been tempted to inquire the fate of Colonel Walker's communications, and have been assured that these communications were "confidential," and have had reason to believe that the best mode of preventing any breach of confidence had been adopted, and that consequently no one had been permitted to read these communications, as it would have disturbed the equanimity of English statesmen to know that we were on the brink of important events and incapable of exercising any influence over them. It might be worth while for a troublesome member of Parliament to move for Col. Walker's correspondence from its commencement till now to be printed.

Next in order in this English colony comes Captain Hozier, who was so prominently and favourably brought to the front as a professional historian of the Prusso-Austrian war. He is one of those soldiers who, though still young, has made it his business to master the highest details of his profession, and he again seems to be laying the foundation of a thorough reform of the British army by mastering all the details of actual war.

After these professional students of the war come its chroniclers. A warrior, like a king, would be nothing without his historian, and the people of England have, I think, been more fortunate than those of any other country in the men who have accompanied foreign armies into the field, and devoted health and reputation to running all the risks of war for their information. No other country possesses such a staff of public instructors. With what anxiety do we search each morning the columns of the *Times* for the pictures of battle-fields painted by Dr. Russell, the columns of the *Daily News* for the letters of Mr. Skinner, and the numbers of the *Illustrated News* for the sketches of Mr. Landells. These three may be said to constitute the privileged chroniclers of headquarters.—Devoting themselves to the care of the sick and wounded, and to the careful study of the means by which in future our own sick and wounded may be cared for, are Major de Haviland, commander of the Knights Hospitaliers, Dr. Innes, and Captain Purley, and thus we see that England is well represented at Versailles and we can therefore safely reckon that at the end of this war we shall be in possession of all the facts that we need to know, in order to place our army on a footing somewhat more nearly in conformity with the modern science and usages of war. I fear this colony will return home with a profound contempt for British army organization, and I am safe to add that a large proportion of the best heads in the army are of the same opinion. The contrast between an army organized and guided by men who are themselves distinguished soldiers, and one which is not organized and not guided, but merely pretends to be so, by mere civilians, profoundly ignorant of how to set about it, is too striking to be longer tolerated even in a community so apathetic to matters of imperial safety as ours.

#### CHECKMATE.

My fourth day was occupied in the various moves of the question—into Paris or out? I had taken all the

preceding steps in the manner I had been told was most likely to succeed. I had made my oral and written communications in the most politic form. Count Bismarck was in full possession of my views and plans, and I was patiently waiting his decision.

All Thursday was occupied with the answer. At early dawn I was wakened by a heavy step on my bed-room stairs, followed by a gentle knock. A tall, helmeted dragoon officer entered, saluted, and accepted politely a seat by my bedside; introduced the subject of my being at Versailles and the cause of it; and letting me know he was an aide-de-camp of the General commanding there, asked me to tell him how I got there, how long I had been there, and the incidents of my journey. Having got thus far with his inquiries, he then addressed me thus: "Do you know that you have committed a serious breach of the laws of war? do you know that had you been even the English Ambassador, you would have required a formal written authorization from head-quarters before passing within the Prussian lines towards Versailles? Do you know that you have exposed the military commanders of the districts through which you have passed to reprimand and punishment? You are accordingly a prisoner of war, and are confined to your room until I return from my commander with further instructions."

Such was Count Bismarck's first move. I confess it amused me, though rather startling, and I waited with great interest the second move, merely ordering my morning cup of coffee in bed, and taking my supplementary nap. Move No. 2 was the arrival of an officer of higher rank, who found me still in bed when he occupied the seat his predecessor had left. I have seldom met a more charming man. We were soon over the formalities of M. Bismarck's second series of orders, which were that I was to be treated with consideration, allowed full liberty, but have a sentry placed at my door and a moveable guard to follow me, so that I should on no account get through into Paris. This

arrangement made, I then enjoyed two hours of most valuable conversation; he was the officer commanding Versailles immediately under his chief. He gave the whole story of the war as he himself passed through it. He discussed with me its origin, its object, its probable end and effects; he gave me his views of German character, and of their moral, social, and political condition, and the probable consequences of the war on the German and French future. We discussed Prussian military organization, tactics, and war *matériel* and I may say I never passed two hours of more agreeable and instructive conversation.

As I had now the impression that the harshest move had been made, and that the gentler ones were to follow, I dressed and went out for my morning walk. I found that in my hotel I was now a personage, for I had a sentry at my door and an orderly for my attendant. This last followed me at a respectful distance, and I could see from the shape of his pocket that he had a revolver conveniently at hand, so I at once told him where I wanted to go, and took his advice as to the best way of going there. As soon as he found that the doors I visited were only decorated with the Prussian official chalk, we became good friends, and I found him a most civil and convenient guide; only when I came a little too near to sentries and outposts I saw that he gave them some significant hint which recommended me to their special attention. Having finished my walk I returned to luncheon, and was ready for the third move.

The third move was the entrance of the General in command. He explained to me that he had been acting throughout in this matter under the direction of Count Bismarck, but that as I had passed into the district under his command without his authority, he had a right to treat me as a prisoner of war, and he was to say that if I would obtain the intervention of my Government at home he would place the telegraph at my disposal, or if I would request any of the English military authorities at Versailles to act on my behalf, I should

be set at liberty. To these suggestions I returned a firm and clear negative. I said I had come there first in my own right as an English gentleman, to do an act of duty; that I was at Versailles as an old friend of Prussia who had done her service when she wanted it, and that I therefore demanded the rights of friendship; thirdly, that although I was desirous of serving my French friends, I felt confident, and I thought Count Bismarck might also feel confident, that whatever I would do to benefit them would not and should not harm Prussia; that as to my own Government or any one connected with it, I had intentionally avoided giving it any knowledge of or allowing it to have anything to do with my visit to Versailles, or be in any way responsible for its consequences. I begged him to communicate to Count Bismarck my decision to rely entirely on my own responsibility, and so our interview ended.

The final visit I received was from the military commander and his intelligent aide-de-camp. They had just seen Count Bismarck and received his latest instructions. They were to express his high consideration for me as an individual, and his recognition of my personal services to Prussia. They were also to assure me of his high consideration for my friend (whom he named) inside Paris; but that in precise proportion to his high appreciation of both, was his reprobation of my communicating with Paris; it was the policy of Prussia to reduce Paris without resort to the extremes of war; they had therefore to starve her three ways—intellectually, morally, and physically. My entrance into Paris would interfere with this object, for it would be impossible for me to see any of the Defensive Committee without communicating to them information useful to them, and therefore harmful to Prussia, and at present they believed they had succeeded in keeping the Parisians without any knowledge for more than a week; second, I would bring them sympathy from without to relieve their moral starvation; and

thirdly, by bringing mouths out of Paris, I should show the bad example of relieving their physical starvation: on every ground therefore, political and military, my visit to Paris was pronounced impossible.

Such was my sentence. I was obliged to admit that under this view of Count Bismarck's policy my visit to Paris would be inexpedient, and in conclusion, as we parted, I was informed that my sentry and my orderly would be withdrawn on the honourable understanding that I would not make an attempt to enter Paris without leave given, and that on leaving Versailles I should receive safe conduct and instructions to their commanders to afford me all facilities. So ended the checkmate.

#### WHO MADE THE WAR?

I spent three more days in Versailles, and consoled myself for my disappointment by studying what is usually called *la situation*. Here I was surrounded by those who knew best about the origin of the war, the events which had led to it, the events which had caused it, or at least the German view of the case, for I already knew the French side, and was therefore prepared to test each by the other. And moreover I found a sufficient variety of view and opinion among the different classes of Germans in Versailles, to obtain more than one aspect of the question, seen from the German point of view.

What I wanted to know, and what I imagine my countrymen would be glad to learn is, who the individual is that may be considered the cause of the outbreak of a war at a moment so inopportune for those who chose the time so disastrous to those who sought the occasion.

We must distinguish carefully at the outset between the causes of the war and its occasion. The causes were of old standing and perfectly notorious. The recollection of past wars, victories and humiliations, the antipathy of rival races, the jealousy of recent conquests were causes sufficiently wide-spread, and

had diffused through Europe a general conviction that at some period a Franco-German war was inevitable.

But just because this war was so long expected and talked of, the more sagacious statesmen hoped and believed that by perfect preparation and prudent self-restraint it might continue to be so expected, and never arrive. Already by the wisdom of Louis Napoleon, and the preparedness of Prussia, war had been postponed for three years. Three years longer would have been easier, for with each year the dynasty was getting settled and secured: and from the moment the plébiscite was accomplished, and the Emperor was too strong for internal enemies, he had only to assume the function of international disarmament and extend the right hand of fellowship to neighbouring nations, and he and his dynasty would then have been hailed as benefactors of Europe, and their rule accepted, according to his own programme, as an Empire of Peace.

The question then is, what was the occasion which rendered it expedient instead of prolonging this truce to stop it short, and convert it into internecine war? Whose plan was this? Was it a plan at all, was it an accident, was it an impulse? The Ministers of France and their newspapers found their occasion for this war, in something which had passed between the King of Prussia and the Ambassador of France at the watering-place of Ems. They said that the King of Prussia had insulted the Ambassador of France on the public promenade of that watering-place, that he had discourteously refused amicable conversation, and abruptly cut short official communication with the Ambassador: that was the form of the offence. He had refused to give substantial assurance of the final withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidature to the throne of Spain: that was the substance of the offence. On this ground, in substance and in form, the Ministers of France declared war, and the newspapers blew loud the trumpet of war in the name of the French people.

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To me it was a question of some interest to know whether these occasions, so suddenly seized as pretexts for a great European conflict, were really given, or were sham pretexts alleged. I am able now to give as facts, what I had formerly only inferred on strong probabilities, what were the small pivoting points on which turned the destinies of Europe. The occasions of the war were not discourtesies in form, offences in fact, nor refusal of substantial satisfaction on the part of the King of Prussia to the Ambassador of France. Everything asked by M. Benedetti was conceded fully, frankly, completely, and the manner of the concession was all which those who knew the King would expect from him, all that a man of M. Benedetti's experience and knowledge could desire to receive. The discourtesies and the refusals which the Prime Minister of France adduced in the Chamber as the pretext of war, and which his newspapers trumpeted throughout France to inflame the people for war, were of his own invention, unmitigated, groundless fictions.

I need scarcely say that on Prussian evidence alone one might refuse to believe that the first Minister of a great country would choose to put forward so feeble a pretext for war even if he had not made it, but I have taken care to obtain the best possible evidence on the same facts from the French side, and I am compelled to express my perfect conviction that M. Emile Ollivier is the sole author of the present war, and that he alone, at the critical moment when the balance had already turned in favour of peace, threw an inflammatory falsehood into the scale of politics and the press.

Further facts corroborate these. It is unquestioned that the day before war was decided on, M. Ollivier stated to a meeting of the politicians of his party that the latest concessions of the King of Prussia were so complete as to render war impossible. Later in the same day, to a larger circle of members of the Chamber, he read the substance of the King's reply, and told them that the

question of war could no longer be entertained. It is also certain that he had seen the Emperor, who told him that under these circumstances war had become impossible. For the moment, therefore, the peaceful policy and amicable conduct of the King had disarmed M. Ollivier and his war party.

But M. Ollivier had already raised the demon which was to destroy him. He had already sold himself to the Radical press of Paris, and this Radical press was about to sell him. As we already know, he was originally the leader of the Extreme Left before he was leader of the Ministry. He had stepped into power through the aid chiefly of a large portion of the Paris press—that of the popular party, who put him forward as their leader. The Emperor had doubtless his official journal and his two or three inspired journals to support him; but the Opposition journals inspired by M. Ollivier were much more numerous and more popular. Thus in the end M. Ollivier and his party became too strong for the Emperor, and the Emperor, after years of hesitation and struggle, thought fit to accept his greatest enemy as his confidential friend. With all his experience he had not discovered the wisdom that lies in “keeping your known enemies as enemies, and your known friends as friends.”

At this critical moment then the Emperor was in the hands of M. Ollivier, and M. Ollivier in the hands of the Radical press. Moreover, it was the habit of M. Ollivier to call together a certain number of press writers to tell them his political secrets, and then with their aid to concoct a political policy. At the critical moment to which we have just come he collected in his “bureau” this press clique, and communicated to them the official information which rendered war with Prussia impossible. The news was ill received by that portion of the press which had already blown the trumpet of war. They told M. Ollivier the news would be ill received throughout the country, that the peace policy of the Emperor would be denounced,

that all the popularity and power he (M. Ollivier) enjoyed would fall away from him, and that instead of becoming, as he was about to become, the greatest Minister of the greatest country in Europe, he would have to retire, beaten and despised, before an indignant country.

Unhappily they knew their man only too well. The idea of becoming another Richelieu had floated before his eyes. Already he deemed that the plébiscite he had made had set immovable on a foundation of rock a new empire, and that new empire and the Ollivier Ministry was to be one and indivisible. The balance in which trembled the question of peace or war was violently upset by this blow of the press, and then and there it was settled that the Empire of Ollivier must be saved, that war must be proclaimed, that the press should next morning sound the trumpet through France, that the telegraph must echo its warlike notes through Europe, that Ollivier must announce to the Chamber inevitable causes of war as transmitted from Ems, and all this was done before the Emperor had been asked his refusal or assent.

Here, then, we have one of those remarkable episodes in history which proves with how little wisdom the affairs of nations are governed, and what small occasions give birth to great events. We search in vain for a logical ground for a declaration of war. M. Ollivier had to make one, and now we have to see what sort of one he made: he said that the King of Prussia had treated the French Ambassador with marked rudeness, that he had refused to have an official interview with him, that he had only withdrawn the candidature of the Prince Leopold to the throne of Spain in his private capacity as head of the Hohenzollern House, but that he had refused to withhold or withdraw it in his capacity of King of Prussia and Head of the Confederation. This was his deliberate statement to the Chambers, and it was a direct and deliberate untruth.

It was the contrary of the truth, for the King had received M. Benedetti not

only kindly but cordially, and had given him complete official assurance that both in his capacity as Prince of Hohenzollern and in his capacity of King of Prussia he had conclusively withdrawn and closed the question of candidature of the Prince Leopold.

I think I am now justified in saying that M. Emile Ollivier was author of this war, that this war had no other aim or end than to make of M. Ollivier the great Minister of a great empire; he was to be the future bulwark of the Napoleon dynasty; his policy was to repair the defeat of Mexico and the victory of Sadowa, and this last supreme effort of the Ollivier war was to settle the frontiers of France for ever along the left bank of the Rhine.

But it has been said that the French people made this war. That is another of the untruths manufactured for the occasion. The Minister of the Interior knew, and therefore M. Ollivier could not but know, that when he consulted the prefects as to the disposition of the people for peace or for war, the result was an overwhelming preponderance, something like nine-tenths of the population, in favour of peace. The simple fact is, the people accepted the Empire, and clung to it because the Emperor had told them "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," and no man knew better than M. Ollivier that the peasantry had just given him the victory of the plébiscite as the acknowledgment that the Empire had given them leisure for the gradual accumulation of wealth, and that they valued nothing so much as peace and security to enjoy it. The war was in no respect made by the French people, and that was another official falsehood.

There remains one more point to clear up in the early official history of this war. Did not the Emperor make it? To this the answer must be—yes and no. In the eyes of the French people who trusted him with the government of the country and the choice of his Ministers, the Emperor must remain the sole author of this war. He was the captain of the ship of the State; he selected as his sailing master or pilot,

Emile Ollivier; he had to accept then his steerage or to throw him overboard; at the critical moment he could not make up his mind to throw him overboard, but with feeble want of purpose let him hold on to the tiller, and steering on the short way to victory, run this glorious ship fast and hard upon the reefs over which are now breaking, wave after wave, the interminable columns of Prussian helmets and bayonets.

The Emperor then made the war and did not make it. We have all heard of the terrible malady under which he has been labouring and growing weaker; we have also heard of the courage with which he bore the pangs of excruciating pain; and those who know of that disease know that he had to bear the still more terrible grief of an abyss of dejection and utter prostration of strength, mental and bodily, which to a mind accustomed to govern is worse than physical suffering.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Emperor had gradually allowed himself to drift under adroit management into a war which his Minister assured him he would be able to carry through to as consummate a success as he had already carried the plébiscite. The Minister obtained from his colleague, General Lebœuf, profuse assurances of the perfect readiness of the army for successful war. Were there not chassepots in every man's hands, and had not the Emperor himself given the finishing touch to the mitrailleuse? The Duc de Grammont also, too much of a diplomat and too little of a statesman, was prompt to testify what absolute reliance the Emperor might place in the adroit combinations he and Ollivier had made among the various formidable rivals of Prussia to aid in her speedy overthrow. The Minister of the Interior was by, to select from among the great mass of the reports of the prefects against war those few which had been fiercely "*inspired*" in its favour. How could the Emperor resist the unanimous conviction of Ministers, army, and people?

The Emperor, if not convinced, was

at least induced to yield, and the circumstances just narrated make plain what from the outside seems inexplicable. Why after war had once been declared was its execution so long delayed? why was the Emperor a fortnight later in joining the army than had been announced? why was the whole initiation of the war marked with feebleness and want of purpose? The answer is plain. The Emperor did not mean it, he drifted into it—in his own words, *on m'a trompé, on m'a trompé*.

#### OUT OF VERSAILLES.

Out of Versailles, the nearest way home would have been a short but very uninteresting journey, on which there would have been little to learn more than I already knew. The greater part of my journey inwards lay through France unoccupied; we were approaching war and in fear of it, but not yet in it. I had come into Versailles from the west; I now left it towards the east.

It is from the east that the Germans had entered France. There lie the fortresses and battle-fields conquered by them, and from the east towards Paris lay the track of their invading armies; here therefore I was to see the subjugated portion of France after a much longer occupation than the portion I had hitherto seen, and indeed I found it so much more Prussian in all its aspects than French, that I came to call Eastern France what I found it—Prussian France. I was to go home by Sedan and Belgium, but in order to do this it was impossible to take a direct route; railway communication with Versailles was still cut off, and the route which I had to make was a spiral winding round Paris, first southward towards Fontainebleau, then eastward towards Metz, and finally north-east, by Epervan, Rheims, and Sedan, and most of the way was made up of scraps of country cross roads formed into a sort of continuous route by Prussian repairs and alterations, with now and then a bit of railway to enliven and accelerate the journey. It was in this way that a

railway journey of twenty-four hours came to occupy a week.

But it was a week well spent. Forced to travel by day only, I was compelled to pass a portion of each day and all night in company of the villagers and townsfolk, and travelling most of the day with officers and functionaries of the Prussian army, I was enabled to appreciate the terrible realities which were passing all around me. As we left Versailles southwards, little was to be seen in the aspect of the country different from that I had already observed; everywhere the villages turned into Prussian barracks, everywhere the wealthy villas and châteaux decorated with the German flag, indicating the comfortable lodgings occupied by officers. In the villages everywhere were soldiers out on drill; in the fields soldiers and provision waggons were gathering in hay, straw, and other farm produce; French smiths were shoeing German horses, French cartwrights mending German waggons, French peasants selling them vegetables and fruits, and French innkeepers serving out to them wine and food. Further on troops of artillery and waggon horses were getting their exercise, the waggons and artillery standing in the adjoining fields. Here and there all round the villages, soldiers were digging vegetables or trenching to find hidden treasure. In one respect, however, the roads on the way out differed from the roads on the way in—they were filled with troops *en route*. At this date the forces of Prince Charles who had taken Metz were proceeding to the Loire from village to village, also reinforcements were on their way towards Versailles. The railways from Germany being still out of order, the roads were literally covered with long trains of provision waggons, each train some half-mile long, consisting of forty waggons, each drawn by four horses; between those were trains equally long, laden with ammunition, large shells in square boxes, gunpowder in round barrels. At intervals long columns of soldiers marching by the roadside, with the convenient and useful addition of



light waggons carrying knapsacks, arms, and food, and carrying also the sick and the weak. Instead of the wearied, worn, and depressed look of soldiers overladen with baggage, they had the cheerful look of men enjoying their exercise, and were beguiling the way by singing in chorus and in good time and tune those songs of fatherland which their patriotic poets and musicians had composed for their education, and which the schools of Germany have taught all her children to sing in melody and harmony.

Thus, slowly and with continual stoppages, I reached Corbeil, and found it impossible to go further that day. I apply to the post-office—not a cart or horse is to be had. I apply to the commander of the town, for this time there is no helpful mayor, the town being not merely occupied by, but entirely re-organized by the Prussians—but am told that his last horses and carriage have been disposed of, and the earliest he can assure me of is for the next morning at seven. I have therefore an afternoon free to study what is going on at Corbeil and about it.

#### PRUSSIAN FRANCE.

I did not find in my conversation with the inhabitants of Corbeil that they suffered much from the German occupation. The town and the citizens were so useful to the Prussians that they gave them full employment, although in menial capacities; and although they fixed their own prices for all sorts of work, and that these prices were in conformity with the well-known maxim "*travailler pour le Roi de Prusse*," still they were punctually paid, and the shopkeepers admitted that they were driving a fair trade. The requisitions in money and in kind would have in the end to be defrayed from a rate levied upon the proprietors, not upon the tradespeople and artificers, and so the rich who had run away would in that shape at least have to share the hardships of those who stayed. I left Corbeil by the pontoon bridge, and passed through the towns of Brie le

Comte and Tournan to La Houssaye, where once more we had to sleep for the night.

On the third evening from Versailles I found myself again within the circle of civilization and railways—at Nanteuil, on the railway from Paris to Metz, and only some forty miles from Paris, and this was all we had gained by three days' travel of ninety miles. At Nanteuil I witnessed a new scene of railway destruction and re-organization. I had not before seen a destroyed tunnel nor the mode of repairing one. The tunnel seemed to be about a mile long, and the mode of destruction had been to blow in a large portion of the lining and earthwork at the two extremities. On examination this destruction had been found to be pretty complete, and the expedient adopted for re-opening the line was to go round the obstacle which the tunnel had gone through. This obstacle was a hill extending two miles, and it was necessary to cut in the scarp of this hill a long winding line, nearly level, to regain the two interrupted ends of the railway. This small junction conducted the Prussians into the lines round Paris, and a short branch of four or five miles there placed them in communication with the lines of the North, so that I have no doubt the German trains, of German locomotives, goods'-waggons, and passenger carriages, which I saw in crowds waiting for the opening of this line, are by this time doing work on the northern lines of France, as far as Rouen, Amiens, and Dieppe.

This was the first time I had seen a French railway station occupied by German railway plant. It seemed as if the German railways had determined to send representative railway trains into France. There were locomotives from Stuttgart, horse-vans from the famous stud of the King of Wurtemberg, first and second class railway carriages from Bavaria and from the Rhine Provinces; trains of provision waggons from Hanover and Brunswick, and locomotive drivers seemed to have indulged themselves in a run on their engines all the



way from Berlin to see Paris. The station-masters' department also, like the one I had seen at Chantilly, was re-organized by German station-masters, superintendents, pointsmen, and telegraphists, and very few of the French railway staff had been trusted with this re-organization; here and there a ticket-collector, or a ticket-issuer, or a weigher of luggage, admitted that they were French, but did so with evident humiliation. For the most part the whole of the French railway staff had refused co-operation with the Germans.

There was one sight which, in France, seemed peculiarly strange. During some years I had noticed everywhere throughout Germany the whole of the railway trains of all the States of Germany getting organized into one military system—every train had been, as it were, an advertisement to the world of their readiness for war. Every passenger carriage and every waggon showed two conspicuous marks and two conspicuous numbers: one mark in one colour told how many passengers this carriage took in time of peace, but another number and mark in another colour told that that carriage was destined in war for another purpose—that it was told off for infantry, for cavalry, for artillery, for commissariat, for ammunition, or for the service of the sick and wounded; the same mark told how many soldiers, how many horses, how many guns, what weight of provisions, what ammunition, how many beds each carriage was destined to contain. If you knew these marks well, you could say at once where, on the outbreak of a war, that carriage would be found, already fitted up for its special work; and you would also know, from the same mark, what was the special corps it was destined to receive; and every general in France might have known, if he cared to know, that during four years of continuous preparation every man and every weapon had its place assigned for a march into France. From the day of the order being given, as I had been assured, ten days were all that were necessary to place 300,000 Ger-

mans in France; fully equipped with all the material of war. How practical and real this preparation was, events have shown.

#### HOME THROUGH SEDAN.

Just as I was about to sit down to a late dinner, the officer in charge of the station announced that my train was ready to start, and I was accordingly installed in a carriage at the tail of the train. I was on the way to Rethel, where the railway stopped. There I should have to take a road conveyance to Sedan, and there also I hoped to eat my postponed dinner and find a bed. Unhappily for me, there came a sad slip between cup and lip: by some accident on this imperfectly re-organized line, the tail of another train was left in our way; there was a sudden shock and crash of a collision, all the windows and some of the doors of my carriage were broken, and I was informed by the guard that we must stay where we were until daylight. We were on the top of a hill, in clear and cheerful moonlight, with a cold wind blowing through the broken glass; nevertheless, I have slept in worse beds than the one improvised for the occasion; the cushions of my carriage were broad, long, and thick; my railway rug was lined with Dutch cat-skins, and I had a sheet of four square yards of india-rubber cloth, and with these materials I must have been a very bad engineer if I could not contrive a comfortable bed, water-proof and wind-proof. If only my dinner had not been interrupted I should have had nothing to complain of; as it was, my dreams and meditations were not disturbed by indigestion.

After my night out in the cold at Rethel, I had once more to take to the cart stuffed with straw for want of springs, and was fortunate enough to have a day of sunshine and the company of a very agreeable peasant proprietor as driver. He himself had never seen Sedan, but had begged the Mayor of Rethel to be requisitioned to drive the first stranger (not a Prussian), in order that he might see that now famous

battle-field. It happened that I had with me maps of the field sufficient to make the ground we passed over intelligible to us both; and as my good fortune would have it, a Prussian soldier who had been wounded there, and recovered, begged or rather required the vacant seat in our cart, as he was on his way to rejoin his regiment, then commencing the siege of Mezières. My fellow-travellers not understanding each other's language, I was able to converse with both without hurting the feelings of either.

Leaving Rethel, we left the valley of the river Aisne, and rising over a gentle ridge, a journey of some twenty miles brought us down into a second valley, that of the Meuse. As we came over the brow of the hill down upon Sedan, we could see the river looping round the battle-field, and with the advantage we had of knowing the result, no position for a battle could, we believed, be selected more disadvantageous. I have asked many soldiers and strategists why such a place should have been selected by the French Emperor and his marshals, and I have never got any answer better than that the paralysis both of thought and action, which a consciousness of unpreparedness always gives, can alone explain it. One could see how the French army became completely surrounded, and, owing to the configuration of the ground, with scarcely a chance of avoiding defeat. There was one tolerable French position which they selected for a battery of mitrailleuses; it commanded a bridge and a road, perfectly exposed and nearly level, over which a portion of the German army must pass, and here no doubt the French inflicted heavy loss; but it was the single point of advantage, and every other was in their enemy's favour. It will be most interesting some day, when exact maps of this ground have been made, to work out upon it carefully all the steps of the battle of Sedan, which must ever remain famous for its political conse-

quences, and ever instructive to military men as an example of all that is good and all that is bad in strategics; and where we arrive at that which is inexplicable, we must trust to a revelation of some hidden policy to make plain that terrible defeat which to a civilian is too mysterious.

#### CONCLUSION.

From Sedan, my way out of France and home through Belgium was short and quick, and the delight of breathing once more in a land free from war was like a sudden escape from a hot sulphurous cavern out into clear sunshine and the pure air of heaven. The bright cheerful faces of men, women, and children, without fear, humiliation, or hate, quietly going through the round of work and play, and performing that alternation of duties, painful and pleasing, which form the events of common everyday life, was to me—after those sights of hate, rage, torture, and slaughter which we call war—a heaven after hell.

Still I am not sorry I went. I feel that I went into France one sort of man and came out of it another. All my impressions of what is good and bad, wise and foolish, Christian and unchristian, in the lives and duties of men and nations, are materially different now from what they were before. I saw men making war, and men, women, and children suffering it.

Space will not allow me to record here all the lessons for the future of men and nations which I gathered from what I saw, heard, and thought, but I will end with only one which I trust this war has taught my country;—that the future destinies of England shall never be committed to any statesman who may be capable of carrying a war of aggression into his neighbours' land, nor of betraying his own land by leaving her so defenceless as to provoke aggression.

## CIPHERS AND CIPHER-WRITING.

WHEN the late Lord Clarendon was in Paris as Foreign Secretary in 1856, he is said to have been dining *tête-à-tête* with the Emperor. During dinner a servant entered and handed a letter to his master. The Emperor read it, and then tossed it across the table to his guest, with the words, "There, mon cher, is something which will interest you." On looking at it Lord Clarendon found—let us hope to his amusement—that it was the translation of a ciphered despatch from the Foreign Office in Downing Street to our Ambassador at some distant Court, intercepted on the wires as it passed through Paris, and deciphered for the information of the Emperor.

The art thus set at naught by the ingenuity of the French police is one of great antiquity, and the variety of methods of attempting secrecy in correspondence at one time or another devised by human ingenuity is almost infinite.

Early attempts at secret communication were probably more often directed to the concealment of the message itself than to veiling it by means of a cipher. Numerous instances of this might be quoted. Thus the very quaint stratagem related by Herodotus, as having been practised by Histæus of Miletus, is a good example of the strange shifts sometimes resorted to in order to secure secrecy. Histæus, according to the story, desiring to inform Aristagoras of his intention of revolting from the Persians, took a slave, suffering from some disease of the eyes, and under pretence of curing him shaved his head, and wrote upon the bald scalp his message. He then kept the slave in safety until his hair was grown, and afterwards sent him to Aristagoras with a request that he would repeat the operation in order to complete the cure;

which being done, the message became visible,—a mode of communication certainly ingenious, but scarcely speedy enough to satisfy modern requirements.

Of the old examples of true cipher, it may be said that generally they indicate a very slight perception of the principles of cryptography, as well as great faith in the obtuseness of those to be baffled by them, an observation that may be made of a good many of the ciphers in modern use.

Among the most ancient ciphers may be classed the Egyptian hieroglyphs, consisting, as they do, of pictorial characters having a fixed value. Another well-known early example was the Lacedæmonian scytala, familiar to school-boys, the method of which was to write the desired message across the successive folds of a paper or parchment ribbon wound round a wooden cylinder, of which the other correspondent possessed a duplicate. This plan is useless as a protection against any one possessed of ordinary observation, since a very slight examination would detect the necessary juxtaposition of the letters, and consequently the size of the cylinder used.

Julius Cæsar was accustomed to use in his despatches a cipher identical in form with one of the most common modern systems, namely, that in which each letter in the message is represented by some other (always the same) letter of the alphabet. This cipher also, as will be presently shown, is of little value.

Polybius describes a system devised by him, and applicable both to signalling at a distance by flags or torches, and to correspondence by cipher; it is remarkable as being very similar to that used at the Admiralty in the days before the electric telegraph had super-

seded the semaphore. Coming down to later times we find innumerable varieties of cipher, some of them of a very complex description. One form occasionally met with was, to arrange a large number of characters, amounting perhaps to some hundreds, each having a distinct signification, and representing not only letters, but also the most common syllables, words, and expressions. A good example of this kind is to be found in the despatches of Giovanni Michiel, Venetian ambassador to England during the reign of Queen Mary. These despatches for a long time baffled the most accomplished cryptographers, but have lately yielded their secrets to the skill and perseverance of M. Friedmann. The very ingenious method of solution, and the translation of the ciphers themselves, which are full of historical interest, will be found in his book, published at Venice in 1869.

Although the art of secret writing has been practised by many, the science of cryptography is studied by few. Almost every one considers himself equal to the task of framing impregnable ciphers, but there are not many who have sufficient interest or inducement to master the principles upon which their solution depends; and yet, although viewed merely in its utilitarian aspect the study is one of very limited application, as an amusement it is full of interest; indeed, I know few occupations more engrossing and fascinating than the analysis of an unknown cipher; and the intense gratification of the moment when the clue is at last obtained, and the evolution of continuous sense, word by word, confirms the solution, is only to be appreciated by those who have experienced it. Nor is cryptography to be despised as a mental exercise; it requires not only patient perseverance, but also considerable sagacity and power of observation, as well as a good knowledge of the form and structure of words, and in particular it calls into play that tentative faculty, which Professor Sylvester has so correctly indicated as one of the chief requisites in mathematical study. .

Ciphers made by persons unacquainted with the principles of cryptography are usually, while full of seeming difficulties, destitute of the characteristics requisite to ensure security. Some years ago a magazine article appeared on the subject, written by a very able cryptographer, in the course of which he expressed some doubt as to the possibility of framing an insoluble cipher: the result was an inundation of cipher communications from correspondents who were one and all equally confident that their particular systems defied detection; not one, however, remained unread. I believe it, nevertheless, to be quite possible to devise ciphers, which, if not absolutely, are for all practical purposes beyond solution. The real difficulty is that, in the endeavour to make the system safe, too much complexity is generally introduced, and the process of ciphering and unciphering a message becomes so tedious and laborious as to render the cipher valueless. The great desideratum—whether for the diplomatic correspondence of Ministers, or for domestic messages and post cards—is to find a system which, whilst easy and quick to write and read, is at the same time difficult to decipher. Lord Bacon, who was a very zealous cryptographer, defines the requisites of a good cipher as being threefold: 1st, that it be easy to write and read; 2nd, that it be difficult of detection; 3rd, that it be void of suspicion; by which last condition he means that the message be written in such a manner as not to raise the suspicion of a stranger that it has a secret meaning. So also John Falconer, one of the ablest writers on this subject, in his book entitled "*Cryptomenysis patefacta*," published in 1685, gives the same three conditions; but as to the third, he qualifies it by adding "if possible." In truth, it appears to be almost impossible to fulfil Lord Bacon's third condition without sacrificing to a great extent the facility of writing and reading which is essential to practical utility. In his own system, for example, the message to be sent is converted into a cipher in which each

letter of the alphabet is represented by a quinary combination of the numbers one and two: thus *a* is 11111; *b*, 11112, *c* is 11121, and so on. This being accomplished, a letter is written on some indifferent subject unconnected with the real message. The first five letters in this stand for the first letter of the real message as ciphered on the principle just described. Thus, suppose the first letter of the message to be "C," represented by 11121, and the open letter to begin "Dear Sir," the letters Dear S represent "C"—a dot or pin-hole, or other distinguishing mark being attached to *r*, the fourth letter, to correspond with the figure 2 in the cipher representation of "c:" the confederate understands all unmarked letters to represent 1, and all marked letters to represent 2, and so, seeing the letters Dear S, reads 11121, and knows the first letter of the message to be *c*. The next five letters of the open letter represent similarly the second letter of the message, and so on to the end of the cipher. Thus it will be seen that there is involved a double process of ciphering and unciphering, and a letter five times the length of the real message to be written in addition, obviously a very cumbrous and tedious method of communication.

In discussing the subject of cryptography, it will be convenient in the first place to describe generally and classify the different systems of cipher, and afterwards to indicate so far as may be the principles upon which their solution depends. It is of course impossible within the limits of a single article to attempt an analysis of every individual variety.

Ciphers may be separated into two great divisions, which I shall call respectively Letter ciphers and Code ciphers. By Letter ciphers are meant all those in which the correspondence is transcribed letter by letter, so that each letter in the original is represented by some character in the cipher. This division embraces most forms of cipher usefully applicable to the purposes of correspondence. By Code ciphers are

meant ciphers in which a great number of characters or signs are used representing letters, syllables, words, or even entire sentences. These necessarily involve the use of a code or key, and are therefore extremely troublesome to prepare, and, as a rule, but ill adapted for general correspondence. They are, however, applicable to other purposes, as, for example, in the case of the navy flag signal code, which has been prepared with immense pains, so as to express many hundreds of words and sentences most likely to be required, each word or sentence having its own particular signal, consisting of a combination of flags. There is, however, one form of code cipher sometimes used for correspondence, viz. that in which the correspondence is carried on by means of a particular dictionary or other book agreed upon beforehand. If a dictionary is used, each word of the message is indicated by the number of the page and line at which it occurs, so that the cipher consists of a series of double numbers, as

315, 20; 271, 42; 18, 37,

and so on. Where some other book is used, the number of the word in the line must also be added. It will be apparent at once that both these methods are very troublesome, the latter especially so, as the book must be hunted up and down for every word required; and moreover, where a dictionary is used, participles, plural forms, and words formed by comparison, will in general not be found, and cannot be expressed. These ciphers proclaim their character upon inspection; they have this merit, however, that they are difficult to solve. In fact, the only method of deciphering them is by discovering the book or dictionary which forms the key.

Coming now to the consideration of the other great division, viz. Letter ciphers, with which we are more especially concerned, it is easy to perceive that the variety of principle is almost infinite, but they are susceptible of classification under comparatively few heads. In the first place, we may discard at once the consideration of

any peculiarities caused by the use of figures or unusual symbols, such as stops, notes of interrogation, &c., or unfamiliar characters. These are mere childish devices, sometimes adopted by persons ignorant of cryptography, but not in the least enhancing the difficulty of solution. They are eliminated at once by substituting for each particular character some one letter of the alphabet, chosen at random, and rewriting the cipher, which is thus converted into an ordinary letter cipher.

There are two distinct systems upon which the formation of a letter cipher may proceed: first, that of substitution, in which other letters are substituted in the cipher for those in the original; second, that of transposition, in which the letters remain unaltered, but their relative positions, or the relative positions of the words, are changed.

There are also two methods available for increasing the difficulty of a cipher: first, the introduction of mutes, or letters which form no part of the real message; second, the obliteration of the intervals between successive words, or the introduction of false divisions in the middle of words, so as to mislead the decipherer. It is evident that any two or more, or all these, may be used in combination; indeed, the last should be invariably adopted, whatever the system of cipher, as nothing so much assists the cryptographer as to have the words divided ready to hand. It is, however, very generally neglected, so much so that in Falconer's very able book nearly all the methods of solution assume that the words are properly divided in the cipher, and are therefore to a great extent inapplicable where that is not done. The same is the case with respect to the solutions given in the article on this subject in Rees' *Cyclopædia* (the best I have seen, and full of curious information). This, however, is explained by the fact that that portion of the article is for the most part copied from Falconer's book.

In ciphers by substitution the power or significance of the letters may either remain constant, as when "a" is always

represented by "g," "b" by "m," and so on, in which case it is called a "fixed cipher;" or it may vary, so that the same letter has different significations in different parts of the cipher, when it is called a "changing cipher." In this latter case the alteration of power of the letters must of course be in obedience to some rule or law known to the correspondents.

Letter ciphers may therefore be divided into three classes—fixed ciphers, changing ciphers, and transposed ciphers: and first, as to fixed ciphers. All fixed ciphers are comparatively easy of solution, most of them excessively easy, though some, where the words used are unusual, and are run together, give more trouble.

They may be subdivided into two species—first, alphabetical, in which the substitution of letters follows in alphabetical order, as where "x" stands for "a," "y" for "b," "z" for "c," "a" for "d," and so on;<sup>1</sup> secondly, "promiscuous," in which the substitution is not in alphabetical order, but according to some other arrangement.

The alphabetical fixed cipher is by no means uncommon—often met with, for instance, in newspaper advertisements—but as a means of concealment it is simply contemptible; its solution is purely mechanical, and need never occupy more than five minutes.

In the promiscuous fixed ciphers the substituted letters are often chosen according to some law more or less complex; but this is a matter of indifference, and does not in any way affect or enhance the difficulty of solution. The system of the "cyphergraph," sold by the Stereoscopic Company, is an example of a simple promiscuous fixed cipher, and may therefore be solved without much trouble. The insertion of mutes undoubtedly increases the difficulty of these ciphers, especially if skilfully effected, but it is not likely to be used to a great extent, on account of the ad-

<sup>1</sup> As I shall have frequent occasion to refer to ciphers of this kind, it will be convenient to speak of them as the M cipher, or Q cipher, or as the case may be; meaning by the M cipher the cipher in which m stands for a, n for b, &c.

ditional trouble and embarrassment to the correspondents.

The next class, that of changing ciphers, admits of infinite variety, and amongst them are to be found some of the most difficult.

A changing cipher may be defined as a succession of fixed ciphers following each other according to some pre-arranged law, and it may be based on alphabetical or promiscuous fixed ciphers. The changes may occur either at the end of a sentence, or at every word, or after a certain number of letters, or at every letter. For example, the first letter of the message may be written according to the fixed alphabetical B cipher, the second letter according to the C cipher, the third according to the D cipher, and so on through the message. It will be perceived at once that this cipher is much more difficult to solve than any fixed cipher, but it is also very troublesome to work.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
c	o	m	e	t	o	m	e	t	o	m	o	r	r	o	w
m	o	r	n	i	n	g	a	t	t	w	e	l	v	e	o
c	l	o	c	k	a	t	m	y	o	f	f	i	c	e	a
n	d	i	w	i	l	l	t	h	e	n	e	x	p	l	a
i	n	e	v	e	r	y	t	h	i	n	g	y	d	l	t

The message is written in lines of sixteen letters so arranged as to form vertical columns of five letters, four mutes being added to complete the last line.

This may be ciphered either by writing out the vertical columns downwards in succession, as

c m c n i z o o l d n m r o i e, &c.,  
or alternately down and up, as

c m c n i z n d l o o, &c.

The letter z is inserted in each case as a mute to show the confederate the length of the column: this, however, can be avoided if the number of columns is pre-arranged, as the length of a column may be obtained by dividing the total number of letters in the cipher by the number of

12 9 14 2 8 11 1 6

The first letter of the message is then written under 1, the second under 2, and so on for the first sixteen; the seven-

Again, the law of change may be made more arbitrary by the help of mutes. For example, a letter is written down at random, say p; the first four letters of the message are then written following it in the P cipher; another chance letter is then added, say m, and the next four letters are written in the M cipher, and so on to the end, every fifth letter being a mute, which gives the key to the next four. I shall have occasion hereafter to notice other varieties of this kind of cipher.

The third class of Letter ciphers, viz. those by transposition, are not so common as the former classes, although some of them possess considerable merit. I pass over those which depend on transposition of the words as being too easy.

Transposition of the letters may be effected in innumerable ways; the following short example will illustrate many:—

columns. Again, the message may be ciphered by copying out the diagonal lines of letters, beginning from the left-hand top corner, thus—

c m o c o m n l r e i d o n t, &c.,

or any other corner may be taken as the starting point; or again, the vertical columns may be numbered and copied out successively in a pre-arranged order; or, lastly, the vertical columns may be re-arranged in a particular order, and the horizontal lines then written out; or, what comes to the same thing, this order of the numbers being settled beforehand, and known to the correspondents, is written at the head of a sheet of paper, thus—

10 16 3 15 5 13 4 7.

teenth letter is again written under 1, (beneath the first), the eighteenth under 2, and so on; finally, the horizontal

lines are copied out in succession. In reading the message the process is reversed.

Let us now suppose we have to examine an entirely unknown cipher. The first step is to form a judgment as to the language in which it is written, which may usually be concluded with tolerable certainty from the attendant circumstances, such as the place where found, the writer, the destination, &c. In the following observations I shall assume that we are dealing with a cipher written in English.

We must next examine the cipher to ascertain its general character, whether codal, literal, or mixed, and for this purpose the number of distinct characters employed must be ascertained. If the number be very large, the cipher is certainly codal. If the number of characters used does not greatly exceed twenty-six, the cipher is in all probability a letter cipher, with some additional signs to represent common words, or possibly figures. If the number be less than twenty-six, it is without doubt a letter cipher. With regard to codal ciphers, it has been already pointed out that where a dictionary is used as the key, which may be easily perceived from the character of the cipher, the solution must be sought by endeavouring to discover the dictionary employed. As the number of dictionaries is limited, this is not altogether hopeless. When the cipher is formed on a syllabic code, it is almost certain to be also partly literal, and a solution must be sought in a careful examination and collation of the most common of the characters. When the cipher is mixed, *i.e.* literal with some added signs, it is probably a fixed cipher. Moreover, the most common characters are pretty certain to represent letters, and therefore, setting aside the less frequent characters, it may be treated as an ordinary letter cipher.

The problem of solving a letter cipher depends upon two fundamental principles, viz.: that, however intricate the system adopted, the relations between the letters of the cipher must be governed, *first*, by the natural laws of the formation

of words, and *secondly*, by some arbitrary law, which is the law of the cipher. The problem is also practically twofold, involving, first, the discovery of the system upon which the cipher is framed, and secondly, the discovery of the key.

Assuming that the cipher appears upon examination to be a letter cipher, we must first ascertain to which of the three classes it belongs—fixed, changing, or transposed. The determination of this depends upon the well-known fact that certain letters occur in ordinary writing much more frequently than others.

The following table of relative frequency, derived from many observations, may be taken as approximately correct, but of course in particular sentences the proportion varies more or less.

e — 80	d — 25	p — 11
t — 61	l — 25	b — 11
a — 46	c — 16	v — 6
o — 46	w — 15	k — 6
n — 43	u — 15	x — 1
i — 43	m — 15	q — 1
r — 37	f — 12	j — 1
s — 37	y — 12	z — 0
h — 37	g — 11	

The predominance of e, as shown by this table, is in English almost invariable. It will also be observed that there is a very wide gap after h, the ninth letter, and it will be found that in any ordinary paragraph the first nine letters in this table are almost always the most frequent, and may therefore be conveniently designated as the common letters.

This relative frequency is, of course, not affected if other letters be substituted in a cipher, provided it be a fixed cipher; but if it be a changing cipher, so that the common letters are represented sometimes by one letter and sometimes by another, there will be no reason why any one letter should appear more frequently than another. Hence we have these rules—

(1.) If some of the letters in the cipher occur much oftener than others, it is in all probability a fixed cipher.



(2.) If the letters which occur most frequently are those which are commonest in ordinary writing, it may be concluded to be a cipher in which the concealment depends not upon substitution, but upon transposition.

(3.) If the letters occur nearly equally, it is most probably a changing cipher.

Assuming the cipher to be a fixed cipher, let the first four or five letters be written down as they stand, and underneath each write in a vertical column a complete alphabet, commencing from itself, and following z by a. If the cipher be alphabetical, it will at once be detected by examining the twenty-six groups of letters thus obtained. For example, a cipher appeared in a recent number of the *Times*, commencing f c t n k p i. Writing under "f" the alphabet g h i j k, &c., under "c" the alphabet d e f g, &c., and similarly under the other letters, we obtain the successive combinations g d u o l q j,

h e v p m r z, &c., none of which make sense until we arrive at the group d a r l i n g. Here c stands for a, and the cipher used is the C cipher.

The labour of this process, which is often required in deciphering, is greatly reduced by having ready prepared six or seven slips of card with the alphabet written vertically twice over on each: it is then only necessary to lay the cards side by side, so that the successive letters of the cipher to be examined are in one line, when all the corresponding combinations may at once be inspected.

Should this process fail, the cipher though fixed is not alphabetical: it must then be examined to determine the most frequent letters. Another series of observations also here assists us greatly. If we examine the sequence of letters in English, some remarkable results will appear. The following Table shows the sequences after the common letters:—

	FOLLOWED BY									Other Letters.
	e	t	a	o	n	i	r	s	h	
e	20	20	16		29	7	35	24	5	98
t	17	16	8	31	2	20	4	4	67	31
a		18			25	6	13	21	2	52
o		17	2	11	19	3	18	5	4	77
n	10	20	5	14		7		6		60
i	9	24	4	4	29		7	14	3	38
r	25	7	9	11	4	10	5	7	3	27
s	9	26	8	14		13		13	9	27
h	65	4	30	10		17	4			1

The most striking feature in this table is to be found in the sequences of h, the sequence h e occupying one-half of the total number, and the sequence h a nearly half of the remainder, whilst only once in a hundred and thirty times is h followed by an uncommon letter. It

will also be observed that h follows t sixty-seven times, or more than half the total number of times it occurs. Again, e, a, o, and n are frequently followed by uncommon letters, the others not so. With these aids, and a little sagacity in recognizing common word-forms, the

detection of a fixed cipher becomes an easy matter. The insertion of mutes (unless, which is unlikely, their proportion to significant letters is very large) will generally not affect materially the relative frequency of the letters.

Let us now suppose the cipher to be a changing cipher; in that case it must be tested for all the most likely varieties. Thus, supposing it to be based on alphabetical fixed ciphers, we must take a certain number of consecutive letters, say eight or ten, and examine the twenty-six combinations derived from these by substituting the other letters of the alphabet successively in the manner already explained. If the cipher is only changed at the end of a word or after a certain number of letters, one of the combinations must give us partly sense. For instance, in the cipher

x s j u f j q o g v r r q,

taking the first ten letters, amongst other combinations we get

w r i t e i p n f u,

each letter being one before those in the cipher. We conclude therefore the word "write" to be written in the B cipher, and that the cipher then changes. Another combination gives us

v q h s d h o m e t,

and so we discover the second word to be "home," written in the C cipher. It is then an easy guess that the third word will be written in the D cipher, and accordingly trying the combination, three letters back from v r r q we get the word "soon."

If the cipher changes at every letter, this process fails. In this case, however, the law of change is probably very simple, otherwise the cipher becomes too complex to use.

Suppose it to be on the system of using for the first letter the B cipher, for the second the C cipher, for the third the D cipher, and so on, this may be detected in the following manner:—Take six or eight consecutive letters of the cipher, and re-write, substituting for the second letter the letter which precedes it alphabetically, for the third the letter two before it, and so on. Try the resulting cipher through the twenty-six

alphabetical combinations, and one must give sense. For example, in the cipher

j j d z j t v p x z p,

treating the first six letters as described they become j i b w f o, the alphabetical combination derived from which by taking the letters immediately preceding is "I have n —." If the ciphers changed by retrogression instead of progression, the system might be detected in a similar manner.

If the changing cipher consists of a succession of promiscuous fixed ciphers, it is much more difficult. In this case it must depend on some particular arrangement of the alphabet known to both correspondents, and twenty-six variations are obtained by letting each letter in this promiscuous alphabet successively stand for a, the next for b, and so on. If the changes are not frequent, the same methods may be applied to portions of the cipher as for a fixed cipher. If it change at every letter, the variations will be exhausted with the twenty-sixth letter, and the twenty-seventh will be in the same cipher as the first, as also will the fifty-third, seventy-ninth, &c.; and if the cipher be a long one, we may pick out the series of letters which are in the same cipher, and so find out what stands for e in each of the twenty-six variations.

Although changing ciphers are not common, two in particular must be noticed as not unlikely to be met with; they are Hogg's Secret Code and Sir Charles Wheatstone's Cipher. The former has lately been published in the form of a small book, with tables to assist the operation of ciphering, and is said to have been first issued a short time since. It is, however, at least two hundred years old, being described by Falconer in his book. It is an alphabetical changing cipher depending on a key-word. Thus, suppose the key-word to be "home," the first letter of the cipher is written in the H cipher, the second letter in the O cipher, the third in the M cipher, the fourth in the E cipher; the fifth again is written in the H cipher, the sixth in the O cipher, and so on. Although this is a very good

cipher, it has a weak point peculiar to itself which greatly assists detection, viz. that the keys of the successive ciphers form a word; we are therefore enabled to attack the cipher from two independent points. Thus, if we take the word *is i e y s*, written in this cipher, *i*, the first letter, may stand for any one of the twenty-six letters, and for each there is a corresponding first letter of the key-word. Suppose we assume *i* to stand for *l*, the key-word then must begin with *x*: now *s* on this assumption can only stand for such letters as may follow *l*, viz. *a e i o w y*, and the corresponding second letters of the key-word are *s o k e y u*, all of which are inadmissible after *x* with the exception of *e*. *Xe* can only be followed by *r*, or *n* (as in *Xerxes*, *Xenophon*), in which cases respectively *i*, the third letter, must stand for *r* or *n*. Both these hypotheses are excluded by examining the fourth letter, *e*; hence *i* cannot stand for *l*. By continuing this process, we can, by elimination, arrive at the true key. The difficulty of this cipher is greatly enhanced if, instead of a key-word, a series of letters not forming a word be used as the key; this, however, has the disadvantage of being much more difficult to remember, and if forgotten the cipher of course becomes useless.

Sir Charles Wheatstone's cipher has the great merit, that, while very complicated in system, it is rendered easy to work by the adoption of an ingenious mechanical arrangement which relieves the operator of all mental labour. An instrument called a cryptograph is used, which consists of a dial-face with two concentric circles. The outer with twenty-seven divisions contains the whole alphabet in natural order, the twenty-seventh space, between *z* and *a*, being a zero, and used in the cipher to represent the divisions between words; the inner circle contains twenty-six divisions, or one less than the outer, and is occupied by the letters of the alphabet arranged in a certain order, which is in fact derived from a key-word, but for purposes of deciphering may be regarded as promiscuous. There are on the face

of the dial two hands, one long for the outer circle, the other short for the inner, both turning round the central axis, and so connected by wheelwork below that the short hand travels one division more than an entire circle, while the other completes its round: thus, if at starting both are together, after the long hand has gone once round, the short hand is a division in advance, after two rounds two divisions in advance, and so on. In order to cipher a message the hands are put together at the blank space, or zero, the long hand is moved forward to the first letter of the message and the corresponding letter under the small hand noted down, the long hand is then again moved forward to the next letter (never going backward), and the corresponding letter of the short hand again noted down. This process is continued, sometimes only one, sometimes two or more letters being noted in one circuit of the hands, according to the alphabetical order in which the successive letters of the message happen to fall. For instance, if the word "*defied*" is to be ciphered, the letters *d e f i*, being in alphabetical order, are all noted down in one circuit, but the long hand must then go round past zero to reach *e*, and again make a complete circuit to arrive at *d*. At the end of every word the long hand is moved forward to zero, and the corresponding letter of the short hand written down. Owing to some risk of errors (either from the small hand slipping, or from carelessness), which necessarily derange the sense of all that follows, it is necessary—if the cipher be of any length—to make a fresh start when a new sentence begins, by bringing both hands again to zero, this being indicated in the cipher by a dash, or other mark. The other correspondent reads the cipher by inverting the process on a similar instrument. This is without doubt a very difficult cipher, but not, I venture to think, altogether unassailable. In fact, like Hogg's cipher, it has its peculiar weakness in connection with those very features which constitute its strength. It is difficult to discuss the

system without the aid of a cryptograph ; but it will be observed from a consideration of the principle as above described :—First, that the beginnings of paragraphs may be compared one with another, as the cipher is started afresh for a new sentence. Secondly, that whenever we have in the cipher a double letter, as TT, this must represent in the original two consecutive letters in inverse alphabetical order, as TS, ON, or A\* (where in the last example \* is the zero sign used for the end of a word) ; because, by the law of the cipher, the small hand must make a complete circuit between the two T's, and therefore the large hand has travelled one division less. This is equally true when a letter is interposed, as TLT.

Thirdly, if the value of a letter is ascertained at any one place in the cipher, which occurs again within a few places before or after, its value can be approximately arrived at by allowing for the probable number of circuits of the hands, which is usually about one-half the number of cipher letters. By attending to these and similar conditions, a solution of this cipher, though confessedly very difficult, becomes, I think, possible. The operation is much aided by the use of the cipher instrument, or by drawing a diagram to represent one.

By way of illustration, let us take the example given by Sir Charles Wheatstone in his descriptive pamphlet. The cipher message contains four paragraphs commencing respectively PZLSP, ZBILIJTEJ, ZBKNP, PZLPTY. The first three letters of the first and fourth, and the first two of the second and third paragraphs, are identical. Amongst probable beginnings of sentences the word "The" is one we should naturally try. Assuming ZBI or ZBK to represent "the," no result is obtained ; but if we assume PZL to represent "the," we accordingly write in our diagram, or place in the instrument (if we have one), a "P" in the inner circle under "t ;" then, remembering that the outer hand must go round past the zero to get from

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t to h, and that the small hand is therefore one in advance, we place Z in the inner circle under "i," the letter one in advance of h, and again remembering that the large hand must travel round a second time past zero to get to e, we place "L" under "g," the letter two in advance of e. We now observe a remarkable confirmation of our hypothesis by noticing that Z being under "i," the second and third paragraphs are made to commence with the letter I, a very natural beginning of a sentence ; this leads us to assume "B" to be the sign for zero, or the end of a word, and we accordingly place "B" under A, the letter one in advance of zero. Returning to the fourth paragraph, we observe that P occurs again in the fourth place ; the small hand will travel round from L to P without passing zero, and P must therefore represent the letter two behind "t," or "r : " we thus obtain "ther—" and naturally conclude the word to be "there," or "therefore." Hence we have T representing e, and as to get from r to e we pass zero, we place T three in advance of e, or under "h" in the diagram. We next observe that ZB in the second paragraph is followed by ILIJT ; we do not know the value of I, or of L, but we know on the principle before explained that the letters represented by the two I's are consecutive, and if L has been rightly placed under g, it must represent either f, or e ; also T under h must represent d, or e : trying all the tri-literal forms, such as cfb, dec, &c., which will satisfy ILI, we get about six or seven at all probable, such as bea, dec, mel, nem, req, ser, &c. ; remembering the limitation of the value of T, the seventh letter, we soon see that the only probable solutions are "request" and "served." In the latter case J, the ninth letter, must represent zero, which, as it has just stood for v, is impossible ; hence we conclude the word to be "request." We are thus enabled to place the letters I, J, E, and Y, and having so fixed the places, in the inner circle, of nine letters, the complete solution of the cipher becomes only a question of time and patience.

Z

Lastly, suppose the cipher to be a transposed cipher, we may first test it for diagonal arrangement by simply placing the letters diagonally: thus, for instance, in the example c m o c o m n l r e, &c., writing the letters diagonally<sup>1</sup> we at once get the solution, and similarly for a diagonal arrangement starting from any other corner.

Again, if we suspect the cipher of being written according to vertical columns, either downwards, or alternately down and up, as before described, there will very probably be some mark to indicate the length of the columns. We must also remember that the first letter will be the first letter of the message, and the successive letters will occur at regular intervals, which, depending on the length of the vertical columns, will be proportionate to the length of the cipher.

If the cipher be written according to vertical columns taken out of their proper order, it is very much more difficult. We must then guess at the probable length of the columns, and writing them vertically on separate slips of paper endeavour to find the proper order; and similarly, if the letters have been transposed by taking them in successive series, containing each a given number of letters in transposed order, we must guess at the length of the series, and write out the cipher in lines containing each the number of letters supposed to form a series, so that the letters in each line are directly below those in the preceding line; then, dividing the paper vertically into slips containing each one column, we must endeavour to arrange these in such order as to make sense in every line. We may be greatly assisted in discovering the number of letters in a series by ascertaining the total number of letters in the cipher, of which it must be a divisor, unless superfluous mutes are added; and also by examining any large clusters of vowels or consonants in the

cipher, as the series must be of such a length as not to bring together in any line a great disproportion of vowels and consonants. The usual proportion of vowels to consonants is about two to three. It should also be noticed that in all these ciphers the letter q is a great tell-tale, being followed only by u, and qu being only followed by a, e, i, or o.

There are of course many other varieties of ciphers which it is impossible to notice within our limits, but similar methods may generally be devised for detecting them.

Having now discussed the principal varieties of ciphers, and modes of solution, it remains to say a few words as to the best form of cipher for practical use. Amongst so many that are good, it is difficult to make a choice; but on the whole I am disposed to think, that the cipher last discussed combines in a higher degree than any other the elements of a good cipher. It is excessively difficult to decipher, in fact almost insoluble, and it is easy to write and read. Any number, say thirty, is fixed on as the length of a series, and the numbers from one to thirty are written out in random order, which is preserved by both the correspondents. The two modes of writing this cipher have been already described. If only a short message is to be sent, the second method in which the letters are written down at once in their transposed places is the quickest, but if the communication be long, the other method is more convenient. A sheet of paper is ruled in vertical columns equal in number to the agreed length of series, and numbered according to the key. The message is written out in horizontal lines, one letter at a time, in each column; the columns are then separated and re-arranged in numerical order, and the resulting cipher written out line by line. The only precaution necessary is to fill up such blank spaces as remain in the last line with mutes, and to add a few additional mutes, so as to conceal the length of the series used.

G. P. B.

<sup>1</sup> c o m e  
m o r  
e l  
n

## A FEW WORDS FOR BISMARCK.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

"Give us all that is English which does not exist amongst us; give us English piety, English respect for law, the whole English constitution, and all the peculiarities of English landowners, English wealth, and the public spirit of the English, and then we shall be able to rule here as they do in England. The Prussian Crown ought not to allow itself to be forced into the powerless state of that of England, which is nothing but an ornament on the dome of the State, while ours is its main pillar."

COUNT BISMARCK.

WHEN Emerson was in England, he inquired of a friend, "Have you dug up a great man lately?" There would be no necessity for him to put such a question at the present time, though the figure he used might still be appropriate. One name is on every lip, and one character is analysed almost as frequently as his name is mentioned, and with results as diverse as the mental dispositions of the analysts. Introduce the name of Count Bismarck in an assembly of English gentlemen, and straightway they resolve themselves into groups, and fly apart with sharp detonations; and not until the strong have made concessions, and the weak have intervened, can unity be restored or peace obtained. With some, Count Bismarck is a sort of political Euclid, and his name stands for a method; with others, he is merely a king-maker, cast upon times when kings are not to be made, but only to be supported; with a third class of persons he is the worshipper of brute force, and the incarnation of absolutism *plus* chicanery; and with a fourth he is, more or less consciously, the creator of Germany, and the voice in the wilderness of European complications affecting the centre of the Continent, preparing, in stern and forceful ways, a newer and more liberal era for his countrymen. All that Prussia has done wrongfully or cruelly in his time is traced by his enemies directly to his influence, and all that Germany may become, by her internal unity and her external strength, is seen gradually growing out of his

policy by his friends. Foes and friends alike recognize his positive segregation. He stands alone, with no school to refract his influence, no party to assist him, and no strength save what springs from his own courage, intelligence, and resolute grasp of surrounding forces. He is thus regarded as a genius with the will of a monster, the duplicity of a villain, the devotion of a savage, and the lust of a revolutionist, and it is found difficult to determine which trait predominates, or what subtle chemistry has bound opposing elements into such a dazzling and apparently homogeneous crystallization.

There are reputations which cannot wait for the slow verdict of history, and we are as impatient as if Count Bismarck's must be settled, once for all, by his contemporaries. He is himself cool and indifferent, though assailed abroad and at home by republicans, by moralists, by nationalists, and by federalists. "I have made up my mind to a lamp-post," he used to say, in republican struggles, "but I will defend my skin against the mob to the last." But he has manifested no anxiety to appeal to the future, or to be judged by any special standard such as an egotist or a mere doctrinaire would set up. He does not seem to owe an apology to anybody, and he does not think of making one. If republicans hate him, he thinks it only natural they should do so; if nationalists go farther than he does, he is willing to act with them up to his point of divergence; if moralists taunt him with fraud and duplicity, he smiles

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at their closet theories and lofty axioms, and keeps a silence which means "I also have a picture on my nail;" and when he is blamed for repressive measures, he falls back upon the needful supremacy of the Crown, and can desire no better justification than the first axiom of positivism in politics, as framed by Mr. Frederick Harrison; namely, "that permanent political changes cannot be effected without previous social and moral changes."<sup>1</sup>

There is something in this quiet consciousness of strength which is very natural if the man be more of a reality than a sham, more of a patriot than a self-seeker, more of a politician than a dreamer of dreams; but it becomes almost diabolical if it be the efflorescence of fraud and cunning, of force and brutishness, unrelieved by a single noble attribute or quickening idea. It has been said that to be content with solitude a man must either be a wild beast or a god, and, on the showing of his enemies, Count Bismarck is either one or the other, for he is content to live without men's praise, or sympathy, or rewards, doing the evil attributed to him because he likes it; doing good, when he does it, it is said, that he may seem better than he is; and settling questions by "blood and iron," so his opponents say, because he prefers the plan, cannot understand any other, and holds it weakness to indulge in tentative eccentricities. But the misfortune is, that this incommunicative spirit has made a reputation of which he promises to become the victim rather than the warranty. He drags about with him all his dead actions, until by a bad trick of memory every new one is explained by every old one. We treat him like a parliamentary orator, who is confronted with *Hansard* whenever he would be original, and is pinned down to his dead self whenever he would make it "a stepping-stone to higher things." We assume a logical continuity which is rare enough with most men, and still rarer with statesmen, who wake up every morning

amidst a new set of external conditions. Dr. Arnold, as he himself said, used to find everything an open question every morning; but, though Bismarck is not of this philosophic cast, one of the gravest charges brought against him by his opponents is that of shifting his policy with circumstances only to better attain his secret ends, which ends, they affirm, are tortuous and never very definite to those who have not followed him through the various phases of his career. It thus happens that we assume to have found the key to all present actions in past ones, and we essay to read them as Biblical critics do a spurious book, but with this difference, that wherever we discover anything new, in style or plan, we do not reject it, but only square it with what has gone before, according to a theory which facts must fit, and which, if they do not, so much the worse for the facts and so much the worse for Bismarck. How it would fare with those of us who are not given to much speech-making and public diarizing, if we were judged in this way, I cannot tell; but, probably, there are few statesmen of the silent sort, speaking occasionally in "the dialect of small subaltern parties," who would not suffer by the process, and come out of it shorn of much of their national splendour.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, with a force and skill I cannot hope to equal, and with an earnestness which all must admire, when it does not lead him into exaggeration, has done more than view Count Bismarck in this backward, syllogistic way. He has crushed modern Prussian history, statecraft, and ambition into the single term—Bismarckism.<sup>2</sup> I must dispute the propriety of the term, and in disputing it shall endeavour to show—but weakly, I am aware—that Bismarck's strong personality has been quite as much made by his epoch as making it, and that many of his faults are native to the Prussian character and not peculiar to him. I do not think it fair to assume that we have in the Federal Chancellor, except relatively, any ex-

<sup>1</sup> See *Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1869, p. 486.

<sup>2</sup> See *Fortnightly Review*, Dec. 1870.

planation of the springs of Prussian character, or that he is the ultimate cause of its military cast, or its general aggressiveness. We do not deal with Lord Aberdeen or Lord Palmerston in this way when we refer to the Crimean War, nor would it be fair to accept Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright as having made the forces upon which they have relied, or to which they have appealed, in the most striking portions of their public history. Behind Count Bismarck there are Prussian history and the Prussian people. The traditions of the latter are essentially military, and were so before Count Bismarck could have had any appreciable effect in shaping them. There is a Prussian as well as a Hohenzollern legend; and before King William I., who has a council of state, there was a Frederick II., who had none. The first does make a pretence of constitutional rule; the second relied upon himself, his treasury, and his army. We might go even further, and affirm that pugnacity is an element in the entire German race, which centuries of settled life and commercial pursuits have been unable to eradicate. Count Bismarck fought sword duels in his youth, and German students go on fighting sword duels still. The "blood and iron" creed is as old as the race; and if Bismarck has given it a new direction, we must inquire whether the contrary had been possible before we condemn him for it. We have applied it in this country whenever it has been deemed necessary, and frequently when it was unnecessary. It is not the duty of our statesmen to rule in accordance with it, but we can as little vote down a mob as Bismarck, and not even Fenianism has been crushed without a mild application of it. But it is not to be defended in all cases, much less to be applied. "The Prussian monarchy," says Mr. Harrison, "is the creation of war," and its whole organization is "military." This admission is rather in Bismarck's favour than against him. The principles of the Prussian military organization were settled in 1814, and they were modernized, and triennial military service devised, in 1862, when

the Chamber beat the Government, without carrying their point, and Bismarck made the speech from which Mr. Harrison takes his key-quotation. For these changes King William and Count Bismarck are jointly responsible. The former would not yield to the Chamber, and so the Count would not give way. He was a servant, holding power directly from the Crown, and not a responsible constitutional minister; so that the dissolution of the Chamber which followed was no more a proof of absolutism than it is in this country when demanded by a defeated Cabinet. It must be obvious to anybody, that if the militarism of the Prussian character be not due to Count Bismarck, "Bismarckism" is not a proper term for any of the demonstrations which flow from it, unless they owe their strength and their guidance to him, or are brought to a focus in his character. That he is no German, is a common criticism, and that Prussia stands with him for a *cultus* is evident enough in all he has said and done.

Passing to militarism in action, we find ourselves face to face with the "Bismarckism" Mr. Harrison so forcibly describes. The international relations of Prussia rest, he says, on "a military basis." It is a little difficult to understand what is meant by this description. Any military nation must act, as a whole, upon this basis. It is drilled to fight, and its influence abroad will be exactly in proportion to its fighting capacity. No soldier is expected to vanquish the enemy by a syllogism, or to frighten him by a drum-head sermon. The influence of Great Britain in Europe is due as much to her fleet as to her good sense, and hence to that extent her influence rests on a naval basis. Diplomacy too frequently resolves itself into "blood and iron." Mr. Harrison himself recommends the same prescription as a *dernier ressort* against Prussian ambition. But he most likely means that Prussia prefers to solve complications by fighting, in which case, before he can convince us of the essential evil of Bismarckism, he must show that other and more pacific solutions are



possible, and would entail fewer evils to Prussia not less than to neighbouring States. A man who is willing to shed blood in any cause is always a monster in some people's eyes, and will be, I suppose, as long as the world lasts, whether he fight for an idea, a nation, or a sovereign. We have had many such monsters, and the genus will never be extinct so long as there are human passions and aggressive Powers in the world. Prussia has always been between two fires—Russia in the north and France to the south. These Powers are mainly responsible for her military ardour, and a Prussia which did *not* rest on a military basis would speedily find herself despoiled by her neighbours. If, therefore, the chauvinism of Prussia be a fit subject for denunciation, what shall we say of the chauvinism of her neighbours? Were England placed in the same position, and were Mr. Harrison an English professor, it would very much surprise us if he did not see more in the "blood and iron" theory than he is able to see now, with a sea-wall around us and a decent fleet to guard it, and centuries of constitutionalism to temper our thoughts and liberalize our ideas.

But I am willing to concede that the admitted necessity of military solutions will not justify all the pretexts assigned for them, or action in every case in which such solution has been attempted. For instance, I do not justify Prussia's conduct in Schleswig, but this neither blinds me to the inevitableness of the war with Austria, nor the absorption of the small German States, nor the contest with France, all of which, I maintain, were necessary to German unity as well as to Prussian progress. The pretexts which were assigned for the war with Austria might be trivial—war pretexts generally are—but the war itself was fruitful of good things to Italy, to Austria, and to Prussia. Would a rivalry in constitutionalism have better decided which should be the leading Power in Germany? Supposing Prussia had decided for a responsible ministry, a free press, and the reduction of her standing army, would she have had less to fear from

Austria in the Bund, have drawn to her the small States whose loss Mr. Harrison can hardly deplore, and have disarmed the military jealousy of France? The character of Bismarck hangs upon our answers to these questions. Even if it can be shown, which I doubt, that existing agencies were at work which would have developed a free Prussia and an united Germany, we must have allowed them a long period of time in which to work, and Austria herself might now be where she was in 1865. War forces events like warm air does plants, and it creates a cohesion which is not producible in any other way. It is easy to speak of a retrograde ambition and retrograde principles, but we must clearly understand whether the test is to be the general progress of other States, or the antecedent history of the special State complained of. From 1815 to 1848, when Count Bismarck entered the Constituent Assembly, what indications had Prussia given of a Liberal propaganda in Central Europe? True, she did not fight against her neighbours, because they let her alone; but she soon had to fight against the Revolution, which, had it succeeded, would probably have given the same character to her as to France. It is flung at Count Bismarck by some, as a reproach, that he called the gentlemen of the barricades "rebels." We cannot see that it would have made any difference had he called them revolutionists, for they were both.

But it is affirmed, and I do not dispute any of the allegations, that Count Bismarck has systematically suppressed liberal aspirations in Prussia, gagged the press, violated the constitution, and committed excesses which would be intolerable in any other country. As a lover of constitutional monarchy, as an admirer of so much of republicanism as promises permanency without corruption and individualism without anarchy, I cannot pretend to defend these actions; but as a political student, as a dispassionate observer of a state system in action, I can explain them, and the explanation places Count Bismarck exactly where the true light falls upon

him, in connection with Prussian character and the Prussian constitution. Englishmen are beginning, as Mr. Harrison justly says, to understand that the Prussian is not altogether a mild, passive, loveable individual, "never resorting to arms except in self-defence." He is pugnacious, exacting, disputatious, and, to use a common word, rather "snobbish." Count Bismarck knows his countrymen as well as any living man, for, though a Saxon born, he has, as a countryman has observed, "more specific Prussianism in him than in a hundred other Prussians put together." He has dealt roughly with his opponents, I admit; but we have recently had a taste of Prussian antagonism, and it has irritated even our phlegmatic dispositions. His impatient disposition, where contradiction seemed personal hostility, has always been remarkable; but this is a Prussian trait, and it is always easier to silence opponents than to answer them. If it be retorted, that he ought to have answered those whom he silenced, or have submitted with a good grace to the free criticisms which follow greatness, I have to retire upon my reserve—the Prussian constitution.

Had Bismarck been a responsible minister, holding his power by the mere pleasure of majorities, and expected to act with a party against an opposition, nothing could be urged in his defence. But he was above the plane of party altogether, in a ministerial capacity; and if the necessities of the time compelled him to dip his flag to Junkers and Democrats, they also occasionally compelled him to stand apart from them both. The Prussian constitution is a wonderful machine—clumsy, traditional, and yet without the compromises and precedents which are common in other monarchical governments. It is not absolutist, as many suppose; but it becomes so whenever a deadlock occurs. The supremacy of the Crown is a reality, and not a figment. Ministers are appointed and dismissed by royal decree, and are not to be got rid of by votes and speeches. Had Prussia been more liberally inclined, she would have won

for herself a better working constitution long ago; but she has had her Junkers and her Democrats, and some of "the perfumed Moderates," as Bismarck has styled them, have only played at constitutionalism: instead of bracing themselves up for safe organic changes, they have tried their hands at doctoring symptoms, like quacks, instead of combating the disease like physicians. When a deadlock comes in England, appeal is made to the People; but when it comes in Prussia, appeal is made to the Crown. Bismarck's own view of the question may be coloured by his feudal devotion—a quality of which I shall presently have something to say—but it is worth quoting. "The constitution," he declared in 1863, "sets no limit to the powers of the three estates in the settlement of the budget; when they are not agreed, the constitution does not say which estate must yield. In other countries, such conflicts are decided by changes of ministry; but this is not sanctioned by the constitution in Prussia. According to the English view, a constitutional government is a series of compromises. When this series is interrupted, a conflict ensues; and as the machine of State cannot be stopped, it is carried on by the estate which has the power in its hands." On several occasions this power has been strained by Count Bismarck, and he is justly blameworthy for it. But the power is there, and bold English statesmen have not scrupled to use similar powers under like circumstances. Our Cabinet has no legal right; it is an usurpation. Without it our Sovereign has, or would have, the power to govern solely through the Privy Council. Prussia has had it in her power to make a like encroachment on the royal supremacy, but she has not done so; and Bismarck has been less of an obstacle in the way than her own political backwardness and sloth.

Divine right has still a few champions in this country, and it has been a source of much amusement to many, during the present war, to notice how strangely the champions of this heaven-sent power have abused its most vigorous modern

exponent, and prated of *plébiscites*, as if they would swear fealty to Grand Llamaism to-morrow if the nation polled itself favourably on the question. The judgment of these politicians upon Count Bismarck, were they consistent, would be worth something; as it is, it is as worthless as the indiscriminate abuse of republicans, who measure a great man with a foot-rule, like accomplished undertakers.

What has Bismarck done for Germany? There is no political life there, observes Mr. Harrison. Does he attribute its absence to the North German Chancellor? and would it not be fairer to attribute it to the want of a really intelligent aristocracy, which is Bismarck's view, and to a Moderate party, animated by a definite policy, which is also Bismarck's view? Feudalism has had to resist republicanism, and it is into this conflict that Bismarck has thrown himself heartily, as for Prussia the main business of the age. This is the secret of his "iron and blood" theory; and it would be the practice of even mild, monarchical England, if barricades were raised in Cheapside or Pall Mall. But even Chartists were never serious insurrectionists, except in one or two places, and it took twenty years to get household suffrage, and the ballot is still where Mahomet's coffin was—neither in heaven nor earth. The ultimate causes of this political stagnation were twofold—there was political dismemberment, corrected by a clumsy federation, and there were petty jealousies and rivalries, nursed and cosseted by men whose forefathers had fought with little neighbouring states, and indulged in chimney-corner narratives about their wounds and troubles. It is not necessary to dwell upon facts admitted by all. Prussians and Germans were collections of oddities. There were scholars, dreamers, poets, metaphysicians—anything but politicians. It was easier to develop a camel from a man's moral consciousness than to flutter his imagination with a political idea. Genius lost itself in disentombing the past, and cared for little else but the bread and-

butter sciences. A federal, republican nationalism was dreamt of by many; but how were such men to reach it and to qualify themselves for it? No legislative machinery can effect human emancipation, without "a thorough regeneration of the social system." Mr. Harrison will recognize the quotation, and allow me to apply it in my own way. The movements of 1848 were visionary, if not socialist ones, and they gained no support from Bismarck. He recognized an evil state of things "not to be remedied by democratic concessions or by projects of German unity." He was doubtless right in his diagnosis, whether his consequent actions were best intended to cure these evils or not. There must be some respect for authority, and Bismarck was surcharged with it. He always preserved the balance in favour of defence and against insurrection, whether of individuals or of parties. Even here, however, I cannot justify all his arrogance. His treatment of Twisten, and, more recently, of Jacoby, was shameful. But throughout his whole career I recognize two ideas, not always free from obscurity, and not seldom employed to stifle opposition. First, the supremacy of Prussia; and secondly, some organic change in Germany, the latter to be secured through the former, and the one to crown the other. Prussia was everything, and it was his policy to let Germany feel it. He tolerated Austria as a good federal ally, but he never loved her—nay, he essayed to outwit her. He sounded Russia, and helped her indirectly to crush Poland—a piece of brutality not less shameful than Europe's general desertion of the Polish cause. He virtually compelled Lord Russell to withdraw his despatch of protestation, and by this, his first European appearance, he gained for Prussian diplomacy weight, if not respect, in the general councils. It was not long before Prussia showed herself the nimble opponent of heavy, comatose Austria. Bismarck's ideal, as sketched in a secret paper, was as follows—a German Federal State, with Prussia at the head, recognized by Russia

and France, and sliding into absolutism. I very much question if he ever put forth his views so definitely, and certainly he could not have contemplated absolutism as the result of absorption. Scattered hints in his speeches seem to warrant the conclusion that he saw a different plan—the military defeat of Austria, and the enlargement of Prussian boundaries. The war came, unexpectedly for Austria, and its results we know. Bismarck's first aim was to make Prussia strong; the rest he left for another opportunity. He had doubtless pondered over the famous passage in Tacitus, in which that sturdy Cornelian laments that it took Rome 206 years to conquer Germany, and prays that they may "hate each other," since "fortune can grant us no greater favour than the dissensions of our enemies." The Prussian military system completed Prussia's strength. The strange outburst of German feeling when Napoleon declared war is still familiar to us. Germany thrilled with a new life. It is still military, because there is fighting to be done, and the nation is on its mettle; but it will not always be so. Great wars produce a temper which speedily subsides, and Germany, having conquered France, will have no other rivals to fear but Austria and Russia, who will hardly occasion her much annoyance. King William will be crowned Emperor of Germany, and Bismarck's ideal will be realized. Europe will have a stable power as its centre, and war will have produced a social unity and a sense of rest and ease which will slowly regenerate the German nature. Mr. Harrison has little faith, apparently, in the humanizing results of brutal conflicts, but there are Germans who think differently—who hate Bismarckism, and yet see in it the precursor of liberty and great organic changes—who will suffer by the war as much as any individual Frenchman, and upon whom will rest the responsibility, when Moltke, Bismarck, and King William are numbered with the great dead, of purifying the international morality of Germany.

I confess there is much in the charge of fraud made against Bismarck which has the look of truth. He has made men and parties his tools, but he has been so terribly plain-spoken to France of late that either a change has come over him for the better, or he feels that he is not in his Chancellerie at Berlin, or he has been much maligned aforetime. I hardly know where the truth lies. Professor Max Müller has explained, in his own clear way, the affair of the Benedetti treaty; and if Mr. Harrison rejects his apology he is hardly likely to accept mine, though he might prefer an English to a German defence. But, I would ask, is it quite fair to attribute all the insolence of even the German official press, and its impudent defences of annexation, to the inspiration of the Chancellor? The force of flunkeyism could not well go further than it has done in this matter of Alsace and Lorraine. Count Bismarck avows a military necessity, and that, at least, is plain and straightforward. Of course, he may have two strings to his bow; the "crazypedantry" of German professors responding to his doctrine of nationality, and military men—chauvinism, in fact—dilating on the strategic frontier. But these things are easy to assume and difficult to prove. Cromwell was charged with dissimulation, whereupon remarks Carlyle, "He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practise any considerable thing whatever." Bismarck has been frank and silent by turns, and yet I hardly know whether there is a single case against him which would stand before a jury, except the reiterated assurances of 1863, that Prussia adhered to the Treaty of London, when her troops had crossed the Eider.

Devotion to Prussia and to his sovereign is a strong element in the character of Bismarck, even if he be an absolutist; it may be his best justification if he be more—a real patriot. In the one case, his only reward is power, and power which is not much greater than that of an English Premier; in the other, it will be the fruition of a great purpose, which will abide when

he has passed away. He has worked for the father, but the son will "enter into his labours." Rebuked by the Crown Prince for the violence of his domestic measures, he is reported to have answered, "The worst thing that can happen to me is that a halter will be put around my neck. What then, if it serves more firmly to bind your Highness's throne to the rest of Germany?" Feudal as this devotion may be, it is not without its noble side. As a revolutionist, pure and simple, Bismarck might have won more present and future renown. He might have made Germany a military republic, and have displaced the "Emperor of Germany"—that is, if his power to do what he willed were as strong as his enemies assume it to be. Instead, however, of connecting his name with the heroes of the people, he preferred to build up a kingdom, to re-create an Empire, to serve his master like a slave, and to confront democrats and publicists, all for the pleasure of the combat and the service he could render. *Certes*, here is a calm, strong, positive soul, hating anarchy, and believing much in the virtue of loyalty and the logic of accomplished facts. It is surely as wrong to deify such a man as to denounce him. He is not immaculate, and yet I would it were possible to dig up a few more such men. But he exercises great attractions and repulsions, which I hold to be one of the chief tests of heroic quality. We may live to view him more calmly, and by 1881 we may look with glad eyes upon a Germany which is neither retrograde, feudal, nor despotic, but liberal, enlightened and progressive, rich with political life as with literature, purified by war, and baptized by unity into a real spiritual regeneration.

A word for Englishmen. Prussia is not our model State, except as a military one, and the "debauchery of public opinion" Mr. Harrison laments is only skin-deep. War of any kind

has irresistible attractions, and the present one has positively overawed our imaginations. But "Bismarckism," as understood, or rather misunderstood, by Mr. Harrison, is a state this country will neither be drilled nor preached into; so that very much of his "lyrical" exaggeration reads like rant, and his references to our "rotten military system," and to possible popular resistance to any radical attempt to re-organize it, are lamentable evidences of his power to inflame and annoy by mere destructive criticism and dust-throwing, and of the total absence of any cool, constructive, or realizing power in so imposing an attempt as he makes to guide our thoughts in a great crisis. We shall augment our defences; it would be suicidal not to do so, on Mr. Harrison's own showing; for we have, in his opinion, to confront and to restrain a gigantic and aggressive Power, bent on plunder, living for military aims, and working, in all our struggles, with the weight of military genius and the guile of diplomatic cunning. More we may not attempt; even our admiration may not prompt us to do. National armies, as M. Comte alleges, are an indication of the decline of militarism, as a basis of society. Mr. Harrison apparently thinks otherwise, but the experiences of the last few months do not show that citizen armies are unable to fight, when called upon, or unable to cope with soldiers both "born and made." The war over, the Germans will resume their civic, and throw off their military habits and traditions. Reaction is inevitable, in Prussia proper as well as in Germany; and Englishmen have so sharpened and wasted their logic, poured out their sympathy, until it has lit up the dark places like diffused electricity does the heavens, so traversed present and prophetic paths, that they have ceased to feel the thrills of fear, and are so animated by the strength of duty, that safety, and not glory, will inspire any precautions they may take.

## M. GUIZOT AND "THE SPECTATOR."

IN the January number of this Magazine we published a letter on the state of France, by a distinguished and experienced statesman, whose opinions we thought could not fail to interest all persons who took an intelligent interest in the subject. M. Guizot is living in retirement. His letter is written with all the calmness and dignity which become his age and his position, and the gist of it all is, that a country which possesses representative institutions would do well to make use of them in a great national emergency. Neither in the matter nor the manner of this composition did there *seem* to be anything extravagant, dogmatic, or perfidious. On the contrary, we should have been disposed to say that it erred rather by over-restraint of manner than otherwise. But that is all *we* knew about it. The moderation, it appears, was affected, the blandness was feigned, and under that delusive exterior lurked a deadly plot against the liberty and integrity of France. But if we were to be imposed on, a weekly contemporary was not. He would tear the mask from the hypocrite, and expose his wickedness to the world; and accordingly, to our intense astonishment, on taking up the *Spectator* of December the 24th we found our honoured guest loaded with the most abusive epithets which that highly philosophic journal has at its command. And our astonishment was the greater when we remembered that no long time ago our contemporary had formally announced to an excited public that he professed himself a "Thoughtful Whig,"—a circumstance which no doubt accounts for the high-bred repose and chaste intellectual severity which are so characteristic of his columns, but does not seem equally reconcileable with his contemptuous treatment of suggestions which, after all, breathe the spirit of con-

stitutional government. He has since, indeed, made some attempt to explain away this wild effusion. But we cannot accept this instalment of repentance either as sufficient reparation to M. Guizot, or sufficient guarantee that he will not offend again in the same style when another opportunity occurs. We shall therefore proceed with the remarks which we proposed to make, observing by the way that the more the *Spectator* has seen reason to distrust his original statements, the more was he bound to make amends to the eminent statesman and scholar whom he insulted. We need not say that nothing of *that* kind has appeared.

We have already stated the grounds on which we welcomed M. Guizot's letter into our columns. On the face of it the letter bore the marks of deep patriotism, expressed in the calm, earnest language habitual to the age and character of the practised politician and historian. The charges brought by the *Spectator* against M. Guizot are such as when brought against an individual no one has a right to believe, much less to bring, until the evidence on which it rests has passed into the domain of history, and become the property of mankind. Judgments such as the *Spectator* indulges in on this occasion should only be delivered in the calm mood of the unimpassioned historian. To drag them into an argument wholly out of the range of those questions, is to indulge in the familiar resource of an antagonist defeated in argument. We can understand that the calm but weighty reasoning of M. Guizot may have left the *Spectator* no alternative. Still, a thoughtful Whig should have been above the weakness of the vulgar, and at least have kept a dignified silence on bygone questions that could not be fairly and fully discussed.

The personal abuse of M. Guizot is simply a breach of good taste, and may

now be dismissed; but the counter-propositions advanced by our contemporary require more lengthened consideration, as they open a much wider field of inquiry than the present condition of France. The *Spectator* contends that if the majority of the French people desire peace, and would consequently demand it by the voice of a National Assembly, M. Gambetta is nevertheless justified in resisting the national will and prosecuting hostilities in spite of it. In support of this suggestion he argues that in so acting he would only be treading in the steps of Washington and Cromwell, who both "rose against legality." Neither Washington nor Cromwell would have allowed this themselves, we are quite certain. Cromwell would have said, like the rest of his party, that in resisting Charles the First he was fighting not against, but for, the Constitution of the country, "the free monarchy and ancient liberties of England," as the monument of Hampden testifies. Washington would have said that George the Third had forfeited all claim to the allegiance of the United States. It does not signify a straw whether these pleas were sound or rotten, if the pleaders thoroughly believed in them, which we have no reason to doubt they did. But grant that Cromwell and Washington did rise against the law, cannot the *Spectator* see the huge difference which it makes, whether the breach of law is committed by a nation against an individual, or by an individual against a nation? To say that, in refusing to summon a Parliament because he knows it would condemn him, M. Gambetta is acting like Cromwell in heading the English insurrection against Charles the First, is a monstrous inversion of the truth, for the personage whom M. Gambetta resembles is Charles the First himself. To urge that M. Gambetta's object is a good one, and that Charles's was a bad one, does not alter the question in the least. Charles the First believed his object to be a good one, and that is all we can say for M. Gambetta. The question is whether an individual has a right thus to take upon himself to judge for the rest of the

nation. On the answer given to this question depends the judgment to be passed on the old old controversy between paternal and popular government. A popular constitution, the suspension of which is justified on the ground that the minority know best, is a contradiction in terms. Popular principles and liberal government are based on the belief that the nations of the 19th century are political adults, and that no one has any more right to coerce them into doing what he thinks best, even if it is best, than he has to interfere with the clothes, diet, or religion of a grown man. There is no middle course between this doctrine and, in one shape or another, despotism. If there is, will our contemporary be good enough to point it out? We fear, with all his thoughtfulness and all his Whiggery, he will be unequal to the task.

Another illustration which he gives us is perhaps more extraordinary still. "Suppose that England, conquered by the Germans, had ceded Cornwall, and some Scottish plebeian roused Scotland, maintained the illegal contest with the invader and won it,—should we pronounce him a usurper, or honour him for ages as the greatest of heroes?"

Doesn't the *Spectator* see that his Scotch plebeian *could* only effect this object with the consent of the British nation. Either that consent would not be given, and then the British Government would treat him as a rebel and compel him to lay down his arms, or it would be given, and then he would be no illustration. That England, so penetrated with the horrors of war as to sacrifice a province, would permit any Scotch plebeian of them all to bring it back upon her at his own good will and pleasure, is an hypothesis too absurd to be entertained. The *Spectator* throughout confounds the right of resistance which belongs to a whole people with some imaginary right which he assumes to reside in individuals, or in small minorities. Obviously in the case of representative governments there can be no such right, because in resisting the voice of a National Assembly



the individual is resisting himself—a *reductio ad absurdum*.

The plea that Gambetta doesn't call an Assembly because it would hamper his movements is open to all the same objections—for it is a question, not of what he thinks, but of what he has a right to do—and to the following one over and above. Such a plea could only have weight in the mouth of a tried soldier, and sounds like a satire when urged in favour of a man against whom such charges as the following can be brought, by so eminent a writer and patriot as M. Lanfrey, with the slightest chance of finding credit:—

"Are we to wait until all is lost before we acknowledge that it was a mistake to entrust the direction of the war to a lawyer? His dictatorship has not met with a single obstacle. He came, he pointed to his balloon, and all was said. All the resources of the country were put at his disposal. Instead of uniting and drilling the men at hand, he preferred to levy enormous masses that he could neither arm, equip, nor feed. Disorder and disorganization were spread throughout every department, and yet the old administrative and military routine was carefully preserved. He has destroyed the confidence of the soldiers by the unwarranted dismissals of their chiefs, which have been immediately followed by barren rehabilitations of them. Third-rate journalists have been appointed to the command of army corps. Functions of the highest importance have been entrusted to political Bohemians (*Bouhèmes politiques*), who boast unceasingly of having made 'a pact with death,' but who have hitherto only made a pact with their salary. But the worst is still to come. The country is not told, and has never been told, the truth about its situation. Through foreign papers have we learned the news that most deeply concerned us. They alone informed us of the successive fall of Toul, Verdun, Schlestadt, Neu Brisach, La Fère, Amiens, Thionville, Rouen, Dieppe, Montmédy, and Phalsbourg! For three days had all Europe known of the unhappy capitulation of Metz, while we were still being entertained with accounts of Bazaine's victorious sorties. We were told of sorties from Paris which had never existed save on paper. It is by the aid of false victories that those who govern us have made themselves popular. The time has come to have done with declamations, to put an end to this system of arbitrary recklessness, dissimulation, and incapacity. France has borne with many dictatorships, but there is one she has never long supported, the dictatorship of incapacity."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Letter from M. Lanfrey. Vide *Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 6.

Nor can we see that our contemporary at all better his position by his article of the 31st. He says the French "like" the way in which they are treated by Gambetta. This savours of the well-known excuse for badger-baiting which one used to hear at college: "The badger likes it." The badger is unable to contradict this convenient assumption, and so are the French, and we own we should like some better guarantee than we have got for it. Nor do we appreciate that difficulty in procuring it which the *Spectator* so confidently puts forward. "If," says he, "a *plébiscite*,—'Will you trust Trochu and Gambetta, yes or no?' could be fairly put to the people of France, and put without any relaxation in the energy of the military defence, we should strongly approve it, and feel no sort of doubt as to the answer. But no one supposes for a moment that this is possible."

Is this so? Does nobody suppose it possible? And if so, why? If a National Assembly were convoked, why could it not be done through them? If the matter is so simple as the *Spectator* makes it out, what is to prevent an Assembly from being summoned, and dissolved again when the point was ascertained? The difficulty which arises out of the situation of the occupied provinces seems more real. But we are not sure that we quite understand what the *Spectator* means. He says, that in occupied provinces you could get no real vote: and he adds, as a consequence of this, that those who had suffered least would have to decide upon the fate of those who had suffered most; supposing, that is, that the vote of the Assembly was for peace. All that we can make out of this is, that the chief sufferers in the war might be defrauded of their just revenge by the voice of those who had still everything to lose and no personal injuries to requite. No doubt it *would* be hard if the chief sufferers saw the cup of vengeance snatched, as they fancied, from their lips by those who were still unscathed. But *salus populi suprema lex*. If it were right for the interests of France upon the whole to make peace



on certain terms, the feelings of the chief sufferers, however much entitled to our sympathy, could scarcely be allowed to prevent it. On this point, however, we frankly acknowledge that we are not sure we understand what the *Spectator* means.

To regard this question from a wider point of view, it may be well to remember that all political irregularities have a tendency to produce violent reactions. The irregularity of the Cromwell regimen produced the reign of Charles the Second. The "formalism" of the men who conducted the subsequent revolution secured the Protestant succession. These are subjects which M. Guizot understands. He knows with Lord Macaulay the incalculable importance of forms; and the silly impertinence with which parliamentary forms are spoken of by our contemporary is alike unworthy of his reputation and utterly destructive of his claim to be regarded as a thoughtful Whig. Why should parliamentary discussion be called "chatter"? Why, indeed, should the language of any class of sincere and patriotic men be so designated? Now it is aristocratic "chatter," now parliamentary "chatter," that we are warned of. This is cruel smart, no doubt;

"Sed non videmus mantice quid in tergo est."

And were we to characterize in his own fashion the style in which many of our contemporary's own political articles have recently been written, we should be obliged to liken it to something infinitely more offensive than "chatter." But we decline to compete with him in this department of literature, and proceed to inquire what it is which so excites him. Why all this spluttering, and screaming, and menacing? What is the object which inflames our contemporary to madness? Not the "red rag" of anarchy and rapine: not the putrid glitter of effete despotism: not even the lorn lilies of -divine right, with that look of mournful reproach, more galling than a thousand taunts: not these—but the sober and decorous unobtrusive hues of constitutional monarchy! We must repeat that the

pain with which we read such effusions from a leading representative of English Liberalism is intolerable. For in abusing constitutional monarchy through the person of one of its most distinguished representatives, we are not abusing merely a particular form of government, but the principles on which we believe that the happiness of mankind depends. In constitutional monarchy we see that τὸ μέσον which it should be the aim of the statesman as well as of the moralist to attain. It is based on reason, while it does not altogether refuse some share of influence to the imagination. And this we hold to be a matter of primary importance, because it is necessary to the permanent prosperity of States that their institutions should satisfy the romantic and poetic side of man's nature as well as the practical. If America is named as an exception, we reply at once, Wait till the American Republic is five hundred years old. Eighty or ninety years is nothing in the life of a nation, and it is too soon to speak of the stability of institutions which have within that period of time only just escaped shipwreck. Nor is there anything in these remarks inconsistent with the fullest recognition of modern democracy. For it is decidedly an open question whether a really free monarchy is not more favourable than a republic to democratic principles. The republics which have succeeded, in Europe at all events, have been chiefly aristocratic, while the one which has twice collapsed proclaimed absolute equality. It may be that Republicanism stands more in need of class distinctions than a monarchy. But at all events it does not stand in *less* need of them; and whether Republicanism or Orleanism be the more conducive to the interests of temperate democracy, is, a moot point which cannot be decided either way with the reckless and positive audacity displayed by our contemporary.

No one can doubt the integrity and the consummate ability which characterize the general conduct of the *Spectator*. But all its friends must regret

the unfortunate frequency with which of late its intelligence is obscured by crudity, and its integrity marred by crochet—not to say almost flippancy—to a degree which have alienated many of its oldest and firmest adherents, and which have created four-fifths of our present dissatisfaction. Yet we have our consolation. If it is no good sign when those moderate and rational forms of government which experience has shown to combine liberty with order, and wealth with honour, in a conspicuous degree, fall into disrepute, and their popularity is transferred to some visionary or imposing ideal which is to usher in a golden age; at least we know that when such opinions really become general, they cease to be urged with the violence of the *Spectator*. That outward violence is the sure sign of an inward diffidence. And in this respect how favourably the French Constitutionalist contrasts with the English Liberal! In M. Guizot's letter there is all the quietness of confidence. The strength of moderation has seldom been seen to more advantage. Did we not know better, we should say there was a shade of irony in his mild manner of suggesting that the French nation is after all, perhaps, entitled to the use of its own institutions. The thoughtful Whig calls this a "constitutional cobweb." Marry—but we live in strange times. What would Lord Russell, who is a Whig if he is not thoughtful, or Mr. Gladstone, who is thoughtful if he is not a Whig, say to such a doctrine? Such a Liberalism as is indicated by these articles reminds us of the lady in Pope—

"Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside;  
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride."

With every irregular form of Liberalism the *Spectator* is *lié*: only with Liberalism "legalized" is he utterly at discord.

But so it is ever likely to be where social jealousies are more powerful than political convictions. After all, the great political struggle of the present day is between those who would sacrifice liberty in order to ensure equality, and those who submit to inequalities as inseparable accidents of liberty. Of

those who would do the first, we say their social jealousies are stronger than their political convictions, and their hatred of aristocracy stronger than their love of independence. Now, political forms are a great safeguard to personal independence, but they are supposed nevertheless to be indirectly favourable to aristocracy. Hence that impatience of them, which so frequently manifests itself among Liberals of what we may call the isotimous school. This is natural, however foolish. But we certainly did not expect till lately to find it peeping through the columns of a journal which professes to be regulated by the principles of a thoughtful Whig.

Such is certainly not the spirit in which the English Whigs of 1688, or the American Whigs a hundred years later, went to work. M. Guizot himself has borne imperishable testimony to the value of the distinction which is to be drawn between democracy and revolution, between the development of popular institutions and the fundamental reconstruction of the social system. It is perhaps for this very reason that he is so heartily hated by the admirers of that social level "in which every thistle is a forest-tree." In his two chapters "De la République Démocratique" and "De la République Sociale," he has driven his knife *au cœur de l'idole*. For though all the champions of what is called "equality of conditions" may not go the whole length of socialism, the one theory melts into the other by imperceptible degrees, and much of what applies to the second applies equally to the first. Of M. Gambetta's political and social opinions we say nothing. But his attitude at the present moment shows that same rooted inability to appreciate the value of institutions, to understand the necessity of forms, and to tolerate opposite opinions, which M. Guizot complains of in his countrymen, and which, wherever they are found, keep nations trembling on the verge of anarchy, and prepare the soil for the reception of the rankest fallacies. It is this intractable and essentially unpolitical spirit—the bequest of centuries of centralization—

which all true lovers of rational liberty in France should combine to discountenance. In fact, we are not quite sure that it might not be worse for France in the long run to be victorious with this ally than to be vanquished without it. "Think not of life and children first, and of justice afterwards," says Socrates in the "Crito," "but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below." The justice here spoken of is the "legalism," the "formalism," so scornfully denounced in the *Spectator*—that is to say, it is obedience to the laws at whatever cost of personal suffering. By living under and so accepting the institutions of his country, Socrates had bound himself, he said, not to object to the operation of the same the first time they told against himself. Now, although M. Gambetta would reply that in this case they would tell not against himself only, but against the State, he has, we say, no right to *assume* that. Whatever M. Gambetta's confidence in his own ability, it gives him no right to act without the sanction of the Constitution. "My lord," said the first Pitt to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." But would that have justified Pitt, in the plenitude of his popularity and his self-esteem, in trying to govern without Parliaments? Yet this remark was uttered at a time when the English people, though not in the position of the French, were desperately alarmed for their safety, and infuriated with the existing Government; and when it is by no means impossible that they would have tolerated a dictatorship, had it been possible for Pitt to contemplate such a violation of "legalism." But it was not possible. When he joined the Ministry and became the mainspring of the machine, was he afraid of being "hampered"? Was he afraid of "chatter," aristocratic or otherwise? The very genius which prompted him to make such a remark as we have quoted ensured his ascendancy in Parliament. And why should it not, if M. Gambetta possesses it, ensure his?

Let M. Gambetta picture to himself

what an effect might be produced if the name of the National Assembly were linked with the salvation of France. It would live in the hearts of the French people as the author of their freedom and independence, and of all that made France worth living in. It would fill that place in their imagination which is now occupied by individuals, and teach them that confidence in parliamentary government which is the only thing wanting to their welfare. What would he deserve of his countrymen whose proud distinction it should be to effect this happy consummation!

But other palms are to be won besides this; and whoso should lead the French people to a victory over themselves, and reconcile their high spirit, fervent patriotism, and inquisitive genius to the harness of constitutional forms, would have earned the gratitude of France almost as much as if he had retaken Metz or relieved Paris. To what would he not be entitled who had done both; who had given freedom to his native soil and popularity to the constitutional principles at the same time; who had identified the one with the successful vindication of the other; and rivetted the alliance between the French nation and parliamentary government by the memory of a glorious deliverance which they had achieved together!

Louis XVIII. said of himself, that it was necessary for him to *do* something, to link his name with some achievement, before the French people would believe in him. And the National Assembly may say just the same of itself. To see it held up to the ridicule of the world by English political writers is enough to rouse the indignation of all true Liberals, as well as to excite the apprehensions of reflecting Englishmen. For it shows either an indifference to, or misconception of, our own political traditions, which, if allowed to spread, might produce in the present stage of the Constitution most calamitous results. It is from this point of view that the article seems most mischievous. As far as M. Guizot is concerned, it is merely a repetition of the strife between Thersites and Ulysses.

## GREGARIOUSNESS IN CATTLE AND IN MEN.

BY FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S.

I PROPOSE, in these pages, to discuss a curious and apparently anomalous group of base moral instincts and intellectual deficiencies, to trace their analogies in the world of brutes, and to examine the conditions through which they have been evolved. I speak of the slavish aptitudes, from which the leaders of men, and the heroes and the prophets, are exempt, but which are irrepressible elements in the disposition of average men. I refer to the natural tendency of the vast majority of our race to shrink from the responsibility of standing and acting alone, to their exaltation of the *vox populi*, even when they know it to be the utterance of a mob of nobodies, into the *vox Dei*, to their willing servitude to tradition, authority, and custom. Also, I refer to the intellectual deficiencies corresponding to these moral flaws, shown by the rareness with which men are endowed with the power of free and original thought, as compared with the abundance of their receptive faculties and their aptitude for culture. I shall endeavour to prove that the slavish aptitudes, whose expression in man I have faintly but sufficiently traced, are the direct consequence of his gregarious nature, which, itself, is a result both of his primæval barbarism and of his subsequent forms of civilization. My argument will be, that gregarious animals possess a want of self-reliance in a marked degree; that the conditions of the lives of those animals have made gregarious instincts a necessity to them, and therefore, by the law of natural selection, those instincts and their accompanying slavish aptitudes have gradually become evolved. Then, I shall argue, that our remote ancestors have lived under parallel circumstances, and that we have inherited the gregarious in-

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instincts and slavish aptitudes which were developed under those circumstances, although, in our more advanced civilization, they are of more harm than good to our race.

It was my fortune, in earlier life, to gain an intimate knowledge of certain classes of gregarious animals. The urgent need of the camel for the close companionship of his fellows was a never-exhausted topic of curious admiration to me, during tedious days of travel across many North African deserts. I also happened to read and hear a great deal about the still more marked gregarious instinct of the llama, but the social animal into whose psychology I am conscious of having penetrated most thoroughly is the ox of the wild parts of western South Africa. It is necessary to insist upon the epithet "wild," because an ox of tamed parentage has different natural instincts: for instance, an English ox is far less gregarious than those I am about to describe, and affords a proportionately less valuable illustration to my argument.

The oxen of which I speak had belonged to the Damaras, and none of the ancestry of these cattle had ever been broken to harness. They were watched from a distance during the day, as they roamed about the open country, and at night they were driven with cries to enclosures, into which they rushed, much like a body of terrified wild animals driven by huntsmen into a trap. Their scared temper was such as to make it impossible to lay hold of them, by other means than by driving the whole herd into a clump and lassoing the leg of the animal it was desired to seize, and throwing him to the ground with dexterous force. With beasts of this description, and it must be recollected that the cows and bulls have

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the same nature, I spent more than a year in the closest companionship. I had nearly a hundred of them broken in for the wagon, for packs, and for the saddle. I travelled an entire journey of exploration on the back of one of them, with others by my side, either labouring at their tasks or walking at leisure, and with others again, who were wholly unbroken and who served the purpose of an itinerant larder. At night, when there had been no time to erect an enclosure to hold them, I lay down in their midst, and it was interesting to observe how readily they availed themselves, at that time, of the neighbourhood of the camp-fire and of man, conscious of their protection from prowling carnivora, whose cries and roars, now distant, now near, continually broke upon the stillness. These opportunities of studying the disposition of such peculiar cattle were not wasted upon me. I had only too much leisure to think about them, and the habits of the animals strongly attracted my curiosity. The better I understood them, the more complex and worthy of study did their minds appear to me. But I am now concerned only with their blind gregarious instincts, which are conspicuously distinct from the ordinary social desires. In the latter they are deficient; thus, they are not amiable to one another, but show, on the whole, more expressions of spite and disgust than of forbearance or fondness. They do not suffer from an *ennui* which society can remove, because their coarse feeding and their ruminant habits make them somewhat stolid. Neither do they love society as monkeys do, for the opportunities it affords of a fuller and more varied life, because they remain self-absorbed in the middle of their herd, while the monkeys revel together in frolics, scrambles, fights, loves, and chatterings. Yet, although the ox has so little affection for, or individual interest in, his fellows, he cannot endure even a momentary severance from his herd. If he be separated from it by stratagem or force, he exhibits every sign of mental agony; he strives with all his might to get back

again, and when he succeeds, he plunges into its middle, to bathe his whole body with the comfort of closest companionship. This passionate terror at segregation is a convenience to the herdsman, who may rest assured, in the darkness or in the mist, that the whole herd is safe at hand whenever he can catch a glimpse of a single ox. It is also the cause of great inconvenience to the traveller, who constantly feels himself in a position like that of a host to a company of bashful gentlemen, at the time when he is trying to get them to move from the drawing-room to the dinner-table, and no one will go first, but every one backs and gives place to his neighbour. So the traveller finds great difficulty in procuring "fore-oxen" for his team; ordinary cattle being totally unfitted by nature to move in so prominent and isolated a position, even though, as is the custom, a boy is always in front to persuade or pull them onwards. Therefore a good "fore-ox" is an animal of an exceptional disposition; he is, in reality, a born leader of oxen. Men who break in wild cattle for harness watch assiduously for those who show a self-reliant nature, by grazing apart or ahead of the rest; and these they break in for fore-oxen. The other cattle may be indifferently devoted to ordinary harness purposes, or to slaughter; but the born leaders are far too rare to be used for any less distinguished service than that which they alone are capable of fulfilling.

But a still more exceptional degree of merit may sometimes be met with among the many thousands of Damara cattle. It is possible to find an ox who may be ridden, not, indeed, as freely as a horse, for I have never heard of a feat like this, but, at all events, wholly apart from the companionship of others, and an accomplished rider will even succeed in urging him out, at a trot, from the very middle of his fellows. With respect to the negative side of the scale, though I do not recollect definite instances, I can recall general impressions, of oxen showing a deficiency from the average ox-standard of self-reliance, about equal to

the excess of that quality found in ordinary fore-oxen. Thus, I recollect there were some cattle of a peculiarly centripetal instinct, who ran more madly than the rest into the middle of the herd, when they were frightened, and I have no reason to doubt that the law of "deviation from an average," above which I have written a good deal in a recent work ("Hereditary Genius") would be applicable to independence of character among cattle.

The conclusion to which we are driven is, that few of the Damara cattle have enough originality and independence of character to pass, unaided, through their daily risks, in a tolerably comfortable manner. They are essentially slavish, and seek no better lot than to be led by any one of their number who has enough self-reliance to accept that position. No ox ever dares to act contrary to the rest of the herd, but he accepts their common determination as an authority binding on his conscience.

I will now put a question on the why and wherefore of all this, of the same form as might be put in respect to any strictly measurable character, such as human stature: for instance, we might say, why has such and such a race an average height of 5 feet 7 inches? and why, again, is the deviation from that average of such a magnitude that one-twentieth part of the population exceeds 5 feet 10 inches? The inquiry I will now put in respect to the gregariousness of cattle falls into precisely the same shape. How is it that their self-reliance is, on the average, so low? and, again, how is it that the deviation from that average is such as to allow of the appearance of about one animal in fifty having the capabilities of a good fore-ox?

First as regards the low average. An incapacity of relying upon oneself and a faith in others are precisely the conditions that compel brutes to congregate and live in herds; and, again, it is essential to their safety, in a country infested by large carnivora, that they should keep closely together, in herds. No ox, grazing alone, could live for many days

unless he were watched, far more assiduously and closely than is possible to barbarians. The Damara owners confide perhaps two hundred cattle to a couple of half-starved youths, who pass their time in dozing or in grubbing up roots to eat. The owners know that it is hopeless to protect the herd from lions, so they leave it to take its chance; and as regards human marauders, they equally know that the largest number of cattle-watchers they could spare could make no adequate resistance to an attack; they therefore do not send more than two, who are enough to run home and give the alarm to the whole male population of the tribe, to run in arms, on the tracks of their plundered property. Consequently, as I began by saying, the cattle have to take care of themselves against the wild beasts, and they would be infallibly destroyed by them, if they had not safeguards of their own, which are not easily to be appreciated, at first sight, at their full value. We shall understand them better by considering the precise nature of the danger that an ox runs, when he is alone: it is, not simply that he is too defenceless, but that he is easily surprised. A crouching lion fears cattle who turn boldly upon him, and he does so with reason. The horns of an ox or antelope are calculated to make an ugly wound in the paw or chest of a springing beast, when he receives its thrust in the same way that an over-eager pugilist meets his adversary's "counter" hit. Hence it is, that a cow who has calved by the wayside, and has been temporarily abandoned by the caravan, is never seized by lions. The incident frequently occurs, and, as frequently, are the cow and calf eventually brought safe to the camp; and yet there is usually evidence in footprints, of her having sustained a regular siege from the wild beasts; but she is so restless and eager for the safety of her young, that no beast of prey can ever approach her unawares. This state of exaltation is of course exceptional; cattle are obliged in their ordinary course of life to spend a considerable part of the day with their heads buried in the grass, where they

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can neither see nor smell what is about them. A still larger part of their time must be spent in placid rumination, during which they cannot possibly be on the alert. But a herd of such animals, when considered as a whole, is always on the alert; at almost every moment some eyes, ears, and noses will command all approaches, and the start or cry of alarm of a single beast is a signal to all his companions. To live gregariously is to become a fibre in a vast sentient web overspreading many acres; it is to become the possessor of faculties always awake, of eyes that see in all directions, of ears and nostrils that explore a broad belt of air; it is also to become the occupier of every bit of vantage-ground whence the approach of a lurking enemy might be overlooked. The protective senses of each individual who chooses to live in companionship are multiplied by a large factor, and he thereby receives a maximum of security at the cost of a minimum of restlessness. When we isolate an animal who has been accustomed to a gregarious life, we take away his sense of protection, for he feels himself exposed to danger from every part of the circle around him, except the one point on which his attention is momentarily fixed, and he knows that disaster may easily creep up to him from behind. Consequently his glance is restless and anxious, and is turned in succession to different quarters; his movements are hurried and agitated, and he becomes a prey to the extremest terror. There can be no room for doubt that it is suitable to the well-being of cattle, in a country infested with beasts of prey, to live in close companionship, and being suitable, it follows from the law of natural selection, that the development of gregarious, and therefore of slavish, instincts must be favoured in such cattle. It also follows from the same law, that the degree in which those instincts are developed is, on the whole, the most conducive to their safety. If they were more gregarious, they would crowd so closely as to interfere with each other, when grazing the scattered pasture of Damara land; if less grega-

rious, they would be too widely scattered to keep a sufficient watch against the wild beasts.

I now proceed to consider the second question that was put: Why is the range of deviation from the average such that we find about one ox out of fifty to possess sufficient independence of character to serve as a pretty good fore-ox? Why is it not one in five, or one in five hundred? The reason undoubtedly is, that natural selection tends to give but one leader to each herd, and to repress superabundant leaders. There is a certain size of herd most suitable to the geographical and other conditions of the country; it must not be too large, or the scattered puddles which form their only watering-places for a great part of the year would not suffice, and there are similar drawbacks in respect to pasture. It must not be too small, or it would be comparatively inefficient; thus a troop of five animals is far more easily to be approached by a stalking huntsman than one of twenty, and the latter than one of a hundred. Now we have seen that it is the cattle who graze apart, as well as those who lead the herd, who are recognized by the trainers of cattle as gifted with enough independence of character to become fore-oxen. They are even preferred to the actual leaders of the herd, because, as they dare to move alone, their independence is the more conspicuous. Now, the leaders are safe enough from lions, because their flanks and rear are guarded by their followers; but each of those who graze apart, and who represent the superabundant supply of self-reliant animals, have one flank and the rear exposed, and it is precisely these whom the lions take. Looking at the matter in a broad way, we may justly assert that wild beasts trim and prune every herd into compactness, and tend to reduce it into a closely united body with a single, well-protected leader. The development of independence of character in cattle is thus suppressed far below its healthy natural standard by the influence of wild beasts, as is shown by the greater display of self-reliance among cattle



whose ancestry, for some generations, have not been exposed to such danger.

What has been said about cattle, in relation to wild beasts, applies with more or less obvious modifications to barbarians, in relation to their neighbours; but I insist on a close resemblance in the particular circumstance, that most savages are so unamiable and morose as to have hardly any object in associating together, besides that of mutual support. If we look at the inhabitants of the very same country as the oxen I have described, we shall find them congregated into multitudes of tribes, all more or less at war with one another. We shall find that few of these tribes are very small, and few very large, and that it is precisely those which are exceptionally large or small whose condition is the least stable. A very small tribe is sure to be overrun, slaughtered, or driven into slavery by its more powerful neighbour; a very large tribe falls to pieces through its own unwieldiness, because, by the nature of things, it must be either deficient in centralization or straitened in food, or both. A well-fed barbarian population is obliged to be scattered, because a square mile of land will support few hunters or shepherds; on the other hand, a barbarian government cannot be long maintained, unless the chief is brought into frequent contact with his dependants, and this is geographically impossible when his tribe is so scattered as to cover a great extent of territory. There are many influences which may cause a tribe to vary beyond the limits of safety, but the law of selection would, of course, only affect those which have their rise in the natural disposition of the race. It must discourage every race of barbarians which supplies self-reliant individuals in such large numbers as to cause their tribe to lose its blind desire of aggregation. It must equally discourage a breed that is incompetent to supply such men, in a sufficiently abundant ratio to the rest of the population, to ensure the existence of tribes of not too large a size.

It must not be supposed that gregarious instincts are equally important to all forms of savage life, but I hold, from what we know of our own early historic and pre-historic times, of the clannish, fighting habits of our forefathers, that they were every whit as applicable to the earlier ancestors of our European stock as they are still to a large part of the black population of Africa. I have spoken elsewhere, in the book already referred to, of the fatal effects of religious and political persecution, in comparatively recent years, on the value of races, and shall not say more about it here; but they must not be forgotten in my argument, for what I wish to prove in the present essay is the steady influence of social conditions, all through primæval periods, down, in some degree, to the present day, in destroying the self-reliant, and therefore the nobler, races of men. 'I hold that the blind instincts evolved under those long-continued conditions have been deeply ingrained into our breed, and that they are a bar to our enjoying the freedom which the forms of modern civilization could otherwise give us.' A really intelligent nation might be held together by far stronger forces than are derived from the purely gregarious instincts. It would not be a mob of slaves, clinging together, incapable of self-government, and begging to be led; but it would consist of vigorous, self-reliant men, knit to one another by innumerable attractions, into a strong, tense, and elastic organization. Our present natural dispositions make it simply impossible for us to attain this ideal standard, and therefore the slavishness of the mass of men, in morals and intellect, must be an admitted fact in all schemes of regenerative policy. The hereditary taint due to the primæval barbarism of our race, and maintained by later influences, will have to be bred out of it before our descendants can rise to the position of free members of a free and intelligent society; and I may add, that the most likely nest, at the present time, for self-reliant natures, is to be found in States founded and maintained by emigrants.



## ENGLAND'S PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS.

BY A MILITARY CONTRIBUTOR.

THREE months have passed by since we strove, in these pages,<sup>1</sup> to put clearly in the light the true causes of the war, and to show the shallowness of those who would charge upon the personal ambition of an emperor or minister a struggle which was the outcome of the antipathies of millions nurtured in mutual enmity for generations past. Individual ambition was present, no doubt, to turn the popular sentiment to private ends; but the real impulse came from the peoples of France and Germany themselves. Each day's history of the war has confirmed the general accuracy of this view; and weak and misled as public opinion in this country upon foreign politics too often is, it has changed in this matter from darkness into light. There is really no necessity now-a-days to adduce lengthy arguments to show that neither Benedetti, nor Gramont, nor Prince Hohenzollern, nor Bismarck, nor Napoleon, did create the war. It is generally admitted to be, what it really is, a mighty contest for the supremacy of Europe—a Duel of Nations.

Other changes of sentiment there have been many, as the war has prolonged its doleful course. Writers who once prophesied its speedy end, now predict as confidently its continuance through the new year. Those who vaunted the moderation of educated Germany, now condemn their favourite nation for its greedy lust for territory. Hasty critics, who derided the feebleness of French efforts, have learnt to point admiringly to the wonderful exertions made to retrieve the disasters of Sedan and Metz. Politicians and publicists, who had no words strong enough to throw at France for challenging the conflict, now rush with speech and pen to encourage her to prolong it.

<sup>1</sup> "The Duel of the Nations," in *Macmillan* for Sept. 1870.

The mild citizen-soldiers of Prussia are held up to execration by those who once believed their conduct would rob warfar of its horrors. The very feelings of jealousy and uneasiness which made the Germans welcome the conflict, seem to be hardened into a fierce ambition, of which they once would have been ashamed. Their learned men apply their historic knowledge to counsel the very "revendication" of territory which they used to execrate in Napoleon. Abroad the guarantees of old order seem destroyed, and all middle Europe, losing this and finding no approach to liberty, seems ready to take refuge in the centralization of a vast military empire. A minister, seven years since the most unpopular man in Germany, is now hailed as its greatest patriot and chosen guide. The king, whom his burgher subjects used to scorn for his almost Russian devotion to uniform and drill, is exalted as the saviour and maker of the new Fatherland. In France the despised "gentlemen of the pavé" have seen the old aristocracy press to lead and die at the head of their raw battalions. Russia has openly declared herself henceforward independent of the Western dictation to which she once bowed her hopes. All the foundations of international law seem broken up and out of course. One thing only is not changed;—the contempt with which English policy and English politicians are regarded by the rest of the civilized world, the universal opinion outside our own shores that our place among the nations has never been so low as now.

Believing, as we earnestly do, that in this feeling towards ourselves lies the greatest danger our country has had to face for generations, we propose to regard it as a serious problem to be examined in an earnest and careful spirit. And we hope that some of those who

read these pages will, if they do not agree with our views, yet ask themselves whether there be not ground of alarm as to the whole course of our foreign policy ; and, if so, whether they are not themselves in some measure responsible for a share in the national error which threatens us with national misfortune.

Yet the question may fairly first be put to us,—Are these grave assertions justified at all? Is England really despised by all her great neighbours? And may not the solution of some undeniably hard words used against her be found in the simple and happy suggestions of the writers of the *Times*, who have so often pointed out that in a war it is the invariable fate of the neutral to be abused by both belligerents?

The reply to this question lies in an obvious example which is hourly before our eyes. America is neutral ; America is friendly in sentiment to one belligerent, in act to the other. Her German citizens have held large meetings and used grand words to express the sympathy of their adopted land with the rising nationality of Germany. American arsenals in the meanwhile have been emptied into French harbours. Whilst our private traders have run their poor ventures of a few dozen cases of hardware out of Custom-house espionage into Havre, the American Government boasts that foreign demands have carried off its vast unsaleable stock of converted arms. Whilst we have outfitted corps of *Franc-tireurs*, America has equipped whole *corps d'armée*. America, in short, has done openly on a scale of grandeur what we have done secretly after the fashion of a pedlar. Yet America commands the respect of both sides. Not a word has been said by diplomatists, and scarcely a line published in the journals of Germany or France, to show that this trading on the necessities of the hour is anything but the legitimate and honourable course of a great manufacturing Power. Nor has America been assailed for her deliberate neutrality and determined non-intervention ; whilst it is hard to say whether ours has been more bitterly resented by

the French or German press and people. It is plain, therefore, that it is not neutrality alone, nor its evasion in the sale of the munitions of war, which has provoked such animosity to England ; and, this being shown, the plea of the *Times* at once falls to the ground, and may be dismissed from our inquiry. For, if it be alleged that the peculiar circumstances of America place her above the consequences of the enmity we suffer, it cannot be said that her distance or her vastness would prevent the expression of ill-feeling by a great European Power, though they might make its practical application in deeds of war futile.

We conclude, then, that there is a real sentiment of enmity abroad towards ourselves, and that the causes usually assigned are wholly insufficient to account for it. We propose to show that it has arisen directly from our own habitually false foreign policy, and that if this be not guided by wiser action in the future, England has before her such days of humiliation and disaster as no worthy son of hers would live to see. Its secret has been often told of late, but it cannot be too plainly repeated. Big words and feeble action ; willingness to intervene and unreadiness to act ; strong desire for self-assertion without the resolve to sacrifice ease in order to win the respect of others—these are the national foibles which of late years have laid us constantly open to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, and when crossing their passions, produced hatred tending to hostility.

Our present undignified attitude is not the work of a day. It is the result of half a century's national history ; and he who would fully understand how we have been led to our false and humiliating position, must look back and trace the process by which it has been reached through the varying stages of our foreign policy. From Castlereagh, dictating to the Emperor of Russia as to the command of the armies of Allied Europe, to Cobden, tempting his successor to believe us all parsimonious cowards, ready to join—if we could with safety—in the plunder of “the sick

man's" wealth, is too striking a transition not to be broken by some distinct eras marked out in the history of the intervening time.

Sixty years since we were governed by a Ministry and Parliament whose one purpose was to overthrow the great national enemy. Hostility to Bonaparte—for within these shores he never gained his Imperial name—was their simple creed, their lever of action, their call to the country. And the call was fully answered, the action successful, the creed triumphant. Let the peacemaker of later days say what he will of their spendthrift policy; let economists expound their heresies of finance; let the military critic condemn their wasteful and scattered strategy: the fact remains still that these dull gentlemen of the Perceval and Robinson era, quite as well as the Great Prussian of the eighteenth century, or the greater Minister who represents his policy now, "knew what they wanted and were determined to have it," and, it may be added, got it fairly in the end. Of course it is the easiest thing in the world to condemn their whole procedure now; for we know exactly all its faults and weaknesses; and thanks to it, we do not know what would have become of the world which the self-made Emperor bestrode like a colossus, had he not met one enemy beyond and above his power.

Napoleon fell, and the prestige of England outshone all that any of her allies could boast. English armies, English gold, English generalship had had the main share in destroying the usurper's empire. In the honours of Wellington and the unanimous choice which cast on him the charge of subdued France, the presidency of England in the world's coalition was recognized. In the voice of Wellington the moderation of English counsels was as plainly manifest; and through our personal influence our old rival and recent enemy was permitted to retain an honourable position in Europe, as though we alone were not afraid to be generous in the hour of triumph. Then followed the era of the Holy Alliance and Tory

predominance—the natural revulsion against the excesses of the French revolution; and the absolutist party, as ever happens in reaction, did their best everywhere to prepare Europe to welcome the fresh outburst of revolutionary fire which poured forth from Paris in 1830. Shaken as our own political fabric was by its effects, the fame of our still fresh victories in field and cabinet had not died wholly away in the tranquil fifteen years which brought us from the cheers for Waterloo to the shouts for Reform. Before the world had had time to discern the effect of the change in our form of government or our foreign policy, a strange turn of the wheel gave us as administrator of our affairs abroad the most active and daring Foreign Minister we have known since the days of Chatham.

Bred in the school of Perceval and Canning, accustomed to office in the days when England's voice was heard everywhere with respect, Lord Palmerston brought to his new post a strong will, versatile abilities, and abundant faith in the prestige and resources of our country. Among the feeble mediocrities whom the tide of Reform had floated into power, his knowledge of continental affairs was as conspicuous as his strength of will, and for long years he held unchecked the practical dictatorship as to our foreign policy, which his superiority in those gifts from the first had claimed. The times were troublous enough. France, uneasy at her hasty choice of the citizen king, was convulsed by the constant efforts of the Republican party seeking a new crisis in which they could once more work for the overthrow of monarchy. Louis Philippe's advisers were ready enough to use the old device of French rulers and bring peace at home by raising war abroad; and question after question arose which brought them face to face with the ready determination and vigorous will of Palmerston. We need not here recount the story of his triumphs. The world gave him credit for even more than these, and associated with the policy of Palmerston, asserting the old supremacy of England,

which to him was natural, the Liberalism of which his colleagues boasted. Yet his theory of the free-born Briton's universal citizenship was but a tradition of the days when the guns of our fleets had ruled the trade of the world, and made our flag the only safe passport on the highway of the seas. He was living, in fact, on the credit of the past; and whilst talking of our power, the elements which had built it up were decaying one by one. Sordid and material interests replaced the rude patriotism of the days of Pitt. Revolutionary sentiments pervaded the lowest classes: a hard, half-educated race of employers, bent on making money at whatever cost to their country, good judges of the morrow's market, judges of nought beyond, replaced the noisy, jovial, high-spirited aristocrats who had ruled the nation when Palmerston was young: and between them grew and increased the vast class to which the Reform Bill had handed the rule of this country, petty traders for the most part, struggling for a place in the ranks of gentility, and with their very religion made subordinate to the one master passion of gain. These were the true masters of Tory, Whig, and Radical. These only needed to combine their power, and the strongest minister must fall. Though he enjoyed the success which attended the foreign policy of Palmerston, the British shopkeeper had no wish to pay hard cash for it. It was showy, and, thanks to our former hearty expenditure, it proved cheap for the time. The two qualities riveted his admiration of the minister. But though admiring our public audacity, he had no notion of being taxed for it, and his highest notion of administration was getting it at a low rate. Better than any Pritchard or Mehemet Ali triumph he understood the reduction of rates, or of the taxes which his guides told him swelled the rates. So the army dwindled and the navy decayed. Votes indeed were taken; but as far as maintaining real forces went, they might almost as well have been thrown into the sea. Wise men had

even come, during the long European recess, to believe in the old Utopian dream of universal security and peace. A Conservative Ministry took office, but only to show that the nominal successors of the policy of Pitt were every way as subject to the ideas of the dominant class, as wise and liberal in their notions of economical legislation, but as blind to our changing condition in the external condition of the empire, as the veriest Radical that denounced them. The Conservative Ministry died, leaving behind it no odour of greatness, but that Peel's liberalism, whenever declared, had been more real and liberal than the traditions of the Opposition. The ins became outs and the outs ins, and the old familiar lips uttered the old phrases about the national honour, which no one cared to guard with more than words. When late for his own reputation, yet not too late to do real service, the Duke of Wellington, in his famous "Letter to Sir John Burgoyne," reviewed our lapse from our traditional but almost forgotten policy, and told England plainly that she whose threatening tones had of late been heard all over the world, was in truth weak and defenceless, the revulsion in the country was great. Could it be that we, who had talked so loudly, had no right to be heard? That we had been, like the helpless drunkard, using threats which our folly made harmless? Could this bold foreign policy be a mere shining emptiness that would collapse at the first prick, a game of brag played with unlined purse, a beggarly assertion of lost ancestral dignities? Such were the questions that the nation was putting to itself in incoherent phrases, when the Peace party, who honestly believed that their doctrines were converting the world, saw their visions swept rudely away at the first breath of real national passion. The fire of Revolution blazed up afresh in Paris in 1848, and this time all Europe was speedily in conflagration. Not only did civil wars arise, but civil wars led naturally to intervention, and intervention to international conflicts. Prussians tried their new needle-gun on

Baden Republicans. Russia overwhelmed the gallant Hungarians with her close-drilled battalions. Radetski recovered Lombardy for its Austrian masters, and, challenged anew, in four days' strategy drove the new King of Italy into abdication and exile. England looked on astonished at scenes which her people had been taught to believe portions of a barbaric past. The Peace party in dismay were divided, some regarding the dark state of things in 1849 as a hideous and exceptional nightmare, which the coming daylight of free-trade would remove for ever; others boldly asserting that England was too wise to have anything again to do with such a horrid and expensive thing as war. As the crisis of the revolution passed by and left us unharmed, we recovered our spirits a little. A great prince, kindled with the noble desire for his fellows' good, thought to strike the chords of universal harmony in a new key, and the Great Exhibition of 1851 was announced as the harbinger of the dove of peace, returning anew to Europe to roam no more.

What need to dwell with bitterness on the defeat of that noble hope, as noble and as unreal as the old Arthurian myth to which our laureate has made its story the prologue. Great Exhibitions and the like phantasies take into no account the simple fact, which we all in our private dealings are forced to acknowledge and act upon, that human nature is at bottom but little changed throughout the annals of the world. Add to this one fact from the course of history as to man's conduct, that additional one (coarsely indicated by Bishop Butler in his theory of nations being at times possessed as men once were), that national passion is to that of the individual what the blazing mansion is to the tinder-spark, and we see at once how hopeless it is in the present condition of society to talk of universal peace. Self-interest, the great idol exalted in 1851, which was to bind nations together in harmony by ties of gold, is just the same self-interest which does not keep men from wasting their property in litigation, their

strength in dissipation, their honour in the pursuit of gain to be enjoyed perhaps by some neglected relative. As with the man, so with the nation, self-interest bends and yields to the ruling passion of the hour. Sermons will no more unaided stop lawsuits and put an end to violence and fraud, than free-trade theories can sweep away the animosities of nations. Nothing is more surprising than that those who recognize in the minutest transactions of private life the necessity of guarding against their neighbours' violence or folly, should hug themselves with the delusion that vindictiveness, jealousy, and caprice are not to be found in the catalogue of national weaknesses. Yet there is no believer in universal peace but would be hurt if charged with want of business habits and of common sense in every-day personal matters.

Ere the shouts over the Hyde Park Palace of Crystal had well died away; while men still reckoned up the value of the mighty gain to be got from this interchange of peaceful sentiments; there came from the East the muttered thunder which went before the Crimean War. England learnt that a great European Power had coolly watched and studied her growing unfitness for battle, and counted on the united effects of her aspirations for peace and her felt inability for war, to keep her from intervening any more in the Eastern question. She found her traditional belief in Russian ambition and Russian greed to be the simple honest truth as to Russian policy. And when, with scarce an effort to hide the coarse design of robbery under a diplomatic veil, Russia stretched forth her armed hand to seize her neighbour's nearest possession as "the material guarantee" for greater demands, the wrath of Englishmen burst forth against the public wrongdoer in a torrent that no leaders could have stayed. Vainly was it urged that it was too late or too soon to go to war for Turkey. Vainly were the better arguments of the Peace party supplemented by those who thought our own commerce the only good worth fighting for. It is refreshing now-a-days

to look back and see how the national heart refused to be turned aside from the real issue; how the nation resolved, spite of all the pleadings of those who set up for its prophets, to execute what it saw to be honourable and just. On the other hand, it is humiliating to turn back the files of the *Times*, and study the arguments by which non-intervention was sought to be maintained. The Turks were Mahomedans. The Turks were sensual, and had projecting heads behind. The Turks once massacred Greeks in Scio. Yet England steadily refused to admit that an old friend and ally, who had done no public wrong, was to be robbed before her eyes on the mere plea of the strong hand. So, swiftly obeying the national impulse, the press turned round and hastened to swell the cry for action. The fleet went eastward; the army followed it; the Crimean war was begun.

Few readers will need to be reminded of the revelation of our military weakness which followed. The nation had dared to pretend to a foreign policy, yet had declined to maintain the necessary means for its assertion. The army, in any effective sense, had long since disappeared, and in its place we had maintained a number of weak battalions, usually scattered singly or in detachments in country or colonial quarters, well drilled indeed, but destitute of all warlike practice, and stripped of all the adjuncts which go to make an efficient field force. No commissariat, no engineers, scarce any artillery or cavalry were to be found. Never had force of regular soldiers been put forward in so helpless and incomplete a state. The consequences were certain as soon as a summer march and brilliant action were changed for the real strain of a long winter campaign; and what was called the Balaklava breakdown soon opened the eyes of the nation to our military shortcomings, and awoke the popular indignation with the Ministry on whom the shortcomings of a quarter of a century were charged. The men at the head of the affairs were able and honest beyond the average of English Cabinets,

long skilled in party warfare, and able till of late to command a large majority. But they were fore-doomed to be made scape-goats of the disasters their predecessors had prepared. Day by day their followers shrunk from them to cluster round the knot of accusing reformers who attacked them from below the gallery. Had Mr. Layard, whose acquaintance with the Eastern question gave him the lead of the new Opposition, possessed the genius of a Pitt, the opportunity was his to imitate the career of a Pitt. But this was not to be. Lord Russell, long impatient at the subordinate part he had been forced to fill, and uneasy at the growing unpopularity that attached to all the colleagues of Lord Aberdeen, fired off one morning a sudden condemnation of the Cabinet in which he sat, and publicly declared its incompetency. To many the stroke seemed an act of treachery; but it did its work. The Coalition Ministry fell on the instant amid the shouts for a more vigorous war policy.

And the war was conducted to a happy and successful close. In spite of those who condemn all war in the abstract; in spite of Mr. Kinglake's ponderous theory that this one was due to a French conspiracy, history will maintain that in no case was popular instinct ever more clearly pronounced in the right—in no case was the resolve ever more justified by the result. What matters it whether a Cabinet Council nodded over important duties, or the Imperialist officers had need of fair field for promotion? These things, or a hundred other accidents, would not have forced the English people to drown in shouts for war the protests of those who claimed to guide them. It was the feeling of a right and just cause to maintain, of duty due from greatness to the weak, of responsibility for the freedom of the world from growing despotism, which threw England so heartily into the work. And the work has lived. The tide of Russian aggression was stayed. Not until the whole fountain of public law and order in Europe was broken up once more, was the Treaty of

1856, the penalty of the unprovoked attempt on Turkey, brought into question by her ancient enemy.

The Russian war did not merely give an impulse to military reform, as has been often enough stated. It saved our army from sinking hopelessly into a sham, by putting its decaying state fairly before the nation. Never was blindness graver than that of those who charge the press of 1854-6 with having injured our military reputation. Of course many writers writing for their daily bread used flippant language in speaking of the military world, which was to them strange and barbarous. But such a natural fault as this was more than redeemed by the interest that they excited in an almost forgotten subject. The foolish jealousy of the regular army, as something more distinctly royal than national—a jealousy fostered by the false views of Wellington on this head, which the Prince Consort so nobly combated—began to die out in the light of discussion and better knowledge. The education of our future officers became matter of national interest, and such works as the “Memoirs of Hedley Vicars” supplanted the tradition of the idle captain whom country quarters had been taught to dread. But the revolution in national sentiment went much further than this. The events of 1854 gave their death-blow to the Manchester Party and the peace doctrines which had at one time been as popular as denunciations of the Corn-laws. For the nation saw dimly, though as yet uncertainly, that listening to them had brought England to the verge of a terrible disgrace. It was not long before her electors, at the public break between the Manchester men and Palmerston on the question of China, gave unmistakable proof of her displeasure at the blind guides who had led her so near to the abyss of contempt. Henceforth, though the struggle still goes on, the wild notion that increased trade alone can give national honour and security, is a theory which its most ardent advocates admit to be losing ground.

If the result was so striking at home

as to tinge our whole domestic policy, it was not less important abroad, where the effect was very different and far less satisfactory. It lies at the root of all the international troubles we have suffered since. For the world discovered us not merely making a military failure, but announcing it and exaggerating its extent with blatant mouth. And although the vast national heroism aroused by the Indian Mutiny, and the striking success of the Abyssinian Expedition ten years later, have modified the impression, still our neighbours have too readily believed that we have not only sunk in a military sense to a fourth-rate Power, but are on the whole contented with our position. We have great trade and commerce; we keep up a really important navy; we do not mind paying money to preserve our exports to the East by costly expeditions. But of a national policy as concerns European affairs,—of sacrifice for the great ideas we pretend to,—of giving practical expression to our unwarrantable interference by word in our neighbours’ concerns,—of all this they see no signs. They believe that we are simply determined to make of our insular selfishness a cherished religion—to wrap up ourselves in the security of our isolation—and, safe from invasion by our position, and predetermined in no event to risk ourselves upon the Continent, to try how far loud-tongued menaces, which we have neither the means nor intention of making good, may rule the policy of Europe as we ruled it fifty years since in the great coalition of the nations. They think, in short, that as a nation we have yielded to the blandishments of those who advocate peace at any price, and have shut ourselves up to make money undisturbed, and to avoid all foreign politics save such as can be dealt with by a State paper. It must be confessed that our rulers have too often justified the belief. The placid expressions of self-deceiving peace-mongers have gone forth to the world so mingled with verbose admonitions from our Foreign Office upon neighbourly rights and duties; we are so ready to give guarantees which



mean nothing, and to offer cheap sympathies unsupported by action,—that it is not surprising that our name as concerning intervention has become a byword. Our free criticism of other great Powers, our enjoyment of their constitutional difficulties and avowed dislike of their nationalist yearnings, have raised us bitter enemies by turns among the despotic, the moderate, and the liberal classes abroad. Let no one think these words are fanciful. To speak within the writer's personal knowledge, it is safe to assert that all that England has done for liberty in generations past, does not atone in the eyes of the German democracy for our open condemnation of the Danish war. Hated for our pretensions of political superiority, envied for the tranquil security in which we seem to dwell, aristocratic enough to be detested by true republicans, democratic enough to be a bugbear to the absolutists—England owes her present safety solely to her insular position. He who can read the history of the last twelve years, and not see what would be our fate had the Channel or the German Ocean suddenly dried up, is so blind to our position that demonstration would be wasted on him. Yet those who cannot convince themselves by continental travel, may at least learn something of the truth by reflecting on the panics which have been our periodical visitors.

All that has been said before is but designed to lead up to one simple deduction—so simple that some may think it hardly needs an argument. Our position is undignified because it is unsafe : it is unsafe so long as we have any pretensions abroad which we have not the power to make good, or provoke any enmity which we have cause to fear. We have no right to any foreign policy at all, unless we can at least maintain—in case of difficulty—a defiant and impregnable defensive. Let the question of our joining in active campaigns in Europe be passed by as open to discussion. England has an undoubted right to demand of her rulers that they should so maintain her strength that she could,

on first call, face hostilities without trembling.

“Who is it that wants not to be defended?” said an eloquent and able writer not long since to ourselves. “I believe that the notion that the country would not pay for proper armaments is a mere fancy of the Ministers—that if they state the necessity clearly, and take proper action at once, they will meet not a dissentient voice.” Would that this were really so ! Would that Mr. Gladstone's own notion, expressed but a few months since, that the time was nearly ripe for disarmament, and this war would lead to it, were merely the Utopian utterance of a man of genius beyond his time, who, in his visions of a happier future, forgets the demands of the inexorable present ! Unhappily there are signs that the Premier actually believes that the present outcry as to our defences is but a recurrence of periodical panic, that may be tided over by judicious delay, and will waste itself naturally in time. His chosen War Minister is even now repeating his leader's creed, and fondly dreams of himself as holding a balance between two opposing parties, the one crying for extravagance, the other aiming at retrenchment, with the truth hid between. There is reason to fear from their own recent declarations, written and spoken, that their hearts are not right in this matter, and that their mutual leanings to the commercial side of the political world have blinded them to the wants of the whole. And if any one else, however brilliant, however thoughtful, shut out the aspects of the world at large, and view policy solely from its immediate effects upon trade and economy, he would be deceived even as they.

It has been the lot of the writer, during much of this war, to share constantly one of those trains which bear the business men of London to and from their offices in the city, and to study with amused interest their remarks upon the effects of the struggle, especially in its bearings on the Black Sea and Luxemburg questions. Travel-



ling with different faces daily, and men of apparently different views, it was strange to note how the same set types of indifferentism and blindness as to what went on out of England repeated themselves in the expressions of all. The gentleman who believed we could stop Russia when we chose by just showing her our ironclads; his neighbour, who was sure we were not going to pay another hundred millions to keep Russia from taking Turkey; the gentleman who had been told that the Turks could stand up for themselves single-handed; his opponent who did not believe the Turks had any army at all; the gentleman who felt confident that Prussia would be quiet after she got Alsace and Lorraine; the other who couldn't see why Prussia was not to take Luxemburg and Belgium too if she wanted them: were repeated over and over again, so as to seem representative minds of a large community. And this community, so keen in its vision of the things before it, so hopelessly blind to the world beyond its ken, is a vastly important one, with a voice powerful in the State; and it is after all but a moderate reflection in its sentiments of the vast aggregate of money-making, trade-driving magnates of the North of England. It believes in its own wisdom, and in the philosophy of yesterday's leading article, and thinks that those who succeed so well in the business of the nation's trade must be the best judges of the nation's policy. Alas for the blindness of our commercial class! It bodes ill for the future of a people when those who form its most necessary elements are fostering a revolution for themselves at home, and preparing disgrace for our policy abroad. For around and among these merchants and manufacturers of England gathers the rank growth of democratic socialism, sown by the pressure of capital on the labour of the skilled artisan, quickened by the growth of ignorance and pauperism in the class below him, fostered by men of ability and culture ready to use it for political ends, and threatening before long to overwhelm Whig, Tory, and Radical in the common

ruin of a revolution. If they cannot discern the signs of the times in the muttering voices round them; if they refuse to heed such warnings as Trades Unions changing into political organizations; if they still continue to add park to lawn and hothouse to greenhouse, to prate about "the healthy political atmosphere" of their crowded cities, and to give their hopes to making eldest sons and county seats: shall they whose short-sighted folly as to the duties of their own order is so manifest, be held safe guides for the duties of the nation? Heaven forbid that England's foreign policy should be tuned to the familiar talk of those who, gathering round the great minister in a corner of his northern county, feed his recess dreams with the idle Utopia of swelling exports, growing trade, and diminishing taxes, and ignore the stern realities of pauperism and disaffection increasing at home, and of war abroad, threatening Europe with a new era of conquest and aggression.

Lest this should be called mere sentiment or unreasoning invective, we invite the reader to glance back with us at the history of the Chinese debate on the *Arrow* affair. Though the nation then turned sharply on those who had misrepresented her, and cast the peace-party leaders in disgrace from their seats, at the great commercial centres, yet the exiled members still clung to their folly, and would have it that their countrymen were in the wrong and the Chinese right. After their generation they were wise, for the trade they worshipped reaped the benefit of a broader policy, whilst their own, not being tried, could still be exalted in vision. But suppose, for discussion's sake, that they had beaten Lord Palmerston, and that their views had triumphed for the time. Suppose further, as a not unnatural consequence, a scene like that which actually took place last year at Tientsin had followed, the tortured and mutilated victims being not the inmates of a Roman Catholic convent, but the merchants of an English "Hong;" who then so deeply as these politicians could have regretted their triumph, even were

the massacre not proved to have been its direct result?

But it may be said that the reasoning and the treatment which are necessary in our contact with the East, are out of place in the civilized West, and that for the former we must maintain a fleet, whilst in Europe the sound practice of free-trade, and of consistent neighbourly goodwill, will suffice to keep war from our doors. Without pausing to ask those who cherish this belief what they would judge of a man of business who acted on it in his daily life, we invite them to look carefully at what has just actually taken place as regards our own country and Prussia as a case that may occur a hundred times. Two great neighbouring nations go to war for reasons beyond our understanding and wholly against our desire. One of them is soon in need of arms, and tempts our manufacturers with all the liberality of a despairing cause. Of course, in so very free a country as ours, individuals are at once found responsive to the call, who will undertake, despite every prohibition, to send the much needed munitions of war into France. From America too, more openly large supplies are poured in, which, to German eyes, have in the names stamped on them in unpatriotic Roman characters an undeniably British look. Forthwith an active press, its energies restrained from discussing home politics, and much in need of a vent, seizes on the opportunity of throwing at us the old Napoleonic taunt, "See the nation of shopkeepers selling its neighbours' fortunes for gain." The cry of indignation is repeated from a hundred letters of those who saw with their own eyes the accursed arms that slew their comrades, to a thousand writers in warm, dogmatic, earnest Fatherland. A good and genial-hearted prince, heir to the new Imperial Crown that overshadows the older thrones of Europe, shakes his head ominously over the false, mercenary spirit of the land that gave him his fair bride. Hot diplomatic notes are issued on the new international grievance;—and there the question is stayed for the

time, for circumstances say plainly to the Germans, "No use to quarrel with our unhandsome neighbour now." Was the pause because of the ostensible fair-dealing of our Government, of our anxiety to show that the error is not national? No one can fail to know better who reads how promptly Count Bismarck dealt with similar offences committed across the frontier of Belgium. "No trickery there—or I fire," has been his simple argument to the weaker neighbour, in this and other like circumstances, ever since the Confederation put its armies in the field. But then Belgium has no "streak of silver sea" to guard her happy shores; and Germany has not her fleet—as yet. Does any one suppose that the controversy with us would have ended in a note had the Channel been bridged, and we weak as we now are?

It is time our nation awoke fairly out of its dreams, and came to an understanding with itself. These days we are living in are not the halcyon days of peace. They are days of war, as fierce and threatening as those which darkened Europe when Napoleon the First put on his Imperial Crown. If Mr. Gladstone cannot listen to our warning, if he still goes on fancying that the country will never discover those to be false prophets who cry "Peace, peace! when there is no peace," we entreat him at least to give ear to the voices of those who have hitherto struggled in his cause, and to learn from Liberals and Democrats well known in the world of politics how a strong man should be clad who would keep his goods in peace. Let him hear Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who claims to unite historical learning with advanced opinions, lecturing his constituents on "the new phase of that dark eclipse called Foreign Policy." The learned gentleman spoke indeed of this at Oxford as if it were an abnormal and little-understood phenomenon, which some one's better management of something might have averted; but whilst deprecating an interference with the contest, declared that "the patriotism of a free people will always supply

armaments that will suffice for the defence of the Empire." Or let the Premier turn from a learned historian teaching the Druids at Oxford to the less pleasant sight of an equally learned historian and professor presiding over the intervention meeting of St. James's Hall; let him hear his own name condemned for feebleness and incapacity by those who but yesterday lauded his genius and courage to the skies, and learn what stormy elements Reform has set free within this fevered body politic of Britain to sympathise with our neighbours in their national disaster. For to join in continental wars will no more be the mere choice of England's aristocracy, nor to abstain from them that of our peace-loving tradespeople. The keys of the temple of Janus in this land have been handed over to the rugged strong and easily-led class below; and leaders of skill are not wanting to guide the wild wishes of the democratic artisan into the vehement action of the nation. In vain has Mr. Morley, chief oracle of "those who act with" Mr. Harrison, preached peace to the working man in his *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Harrison and others who aspire to sit in council with the working man and form his opinions, must adopt the working man's foreign policy if they

would hope to guide his votes at home. To cringe humbly, and be deaf to insult abroad, that you may bring money back, will never be the creed of their favourite class, whose sympathies are as quick as their temper is rugged. We do not urge Mr. Gladstone to take counsel wholly with these. We would be far from having him forthwith demand, with Mr. Odger, that Bismarck should, as an act of fairness to the French navy, clear those six colliers at Duclair out of the Seine mud. But we would entreat him to cast off the false glamour which has forbidden his seeing that England has a place among the nations which she cannot suddenly abandon without losing safety as well as honour. Why should we be lower in the world's esteem in the days of Victoria than in the days of Cromwell? Yet who would be ready to say of us now with the writer whose vision of our country's position then is bequeathed to us in prose, matchless as his "Paradise Lost;" "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her, as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam"?

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE NATURAL THEOLOGY OF THE FUTURE.

BY CANON KINGSLEY.

*(A Paper read in the Hall of Sion College, Jan. 10, 1871.)*

[Novalis, I think, says that one's own thought gains quite infinitely in value as soon as one finds it shared by even one other human being. The saying has proved true, at least, to me. The morning after this paper was read, I received a book, "The genesis of Species, by St. George Mivart, F.R.S." The name of the author demanded all attention and respect; and as I read on, I found him, to my exceeding pleasure, advocating views which I had long held, with a learning and ability to which I have no pretensions. The book will, doubtless, excite much useful criticism and discussion in the scientific world. I hope that it may do the same in the clerical world; and I earnestly beg those clergymen who heard me with so much patience and courtesy at Sion College, to ponder well Mr. Mivart's last chapter, on "Theology and Evolution."]

WHEN I accepted the unexpected and undeserved honour of being allowed to lecture here, the first subject which suggested itself to me was Natural Theology.

It is one which has taken up much of my thought for some years past, which seems to me more and more important,  
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and which is just now somewhat forgotten. I therefore determined to say a few words on it to-night. I do not pretend to teach, but only to suggest; to point out certain problems of natural theology, the further solution of which ought, I think, to be soon attempted.

I wish to speak, remember, not on natural religion, but on natural theology. By the first, I understand what can be learned from the physical universe of man's duty to God and to his neighbour; by the latter, I understand what can be learned concerning God Himself. Of natural religion I shall say nothing. I do not even affirm that a natural religion is possible: but I do very earnestly believe that a natural theology is possible; and I earnestly believe also that it is most important that natural theology should, in every age, keep pace with doctrinal or ecclesiastical theology.

Bishop Butler certainly held this belief. His "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature"—a book for which I entertain the most profound respect—is based on a belief that the God of Nature and the God of Grace are one; and that therefore, the God who satisfies our conscience ought more or less to satisfy our reason also. To teach

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that was Butler's mission, and he fulfilled it well. But it is a mission which has to be re-fulfilled again and again, as human thought changes and human science develops; for if in any age or country the God who seems to be revealed by Nature seems different from the God who is revealed by the then popular religion, then that God, and the religion which tells of that God, will gradually cease to be believed in.

For the demands of Reason (as none knew better than good Bishop Butler) must be and ought to be satisfied. And when a popular war arises between the reason of a generation and its theology, it behoves the ministers of religion to inquire, with all humility and godly fear, on which side lies the fault: whether the theology which they expound is all that it should be, or whether the reason of those who impugn it is all that it should be.

For me, as (I trust) an orthodox priest of the Church of England, I believe the theology of the National Church of England, as by law established, to be eminently rational as well as scriptural. It is not, therefore, surprising to me that the clergy of the Church of England, since the foundation of the Royal Society in the seventeenth century, have done more for sound physical science than the clergy of any other denomination; or that the three greatest natural theologians with which I, at least, am acquainted—Berkeley, Butler, and Paley—should have belonged to our Church. I am not unaware of what the Germans of the eighteenth century have done. I consider Goethe's claims to have advanced natural theology very much over-rated: but I do recommend to young clergymen Herder's "Outlines of the Philosophy of the History of Man" as a book (in spite of certain defects) full of sound and precious wisdom. But it seems to me that English natural theology in the eighteenth century stood more secure than that of any other nation, on the foundation which Berkeley, Butler, and Paley had laid; and that if our orthodox thinkers for the last hundred years had followed steadily in their steps, we should

not be deploring now a wide, and as some think increasing, divorce between Science and Christianity.

But it was not so to be. The impulse given by Wesley and Whitfield turned (and not before it was needed) the earnest minds of England almost exclusively to questions of personal religion; and that impulse, under many unexpected forms, has continued ever since. I only state the fact—I do not deplore it; God forbid! Wisdom is justified of all her children, and as, according to the wise American, "it takes all sorts to make a world," so it takes all sorts to make a living Church. But that the religious temper of England for the last two or three generations has been unfavourable to a sound and scientific development of natural theology, there can be no doubt.

We have only, if we need proof, to look at the hymns—many of them very pure, pious, and beautiful—which are used at this day in churches and chapels by persons of every shade of opinion. How often is the tone in which they speak of the natural world one of dissatisfaction, distrust, almost contempt. "Disease, decay, and death around I see," is their key-note, rather than "O all ye works of the Lord, bless Him, praise Him, and magnify Him together." There lingers about them a savour of the old monastic theory, that this earth is the devil's planet, fallen, accursed, goblin-haunted, needing to be exorcised at every turn before it is useful or even safe for man. An age which has adopted as its most popular hymn a paraphrase of the mediæval monk's "*Hic breve vivitur*," and in which stalwart public-school boys are bidden in their chapel worship to tell the Almighty God of Truth that they lie awake weeping at night for joy at the thought that they will die and see Jerusalem the Golden, is doubtless a pious and devout age: but not—at least as yet—an age in which natural theology is likely to attain a high, a healthy, or a scriptural development.

Not a scriptural development. Let me press on you, my clerical brethren, most earnestly this one point. It is time

that we should make up our minds what tone Scripture does take toward Nature, natural science, natural theology. Most of you, I doubt not, have made up your minds already, and in consequence have no fear of natural science, no fear for natural theology. But I cannot deny that I find still lingering here and there certain of the old views of nature of which I used to hear but too much here in London some five-and-thirty years ago—not from my own father, thank God! for he, to his honour, was one of those few London clergy who then faced and defended advanced physical science—but from others—better men too than I shall ever hope to be—who used to consider natural theology as useless, fallacious, impossible, on the ground that this Earth did not reveal the will and character of God, because it was cursed and fallen; and that its facts, in consequence, were not to be respected or relied on. This, I was told, was the doctrine of Scripture, and was therefore true. But when, longing to reconcile my conscience and my reason on a question so awful to a young student of natural science, I went to my Bible, what did I find? No word of all this. Much—thank God, I may say one continuous undercurrent—of the very opposite of all this. I pray you bear with me, even though I may seem impertinent. But what do we find in the Bible, with the exception of that first curse? That, remember, cannot mean any alteration in the laws of nature by which man's labour should only produce for him henceforth thorns and thistles. For, in the first place, any such curse is formally abrogated in the eighth chapter and 21st verse of the very same document—"I will not again curse the earth any more for man's sake. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease." And next, the fact is not so; for if you root up the thorns and thistles, and keep your land clean, then assuredly you will grow fruit-trees and not thorns, wheat and not thistles, according to those laws of Nature which are the voice of God expressed in facts.

And yet the words are true. There is a curse upon the earth, though not one which, by altering the laws of nature, has made natural facts untrustworthy. There is a curse on the earth; such a curse as is expressed, I believe, in the old Hebrew text, where the word "*adamah*" (correctly translated in our version "the ground") signifies, as I am told, not this planet, but simply the soil from whence we get our food; such a curse as certainly is expressed by the Septuagint and the Vulgate versions: "Cursed is the earth"—*ἐν τοῖς ἔργοις σου*; "in opere tuo," as the Vulgate has it—"in thy works." Man's work is too often the curse of the very planet which he misuses. None should know that better than the botanist, who sees whole regions desolate, and given up to sterility and literal thorns and thistles, on account of man's sin and folly, ignorance and greedy waste. Well said that veteran botanist, the venerable Elias Fries, of Lund:—

"A broad band of waste land follows gradually in the steps of cultivation. If it expands, its centre and its cradle dies, and on the outer borders only do we find green shoots. But it is not impossible, only difficult, for man, without renouncing the advantage of culture itself, one day to make reparation for the injury which he has inflicted: he is appointed lord of creation. True it is that thorns and thistles, ill-favoured and poisonous plants, well named by botanists rubbish plants, mark the track which man has proudly traversed through the earth. Before him lay original Nature in her wild but sublime beauty. Behind him he leaves the desert, a deformed and ruined land; for childish desire of destruction, or thoughtless squandering of vegetable treasures, has destroyed the character of nature; and, terrified, man himself flies from the arena of his actions, leaving the impoverished earth to barbarous races or to animals, so long as yet another spot in virgin beauty smiles before him. Here again, in selfish pursuit of profit, and consciously or unconsciously following the abominable principle of the great moral vileness

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which one man has expressed—'Après nous le Déluge,'—he begins anew the work of destruction. Thus did cultivation, driven out, leave the East, and perhaps the deserts formerly robbed of their coverings; like the wild hordes of old over beautiful Greece, thus rolls this conquest with fearful rapidity from East to West through America; and the planter now often leaves the already exhausted land, and the eastern climate, become infertile through the demolition of the forests, to introduce a similar revolution into the Far West."<sup>1</sup>

As we proceed, we find nothing in the general tone of Scripture which can hinder our natural theology being at once scriptural and scientific.

If it is to be scientific, it must begin by approaching Nature at once with a cheerful and reverent spirit, as a noble, healthy, and trustworthy thing: and what is that, save the spirit of those who wrote the 104th, 147th, and 148th Psalms—the spirit, too, of him who wrote that Song of the Three Children, which is, as it were, the flower and crown of the Old Testament, the summing up of all that is most true and eternal in the old Jewish faith; and which, as long as it is sung in our churches, is the charter and title-deed of all Christian students of those works of the Lord, which it calls on to bless Him, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever?

What next will be demanded of us by physical science? Belief, certainly, just now, in the permanence of natural laws. Why, that is taken for granted, I hold, throughout the Bible. I cannot see how our Lord's parables, drawn from the birds and the flowers, the seasons and the weather, have any logical weight, or can be considered as aught but capricious and fanciful illustrations—which God forbid—unless we look at them as instances of laws of the natural world, which find their analogues in the laws of the spiritual world, the kingdom of God. I cannot conceive a man's writing that 104th Psalm who had not the most deep, the most earnest sense of the per-

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from Schleiden's "The Plant, a Biography." Lecture XI. *in fine*.

manence of natural law. But more: the fact is expressly asserted again and again. "They continue this day according to Thine ordinance, for all things serve Thee." "Thou hast made them fast for ever and ever. Thou hast given them a law which shall not be broken——"

Let us pass on, gentlemen. There is no more to be said about this matter.

But next, it will be demanded of us that natural theology shall set forth a God whose character is consistent with all the facts of nature, and not only with those which are pleasant and beautiful. That challenge was accepted, and I think victoriously, by Bishop Butler, as far as the Christian religion is concerned. As far as the Scripture is concerned, we may answer thus.

It is said to us—I know that it is said—You tell us of a God of love, a God of flowers and sunshine, of singing birds and little children. But there are more facts in nature than these. There is premature death, pestilence, famine. And if you answer, Man has control over these; they are caused by man's ignorance and sin, and by his breaking of natural laws: what will you make of those destructive powers over which he has no control; of the hurricane and the earthquake; of poisons, vegetable and mineral; of those parasitic Entozoa whose awful abundance, and awful destructiveness in man and beast, science is just revealing—a new page of danger and loathsomeness? How does that suit your conception of a God of love?

We can answer—Whether or not it suits our conception of a God of love, it suits Scripture's conception of Him. For nothing is more clear—nay, is it not urged again and again, as a blot on Scripture?—that it reveals a God not merely of love, but of sternness—a God in whose eyes physical pain is not the worst of evils, nor animal life) too often miscalled human life) the most precious of objects—a God who destroys, when it seems fit to Him, and that wholesale, and seemingly without either pity or discrimination, man, woman and child, visiting the sins of the fathers on the children,

making the land empty and bare, and destroying from off it man and beast? This is the God of the Old Testament. And if any say (as is too often rashly said), This is not the God of the New: I answer, But have you read your New Testament? Have you read the latter chapters of St. Matthew? Have you read the opening of the Epistle to the Romans? Have you read the Book of Revelations? If so, will you say that the God of the New Testament is, compared with the God of the Old, less awful, less destructive, and therefore less like the Being—granting always that there is such a Being—who presides over Nature and her destructive powers? It is an awful problem. But the writers of the Bible have faced it valiantly. Physical science is facing it valiantly now. Therefore natural theology may face it likewise. Remember Carlyle's great words about poor Francesca in the *Inferno*: "Infinite pity: yet also infinite rigour of law. It is so Nature is made. It is so Dante discerned that she was made."

There are two other points on which I must beg leave to say a few words. Physical science will demand of our natural theologians that they should be aware of their importance, and let (as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say) their thoughts play freely round them. I mean questions of Embryology, and questions of Race.

On the first there may be much to be said, which is, for the present, best left unsaid, even here. I only ask you to recollect how often in Scripture those two plain old words, beget and bring forth, occur, and in what important passages. And I ask you to remember that marvellous essay on Natural Theology, if I may so call it in all reverence, the 139th Psalm; and judge for yourself whether he who wrote that did not consider the study of Embryology as important, as significant, as worthy of his deepest attention as an Owen, a Huxley, or a Darwin. Nay, I will go further still, and say, that in those great words—"Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in Thy book

all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them,"—in those words, I say, the Psalmist has anticipated that realistic view of embryological questions to which our most modern philosophers are, it seems to me, slowly, half unconsciously, but still inevitably, returning.

Next, as to Race. Some persons now have a nervous fear of that word, and of allowing any importance to difference of races. Some dislike it, because they think that it endangers the modern notions of democratic equality. Others because they fear that it may be proved that the negro is not a man and a brother. I think the fears of both parties groundless. As for the negro, I not only believe him to be of the same race as myself, but that—if Mr. Darwin's theories are true—science has proved that he must be such. I should have thought, as a humble student of such questions, that the one fact of the unique distribution of the hair in all races of human beings, was full moral proof that they had all had one common ancestor. But this is not matter of natural theology. What is matter thereof, is this.

Physical science is proving more and more the immense importance of Race; the importance of hereditary powers, hereditary organs, hereditary habits, in all organized beings, from the lowest plant to the highest animal. She is proving more and more the omnipresent action of the differences between races; how the more favoured race (she cannot avoid using the epithet) exterminates the less favoured, or at least expels it, and forces it, under penalty of death, to adapt itself to new circumstances; and, in a word, that competition between every race and every individual of that race, and reward according to deserts, is (as far as we can see) an universal law of living things. And she says—for the facts of history prove it—that as it is among the races of plants and animals, so it has been unto this day among the races of men.

The natural theology of the future must take count of these tremendous



and even painful facts: and she may take count of them. For Scripture has taken count of them already. It talks continually—it has been blamed for talking so much—of races, of families; of their wars, their struggles, their exterminations; of races favoured, of races rejected; of remnants being saved, to continue the race; of hereditary tendencies, hereditary excellencies, hereditary guilt. Its sense of the reality and importance of descent is so intense, that it speaks of a whole tribe or a whole family by the name of its common ancestor, and the whole nation of the Jews is Israel, to the end. And if I be told this is true of the Old Testament, but not of the New, I must answer, What? Does not St. Paul hold the identity of the whole Jewish race with Israel their forefather, as strongly as any prophet of the Old Testament? And what is the central historic fact, save One, of the New Testament, but the conquest of Jerusalem—the dispersion, all but destruction of a race, not by miracle, but by invasion, because found wanting when weighed in the stern balances of natural and social law?

Gentlemen, think of this. I only suggest the thought; but I do not suggest it in haste. Think over it—by the light which our Lord's parables, His analogies between the physical and social constitution of the world, afford—and consider whether those awful words, fulfilled then and fulfilled so often since—"The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits hereof"—may not be the supreme instance, the most complex development, of a law which runs through all created things, down to the moss which struggles for existence on the rock?

Do I say that this is all? That man is merely a part of Nature, the puppet of circumstances and hereditary tendencies? That brute competition is the one law of his life? That he is doomed for ever to be the slave of his own needs, enforced by an internecine struggle for existence? God forbid. I believe not only in Nature, but in Grace. I believe

that this is man's fate only as long as he sows to the flesh, and of the flesh reaps corruption. I believe that if he will

"strive upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die;"

if he will be even as wise as the social animals; as the ant and the bee, who have risen, if not to the virtue of all-embracing charity, at least to the virtues of self-sacrifice and patriotism,<sup>1</sup> then he will rise towards a higher sphere; toward that kingdom of God of which it is written, "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Whether that be matter of natural theology, I cannot tell as yet. But as for all the former questions—all that St. Paul means when he talks of the law, and how the works of the flesh bring men under the law, stern and terrible and destructive, though holy and just

<sup>1</sup> I am well aware what a serious question is opened up in these words. The fact that the great majority of workers among the social insects are barren females or nuns, devoting themselves to the care of other individuals' offspring, by an act of self-sacrifice, and that by means of that self-sacrifice these communities grow large and prosperous, ought to be well weighed just now; both by those who hold that morality has been evolved from perceptions of what was useful or pleasurable, and by those who hold as I do that morality is one, immutable and eternal. Those who take the former view (confounding, as Mr. Mivart well points out, "material" and "formal" morality) have no difficulty in tracing the germs of the highest human morality in animals; for self-interest is, in their eyes, the ultimate ground of morality, and the average animal is utterly selfish. But certain animals perform acts, as in the case of working bees and ants, and (as I hold) in the case of mothers working for and protecting their offspring, which at least seem formally moral; because they seem founded on self-sacrifice. I am well aware, I say again, of the very serious admissions which we clergymen should have to make, if we confessed that these acts really are that which they seem to be. But I do not see why we should not be as just to an ant as to a human being; I am ready, with Socrates, to follow the Logos whithersoever it leads; and I hope that Mr. Mivart will reconsider the two latter paragraphs of p. 196, and let his "thoughts play freely" round this curious subject. Perhaps, in so doing, he may lay his hand on an even sharper weapon than those which he has already used against the sensationalist theory of morals.

and good,—they are matter of natural theology ; and I believe that on them, as elsewhere, Scripture and science will be ultimately found to coincide.

But here we have to face an objection which you will often hear now from scientific men, and still oftener from non-scientific men ; who will say—It matters not to us whether Scripture contradicts or does not contradict a scientific natural theology ; for we hold such a science to be impossible and naught. The old Jews put a God into Nature, and therefore of course they could see, as you see, what they had already put there. But we see no God in Nature. We do not deny the existence of a God ; we merely say that scientific research does not reveal him to us. We see no marks of design in physical phenomena. What used to be considered as marks of design can be better explained by considering them as the results of evolution according to necessary laws ; and you and Scripture make a mere assumption when you ascribe them to the operation of a mind like the human mind.

Now, on this point I believe we may answer fearlessly—If you cannot see it we cannot help you. If the heavens do not declare to you the glory of God, nor the firmament show you His handy-work, then our poor arguments about them will not show it. “The eye can only see that which it brings with it the power of seeing.” We can only reassert that we see design everywhere, and that the vast majority of the human race in every age and clime has seen it. Analogy from experience, sound induction (as we hold) from the works not only of men but of animals, has made it an all but self-evident truth to us, that wherever there is arrangement, there must be an arranger ; wherever there is adaptation of means to an end, there must be an adapter ; wherever an organization, there must be an organizer. The existence of a designing God is no more demonstrable from Nature than the existence of other human beings independent of ourselves, or, indeed, the existence of our own bodies. But, like the belief in them, the belief in

Him has become an article of our common sense. And that this designing mind is, in some respects, similar to the human mind, is proved to us (as Sir John Herschel well puts it) by the mere fact that we can discover and comprehend the processes of Nature.

But here again, if we be contradicted, we can only reassert. If the old words, “He that made the eye, shall he not see ? he that planted the ear, shall he not hear ?” do not at once commend themselves to the intellect of any person, we shall never convince that person by any arguments drawn from the absurdity of conceiving the invention of optics by a blind race, or of music by a deaf one.

So we will assert our own old-fashioned notion boldly ; and more : we will say, in spite of ridicule, that if such a God exists, final causes must exist also. That the whole universe must be one chain of final causes. That if there be a Supreme Reason, he must have a reason, and that a good reason, for every physical phenomenon.

We will tell the modern scientific man—You are nervously afraid of the mention of final causes. You quote against them Bacon’s saying, that they are barren virgins ; that no physical fact was ever discovered or explained by them. You are right as far as regards yourselves ; you have no business with final causes, because final causes are moral causes, and you are physical students only. We, the natural theologians, have business with them. Your duty is to find out the *How* of things ; ours, to find out the *Why*. If you rejoin that we shall never find out the *Why*, unless we first learn something of the *How*, we shall not deny that. It may be most useful, I had almost said necessary, that the clergy should have some scientific training. It may be most useful, I sometimes dream of a day when it will be considered necessary, that every candidate for ordination should be required to have passed creditably in at least one branch of physical science, if it be only to teach him the method of sound scientific thought. But our having learnt the *How*, will not make it needless, much less impos-

sible, for us to study the Why. It will merely make more clear to us the things of which we have to study the Why ; and enable us to keep the How and the Why more religiously apart from each other.

But if it be said, After all, there is no Why : the doctrine of evolution, by doing away with the theory of creation, does away with that of final causes,—let us answer, boldly, Not in the least. We might accept all that Mr. Darwin, all that Professor Huxley, has so learnedly and so acutely written on physical science, and yet preserve our natural theology on exactly the same basis as that on which Butler and Paley left it. That we should have to develop it, I do not deny. That we should have to relinquish it, I do.

Let me press this thought earnestly on you. I know that many wiser and better men than I have fears on this point. I cannot share in them.

All, it seems to me, that the new doctrines of evolution demand is this. We all agree, for the fact is patent, that our own bodies, and indeed the body of every living creature, are evolved from a seemingly simple germ by natural laws, without visible action of any designing will or mind, into the full organization of a human or other creature. Yet we do not say, on that account—God did not create me : I only grew. We hold in this case to our old idea, and say—If there be evolution, there must be an evolver. Now the new physical theories only ask us, it seems to me, to extend this conception to the whole universe : to believe that not individuals merely, but whole varieties and races, the total organized life on this planet, and it may be the total organization of the universe, have been evolved just as our bodies are, by natural laws acting through circumstance. This may be true, or may be false. But all its truth can do to the natural theologian will be to make him believe that the Creator bears the same relation to the whole universe as that Creator undeniably bears to every individual human body.

I entreat you to weigh these words,

which have not been written in haste ; and I entreat you also, if you wish to see how little the new theory, that species may have been gradually created by variation, natural selection, and so forth, interferes with the old theory of design, contrivance, and adaptation, nay, with the fullest admission of benevolent final causes—I entreat you, I say, to study Darwin's "Fertilization of Orchids"—a book which (whether his main theory be true or not) will still remain a most valuable addition to natural theology.

For suppose, gentlemen, that all the species of Orchids, and not only they, but their congeners—the Gingers, the Arrowroots, the Bananas—are all the descendants of one original form, which was most probably nearly allied to the Snowdrop and the Iris. What then ? Would that be one whit more wonderful, more unworthy of the wisdom and power of God, than if they were, as most believe, created each and all at once, with their minute and often imaginary shades of difference ? What would the natural theologian have to say, were the first theory true, save that God's works are even more wonderful than he always believed them to be ? As for the theory being impossible : we must leave the discussion of that to physical students. It is not for us clergymen to limit the power of God. "Is anything too hard for the Lord ?" asked the prophet of old : and we have a right to ask it as long as time shall last. If it be said that natural selection is too simple a cause to produce such fantastic variety : that, again, is a question to be settled exclusively by physical students. All we have to say on the matter is, that we always knew that God works by very simple, or seemingly simple, means ; that the whole universe, as far as we could discern it, was one concatenation of the most simple means ; that it was wonderful, yea, miraculous, in our eyes, that a child should resemble its parents, that the raindrops should make the grass grow, that the grass should become flesh, and the flesh sustenance for the thinking brain of man. Ought God to seem less

or more august in our eyes, when we are told that His means are even more simple than we supposed? We held him to be Almighty and Allwise. Are we to reverence Him less or more, if we hear that His might is greater, His wisdom deeper, than we ever dreamed? We believed that His care was over all His works; that His Providence watched perpetually over the whole universe. We were taught—some of us at least—by Holy Scripture, to believe that the whole history of the universe was made up of special Providences. If, then, that should be true which Mr. Darwin writes—“It may be metaphorically said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinizing throughout the world, every variation, even the slightest; rejecting that which is bad, preserving and adding up that which is good, silently and incessantly working whenever and wherever opportunity offers at the improvement of every organic being,”—if that, I say, were proven to be true, ought God’s care and God’s providence to seem less or more magnificent in our eyes? Of old it was said by Him without whom nothing is made, “My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.” Shall we quarrel with Science if she should show how those words are true? What, in one word, should we have to say but this?—We knew of old that God was so wise that He could make all things: but behold, He is so much wiser than even that, that He can make all things make themselves.

But it may be said—These notions are contrary to Scripture. I must beg very humbly, but very firmly, to demur to that opinion. Scripture says that God created. But it nowhere defines that term. The means, the How of Creation, is nowhere specified. Scripture, again, says that organized beings were produced each according to their kind. But it nowhere defines that term. What a kind includes, whether it includes or not the capacity of varying (which is just the question in point), is nowhere specified. And I think it a most important rule in scriptural exegesis, to be most cautious as to

limiting the meaning of any term which Scripture itself has not limited, lest we find ourselves putting into the teaching of Scripture our own human theories or prejudices. And consider, Is not man a kind? And has not mankind varied, physically, intellectually, spiritually? Is not the Bible, from beginning to end, a history of the variations of mankind, for worse or for better, from their original type?

Let us rather look with calmness, and even with hope and goodwill, on these new theories; for, correct or incorrect, they surely mark a tendency toward a more, not a less, scriptural view of Nature. Are they not attempts, whether successful or unsuccessful, to escape from that shallow mechanical notion of the universe and its Creator which was too much in vogue in the eighteenth century among divines as well as philosophers; the theory which Goethe (to do him justice), and after him Mr. Thomas Carlyle, have treated with such noble scorn; the theory, I mean, that God has wound up the universe like a clock, and left it to tick by itself till it runs down, never troubling Himself with it, save possibly—for even that was only half believed—by rare miraculous interferences with the laws which He Himself had made? Out of that chilling dream of a dead universe ungoverned by an absent God, the human mind, in Germany especially, tried during the early part of this century to escape by strange roads; roads by which there was no escape, because they were not laid down on the firm ground of scientific facts. Then, in despair, men turned to the facts which they had neglected, and said, We are weary of philosophy: we will study you, and you alone. As for God, who can find Him? And they have worked at the facts like gallant and honest men; and their work, like all good work, has produced, in the last fifty years, results more enormous than they even dreamed. But what are they finding, more and more, below their facts, below all phenomena which the scalpel and the microscope can show? A something nameless, invisible, imponderable, yet seemingly omnipre-

sent and omnipotent, retreating before them deeper and deeper, the deeper they delve: namely, the life which shapes and makes—that which the old-school men called “*forma formativa*,” which they call vital force and what not—metaphors all, or rather counters to mark an unknown quantity, as if they should call it *x* or *y*. One says—It is all vibrations; but his reason, unsatisfied, asks—And what makes the vibrations vibrate? Another—It is all physiological units; but his reason asks, What is the “*physis*,” the nature and “*innate tendency*” of the units? A third—It may be all caused by infinitely numerous “*gemmules*,” but his reason asks him, What puts infinite order into these gemmules, instead of infinite anarchy? I mention these theories not to laugh at them. No man has a deeper respect for those who have put them forth. Nor would it interfere with my theological creed, if any or all of them were proven to be true to-morrow. I mention them only to show that beneath all these theories—true or false—still lies the unknown *x*. Scientific men are becoming more and more aware of it; I had almost said, ready to worship it. More and more the noblest-minded of them are engrossed by the mystery of that unknown and truly miraculous element in Nature, which is always escaping them, though they cannot escape it. How should they escape it? Was it not written of old—“Whither shall I go from Thy presence, or whither shall I flee from Thy spirit?”

Ah that we clergy would summon up courage to tell them that! Courage to tell them—what need not hamper for a moment the freedom of their investigations, what will add to them a sanction, I may say a sanctity—that the unknown *x* which lies below all phenomena, which is for ever at work on all phenomena, on the whole and on every part of the whole, down to the colouring of every leaf and the curdling of every cell of protoplasm, is none other than that which the old Hebrews called—(by a metaphor, no doubt—for how can man speak of the unseen, save in meta-

phors drawn from the seen?—but by the only metaphor adequate to express the perpetual and omnipresent miracle)—The Breath of God; The Spirit who is The Lord and Giver of Life.

In the rest, gentlemen, let us think, and let us observe. For if we are ignorant, not merely of the results of experimental science, but of the methods thereof, then we and the men of science shall have no common ground whereon to stretch out kindly hands to each other.

But let us have patience and faith; and not suppose in haste, that when those hands are stretched out it will be needful for us to leave our standing-ground, or to cast ourselves down from the pinnacle of the temple to earn popularity; above all, from earnest students who are too high-minded to care for popularity themselves.

True, if we have an intelligent belief in those Creeds and those Scriptures which are committed to our keeping, then our philosophy cannot be that which is just now in vogue. But all we have to do, I believe, is to wait. Nominalism, and that “*Sensationalism*” which has sprung from nominalism, are running fast to seed; Comtism seems to me its supreme effort: after which the whirligig of Time may bring round its revenges; and Realism, and we who hold the Realist creeds, may have our turn. Only wait. When a grave, able, and authoritative philosopher explains a mother’s love of her newborn babe, as Professor Bain has done, in a really eloquent passage of his book on the “*Emotions and the Will*,”<sup>1</sup> then the end of that philosophy is very near: and an older, simpler, more human, and, as I hold, more philosophic explanation of that natural phenomenon, and of all others, may get a hearing.

Only wait: and fret not yourselves, else shall you be moved to do evil. Remember the saying of the wise man—“Go not after the world. She turns on her axis; and if thou stand still long enough, she will turn round to thee.”

<sup>1</sup> Second edition, pp. 78, 79.

## P A T T Y.

## CHAPTER XI.

## PLEADING.

MR. BRIGHT'S impatience had become unbearable during his two days' absence from home ; and on Monday morning he drove towards Ashton in a state of mind hard to describe, it was so full of contradiction.

He was curious to see his cousin's friend, and he must of course seek him out ; but Will felt unwilling to make Mr. Whitmore's acquaintance.

He longed to see Nuna ; but in spite of his impatience he could not decide whether he should at once pour out his love to her, or wait until this dangerous rival was safely off the ground.

Will knew that he was inferior to Nuna ; but he felt such reliance on the strength of his love, that it seemed to him she must in the end yield to its influence.

"Nuna will love with all her heart," he thought. "I shall never forget her when her sister died ; why, she has never got back her spirits since."

There was a short way to Ashton across the common in front of Roger Westropp's cottage, and on through Carving's Wood Lane, but it was a way not often taken because of the sharp pitch in the lane above.

The shortest way suited best with Will's mood ; and he drove across the common and into the road which led across it from the lane.

He thought he saw figures in front of Roger Westropp's cottage ; but the black horse knew his road, and went at such a pace that in a moment the scene was clear to Will.

Patty Westropp stood just within the cottage-porch, and bending over her, with his arm clasped round her, was a gentleman, a stranger to Will,

and yet, he felt certain, the very person he had come in search of.

Men who are their own masters early are apt to be either very rigid or very lax in their notions of propriety. Will had prided himself on the example he set to his tenants and farm-labourers. He would as soon have thought of joking with Patty as with one of his mother's maid-servants. This sight was too much for him ; he sat stupified, and before he had recovered from the shock of his surprise, the black horse had carried him on past the angle of the lane to the chequered rise above.

"How utterly disgraceful !" he exclaimed. "A steady, respectable girl ; a pet of Nuna's too."

And then he remembered that this daring transgressor of rural proprieties had doubtless spent yesterday at the Rectory ; had talked to Nuna herself. There was profanation in the thought !

He drove rapidly on. The lane had never seemed so long before. He drew up at last at "The Bladebone."

"I may be mistaken after all," he thought ; "there may be another stranger in Ashton. I may find Mr. Whitmore waiting for me here."

Dennis and his wife appeared at the door together.

Will had a high opinion of the landlady ; and she approved of him in some ways, though, as Dennis said, "If an angel was to come into Ashton, wings and all, Kitty would be safe to find goose-feathers in 'em."

And on one or two occasions Mrs. Fagg had pronounced Mr. Bright "a pragmatical prig, only fit to live in a teacup."

Will nodded to the pair as they greeted his approach.

"Is Mr. Whitmore in ?"

Dennis opened his eyes and mouth ; but his wife answered before he could get a word out :

"That's our lodger"—this to Dennis in a quick aside; then louder, "Mr. Whitmore's out, sir—been out some hours."

"Ah! I wonder if I met him; a tall, dark man, in a grey suit, with a felt hat of the same colour?"

Mrs. Fagg nodded.

"That's him, sir; he's a gentleman you couldn't easily mistake. Why, I believe he's taller than you, sir; looks so perhaps, because he's not so wide-chested. Will you leave any message, sir?"

Will hesitated. After all, what business was it of his? The man might not be a gentleman spite of his looks, and Patty might be the sort of girl likely to attract him.

"I'll leave the trap here, Dennis, and go on to the Rectory; perhaps Mr. Whitmore will be in by the time I come back."

A sense of relief had come with his last reflections. He went on fast to the Rectory. A servant was coming downstairs.

"The Rector's engaged, sir, in his study; will you walk this way?" She threw open the dining-room door, and there sat Nuna drawing.

Will saw that she blushed, and that there was an unusual flutter about her as he came in; both these signs gave him hope.

"I'm sorry you can't see Papa," she said; "I'm afraid he will be busy all the morning. Some business of old Roger's is worrying him to-day."

Will did not answer; he was thinking how to begin on his own business. If Nuna had continued to blush it would have been easy, but she was unconscious and natural again.

"When is Mrs. Bright coming to see me, Will? I want her for a whole long day. You must tell her my Spanish hens thrive famously, and I have two of the dearest little kittens."

"I thought you disliked cats?"

"Ah, but not kittens, they are such graceful little pets; and, Will, I don't believe there ever were such pretty ones as these. Your friend, yesterday, was delighted with them."

It seemed to Will that Nuna was

blushing again. He thought of the scene in the cottage-porch, and a sudden most unwarrantable fit of wrath took possession of him.

"My friend?" He reddened, but Nuna was not looking at him. "I suppose you mean Mr. Whitmore; he's no friend of mine; he's a stranger sent down here by my cousin Stephen. It was very kind of your father to invite him, but I wish Stephen would not put me in such a position."

Nuna did look at him now, and she laughed at the vexation on his honest face. No use for Will Bright to try concealment, his feelings were as legible as if he had printed them.

"What do you mean, Will? Why, Papa said this morning that he quite envied you the privilege of Mr. Whitmore's society. You can't think how delightful he is."

"Delightful is he?" Will spoke very much like an angry schoolboy. "Pray what is there so delightful in him? I don't think him particularly handsome, I can tell you."

"Handsome! you silly old Will; why, he's much better than handsome, he's distinguished-looking; and besides, he looks like a genius."

If he had been less angry, Will might have noticed that Nuna had gone back to the old terms of their friendship. She spoke far more intimately than she ever had done since Mary's death.

"Genius! what's that? Something that's as poor as a rat, and not quite respectable; that's my experience of a genius, Nuna. In London poor Stephen is thought a genius among his own set. Genius! If you had wanted to set me quite against this Mr. Whitmore, you could not have chosen a better word."

Nuna drew her chair up to the table, took her crayon, and went on with her drawing.

"Poor Will! how boorish he is! how different to Mr. Whitmore!" But though she thought Mr. Bright rude, she was too easy-tempered to be vexed. "How can he know better, poor fellow?" she thought. "I believe he's always about his farm talking to his men; association

must tell upon all of us." A sentiment sadly at variance with the democratic notions with which Miss Beaufort occasionally shocked her father's prejudices.

She looked so pretty, bending gracefully over her drawing, with a bright earnestness in her eyes. Will could have gone down on his knees and worshipped her. He was heartily ashamed of himself already; and yet, as his mind was only half relieved of its burden, he could not feel at ease.

He drew his chair nearer.

"Don't be angry with me; you know what a rough fellow I am, you do, don't you, Nuna?"

He bent his head forward till it nearly touched hers.

Nuna was so used to blame, that it seemed too much for any one to ask pardon of her. Will's humility touched her warm, sensitive nature, and brought tears to her eyes.

She put her hand frankly into his huge grasp, and smiled—it seemed to Will with such heavenly sweetness, that if he had not just offended he must have taken her to his heart at once, she looked such a darling.

"Ah, Will! But indeed I'm sure you will like Mr. Whitmore; he has been in Italy, and in so many other countries, and he has read and observed so much, it makes one feel horribly ignorant to listen to him."

"Really! I don't find any pleasure in being made to feel horribly ignorant."

Nuna looked up thoughtfully. Hitherto with Will she had been conscious of his goodness and his kind friendliness. Her father called him clever, and she had taken him on trust. Nuna thought men must be more clever than women, unless they were like Dennis Fagg, and even he was a great politician; but something in Will's last sentence put her wandering thoughts into a more concrete form than usual.

"Don't you really?" she said at last. "But then, unless one feels one's ignorance, one would rest content in it. Don't you think when one sees a remarkable person, such a person as—Mr. Whitmore for instance, it acts like

a spur, and rouses one for weeks afterwards? Why, I have worked just double to-day at my drawing. He knows the original of this old cast, and his talk about it has thrown such an interest into the subject."

Will sat gnashing his teeth in silent anger.

"He," "his," he said to himself, but he sat dumb.

Nuna went on with her drawing.

"I'm afraid I could never agree with you about him," Will said at last; he tried to speak calmly: "what you say would give me the idea of a highly-refined man, and Mr. Whitmore is not that by any means."

A flush came in Nuna's face, not at his manner this time, but at his words.

"How can you say that? Just now you told me you knew nothing about Mr. Whitmore."

Will hesitated. He could not tell Nuna what he had seen, and yet he must warn her against her exaggerated notions.

"I have not spoken to Mr. Whitmore, but from what I know about him I'm quite sure, Nuna, he is not a fit companion for you."

Nuna's eyes sparkled; she flushed crimson, and sat very upright.

"I don't understand you. Papa is the best judge of that, I think. I will go and find out how soon he will be at liberty to see you."

It was so new to see Nuna downright angry, that her lover sat confounded; he did not know what to do or say. But by the time she reached the door, passion had overcome fear, and he was beside her, grasping her arm.

"Nuna, darling, don't go away, don't be angry, there's a sweet darling. I've been vexing you with a heap of folly and nonsense all this time, just because I couldn't get the words out I came to say; but you'll forgive me, darling, won't you? Don't be angry with me, you sweet, gentle girl. Say you're not angry, Nuna."

He put his strong arm round her as he ended, and drew her close to him.

Nuna freed herself as soon as she could; then she drew a deep breath.



"O Will, how could you? You frightened me."

It was a very unsatisfactory speech, but there was no rejection in it; and when once Will had put his hand to anything, he was not likely to turn back.

"I beg your pardon; I'm so rough, such a vehement fellow; you knew that, darling, in the old days; but you'll forgive me, won't you?" He took her hand, but she tried to pull it away. "Why, Nuna, you're not really angry?"

The door opened, and Jane appeared.

"The dressmaker, if you please, Miss. She's in the spare room."

Nuna was hurrying after Jane, but Will stepped before her; he shut the door and set his back against it.

"Wait just a minute, won't you? You shan't go like this," he said, passionately. "I love you, Nuna! I have loved you all my life; give me a little hope, Nuna! I know I've blundered this morning, but—" he stopped and looked at her pale, wondering face. "Nuna, darling, look at me out of your dear eyes just one minute. Try and see if you can't feel what I'm feeling; I'm almost mad now." His voice got hoarse and choked as he went on. "I'll be worse if you tell me there's no chance. For God's sake don't tell me so; tell me to wait. I'll wait any time you like. Stop, Nuna," for she again shook her head sadly, "think how I've been hoping on for years; think how long I've loved you! Tell me, was there a chance for me before this cursed meddling Londoner came?" He spoke sternly, and anger flashed in Nuna's eyes. "There, I've ruined myself now, I see. O Nuna, Nuna! will you go away like this from me, when I love you as I do?"

The anger in her face softened.

"I don't know what to say to you. O Will, why have you done this? Why don't you go on being friends, as we used to be? You have made it all so uncomfortable."

"We can never again be as we used to be," he said, sadly. "You don't know what love means, Nuna; you don't un-

derstand your own feelings yet; if they are free, you must in the end feel some love for me." She looked impatiently at the door. The unquiet tumult he had raised deadened her pity for him. "Yes, you shall go," he said, bitterly; "I see I only torment and vex you; you can't bear the sight of me."

He had his hand on the door ready to open it; but Nuna melted. There was nothing hard in her at this epoch of her life. She held out her hand to Will.

"Do let us be friends," she said gently; "I believe I have not behaved as you had a right to expect. I mean," she spoke quickly, to check the hope she saw rising in his face, "I ought to have thanked you for what you told me; and indeed I am grateful to you, and I'm sorry too. You do forgive me, don't you?" She held out her hand.

Will clasped it close, and then kissed it so passionately that Nuna drew it away, frightened out of all her sympathy by the vehement behaviour of her lover.

She ran upstairs, and hurried along the gallery to her own room; but when she reached it, she remembered Miss Coppock.

"I suppose I must not keep her waiting," she said, dolefully. She did so long to be alone. She was afraid of herself, and of this new trouble that was tugging at her heart as if it never meant to let rest come there again.

"If I had stayed with Will, would he have persuaded me to say I loved him?" she stood thinking. "Oh, no, that masterful way of Will's is just what gives me courage. I don't think I would be driven to do anything, even if I liked it, and——" She broke off here, and again remembered Miss Coppock.

## CHAPTER XII.

### FROM THE GRAVE.

THE first thought that came to Patty when she waked was that she had forgotten the Rector's message.

Roger looked confounded when he heard it.

"It's always so," he said to himself; "so sure as a bone falls to one's share, so sure some hungry dog snaps it up and runs off with it. Now here'll be my brother Watty turning up again, a beggar, or worse, and I'll be called on to set him straight. I won't," he said, doggedly; "let him stay in Australia and do the best he can. Grandmother Wood left the money to the child, not to me. I disapproved of that, but now I see a use in it; it's not mine to spend."

Patty was milking her cows, and Roger knew there was no use in presenting himself in the Rector's study before nine o'clock. It was fretful work meantime with him; it did seem hard that after so much toiling and mowing, and never taking so much as a day's pleasure out of his earnings, he should be called on to part with them for one who had never toiled, except to please himself.

His younger brother Walter had been a wild, careless youth, left dependent on Roger; and folks had said that if Walter Westropp had met with less harsh and niggardly treatment in boyhood he might not have been thrown among the associates who led him astray. Walter got into mischief, and to save exposure, Roger paid his brother's passage out to Australia; once since, at the urgent entreaty of his wife, he had sent a few pounds to the young prodigal, when Watty had represented himself as sorely in need of help. This was all that had passed between the brothers, but till she died Mrs. Westropp kept up a correspondence with her young brother-in-law, and Patty had cherished visions of the return of this long lost uncle with a nugget of Australian gold. Roger knew better than that, or thought he did. Watty was a scamp and a disgrace, and would never be anything else—this was Roger's version of his family history.

Patty told her father how the Rector had answered her question as to whether the news came from Australia, and it seemed to Roger conclusive that the tidings did concern Watty, but that he was in England.

He pushed his breakfast away; anxiety

was the only food he could digest this morning. Till it was time to begin work at the Rectory, Roger worked in his own garden, but this morning he sat indoors thinking. He struck his hand hard on the table as he rose up from it.

"Watty shall go to the Union. Patty's idle enough as it is; she'd be ruined with the pattern of a loafing vagabond like he about the place."

But anxious as he was, having once gone to the Rectory kitchen and reported himself returned, he stuck doggedly to his work, and went on mowing the lawn, without any further attempt to seek an interview with his master.

The summons to the study came at last. When Roger opened the door he found the Rector looking much puzzled and perplexed; Mr. Beaufort had passed his delicate hand through his hair till it stood nearly on end, and the corners of his mouth were drawn down in a way ludicrous to behold; and yet Roger, who was a close observer, saw that his master's perturbation was not trouble but mere flutter—there was decided gratification in it.

"Good morning, Roger," said the Rector, in the old schoolmaster style. "I have a very important communication to make to you, and that is why I sent for you; in fact, Roger, you had better sit down while I read you this letter. Or stay, had I better read it? Shall I try and explain it instead, though I don't quite understand it myself? You see it's entirely business."

"Read it, sir, if ye please, if ye leave the choice to me." Roger looked suspicious; he thought himself quite a match for the Rector in a matter of business.

But as Mr. Beaufort read, the old man found it no easy matter to follow him. The letter was from a lawyer in Sydney, and there was much technical language in it. Three facts, however, stood out clearly. Watty was dead; Watty had died rich; and Watty had made Martha Westropp his heiress.

Mr. Beaufort read the letter through in his most magisterial manner, even to the signature, and then glanced at Roger with eager curiosity.

But Roger looked as unmoved as the bookcase behind him.

"I must congratulate you—at least, no, I believe I should condole with you on the loss of your brother in the first place," here the Rector hesitated. "There is a letter from him too; it is addressed to the lawyer, but it is plainly meant for you."

No muscle of Roger's face stirred, but he stretched his hand out suddenly for the letter.

"I'll give it you," Mr. Beaufort said; "but I want first to ask how this is to be communicated to Patty?"

"She need know nothing, sir, till she come of age." Roger spoke sharply.

Mr. Beaufort waved his white hand. "Stop a minute; you cannot keep it from her. The tidings are not sent to you, Roger, at all; they are sent to me in trust for Patty. I communicate them to you first because I think a parent should always be taken into confidence first about anything affecting the happiness of his child; but so far as I can make out, Patty will have something like £50,000." Roger started, and his lower jaw drooped. "Now you are too sensible not to see that such a property as this must alter her whole manner of life; and the first thing to be thought of is to give her a good education, and such a bringing up as may enable her to fill the new place in life which she is called to occupy; she is quite young enough to avail herself of these benefits, and quite old enough to understand that she is called to new duties."

The firm set face twitched restlessly. Roger had not gathered in anything like this from the letter he had heard read.

"Fifty thousand pounds did ye say, sir? Watty must ha' hoarded rarely!" His face twitched rapidly; he felt more sympathy for his brother than he had ever felt before.

"Yes, that is about the amount of the property. You see I have several letters here, which you can look through at your leisure, and these will put you in possession of the way in which the money is at present invested; but I don't think your brother hoarded." Mr. Beaufort could not keep back a smile.

"You told me, if you remember, that he went to some gold-diggings and was thoroughly unsuccessful; it appears that a more successful finder than himself took a fancy to your brother, and after this they went about the country together. This man bought a small property, fell ill soon after and died, leaving the ground to his companion, and in this very ground the gold was afterwards discovered which founded Watty's fortunes."

"And do you mean to say, sir," Roger's eyes gleamed with repressed excitement, "that my brother Watty dug £50,000 in gold out o' the inside o' the earth?"

Roger's bony hand clenched nervously; he longed for a spade in it, and to be at that moment treasure-seeking on his own account.

"I don't mean that altogether, though I can well believe such things have happened; but Watty seems to have been a prudent, practical man; he turned this discovery to good account, and then placed the money he so gained in the hands of one of the first merchants in Sydney, and the result proves you see, Roger, that money makes money more by using than by hoarding it."

"Do you mean to tell me that Watty didn't know how to spend his riches when he got 'em?" said Roger, roughly.

"He seems to have gone on living quietly on a small farm, and he died unmarried some few months ago."

"He was ready enough to tell of his mischances," said Roger, bitterly; "he couldn't let us know of his well-doing."

"Well, that is past and gone. Now perhaps you would like to read his letter; and I think, if you agree to it, that we will go down to the cottage, and we can tell Patty the news between us."

Roger made no answer; he saw that the Rector would tell the girl with his consent or without it, but he was thoroughly unconvinced.

Education! Why, that meant a boarding-school; and that would spend ever so much of the money to begin with, and would also teach Patty ways and means of spending more of it.

To Roger, money was a precious thing

in itself. He shut his eyes to the future; it seemed to him that Patty did well enough in her cotton gowns. She could read and write; what more learning did she want? A vision of investing some of the money in the purchase of live stock, so that he might give up service and reap his own reward from the experience he had acquired, came into his mind; but if Patty were to be made a fine lady, he should have the waste and expense of keeping a dairy-woman, and all sorts of other expenses would come. But these were scarcely thoughts, rather an indistinct haze, which occupied him till the Rector went out of the study to prepare for his walk.

Mr. Beaufort had placed Watty's letter on the table beside Roger, but his eagerness to read it had subsided. A superstitious dread crept over the hard man as he looked at this message from the grave.

A thought like this came to help him: "I always did my dooty by him. Maybe, if I'd been more yielding, he'd ha' been softer still than what he was; maybe it was my keeping him strict as gave him the backbone to do so much."

But against this reasoning two faces rose in mute appeal. Watty's face, with bright eyes and curly hair, and the face of his own wife—the quiet, subdued woman she had died, not the merry-hearted, prattling maiden he had wooed and married. The quiet force of Roger's strong reserved nature had moulded his wife into shape much sooner than seemed likely to be the case with her daughter.

"Martha always said there were good in the lad, so she were right after all," he said in a softened voice.

It was easier to take up the letter now. He opened it, and flattened it on the table with his hand. The beginning was brief and formal, chiefly relating to business matters, but at the end was this paragraph:—

"My brother Roger will likely ask why I leave the money to his child Martha instead of him? You can tell him this at the time you tell him the news: first and foremost, because she's  
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the child of Martha, who never gave me an unkind word; and next, because she's *his* daughter, and I won't, if I can help it, give him the chance of turning her to the bad as he turned me. Tell him, that if I'd felt I had a friend to go to instead of a hard judge, I would never have gone astray, never have done what has made me always ashamed to hold up my head among other men. I don't harbour malice against Roger, you may say that much, but I do feel glad and happy that I've taken it out of his power to make that girl's life wretched by his miserly harshness. May the money do her more good than it's done me, but I'm not sure;—perhaps I'd have been wiser if I'd builded a church or a hospital."

"Miserly harshness!" Had not Patty said almost the same words? Roger's face worked convulsively; but Mr. Beaufort opened the door, and in an instant he looked as usual.

He got up and followed the Rector. His face looked greyer, older, and there was a strange contraction in his eyes. He folded the letter and put it in its cover, then went forward and opened the gate for Mr. Beaufort.

"Here's the letter, sir," he said.

"You have more right to it than I." The Rector spoke kindly, but he did not look at Roger. He understood the man's proud nature too well to hint his motive; but it seemed to him that some day or other, if not to-day, the truth so plainly stated might make itself heard, and work on the hard sordid heart as his own preaching had failed to work.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

PATTY listened in perfect silence while the Rector announced his golden tidings, and then she glanced up like a shy kitten, at her father and at Mr. Beaufort.

The Rector got up and held out his hand to her. "I congratulate you sincerely, Martha; and if I or Miss Beaufort can be of any service to you in the way

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of advice as to your future proceedings, as I believe we can be, we shall be glad to help you."

"Thank you, sir;" Patty curtsied at the end of this speech, but the mention of Nuna had quieted the flutter of her excitement.

"You must have good teaching, and so on, you know. Come up to the Rectory when you have had time to think it over and ask for Miss Nuna; she can tell you a good deal about suitable teachers, masters, and so forth. Now I dare say you and Roger would like to talk it over alone."

And the Rector went away. He had not been so happy for a long while. Doubtless he enjoyed the part assigned to himself in the little drama; but allowing thus much for human infirmity, there was genuine kindness in his heart, in spite of the overlay of self. Selfishness had never made him stingy. It might have been better for Nuna's future if her father had been less open-handed; but Roger's parsimony had always pained his master, and more than once he had dreaded its effect on Patty since her return from Guildford.

"Next to some one leaving a fortune to Nuna, it does me good to think of that poor little girl being released from her hard, dull life. And yet, unless she falls into very good hands, this change of estate may prove a trial; in fact, it is an awful temptation. Yes, we must look very closely after Patty."

But he had no time to pursue this thought. Will Bright was driving uphill as fast as the black horse would take him; he drew up when he saw Mr. Beaufort.

"Where is your friend, Will? I thought you were to take him out to Gray's with you."

"My friend," Will's emphasis on the word was not friendly, "prefers 'The Bladebone' to Gray's Farm. Ashton is plainly too attractive for him just at present."

The Rector was so full of Patty's fortune, that he failed to notice the irony in Will's voice.

"I'm sorry," he said; "you and Mrs. Bright would have found him a pleasant inmate, I fancy. But, Will, I want to

talk to you about that bit of waste land below my first meadow. Cannot you come back and have luncheon? Nuna will be glad to see you."

"Thank you; no." Will Bright gathered up the reins in his hand ready for a start. "I have seen Nuna this morning."

The tone woke up Mr. Beaufort; he looked at the young man. "What's the matter, Will? I'm sure there's something amiss."

"I've been a fool, that's all," the young fellow said. He turned his head away; he longed to drive on, but the Rector was standing too close.

The gladness that had been making sunshine in Mr. Beaufort's heart clouded over with foreboding.

"Have you and Nuna quarrelled?" he said in a fretful voice.

Will turned round and faced him. "Quarrelled is not the word, and no one is to blame but me. I was hasty, and you can guess what I mean," he said impatiently. "You advised me not to be in a hurry yourself."

"Ah," said the Rector. He drew back out of the way; it seemed to him there was nothing to be said.

"Poor Will!" Mr. Beaufort watched the young farmer driving rapidly away. "I'm afraid he's a blundering fellow, after all. Can't he see that Nuna is only a child, without a notion of love in her head? And I'll venture to say he asked her to be his wife without any preface or courtesy. That roughness comes of the mixture of blood; those Brights have intermarried with yeoman families more than once. Will wants breeding, fine fellow as he is. And yet I really don't see how Nuna could do better than marry Will. I suppose I must say something to her. Dear me, it is very awkward—very awkward and troublesome. I feel quite worried. I made up my mind yesterday not to find fault any more till Elizabeth comes. Well, why can't Elizabeth settle this?"

He had reached the Rectory gate; some one was coming down the gravelled drive as he went in.

"Good morning, Miss Coppock." Mr. Beaufort raised his hat with ceremonious

politeness, and the dressmaker returned his greeting reverently.

"What a very remarkable face that woman has!" he thought to himself as he passed on. "I can't fancy she has always been a dressmaker."

Miss Coppock was tall and slender; her grey hair looked almost white against her mourning bonnet. If her features had been less sharp, and her complexion less sallow, she might have been handsome; there was depth of colour yet in her sunken black eyes; but the regular aquiline profile was painfully hard in outline, and the jawbone too prominent and marked, now that roundness had left the face. Still there was a purpose in her expression, wholly alien from the study of how best to foster the frivolous vanity of womankind.

"Mary never liked that woman," mused the Rector; "but then dear Mary had a few prejudices. I am not sure that she really liked Elizabeth, though she agreed to trust Nuna with her. Dear me!" he gave a sudden start; "why, Elizabeth will be here to-morrow, and I have not told Nuna she's coming." He hurried indoors.

Miss Beaufort was not in any of the downstairs rooms, so he sent Jane to look for her.

Even if he had not met Will, the Rector must have seen that something unusual had happened, Nuna looked so shy and conscious.

Mr. Beaufort usually kept to his resolutions so long as there was no way of acting on them. He forgot them now.

"I have just met Will, and I find you have been quarrelling." Nuna grew red.

"I am very sorry, but I don't want Will to come here again for a long time."

Her father stroked her hair with unusual graciousness. Fathers seem often to take a secret pleasure in the rejection of their daughters' suitors.

"Nonsense," he laughed; "I expect Will blundered, and you are too young to know your own mind, child. Oh, by the bye, Nuna, Elizabeth Matthews

has written to say that she can come and stay with us; she is coming to-morrow, so will you have a room got ready?"

Downright alarm sprang into Nuna's eyes.

"To-morrow! O father, are you sure? Is there no way of preventing it?"

But her father's graciousness had fled.

"Don't be such a child; why should you object to seeing your cousin? I'm sure," he went on in an injured voice, "we want some one to keep things straight, and I should have thought you would have been thankful for such an accomplished, ladylike companion. Pray don't let me hear another word of objection."

To ensure safety he went away, and shut himself in his study.

Nuna walked up and down as if she felt caged.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what will become of me? My father finds fault, but then I deserve it, and it does me good; but when Elizabeth scolds, I try to be as tiresome as I can. I feel downright wicked. I would not be good if I could, if she were likely to know it; it would be better to go to Gray's with Will—fifty times better than to live here with Elizabeth."

Meantime at the cottage Patty spoke her mind boldly.

"Now, father, I want to hear more about all this. Mr. Beaufort seems to have got a half way of telling things; in the first place he never said how it was poor uncle came to think about me at all."

"That can't signify nothing." Roger spoke roughly, and then he softened. "You'll learn all about it, lass, I don't doubt, when you're up at the Rectory along of Miss Nuna."

It was pleasant for the father to think of Miss Nuna looking on Patty as an equal, but the dread of all that book-learning might teach lay heavy on his miserly nature.

"I'm not going up to the Rectory, father."

He turned and looked at her. She was standing against the wall, paler than usual, with her lips firmly closed. Roger

rarely saw his own face, but he had a secret consciousness at that moment that Patty resembled him.

"What d'ye mean, lass?"

Roger would have scorned the accusation if it had been brought against him, but he felt already a secret reverence for Patty, or rather for Watty's wealth in her person.

"I'm not going up to the Rectory; I'm not going to be patronized any longer. I can get much better advice than that poor dawdle of a Miss Nuna can give me. I mean to be another sort of lady altogether to what she is, father. Don't you trouble yourself about me."

Her father looked at her curiously. She had begun to walk up and down the tiled floor, with her head thrown back, and with long, almost stately steps: he thought she was certainly a well-looking lass. But even her newly-acquired importance could not make him pass over her slighting mention of Miss Beaufort.

"If you grow to be as good and kind-spoken a young lady as her, you may be thankful. Don't make me ashamed of you, Patty; don't let the Ashton folk say as Watty's gold has turned your head and made a fool of you all in a minute. Who d'ye mean can give you better advice than her?"

"Why, Miss Coppock, to be sure. Haven't I told you that she's as well taught, and all the rest, as Miss there. *She* wasn't brought up to the dressmaking; she had maids of her own from the first."

Roger shook his head.

"My lass, you've not lived long enough yet to learn the difference of real gentlefolks and make-believes; and I tell you," he struck the table with his fist, "you won't find a truer lady than Miss Nuna anywhere. Why, child, Miss Coppock can only teach you backstairs ways; she knows more about the maids than she do about the mistresses."

"She's got twice the manners Miss Nuna have," said Patty, sulkily.

"Manners!" Roger looked at her slowly; he tried to keep down his strong contempt, but it rose in spite of him. "Pretty manners! fallals and a

smile that seems as if it was always lying on top of her face ready for use, and a way of marching along the street like a peacock. Them's the manners Miss Coppock have to teach. Look you here, Patty, you could paint out the old mildew on the scullery wall if you laid the paint on thick enough—on'y for a while, mind you, it's there all the same, it 'ud come through. Any woman that's 'cute enough can ape a few airs and graces. If you don't know a true lady when you see one, Patty, it's like you'll be taking up with the wrong sort o' patterns. Don't let's have no more nonsense, there's a good lass."

Roger had been moved by Watty's letter, and now he was moved out of his slow cautious speech. His rugged worldly nature had been shocked to its foundation—shocked, no more—and he was anxious to escape from the subject altogether; it had unhinged him from his usual track of life. He went out into the garden and began to dig potatoes.

Patty stood quietly in the low, meanly furnished room. She pinched her arm at last, and then her lips parted in a smile.

"I suppose it's true," she said. "Good gracious! it's like fairyland; it's more like dreams I've had;" and then she put her hands before her eyes, for the room was going round and round, while dresses, and jewels, and carriages, and luxurious drawing-rooms, filled with light and glitter, enveloped her in a chaos of brilliant confusion.

It seemed as if her usual collected self was deserting Patty Westropp, and that a double transformation was effected. She was not only rich, but she felt fevered, impatient, excitable, as if she could not wait even hours for the leap into this new glorious life which was so surely hers. For the first time a more kindly feeling showed itself towards Nuna.

"Poor thing! she'll live and die in this dull place, I suppose, unless she marries that young Bright. Well, she's got manners enough for Gray's Farm, any way."

And then Patty's thoughts came back to herself.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## MISS COPPOCK'S COUNSEL.

ROGER's digging was interrupted by the arrival of Miss Coppock.

"Good morning, Mr. Westropp;" the milliner gave him one of the ready-made smiles. "Shall I find Martha within?"

Roger answered by digging his spade into the ground, and, leaving it there, he came forward and placed himself in the path of his visitor.

"Good morning, ma'am; come this way a bit, will you?" and he walked on till Miss Coppock was fairly hidden again among the scarlet-runner vines.

"Now, ma'am, I've a word to say, and when you've heard what it is you'll excuse my being short of manners. Patty have got great news for you; she's rich now; she've had sums of money left her. Now, Miss Coppock, I know you're a clever woman, for I hear you manage your own business right well by your own self. Martha'll want to consult you; women must talk to one another, I suppose, but I want to have my say first. Money's a fine thing; but it ain't like the leaves, it don't grow again when it's spent. My lass is a good girl now, but she's just one that a very little wrong advice would send to the bad altogether. Hold her in, ma'am, hold her in, if ye'd do a friend's part; she's too full of speerit; she wants the curb just now. That's all, ma'am." He stood aside to let her pass.

While he spoke, Roger had become sensible of a change in the milliner's face; the artificial smile faded, and a look of eager interest took its place; and this expression suited her features so much better than the former one that it was natural to suppose it the more rightfully her own.

She held out her hand to Roger.

"I'm very glad to hear your good news; you may trust me, Mr. Westropp." She went on fast to the cottage.

Roger looked after her.

"Maybe Patty's right," he said; "I've a notion there's more in yon woman than ribbons and such; she forgot all

her smiles and mincings at hearing of Patty's luck."

Patty heard her friend's footsteps, and met her in the porch. She was going to shake hands as usual, but Miss Coppock bent forward and clasped her warmly to her.

"I congratulate you, my dear child, with all my heart. I cannot express to you how truly rejoiced I am." She kissed Patty affectionately before she released her.

Patty had a half-comic look on her face; with all her reverence in words for Miss Coppock she had always felt sure of pleasing her, and was perhaps more saucy to her than to any one.

"I'm somebody now, arn't I? I'm as worth coming all the way from Guildford to see as Miss Beaufort herself."

"You mustn't say that," said the dressmaker, in her most professional tone; "I came to see you before I even heard the news."

"Then you didn't hear it at the Rectory?"

"Oh dear no! your father told me as I came in."

"And he told you to give me good advice, and, above all, not to be extravagant; I know, I know. Now, Miss Patience, there's no use in looking innocent, I know the ways of him. Suppose we go up in my bedroom and have a good talk all to ourselves, if you don't mind." She led the way without waiting for her visitor's answer.

Patty was too excited to realize the change in her own manner, but Miss Coppock felt it keenly. She knew well that only a week ago the girl would have thought a visit from her a rare and prized condescension, and here she was leading the way upstairs and treating her as her inferior already.

Patience Coppock had been battling with life for many a long year, and looking onward she saw no rest from her incessant warfare and toil; for of all the toilsome lives allotted to women, surely a dressmaker's is as trying as can be found. There is no repose for the ingenious brain. The mysteries of one set of fashions are no sooner conquered than fresh ones present themselves, and these



must be studied, to please the whims and caprices of those chief tyrants of their sex, vain women. The inventors of the fashions themselves doubtless find pleasure in their art as they create, but the hapless crew doomed to copy, and yet to adapt their copy to the capricious taste of each employer, are as much to be pitied as negro slaves are.

Miss Coppock had known a higher kind of life, though still a toilsome one, and once she had had visions of a bright future. Now, following Patty up the uneven staircase, these visions came back with bitter vividness; and she almost hated the blooming girl who was going to take a place so much above any that she could hope for.

Patty closed the door, and then she turned round on her friend without even asking her to sit down.

"Father wants me to take advice with Miss Beaufort." She kept her eyes on her friend's face, and she saw the cloud there. "Now I just don't mean to—I don't like her, and more than that, I'd rather have your advice than anyone's else. I don't know all about it yet, but I expect I shall be much, much better off than the Rector. I want to tell you the first plan that come in my head when I thought about it."

"I suppose you know you must have an education?" Miss Coppock spoke gravely and simply.

"Oh yes, I must have learning, but that comes after; it'll take us days and days to plan everything. The first thing to be done is to go away from this quietly without saying where we're going, so as no one can make us out to be the same again."

"But you will be traced somehow."

"I don't see it," said Patty, decisively; and Miss Coppock found herself swayed by the command in the girl's manner. "We'll have to change our names; but I know that can be done without trouble. I learned that only yesterday."

The colour flew up to Patty's temples, and flushed face and throat painfully. Till now she had completely forgotten Paul Whitmore.

As we grow older, and autumn comes to our hopes, we find it easier to yield

them up, and build plans on their ruins; and as Patience Coppock stood there listening to Patty, and contrasted the green fresh certainty of the girl's life with the withered brownness of her own, a notion grew in her brain—grew quickly as a fungus grows. She would never see the future that had once seemed so certain. She must give up all hope of an independent life, but she might realize an easy, luxurious future of rest instead of toil by this golden lot that had fallen to Patty. To do this she foresaw she must submit herself to her former apprentice; and in spite of her curtsies and her smiles there was a stubborn independence in the dressmaker—the independence that had been to her as a life-belt, when the waters of despair had once all but closed over her head. But the more worldly spirit conquered; it whispered, "You may make yourself so useful that you will be invaluable;" and hand in hand with this came a more evil suggestion: "Knowledge is power," she thought, "and I must know all Patty's secrets if I am to get a hold of her."

The girl's sudden emotion gives her resolve a power of action; the ill-written note she has received is fresh in the dressmaker's memory.

"How about your friend from London, Patty? What does he say to all this?"

If she hopes to take Patty by surprise she is mistaken. The deep blue eyes are raised unshrinking to her face.

"I don't understand you; I said a gentleman had sketched my likeness, and I expected he would take my picture. I never said he was a friend as I could talk my affairs to."

Patty speaks pettishly, for she feels her blushes rising, and she is angry at not being able to control them as she can control her words.

Miss Coppock laughs.

"Come, come, Patty, there's no use in half-confidences. Why did you write to me at all, if when I come to answer your letter you begin by denying? You'll make me think that it was all a fancy of yours, and that you've seen no more of this gentleman."

Miss Coppock has gone back to the old tone of superiority; but she feels that

Patty is slipping every moment further and further out of the slight subservience she has exacted ; if she does not place herself on a firm footing to-day, her position will be most insecure. Her words break through Patty's reserve.

"You'll think very wrong, then ; he comes and sees me every day." And then the girl wishes her words unspoken.

"Is he going to marry you, Patty?"

There is a keen, pitiless query in the dark eyes bent fully on Patty's working face. Miss Patience has had plenty of apprentices, pretty girls many of them, and she has had to sift the facts of more than one sad story before now.

"I suppose that rests with me." Patty tosses her head. "You needn't look so hard, Miss Coppock. He all but asked me to be his wife this morning, and he's coming again to-morrow—this evening, maybe, if father goes out."

"Patty"—there is such a stern warning in her friend's voice that the girl starts—"if he only comes to see you when your father's away, he doesn't mean to marry you ; he's only trifling and amusing himself—perhaps worse."

"For shame, Miss Coppock ! He has as much respect for me as if I was a lady born ; and don't you suppose he'll want to marry me fast enough when he knows I am as good as a lady?"

Patience Coppock looks keenly at the flushed face.

"You are not a lady yet," she speaks quickly, but in a firm, decided tone that convinces Patty against her will ; "you want education and breeding. You have no manners whatever ; your mind and your body must both be trained before you can even pass as a lady."

Patty pouts unbelievably. She has never seen any one nearly as pretty as she is ; it is all very well for a long, skinny, gaunt woman to talk to her in this way, but it is not true.

"Ah well, he's quite satisfied with me as I am."

Her vanity helps her love. If she is good enough for Mr. Whitmore, why need she bother herself with all the drudgery of learning?

"What is this gentleman? What does he do—anything?" Miss Coppock feels on vantage-ground now that Patty has gone back to her own condition.

"Mr. Whitmore told me this morning,"—here Patty's cheeks flame up again at the remembrance of that interview,— "he was an artist ; he paints pictures." She looks quickly at the dressmaker, and she sees Miss Patience's lip curling. "He may have property besides for what I know, but I don't think he's rich."

"Ah !" says Miss Coppock.

"What do you mean?" says Patty, angrily. "There's no use in sighing and groaning ; it's much the best to speak your mind."

Miss Coppock shakes her head.

"No, no, Patty ; I know human beings better than you do, and I've learned that the only use of giving your opinion to a girl who has made up her mind as you have, is to cause disagreement, and I don't want to quarrel with you."

"You can't quarrel with me unless I'm willing." Patty has recovered her good temper. "And I have not *quite* made up my mind ; I want you to tell me plainly what you think."

"About Mr. Whitmore?"

Patty nods.

Miss Coppock hesitates to say what is in her mind ; it is a risk, but then the prize to be gained is worth it, and certainly she will only be fulfilling her pledge to Roger Westropp, in preventing his daughter from throwing herself away on a poor artist.

"If I'm really to say what I think, I don't trust this Mr. Whitmore. He admires you—you have just the face an artist would admire—and he is studying you ; and I've no doubt he finds it very pleasant to visit you and flirt with you. But now listen, Patty : artists are always poor, always extravagant. I haven't the least doubt that Mr. Whitmore has heard of your good fortune by this time. You'll be the talk of Ashton for some weeks to come ; and perhaps your money will make him ask you to be his wife. Of course, if you choose to accept his offer and marry him, you will in one

way please yourself ; but what follows ? You say Mr. Whitmore is satisfied with you as you are ; then I'm sure you'll rest content too, for a time ; you'll hand him over your fortune and he'll spend it for you. It sounds immense to you, Patty, but he'll not find it so. So far so well ; but when the money's all spent—mind you, Patty, an artist never lays by against a rainy day—what happens ? There you are in a poor struggling home, with perhaps a family. Why, you're better off here, Patty, with only your father to work for. Are you sure you love Mr. Whitmore well enough to run this risk ?

Patty stands thinking ; her bright flush has faded.

"The same thing might happen if I married any one," she says slowly.

"And it will happen, my dear, if you marry any one who has only his wits to live on ; don't you see that he will be glad to let them rest, and live on your money instead of working ?"

"Well, and why not ? there's enough."

Miss Coppock looks contemptuous, and Patty feels at a disadvantage. Miss Patience is more wonderful than she had thought her if she can venture to sneer at fifty thousand pounds.

"No, child, there is not enough for wealth ; there is just enough to make you see what can be done with money, and to make you long and pine for more." Her thin lips press together eagerly. "But, Patty, you have as good a prospect of real wealth as any one I ever heard of. Set to work at once and make a lady of yourself ; I can help you. In a few months, if you try with all your might, you will be quite changed ; then, when you are no longer afraid of showing yourself among people anywhere, with your face and the means you have of making a good show you must marry some one with money too—who you like, in fact, but you must not marry a poor man, Patty. You want to get into good society, I suppose ?"

"I want to know grand people, and go among fine company," says Patty, sulkily : it seems to her that ambition is not so pleasant after all, if she has to pay a price for its gratification.

"Exactly ; well then, my dear,"—Miss Coppock is at her blandest,—*"well then, you must do as society does. Well-bred people don't make love matches, Patty ; follies of that kind go on in villages and among the lower classes. You mustn't believe all the nonsense you read in story-books, child ; that's just made up to amuse, and it amuses people all the more because it's such a contrast to what really happens. Do you know, Patty, I thought you were far less simple ?"*

## CHAPTER XV.

### PAUL TRIES TO MAKE UP HIS MIND.

ON the same day on which Will had declared his love, and Patty had found herself an heiress, Paul Whitmore had left Roger Westropp's cottage sorely against his will. But Patty had insisted on his going away. Her father might come in any time from the Rectory, and she did not want to run the risk she had run on the previous evening.

Paul had gone down ostensibly to paint her portrait, but he had not even taken a brush from his case this morning. His infatuation had got to its height ; and when he left the cottage, it seemed to him that he could not live out the hours till next morning. When he reached the end of Carving's Wood Lane, he avoided "The Blade-bone," and crossing into the road leading to the station he found a green lane on the left, one of those grassy sequestered rides which seem made for either solitude or love.

He strolled on, his head bent, his hat slouched over his eyes, at first in a frenzy of impatience, and then, as his senses cleared, with a determined purpose to make Patty his at any sacrifice.

Sacrifice ! What nonsense ! By the time Patty had been his wife a year, no one would guess her origin. There was nothing unrefined or vulgar about her ; she was as simple as a wild flower. And then he looked at the hedge-bank and thought how far more exquisite were those graceful trailing blackberry

wreaths than any mere garden climbing plant.

"She is just like a briar-rose. She has nothing to unlearn; so intelligent too, she would adapt herself to any station."

He lay down at the foot of a tree and gave himself up to the thought of Patty.

After a while he rose up, went back to "The Bladebone," and had his dinner.

If he had been less absorbed, he must have noticed a change in the conduct of his landlady. She sent the maid in to wait on him, and when he came into the garden to smoke she kept studiously out of sight.

Mrs. Fagg had remarked that each time her lodger went out, he went in the direction of Carving's Wood Lane; and this morning Bobby, the luckless cause of so much woe to Nuna Beaufort, had been down to the common to play among the gorse, and had seen the "parlour tustomer," as he called him, talking to Patty in front of Roger's cottage. Mrs. Fagg was a woman of severe virtue, and she did not know how to act. There was no use in speaking to Dennis; he would only make her angry by some nonsense about Patty's prettiness.

"I've almost a mind to speak to the Rector," she said.

But though she had a way of speaking her mind boldly and plainly, Mrs. Fagg was not a mischief-maker, and she shrank from denouncing Patty to Mr. Beaufort.

"She'll come to no good," she said. "She's Watty's own niece, though folks do say he'd never ha' been so bad if he'd not been drove to it; but Patty's her own driver—good-for-nothing little hussey!"

Meantime Paul was struggling with his scruples. A vision of his mother had come back to him. Was she praying for her son at that moment? He felt, with a sudden keen conviction, that Patty was not the wife she would have wished him to choose.

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put it in its case, and walked moodily up and down the long narrow garden. A jackdaw, a pet of Bobby Fagg's, kept

on popping in and out from among the espaliers, with his head all awry, winking one eye, as if Mr. Whitmore's meditations were the most delicious joke in the world.

"I believe mothers never do like their sons' wives," he said at last; "and my darling mother warned me not to marry a gifted woman like herself. I could never find one like her," he said reverently. In that brief moment Patty's image faded.

He thought of what his friends would say.

"Stephen will laugh, no doubt, but then Stephen and I hold different creeds about women. Poor fellow, he lost his mother before he knew what her society was worth, and I'm afraid he doesn't allow women any souls. I'd not tell him a word about Patty if I were to find him in the parlour when I go back there; we should quarrel if I did. He would jeer at the idea of marriage at all in such a case, just as if one woman is not as much a human being as another, and entitled to the same amount of respect, though she may claim it differently."

He felt quieter, more virtuous altogether, after he had finished his walk up and down the garden. He began to think he would leave Ashton at once, go back to London, and think the matter over calmly at a safe distance from the cottage.

"I used to laugh at Rinaldo for being glamourous by Armida, but I'm worse; when I look back a week and see how quickly this has all come about, I believe I ought to be a little less rash."

And in pursuance of this newly-found wisdom Mr. Whitmore determined not to yield to the longing he felt to go down to the cottage again that evening.

"If I am in earnest," he said, "I ought to be very careful not to expose her to her father's suspicions; if not, I am only tormenting myself."

He went through the village, and finding a little sunburnt group playing at "clocks," he sat down and sketched it.

"What a jolly time these youngsters

have of it," he thought, and he looked at the red-cheeked, white-headed toddlers with almost envy. The "clocks" of that part of the road were exhausted. The group broke up into twos and threes, hunting eagerly for fresh prey, and one little frail girl scrambled to the top of a long heap of stones ready for road-mending. There was a shrill outcry. "I tell'ee there bea'n't none there, Lottie," shouts a sturdy brother, who has sat down tired at the foot of the heap to stare at the gentleman. But Lottie's perseverance is rewarded. She has ducked down to search the bank behind the heap, and now she stands upright in triumph on the stones with a dandelion stalk quite six inches long in her hand. Poor little Lottie! Just as the rest come flocking like a troop of chickens when their mother's cluck announces treasure-trove, the little ankle twists, and down she slips, bruising herself severely as she falls.

There was one universal shriek; but when Paul managed to extricate the fallen child from the group that clustered about her like a mass of twining, crawling caterpillars, he found she was insensible.

"Where does she live?" he said to the boy who had been staring at him, the biggest of the chubby, sobbing pinafores around him.

"Her be my sister Lottie, her be;" both brown fists went to his eyes and seemed to be pounding them into his head. "O-o-oh, mother'll whip I, 'cos Lottie be hurt. Oh!"

"Come along like a man, you selfish young brute." Paul was really alarmed for the little lifeless form in his arms. "Run on in front and show me where you live. Go quick, I say, and I'll give you sixpence."

The sobs stopped at once, and the boy trotted on fast, his red legs bulging over the top of his sturdy boots without any visible line of stocking between. He led the way in an opposite direction to the village. Paul had begun to wonder where he was going, when they came to a sudden turn in the road. A huge elm-tree projected its branches from one side

of the way to the other, and behind the screen made by these was a tiny cottage, with a garden all round it, and a mossy thatched roof.

The boy unlatched the gate, and then he slunk behind Mr. Whitmore.

At the sound a young woman came out of the cottage; her face was blooming, her dress tidy and clean, but vixen was stamped in her small light grey eyes and varying complexion.

As she looked at Paul and made out first the lifeless child in his arms, and then the boy shrinking out of sight, she grew white for just an instant, and then the blood flew back to her face and throat in stripes.

"You little villain!" She shook her fist, and darting swiftly past Mr. Whitmore, she caught the boy by the hair and shook him violently. "You've been and killed your sister, have you, you good-for-nothing, naughty, wicked limb?"

She emphasized each epithet with a blow. She saw that the gentleman was trying to stop her; but she knew he was powerless with Lottie in his arms, and she gave vent to her passion like a fury.

"Be quiet!" Paul thundered; "this child will die if you don't see to her."

She had got rid of the froth of her rage by this time; she let go Bobby's hair and came and looked at the little girl.

"I'll carry her in," said Mr. Whitmore firmly, "if you'll show me where to lay her down."

The woman scowled, but she obeyed. There was one room opening into the garden, and from this a very rude staircase led into a bedroom above.

There was no closeness of atmosphere, though the room was very small, and had two beds in it; and as Paul laid his little burden down, he noticed how clean were the patchwork curtains and counterpane.

The movement roused the child, and she opened her eyes.

Paul told the mother how the accident had happened.

"And mind you don't scold either of them," he said; "it was purely an acci-

dent. You should rather thank God she is not killed. Now, will you raise your little girl, and we will see if there are any broken bones?"

The child moaned with pain when her mother touched her right arm, but it was only from the suffering of the bruised and broken skin; she stood firmly when raised, and her joints seemed to move freely.

Paul gave the woman some silver, and asked her if he could do anything for her in the village.

She thanked him with rather less of a scowl, but she evidently thought herself ill-used by the child's fall.

"No, sir, I don't want nothing, thank you. I'll have my hands full enough with this mischief without a pack o' gossips coming to see how 'tis with Lottie. If you meet e'er a one a-coming, maybe you'll be so good as turn 'em back again. Say thank you, you naughty child, do, to the gentleman as have carried you all the way home."

Lottie was lying on the bed again, her blue eyes fixed on Paul; but at this she grew red and shy, and then pouted up her little mouth to be kissed.

"Well I'm sure, what next?" said the mother, sharply; but Paul bent down and kissed the little maid.

"I'll come and see you to-morrow, shall I, Lottie?"

Lottie smiled, and after giving his advice in a learned fashion to the woman on the treatment of bruises, Paul went away.

The little incident had done him good, and he went to bed resolved to go down Carving's Wood Lane next morning and say good-bye to Patty before his departure for London.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MRS. FAGG HINTS.

MR. BEAUFORT calculated to a nicety the time at which Miss Matthews must arrive, and then he resolved to go and visit one or two sick people in Ashton.

"Nuna is too amiable to receive her cousin unkindly," he said to himself,

"and will be far more gracious if left to herself."

Like many others of his irresolute brethren, Mr. Beaufort disliked seeing facts as they exist; he preferred to theorize. If a thing ought to be done, then every human being might be expected to do it. In precisely the same manner he would not grapple with the fact that an unmethodical mind cannot find order and memory and perseverance by one single effort of the will, and that if habit has to be grafted into a new species, it does not bear speedy fruit.

What ought to be done could be done; and then his judgment took a startling leap to the next conclusion, it must be done.

He could not stand over Nuna all day long to remind her of her omissions, but he could find some one else to act the part of overseer.

And yet a certain discomfort, evoked by Nuna's sad face at breakfast-time, troubled him, and supplied a cogent, though perhaps not an acknowledged, reason for his anxiety to visit the sick this morning.

But his last visit to a poor cripple with only a hard-featured daughter-in-law to take occasional care of him, seemed rather to heighten Mr. Beaufort's discomfort; the poor man was so patient, and the Rector's questions had elicited more than one trait of unselfish endurance and resignation.

"Still it is very tiresome of Nuna not to have my slippers ready for me when I come in, and to let Jane disturb my papers; and she might dust the book-case oftener, and then the dust would not stifle me as it does now; and then the china figures, if she only did a little every day, instead of leaving it all for a week or a fortnight; but everything is sure to go right now Elizabeth is coming, and that is such a comfort."

Still he felt fidgety and uneasy. Mr. Beaufort liked to have his own way, but the naturally soft nature of the man shrank from making his child unhappy.

"It is all nonsense," he said at last. "She ought to like Elizabeth, and so she must. Pooh! I declare I won't go into

any more of these stifling little cottages for some time to come. Why won't they open their windows? I believe I'm quite nervous from the confined air. The next time Jenkins comes over from Brockham, he may as well go a round among them."

Jenkins was Mr. Beaufort's curate. He lived in the parish which the Rector held conjointly with Ashton, and though he was hard-worked, it is only fair to say that he got a larger stipend than so poor a living might have been expected to furnish. The thought of his curate suggested that it would be well to call at "The Bladebone," and ascertain if Mr. Fagg was likely to be sending over to Brockham, for "The Bladebone" was a house of delivery for parcels, &c., for more inlying villages, and Dennis did a sort of irregular carrier's business for the said parcels and the delivery of the ale for which the inn was noted.

"I don't really see," said the Rector, "why Jenkins should not come over and take duty for me next Sunday afternoon. I have been overworking lately, or I shouldn't feel so nervous. The Brockham people don't often have to go without two services."

When he reached "The Bladebone" Dennis was absent.

Mrs. Fagg appeared as usual on the door-step.

"Will you please walk in, sir?"

"Is your lodger in?" said Mr. Beaufort. "We have seen nothing of him since Sunday."

"Please to walk in, sir."

Mr. Beaufort walked in, but the room into which the landlady ushered him was empty.

"Then you'll tell Mr. Whitmore I'm here."

"I can't do that,"—Mrs. Fagg looked grim,—"he's not in yet; but if you'll please to wait, he surely must be in soon. I should say his stomach 'ud bring him; he was out by eight, and he scarce touched a morsel of breakfast."

"He goes out sketching, I suppose. Yes, I'll wait; I should like to see what he is making of our neighbourhood. I fancy he's a very clever artist, Mrs.

Fagg." The Rector liked a chat with the landlady, though he sometimes winced under her remarks.

"Is he, sir?" She paused, and then she said sharply, "But I don't think he'll show you his sketch, sir, for all that."

Mr. Beaufort stared. "He keeps his drawings out of sight, does he? Well, I rather like that; modesty is not a frequent fault of the rising generation."

"I should think not, sir, indeed. So far as gals go, there's as much brass in 'em as in any of them as lies on the chancel pavement; but it wasn't for his modesty that I said the gentleman wouldn't care to show his drawing, though in another sense perhaps it was."

Mrs. Fagg's sentences poured themselves out at a draught, but when she had delivered them, she stood stockstill, and always listened patiently to her interlocutor.

"Dear me! what is she driving at?" Then aloud, "I don't follow you; do you mean that it is from me especially Mr. Whitmore would hide his sketches?" Mrs. Fagg shook her head; "or what do you mean?"

The question was put impatiently; he thought Mrs. Fagg ought not to speak to her pastor in riddles.

"Well then, sir, suppose instead of waiting here till the gentleman comes in to eat that blessed duck—which 'ull be more fit for a pig's food than a Christian's if it's to be kept much longer—you just walk down Carving's Wood Lane; I've a notion you'll be nearer the mark than you would be by waiting here another hour."

But Mr. Beaufort was slow of perception.

"Oh! he sketches in that direction, does he? Very well, I want a little walk. Good day, Mrs. Fagg."

The landlady stood looking after him with a very satirical smile.

"I'm too hard on Dennis oft," she said, "when I call him thickhead. There's Mr. Beaufort, crammed full of Latin and Greek, and the wisdom that's said to go along with 'em, and yet his brains is in such a fog they can't see a torch

when it's shown 'em. There's something about men's understandin's which minds me of the Flemish mare up at the Park ; it takes such a deal to set 'em going."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## UNEXPECTED.

IN spite of her good fortune, Patty's heart was as heavy on this morning as Nuna's was. When one sees how differently troubles affect individuals, one is apt to long for the power of distributing them differently ; that is to say, if one believes trouble to be a real evil. Nuna was tormented at the prospect of passing a few weeks with a person with whom she could not sympathise—a prospect which, in the same position, would not in any way have troubled Patty Westropp. She would have smiled at Miss Matthews's interference and small annoyances, but she would have taken her usual way just as if no such person existed. On the other hand, no one could have laid on Nuna the trouble that gloomed this morning in Patty's beautiful blue eyes, and compressed her pouting lips ; simply because it sprang from Patty's own nature, and could never have existed in such a heart as Nuna's.

Through the long wakeful night Miss Coppock's counsel had been the one subject of thought in Patty's busy brain ; sometimes love had conquered, and she had resolved to run the threatened risk and to marry Paul if he asked her to be his wife, but the dressmaker's artful suggestion robbed this anticipation of all sweetness and joy.

"He will only ask me because of this money," she thought ; and then she turned to seek a cooler place on the pillow for her burning head. "My luck's known all over Ashton by now. I wonder if he is poor and extravagant ; she says so."

Each time love was repulsed with a colder, more determined answer, and at last she fell asleep worn out and miserable.

She waked later than usual ; the sun had bathed her little mean room in golden light, the whitewashed walls glowed in it. Patty thought the glow was in keeping with the splendour of the new life that opened before her.

She gazed earnestly in her little mirror, resting her face between her two pink palms. She looked pale and heavy-eyed, but still she felt that she was beautiful.

"And what shall I be when I come to be well-dressed, with a soft cloud of white lace to set off my complexion, and diamond earrings to make my eyes brighter than they are of themselves, and a lovely necklace on ? Why, I might marry a lord, a duke even ; why should I throw myself away in such a hurry ?"—she drew her long wavy hair through her fingers—"now, too, when I've got no advantage from it all. As Miss Coppock says, think what I may be in a year. Why, she said if I got in good company I might be in the papers as lovely, and distinguished, and all sorts of names women get sometimes ; and if I go marrying a nobody now, I shall be lost to everybody, just one man's wife all my life."

"One man's wife !" A soft blush came with the thought. Was there another man like him to be found ? For a while the image of Paul conquered, and the girl went on dressing herself, a smile of happy love dimpling her lips and brightening her eyes as if no worldly thought could ever reign there.

Her morning duties were strangely distasteful to Patty ; she always shrank from spoiling her hands, but milking Peggy seemed this morning a positive and intolerable hardship. Presently she came round to the front of the cottage to gather beans from the scarlet-runner vines ; it was hot work, spite of its being still early. The beans most fit for cooking hung high up out of reach, unless she stood on tiptoe. Patty paused at last with aching wrists and panting breath beneath the vines trained on arches over the path ; a smile came across her vexed face.



"If he could see me now, what a fuss he'd be in over the picture I make gathering beans. One wouldn't want for admiration certainly if one married him; but then he'd get used to me, and I to him, and then there'd be an end of that. When I think about what I might have if I only have patience—I don't only mean money, I mean change, and lots of people in love with me all at once—somehow a husband don't seem to count against all that."

A tramp, a wretched-looking Irish-woman, passed up from the common to the lane, followed by three squalid children, and carrying one in her arms.

"How dreadful!" thought Patty. She shrank out of sight lest the woman should see her and turn aside to beg. "How dreadful it must be to be plagued with a lot of bothering children! When there's plenty of nurses and nurseries where they can be kept out of the way, they're not so much bother. I couldn't be an old maid, though," and then Patty laughed. She was in shade now, and felt less cross; but it was so impossible to think of herself as old that she must have laughed anywhere.

She went slowly into the house, with her apron full of beans, and while she filled a basin of water to cut them into she went on thinking—thinking of Paul, and then of her promise to Miss Coppock; finally a new thought shaped itself distinctly. She must marry; no single woman, she thought, could ever be so much thought of as one with a husband. But the husband himself no longer held the place Patty's judgment had given him before she heard the Rector's tidings.

"After all," she said, pensively, "one can't have one's cake and eat it, and it seems as if there was less risk in choosing all sorts of good things, so many that one couldn't never tire of 'em, than to go and give all up for just a husband; and who's to say we mightn't quarrel, and end by hating one another after all?"

Still she looked troubled and uneasy; and when she had shred up her beans she saw they were too few.

"What a plague!"

Paul Whitmore was in the porch when she reached it, and her face clouded.

"Why, what has happened?—you're in trouble, Patty. What is it, my darling?"

But she shrank away from his circling arm, and the gloom on her face deepened.

"Best get it over at once," she thought.

"Why, Patty! What's the matter?"

Paul laid his hands on her shoulders and looked down into her frowning face.

"Trying to show itself off in a new character, is it, the pretty pet?" He kissed her repeatedly before she could struggle from the strong clasp his hands held her shoulders in; but she did free herself at last, with such vehement energy, that Paul stood still, looking utterly surprised. "Come, come, Patty, what is it? What have I done to vex you?"

He was very nearly angry. He had forgotten all his sage resolutions of last night, and had hurried down the lane full of passionate, intense longing to hold Patty to his heart, and to see her love shining out in her sweet bright eyes. And then he smiled at himself; after all she was only a woman, and women must be capricious and wayward.

"You vex me by doing that," said Patty slowly; "and—and it's better for me you shouldn't come here again, Mr. Whitmore."

Her heart rebelled against every word as she said it, and yet she knew that unless she drove Paul away she must yield to him.

"Not come here! Why not? Patty, do you think I'm not in earnest when I say I love you? Who's been putting nonsense into your head?"

A deep flush rose on Patty's cheeks, but she kept her eyes resolutely away from Paul.

"It's not nonsense, and no one put it in my head. I suppose people may change their minds of themselves." She tossed her head; she tried hard to remember that Paul must know all about her good fortune, and that because he did know it he had come to the cottage extra early this morning to make

her promise to be his wife, but it was very hard to believe all this while she listened to the deep-drawn breathing that told how her words had moved her lover.

"My darling!" Paul spoke very gently, for it seemed to him he had not acted quite fairly towards this simple girl. "Perhaps you have a right to be vexed with me, my own sweet Patty. I ought sooner to have asked you to be my wife, but I loved you so well that I never thought you would doubt me. You forgive me now, my own darling?"

He tried to take her hand to draw her to him, but she pushed his hand away.

"Don't touch me, sir!" she said, angrily. "You've no right to stay here when I keep on saying I don't want you, and you wouldn't dare if father was at home. I don't want to marry you or see you ever again."

She made a movement to retreat into the cottage, but Paul caught her hands suddenly in his, and drew her out into the porch before she could escape him.

Involuntarily she raised her eyes, and then she looked away in fear. There was a tempest in Paul's face; his dark eyes flashed, and his lip trembled with passion.

"Patty! You don't say this of yourself; some one has been here poisoning your mind against me; you could not have changed without some cause. O Patty! Patty! have you loved me at all? Did you love me yesterday when you looked so full of love, or have you been deceiving me all through? Look at me—once, only once—and say, if you can, 'Paul, I don't love you.' You can't say it, darling, I know you can't; you are only trying me. For God's sake end the joke, it's too cruel." He spoke hoarsely; he felt that his words made no way. "Tell me at once that you do love me still."

Patty was sulky; she rebelled against this masterful wooing.

"I can't; and, Mr. Whitmore, I don't think it's like a gentleman to hold me by force to listen to what I don't care for."

There was no mistaking now the stubborn resolution of her words.

Paul let go her hands, and then he

fell back against the old porch as if some one had sent him reeling there under a heavy blow.

He felt struck, withered; all light had gone out of his life—all the easy dilettante spirit in which he had stood there sketching so few days ago. He had been free then; his heart had not been scorched by the passionate love which almost maddened him as his eyes rested on Patty.

Patty stood there pale and grave, but she showed no other traces of emotion. A casual observer, ignorant of all that had come and gone between those two, would have said the man looked stern and the girl weary.

He tired of the silence first. It seemed to him that her words had been a dream, something unreal, that his strong will must and should conquer.

"Think again, my darling," he said earnestly; "you were willing enough to listen to me yesterday: am I changed from what I was then? O Patty! Patty! you are trying me. My sweet, sweet girl, you do not understand how I love you, how happy I will try to make your life, how I will study every wish; you are not in earnest in this horrible, sudden coldness." And then, catching at this stray hope, he grasped her clasped hands in his own and tried to draw her to him.

But she shrank away, and he let go her hands in proud anger.

"False, cold-hearted girl! which is the truth—the Patty you seemed yesterday, when I might hold you in my arms and kiss you, or this Patty? I still believe some one has been slandering me; if they have, if they have said I do not mean fairly by you, I offer you this proof,—come with me now this instant to your father, and hear me ask him to give you to me as my wife."

Patty shook her head, but she would not look at Paul.

"It's no use," she said, fretfully; "I liked you yesterday, but I've changed my mind. I don't ever want to see you again."

"Changed! Say the truth,—say you never felt any real love. If you had

felt even a fraction of the love I feel, you could not harden yourself against me. Do you see what you have done? Listen to me, I tell you." Patty had turned half away, shrugging one shoulder up like a sulky child. "I never loved any woman really till I saw you, Patty; and this first fresh love you fostered till it has grown into madness, and now, when I cannot live without you, you calmly say you have changed your mind—you want to be rid of the sight of me. Are all women like you, I wonder?—fair sepulchres of lies!"

"I won't stay here to be called a liar," Patty sobbed, and moved away. It was so hard to play the part she had set herself, face to face with her lover; she felt angry with Paul for the pain he made her suffer.

Paul's heart smote against his pride.

"Forgive me;" he took forcible hold of her arm, and drew his hand along it till he had secured her hand once more firmly in his; "you know I could not willingly vex you, but you have driven me out of myself—I feel almost mad. Turn your dear face round, Patty, look into my eyes once as you used to look, and tell me, if you can, that you do not love me. Look at me, darling; let me look into your sweet eyes, your heart will soften then. I believe in you still against yourself."

These last words gave Patty back her strength—gave her warning; she had betrayed herself then, while she thought she was so guarded. No, she would not look at him. She would not, could not trust herself to meet Paul's eyes; spite of Miss Coppock and all the prospects she had placed before her. Patty trembled before the power of love, trembled in every fibre of her body.

Unless she meant to yield, she must run away; and if she attempted to do this, she feared Paul would once more clasp her in his arms, and she dared not risk that a second time.

Selfish as she was, the trial was very bitter; it was so hard to give him up. She did not want to marry him, but his

love had been the first dear delight of her life, and Patty would have liked to gather up every pleasure she met with, and carry it along with her.

She looked towards the common. Oh! if even she could see a cart driving across it—anything that would break up the solitude; for she knew that Mr. Whitmore could not expect her to brave scandal for his sake. She looked right and left, but there was no one in sight.

Paul still held her hand, he kept his eyes fixed on her face, and hope grew as he saw the increasing agitation there.

He kept back any act or word. It seemed to him, in that moment of passionate intense hope, that Patty's own feelings would plead best for him.

If he could only have seen into her heart, if he could have known that she dreaded herself more than him, that she was almost stifled by her fear of yielding, he would have made another passionate appeal, and he might have yet conquered.

That brief waiting was decisive. Patty lifted her head, and looked once more towards the lane. Sister Anne on the top of Blue Beard's tower did not gaze with more heartfelt expectation. A sound had reached her ears, a sound faint at first but coming more and more distinctly, the sound of a stick striking against the pebbles in the road.

She was not deceived. As she looked she saw Mr. Beaufort turning the corner of the lane.

"Ah, there's the Rector! Oh, please let me go! I told you I wanted to go. Oh, quick, quick, go away—we shall beseen!"

But Paul would not loose her hand. He would not yield up this newly kindled hope for all the rectors in England.

"I will let you go if you tell me the truth. You must look at me too, Patty, or I can't believe. Do you love me?"

Patty raised her eyes to his. She hesitated a moment.

"No—no, indeed; I don't want to see you again."

Paul had loosed her hand, and she was gone before he knew what had happened.

*To be continued.*

FATHER HYACINTHE.<sup>1</sup>

AMONGST the questions of which the portentous history of the last few months has been full, the two which stand out the foremost are, first, the most pressing and most paramount of all, the future relations of France to Germany, arising out of the present war; the other, less pressing but more enduring, the future position of the Roman Catholic Church, arising partly out of the Vatican Council and partly out of the fall of the Pope's temporal power. Into neither of these questions themselves do we propose to enter; our purpose is to call attention to the utterances of the only man, perhaps, who has spoken with equal force and truth on both these subjects, and who, even if they are taken separately, has shown himself not unequal to cope with either.

Father Hyacinthe comes before us both as a Frenchman and as a Catholic. He has, within the last few weeks, made two remarkable utterances. The first was the address delivered in Hanover Square Rooms for the benefit of the Fund for the Relief of the French Peasants, set on foot by the *Daily News*; and afterwards at Birmingham for the War Victims' Fund, set on foot by the Society of Friends. Shut out from Paris by the investment of the capital, and from any ecclesiastical ministrations in France by his peculiar position, he thus endeavoured, as he says, "to serve his afflicted country more usefully on this friendly shore than it was possible to do on his native soil." The second was the Appeal to the Bishops of Catholic Christendom, dated "Christmas Day, 1870. Rome, Absent in body, Present in spirit." In

fact, it first appeared in Rome, in the journal of *La Liberta*, on the 27th of January of this year, and then, strange to say, was suppressed by order of the Italian Government, thus fulfilling the wish of the Papal Court as completely as if Florence had become a dependency of the Pope, instead of Rome having become the capital of Victor Emmanuel—reversing the sense (as far as it has any sense) of the famous saying of Cavour. "A free Church in a free State" is apparently to mean, according to this new interpretation, "an enslaved State under a dominant Church." The Appeal is prefaced by a short letter to a friend, giving the reasons which have induced the author reluctantly to raise his voice on what might seem to be a personal, though in fact a universal question, in the midst of the tremendous struggle in which his country is involved. He would, he says, have shrunk from such an attempt, "if the question had not been one which concerned my conscience in the highest degree, and if it were not connected with interests which ought to take precedence of all others, even and above all in France,—the interests of Religion."

Let us first take his expressions in reference to the great question of the relations of France to Germany. In the midst of the illusions, the deceptions, the violence, the ignorance of so many of his countrymen, nay even of our own, there is something almost tragical in the union of profound grief with absolute calmness and impartiality which distinguishes every word of his adjustment of the rights and wrongs of the two contending nations.

His main object in the Address was to show that there is no ground for the fatalistic doctrine which has possessed so many actors, so many spectators, of this dreadful struggle—the doctrine, namely,

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<sup>1</sup> *France et Allemagne. Discours prononcé à Londres le 20 Decembre, 1870.* London: Macmillan and Co. 1871.

*Appeal to the Bishops of Catholic Christendom. Prefaced by a Letter to a Friend.* Translated from the French. London: Macmillan and Co. 1871.

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that there was an inherent necessity for the war, and that there is an inherent impossibility of peace between the two nations. He rightly feels that, unless this superstition is dislodged, all appeals to reason and conscience are vain. He first attacks the notion that a struggle between two races must of necessity be internecine. In doing this, he mounts for a moment into a higher sphere, and speaks of the unity of the human race itself, in language which is well worthy, at once by its moderation and its fearlessness, of the study of other divines than those of Père Hyacinthe's own Church :—

"I am aware that science has thrown doubt on the common origin of our race, and it is possible that after having led us to a more healthy interpretation of the Bible on the subject of the age of the earth and man, science may some day assist us to a new interpretation of the creation of our first parents. For my own part I do not believe that this is likely to be the case ; but while I do not believe it, neither do I fear it. The unity of man resides less in the heart of Adam than in the heart of God, our Creator and Redeemer, by whose tender mercies the day-spring from on high hath visited us. Even granting that our blood were derived from various sources, that the human race had sprung from many original pairs, that the Adam and Eve of Genesis were but the types of several historic or rather pre-historic Adams and Eves, neither my faith in religion nor in humanity would be shaken ; there would still remain the one Creator who had breathed the breath of life into the primitive clay, the one and the same Redeemer who had restored us to the image and likeness which we had all lost together. *Ipsius enim et genus sumus*, says St. Paul, 'We also are His offspring.'"

He then proceeds to treat of the two questions which, he supposes truly, are at the root of the present struggle—the unity of Germany on the one hand, the integrity of France on the other hand. Let us take his opening of the first of those two problems :—

"Now I say at once that I cannot look upon the establishment of German unity as an evil, and I say this in spite of the prejudices of a part of my countrymen and of the authority of eminent men whose judgment on so many other points I respect as both wise and sound. I say it with less hesitation because this is not an opinion taken up by me after the event. I took no part in those paroxysms of patriotism which

followed Sadowa ; and in the pulpit of Notre Dame, when handling these questions at their summits, where they come into contact with morals and religion, I used every effort to show that her neighbours were no dangerous competitors of France, but rather friendly rivals, and natural allies, and in many respects even useful models. I say therefore that France had no cause for uneasiness at the formation of a first-class political and military power at her very doors, and that the unity of Germany need not have been looked upon either as a humiliation or a menace.

"Certainly not a humiliation, for it is with nations as with individuals : when, like France, they are really great, it is not necessary to level everything around for their greatness to be more apparent. The true elements of a nation's greatness lie in herself—in the regular progressive development of her institutions, and in the growth of material prosperity, or still more of moral and intellectual wealth. To seek for greatness abroad by arrogant interference in foreign affairs is both an illusion and a crime ; it is a policy of envy, and of all policies none is so inconsistent with the ancient glory and the heroic nature of France.

"Nor was German unity a menace. Had France but spoken in those tones which are as persuasive on the lips of a nation as of an individual ; had she but proclaimed her determination to respect the liberty of Germany in everything that bore on its internal organization ; had she but repudiated all intention of conquest in respect to the provinces on the Rhine, which had no more desire to be French than Alsace and Lorraine have to be German ; had she but refrained from making any movement towards the sacred river along whose waters roll the historical and legendary traditions of Germany—had she done this, she would not have had any German invasion to fear, or in the case of such an impossible invasion she would have had the whole of Europe on her side.

"It was thus neither our interest nor our right to oppose the unity of Germany. I am not afraid to say that our interest was rather to forward that unity. There are certain results against which no opposition can prevail, because their accomplishment is part of the nature of things ; the nation demands them, the logical development of its history leads to them as if by a fate ; they seem plainly to be part of the order of Providence. The policy of an intelligent nation ought to foresee these events, and instead of opposing obstacles to them which can never be of use and are sure ultimately to be turned against herself, will give them a free scope, and thus secure them to her own service. This the Imperial Government saw at once, and I am the more glad to render it this justice, because it is a justice for a long time withheld. The phantoms of Italian unity and German unity which so troubled France never disturbed the Government. The flag which it

unfurled at Magenta and Solferino was justly said by the Emperor to have 'a great cause before it and a great people behind it,' and after the startling campaign of 1866 his Government announced, in a celebrated State paper, that France regarded with calmness the establishment of a new condition of things in Europe. But unfortunately the Empire was blinded by a passion for personal government. It never understood that loyal alliance between liberty and the crown, which is at once the glory and the happiness of England, and being determined in home matters to resist to the utmost that genuine public feeling which was urging it towards liberty in its foreign policy it yielded to the most baseless requirements of a feeling which was not that of the country. It adopted towards Italy, and still more towards Prussia, an attitude of defiance and menace, which turned allies into enemies, and which finally dragged it, and us with it, into the abyss. I hope I have shown that it was not the real interests of France that were antagonistic to German unity, but the prejudices of party and the passion of a factitious national honour, worked upon by the detestable unworthy calculations of dynastic ambition."

We confine ourselves to the first of these theses, not because the second is not powerfully stated, but because it is the first that is so remarkable in the mouth of a Frenchman. It would be difficult to find anywhere in Germany or in England a juster and calmer view of the attitude which France ought to have taken, and by taking which she would have avoided the greatest humiliation recorded in the annals of history. And if there be any Frenchman who was entitled to take this view, it was the preacher who had ventured to protest against the insane pretensions of his countrymen long ago, in the pulpit of Notre Dame, and who even after the capitulation of Sedan, when another illusion, less culpable but almost equally fatal, took possession of their minds, thus expressed himself in a letter which we have obtained permission to publish :—

"I am distressed, but not astonished ; and since the commencement I have never had any hesitation. The war was *unjust* in the manner of its declaration, *stupid* in the manner in which it has been carried on, and must lead to catastrophes of which I fear we have as yet only seen the terrible commencement. It is an iron scourge in the hands of God for chastising those two grand criminals—France and the

Empire—the Government by which for twenty years we have been oppressed, and the nation which has borne its fetters with so much readiness, and has rushed with such spirit into the abyss of scepticism and profligacy.

"No doubt Prussia is also very guilty, nor am I one of those who would excuse her political robberies in Denmark and Germany, or the savagery of her soldiers in France. But the pride and ferocity of Nebuchadnezzar and the Chaldeans were employed by God for the punishment of His faithful people.

"If I were a Prussian or a German, I would tell my country the plain and wholesome truth, as I have tried to do to France ; and if they forbade me to speak, as they have here, I would still confess the sins of my people.

"And while on the subject of the Bible, let me remind you that the Prophet Jeremiah exhorted the King of Judah to submit to Babylon for a time, that he might save Jerusalem from destruction and the people from death. Against the impossible no one need contend. There is no dishonour in yielding to the force of things and the laws of the Almighty ; and I am persuaded that there is more real patriotism in an honourable peace, even on hard terms, than in that spurious honour which is driving the nation to butchery rather than battle."

We do not dwell on what Père Hyacinthe says of the necessity for the Germans to respect the integrity of France. It is perhaps equally true, but being more obvious at least in a Frenchman, may be taken for granted. Only we cannot forbear to cite his remarks on Alsace and Lorraine, because there also he has had the sense, so rare in politicians, or in ecclesiastics, of distinguishing between what is essential and secondary,—of recognizing that what he cannot but regard with bitter sorrow is yet not necessarily fatal to the greatness and the future of his country :

"Hitherto I have said nothing of Alsace and Lorraine, and my silence has been intentional. Although so hotly debated on both sides, the question appears to me only a secondary one. It has nothing to do with the real ground of the quarrel, and the undue importance assigned to it both by Germany and France has been one of the most futile, though at the same time most fruitful, causes of the prolongation of the strife. For myself, I have too high and too just an idea of my country to confound her moral integrity with her material integrity upon this point, or to believe that the mere possession of two provinces is so essential to her greatness that if she lost them she would forfeit her high pre-eminence in Europe. English history itself proves the con-

trary. When we retook Calais, the town which was spoken of as a loaded pistol directed against the heart of France, that event was looked upon in England as a public misfortune, and your queen went to her tomb with the fatal name of Calais engraved upon her heart. But what Englishman of the present day ever regrets the loss of Calais? And just so it will be, I doubt not, if Strasbourg and Metz are taken away from us. It is less for their strategic importance that we cling so tenaciously to those two cities than for the heroic loyalty which they have displayed towards France, and which France owes to them. Alsace and Lorraine desire to remain French, and they will prove it by their votes, as they have declared it by shedding their blood; and it is the duty of France, both to them and to herself, not to abandon them.

"On the other hand, Germany is wrong in regarding the annexation of these provinces as a final guarantee against aggression from our side. Let the new German Empire be moderate as well as strong, and she will have nothing to fear from the attacks of a neighbour who will be at once weakened and grateful. Whatever opinion others may have, I believe in the gratitude of nations, and more especially in that of my own generous country. The true guarantees for Germany are the relations of good neighbourhood, and a sincere and permanent alliance with us; and the best pledge of such an alliance would be to allow Alsace and Lorraine to continue in the national unity of France. Those provinces you will say are German, both by history and language, and I willingly admit it; but they are pervaded by the spirit of France, and they are ours by the energy and persistence of their patriotism. Alsace and Lorraine form a natural and living bond between these two great nations. They are, as it were, the hand, I might almost say the heart, of Germany, reposing affectionately in the hand and heart of France."

The idea expressed in the last paragraph occurs in M. Renan's letter to the *Journal des Débats* in answer to Strauss, but it is there disfigured by the fantastic paradox that the loss of these two provinces would be the destruction of the French nation.

Assuredly it is not without reason that in the letter above cited the Père Hyacinthe dwells on the example and teaching of the Prophet Jeremiah. For the circumstances which encompassed the fall of the Jewish monarchy are so like to those which have encompassed the fall of the French Empire, that the comparison springs almost spontaneously to the mind. And if in the midst of

these circumstances any one figure presents itself to us resembling the ancient Prophet of Anathoth, it is that of the gentle-hearted priest, whose deep anguish for his country's woes is only equalled by his stern condemnation of its sins, by his deep insight into its high destinies.

But there is a yet profounder resemblance when we come to his ecclesiastical position. Jeremiah (so it has been said in describing his life in connection with the Jewish history) was "the victim of one of the strongest of human passions, the hatred of priests against a priest who attacks his own order, the hatred of prophets against a prophet who ventures to have a voice and will of his own." This is exactly the trial of the eloquent French preacher. It is not necessary to recall the previous events in Père Hyacinthe's career—his devotion to his profession, the enthusiasm with which he entered the Carmelite order, the gradual awakening of his mind to the hollowness of the exaggerated system of modern monasticism, and of the modern Papal Court, when the discharge of his duties as the first preacher of France brought him into contact with the great realities of human life; the constant petty restraints attempted to be imposed upon him by the Court of Rome and the Ultramontane party; the augmentation of his difficulties as the Œcumenical Council drew nearer, which, as was clearly foreseen by him, was to be made the instrument of binding on the Catholic Church the ever-increasing burden of superstition and of despotism. Then it was that he raised his impassioned Protestation, in his letter of Sept. 20, 1869, and retired from his convent into private life. The excommunication which followed on this step was in itself merely one of those legal formalities in which the Church of Rome deals, and which the Pope could have reversed by one stroke of his pen. Nothing was needed, had the ecclesiastical authorities so willed, for his restoration to his sacerdotal functions, than to release him from his monastic obligations by what is called an act of secularization. "This," said a distinguished Roman Catholic divine,



"this is what the Court of Rome can do, and will do if it is sufficiently frightened." This, however, it has not done; and the Père Hyacinthe, whilst still retaining the name under which he became famous, is virtually excluded from all ecclesiastical functions.

But he has not on this account renounced either his priesthood or his Church. In the "Discours," and in the "Appel," his position is defined with the utmost clearness. The grandeur of the position of the Roman Catholic Church is not denied. The principles of its historical "continuity," of its geographical "universality," are fully recognized. But he maintains that since the rupture of ancient Christendom into two great Churches of East and West, both apostolic, both catholic, both orthodox, yet hostile,—and still more, of Western Christendom into the various Protestant Churches—"the primitive synthesis," as he quaintly but powerfully expresses it, "has been dissolved into an immense and confused analysis." And yet again, after the Council of the Vatican, even more than after the Council of Trent, "the Roman Church has become a particular Church," one against many. "All the Churches are imperfect, and consequently none is sufficient for itself: all, in order to remount to the perfect Church, have need of each other at the same time that they have need of God."

Such is his view of the Roman Church in itself. His view of his own relations to it is best given in the words of his Appeal. He demands to be "restored"—

"I do not say to my Church, for from that I have never separated myself—but to the Ministry which for nearly twenty years I have exercised in her name, but which, in the new conditions that have arisen, I did not believe that I could honestly continue."

"I am not separating myself from the holy Catholic faith, nor from the Church of my baptism and of my priesthood. If the venerated heads of the Church receive my humble appeal, I will resume in obedience, at the same time as in honour and honesty, a ministry which has been the unique passion of my youth, the unique ambition of

my life, and which my conscience alone has forced me reluctantly to abandon. If, on the contrary, they reply to me only by condemnation or silence, I shall not be disturbed in my affection for a Church greater than those who govern it, stronger than those who defend it; and—retaining the heritage which has been bequeathed to me by my fathers, and which cannot be torn from me by excommunications which, being unjust, are therefore invalid—I shall strive to bring to the preparation of the kingdom of God upon earth the unfettered and independent action which is the common privilege of all true Christians."

What he feels, however, is that, under these circumstances, and in order to avoid "henceforward, for my friends as for myself, the misunderstandings attending on any steps not taken in the broad light of day," his position shall be clearly recognized. He therefore, in the first place, calls upon the Bishops of the Church

"to tell us whether the decrees of the recent Council are or are not binding on our faith. In an assembly in which the first conditions ought to be the entire freedom of discussion, and the moral unanimity of the votes, it is well known that Bishops, considerable by their numbers, by the authority of their learning and their character, have complained loudly and repeatedly of restrictions of every kind imposed on their liberty, and have refused to take part in the final decision. Is it possible that on returning to their dioceses, as if awaking from a long dream, they have acquired a retrospective certainty of having actually enjoyed, during their sojourn at Rome, a moral independence of which at the time they were not conscious? The very supposition is an insult. There is no question here of a mystery above human reason, but simply of a fact of personal experience; and a change of opinion in such a case is not to submit reason to authority, but to sacrifice conscience itself.

"If it be so, we remain free after as before the Council to reject the infallibility of the Pope as a doctrine unknown to ecclesiastical antiquity and resting only on apocryphal writings, concerning which criticism has pronounced its final judgment.

"We remain free to declare openly and loyally that we decline to accept the recent Encyclical Letters and the 'Syllabus,' which their most intelligent champions are constrained to interpret in opposition to their natural sense and to the well-known intention of their author, and of which the result, if these documents were treated seriously, would be to establish a radical incompatibility between the duty of a faithful Catholic and the duty of an impartial student and of a free citizen.

"Such are the most salient points on which



the schism exists. Every Catholic who has regard for the integrity and dignity of his faith—every priest who has at heart the honesty of his profession—has the right to interrogate the Bishops on these points; and the Bishops are bound to answer, without reticence and without subterfuge.

"It is this reticence and these subterfuges which have been our ruin; and the time is come to restore to our Church the antique sincerity of early faith, which in these latter days has lost its vigour."

What he further demands is that "the nineteenth century shall have its Catholic Reformation as the sixteenth had its Protestant Reformation."

This Reformation he delineates after the manner of Rosmini under the mystic figure of the Five Wounds.<sup>1</sup> We refer our readers to his own burning words for their description. They may be briefly summed up as,—

1st. The withdrawal of the Bible, and the false relations of Religion to Science.

2ndly. The oppression of the intellect and the conscience by the abuse of hierarchical power.

3rdly. The compulsory celibacy of the clergy.

4thly. The worldly policy of the Roman Church as concentrated in the exaggerated despotism of the Pope.

5thly. The external and material devotions multiplied without measure; "the veneration of saints, especially of the Blessed Virgin, developed in a proportion and yet more with a character foreign to the true sentiment of Catholicism, and leading to a sensible diminution of that worship of the Father in spirit and in truth which Jesus has made the soul of His religion."

It will be seen that in these demands, taken by themselves, there is nothing more than has been already said by Popes and by saints, or than is even now thought by hundreds of devout

<sup>1</sup> It may be thought that the limitation of the maladies of the Roman Church to these five too much leaves out of sight the wider disease of untruthfulness and disregard of the higher laws of justice, judgment, and charity. But this, alas! is not peculiar to the Church of Rome, and it is of the Church of Rome alone that Father Hyacinthe speaks.

members, whether ecclesiastics or laymen, of the Roman Catholic Church. What is peculiar to Father Hyacinthe's position and utterance is that what others have expressed separately and disjointedly he has combined in one form, and yet further that, amongst all these secret allies of true religion and true reason in the bosom of the ancient Church, he alone, or almost alone, has had the courage and the wisdom to express his convictions in the face of day, firm in the desire for the "restoration, in ecclesiastical matters, of that publicity which is the only worthy and only efficacious policy."

As his Protest against the Papal dogma in September 1869 was the first cry which broke the silence of the Bishops and of the leading laity and ecclesiastics before it was proclaimed, so his Appeal now is the only or almost only cry which has expressed their suppressed convictions after its proclamation. They all have since that time either submitted or are silent. They all acquiesce either in act or by reticence in what many of them have declared that they know to be a fable. They all shrink from expressing publicly their indignation at those five causes of the ruin and weakness of their Church, which they many of them feel with him, but bury in what M. Renan calls "an angelic silence."

What will be the issue of the general struggle in the Church no human foresight can tell. Whether the great crisis through which Europe has passed, and is passing, shall deliver the Roman Church from its bondage, or rivet its chains still more firmly; whether the French clergy, awaking from their dream, shall resolve to make a regenerated Church worthy of a regenerated nation, and as a pledge of their willingness shall receive back into the pulpit of Notre Dame the greatest of their living preachers; whether the Papacy will succeed (through the weakness and indifference of Italian statesmen, through the fortuitous co-operation of designing ecclesiastics and short-sighted Liberals, and, alas! must we not add, through

the unexpected encouragment of Lord Acton) in establishing a spiritual tyranny more complete than that which under the necessary restraints of a temporal sovereignty was in some degree checked and limited ; or whether the Italian nation itself shall rise to the level of their great opportunity, and insist on having a Bishop of Rome worthy of the capital of a free and illustrious country, not as at present the tool or the flatterer of foreign powers, and the avowed enemy of all spiritual and intellectual freedom—these are questions which the boldest seer would shrink from attempting to answer. And, even if we look only at the nearer and personal future of the noble-minded ecclesiastic whose utterances we have here too briefly noticed, they would be rash diviners who in the presence of so many dangers to the right hand and to the left, with the recollection of so many who have fallen under the terrors or the seductions of the great party which assumes to itself the name of “the Catholic Church,”—we may add, under the fascination, no less formidable, of the violent reactions against it,—should venture to predict that he will walk erect where so many have stumbled, that he will go firmly forward to the end, when so many have been led astray into tortuous bypaths and safe hiding-places. But of this we feel sure, that if he remains true to himself, and to the position which he has chosen for himself,—true to his own gentle, upright, refined, discriminating perceptions of right and wrong, of truth

and falsehood,—true to the desire of developing the Christian faith and Christian institutions which he has inherited from the Church of his fathers, instead of adopting afresh the mixed truth and falsehood of other Churches,—he has a prospect before him such as no ecclesiastic in the Church of Rome has had, at least within this century. This prospect would be indefinitely brightened and enlarged if either the French or the Italian Church would frankly open the door to his ministrations. But if, on the other hand, the violence of the times, and the arts of his enemies, should exclude him from his rightful position, and condemn him to a life of independent and isolated action, there is still a wide field left to him in the judgment of all who value the union of devotion and truth, humility and courage. And, whatever may be the fruits of his labour, his work itself will not have been in vain.

“ Amongst the faithless, faithful only he ;  
 Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
 Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;  
 Nor number nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant  
 mind.  
 ‘ Servant of God, well done ! Well hast  
 thou fought  
 The better fight, who single hast maintained  
 Against revolted multitudes the cause  
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,  
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
 Than violence ; for this was all thy care—  
 To stand approved in sight of God, though  
 worlds  
 Judged thee perverse.’ ”

A. P. S.

## ENGLAND'S DEFENCE AGAINST HERSELF.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

ENGLAND is in full crisis, and the hearts of many sincere and thoughtful patriots are sad within them. It is not the Philistines, but the Flagellants who are upon us. Our foes are not those who come to bind or to slay us, but those who tell us, with painful iteration, that we are already bound or self-slain. These political and patriotic flagellants, who could do no harm if they did not pass for our friends and Mentors, are scourging us into repentance and self-abasement. They wield their whips remorselessly, and take a fierce pleasure in our pains, a grim pride in their own prophecies. They whisper strange, disquieting words in our ears, and they seek to hurry us onward, to mad deeds or to madder declarations. None are so patriotic, so far-seeing, so brave-tempered as they, and yet their counsels are unwise and their faith is fanaticism. They are of all classes, from full-blooded Radicals to tender-hearted Tories; from politicians no deeper than a patty-pan to Positivists assumedly more profound than their master. The whips they wield have many tails. They dash cynicism with sentiment, drape fact with figure, and degrade philosophy with bullying, and all to the same end—to demonstrate that by so much as we obey them not, by so much are we hastening to our decline and fall. The vision and the faculty divine is theirs, and theirs alone. If England is to be saved at all, it must be by them. Their faith is immense—in themselves; and they career about, whip in hand, lamentation on lip, and fierce scowl on brow, until there is great danger that men should lose their senses, and leave their settled ideas to roam and to rage with the fierceness of the Flagellants of the Middle Ages.

This mood of self-depreciation is not

of yesterday. There is a vein of melancholy in the English character, and now and then it crops out, and is made the most of by agitators and disappointed politicians. It frequently assumes the prophetic form, but none of its prophecies are ever realized. The gloomy Flagellants of the sixteenth century, who remembered the initial letters of Henry VIII, of Edward VI, of Mary, of Philip, and Elizabeth, used to say—

“When hempe is spun,  
England's done.”

Lord Bacon, who is our authority for the prophecy, slyly states that it was verified only in the change of name, “for the king's style is now no more of England, but of Britain.” Similar prophecies, as strangely fulfilled, will occur to the historic student. My only object in adverting to them now is to show that Englishmen have a traditional sensitiveness as to the future, and that the fact is so well known to political agitators as to render strong minds suspicious of all appeals that may be made to it. The stock reference of the visionary men of science, falsely so called, is Galileo; the ideal of all Flagellants is Jeremiah; the one class appeals to the future to justify, the other appeals to it to warn.

This mood has been growing upon us steadily for the last few years, and where it has produced healthy changes or wise legislation it is not to be condemned. But no true observer is content with magnifying present evils so as to produce future calamity. He cannot wrench away the present from the past, and his patriotism is not to be proved by lamentation so much as by faith. The political scepticism of many otherwise good men is a standing marvel. Whatever we do or leave undone, it is all the

same. Now we are told that civilization has its appointed course from east to west, and that Russia will one day efface England. Anon, we are warned that a second William the Norman will invade and conquer this country. Our own domestic policy is disintegrating or destroying the Empire. Revolution is in the air. Abroad, we are neither loved nor feared; at home, we are eaten up with pauperism, ignorance, and crime. Our great cities are destroying us, our race is physically degenerating, and our courage, moral and personal, is in rapid decline. We are beaten by one nation in technical science, by another in organization, and by a third in actual economy. Wealth we can pile up in soaring Babels of confusion, trade we can push, ships we can build, continents explore, books we can write, of genius we have plenty; and yet, amidst all these unquestionable advantages, our position amongst the nations is not what it once was, and "Happy England" is no longer a compliment, but a bitter satire. We have swung ourselves off the track of progress, hardened our hearts, and blinded our eyes; and, presently, we shall perish in the very height of our selfishness and pride. The faint outlines of fact are visible in all these complainings, or they would pass for the dreams of hypochondriacs. Pauperism, ignorance, and commercial absorption are evident; but none of these, as may easily be shown, are so much subjects for gloomy vaticination as for honest and manly effort. "The more work, the more lion," is a sound principle, in national as well as individual affairs.

Criticisms and anticipations of this kind are just now, unhappily, common. Spectators of a terrible war, we have found our moral judgment and our social sympathy at variance. We are separated into groups and divided into camps, and we fight out, in public or in private, our little verbal wars with amusing recklessness and not a little conceit. It is a war on a technical point of honour, and it ought never to have commenced, or, having reached a certain point, it ought to have ended; and England's duty was to

have prevented alike its beginning and its continuance. But, no, we are powerless. Time was when we could have telegraphed a dozen words and stopped the march of hostile battalions, or penned a despatch which should have startled kings, like the old handwriting on the wall. Then, we had statesmen, and armies, and navies, and no fear of loss of personal ease or of increased income-tax; now, we have manikins, and skeleton battalions, and craven hearts, and we give two glances at our national debt for one at our national honour. This depreciating, querulous, and spiritless tone is infecting us like an epidemic; and no wonder, for we find it everywhere,—in the market, on 'Change, in the weekly and daily press, and in the slow-moving quarterlies, which need not administer drastic, depressing doses to the thoughtful and the brave. But it is neither warranted by the facts of the case, nor likely to do us good, nor the best display we can make of the patriotism which burns, like a holy light, in the breast of every true Englishman.

Let me glance for a while at one or two fallacies which meet us at every turn. It is said that our position in Europe has declined. I deny it, resolutely and emphatically. Our advice is unheeded, we are told. We whisper where we ought to thunder. Let us see if it be so. When the question of Prince Leopold's candidature came up, and proved so distasteful to France, what did we do? We used our influence to induce Prussia to remove the stumbling-block, and, virtually, it was removed, not because Prussia feared a war with France, but because she respected the counsels and the friendship of England. Bullying would have been out of place, and would have effected nothing. France was reminded that England could not sanction war upon such a pretext. Napoleon's friendship for us would have compelled him to listen, but for his constant intrigues with the war-party, and the national antagonism his inspired journals had aroused. Our advice was rejected, and France suffers for it. Has this destroyed

the soundness or the wisdom of our diplomacy? Belgium seemed threatened. In spite of our reduced armaments, we secured the ratification of a new and temporary treaty, and yet long before our 20,000 men could have been recruited, or we could have landed an efficient force, either France or Germany could have proceeded to despoil Belgium, preparatory to final annexation or division. Take the Russian case. Prince Gortschakoff selected his opportunity and despatched his missive. If it be right to say that he would never have penned such a document but for our manifest weakness, it is equally right to say that he would never have despatched it at all, but proceeded to act against the special clauses of the Treaty of 1856 he complained of, had he not been certain that we should fight. At any other time the tone of the despatch might have been different—we owe much of that to the patriotic shriekers whose screams may easily be taken by shallow foreigners for the voice of English public feeling—but its fate would have been precisely the same. Take another case—the German complaints as to our non-benevolent neutrality. These kind of reproaches are to be expected. They are, in so many words, a tribute to our power. A strong neutral Power, as Machiavelli reminded the Ambassador at Rome, for Leo X., “ought to calculate upon the hatred of the conquered and the contempt of the conqueror,” but it can “laugh at hatred if it can preserve itself from contempt.” Germany was no doubt disappointed at our attitude from the first clear danger of war, but her grumbling cannot be construed into contempt, and we have no right to assume, from newspaper virulence, that Germany is seriously disaffected towards us, any more than we have to assume that the United States is permanently hostile to this country because the war-claims are still unsettled, and General Butler truckles to Fenians and demagogues. We may be disliked on the Continent, but this dislike does not proceed from any belief in our impotence or our timidity. When England comes

to be pitied instead of being abused, to be passed by in silence instead of being solicited for aid and counsel in serious emergencies, we may consider that to be a fact which at present is only a very sorry fiction. The dislike of other European nations is half envy and half fear. England sits so securely on her island-throne, is so rich and prosperous, and so far removed from frontier squabbles, and the infectious influence of the revolutionary movement, that those who do not bid for our sympathy or beg for our assistance are disposed to grumble at our serenity and to arouse our choler.

Upon one point, at any rate, wise continental observers estimate us much more truly than do many of our home satirists. They have not yet come to believe in the decline of our physical courage; and if Prince Gortschakoff made an experiment partly in that direction, he has long since received his answer. Some people think that we shall never fight, even in a good cause, which, thank Heaven, is now a necessity for us; but they are woefully mistaken. When Fox praised the Revolutionists in 1802, Coleridge said, in the *Post*, “that he had suffered himself to forget they were Frenchmen;” and when our modern advisers dispraise us, they are open to the retort that they forget we are Englishmen. What is the foundation of our litigiousness, our field-sports, our athletics, our Alpine adventuring, and our geographical explorations? Surely not weakness, timidity, or soft-heartedness. Does any common English soldier believe that Strasburg would not have been taken by storm days before it capitulated, if English troops had been besieging it? or that Metz would not have held out, or done something, if 100,000 English soldiers had been inside it? These are test questions, and their answers would suffice to discomfit any modern Flagellant who should try to *exploiter* a soldier of the line, or even a stalwart militiaman. We may require, as I have hinted, a better cause than formerly, but I am persuaded that we should fight better. Courage is a com-

pound of many qualities; and unless it can be shown that we are being unmade by commercial success, or climatal changes, or social life, or for the want of systematic physical training, it suffices to say that Englishmen have never yet proved themselves to be cowards.

But, urge the more political, who have made our decline part of their stock-in-trade, having purchased it of bankrupt Conservatives,—England's advice may be as sound and her heart as strong and her vision as clear and bright as ever, but she is not "in a position to make her advice felt." The last few words come over and over again in every speech that rings with the falsetto, lugubriously patriotic tone. The unanimity of these speakers and writers is wonderful. I confess to more doubt as to what they mean. If we could write it large, in many cases it would mean, "The more expense the more glory;" in others, "Our Party ought to be in power;" and in yet a third series, "If we cannot maintain our position abroad, we shall sink into the inglorious condition of Holland." Tearing up the phrase I have quoted from at least a score speeches and a dozen or two of leading articles, what fibre do we find? Nothing more than this—advice given by England is worth nothing, and will be treated as nothing, unless we are armed to give weight to it. Our statesmen are to speak, as it were, from the front of serried battalions. As well might we say that logic, to be convincing, should be backed with a blow from a mailed hand. The glove gives no weight to truth or force to advice, unless they take a threatening form, and then it may be effective. It would have made no difference to Germany, ere the war broke out, nor yet to France, if we had had a force under arms of 250,000 men, unless we had said that we should take a side, and throw our weight into the scale, the wisdom of doing which is quite another question altogether. If we are to give moral advice, let it be moral. We can rebuke without fighting it out, and we have not proved the soundness

of our opinion when we have won a battle or routed an army. It is far better to speak from a reserve of power, in the past, as well as in the present; and the statesmen who should think to make England's voice heard, where it would not otherwise be, by the mere fact of our having an army—say of 250,000 men—would be grievously disappointed. Height of wisdom and number of soldiers are two very different things. Russia will very soon be able to muster more men under arms than any other European Power, but I cannot suppose that her advice will be any the sounder or the more desired, or that she will make her influence more appreciable in difficulties where wise diplomacy and not brute force is the true solvent.

Mr. Harrison, however, goes much further than anybody else, as is his wont. He is bold enough to pen a remarkable article on his favourite bugbear, German militarism and aggression, and to style it "The Effacement of England."<sup>1</sup> It is idle to attempt to cure his Teutophobia; but when he contends that the defeat and the territorial reduction of France are the effacement of England, he is bound to do more than pen splendid sentences to embody his hatred of the House of Hohenzollern and the Junkerism of the Prussian army. Would he have England rise up and out-rival Germany in military preparation and pursuits? If so, we can understand that kind of policy very well, though it hardly squares with previous remarks he has made in the same review, on the curse of a blood-tax. If he believes that the military ascendancy of France is necessary to European civilization, and that without this ascendancy England will be degraded in the European commonwealth, he has simply proved it to be necessary for England to arm in her own interests, and not for England to interfere in those of France. He pleads "the interests of civilization," as against the success of Germany and the defeat of France. He is forgiving towards France,

<sup>1</sup> *Fortnightly Review*, February.

relentless towards Germany, conveniently dropping out of his mind all modern French history and manœuvring that would tell against his case, and compressing all Prussian history and traditions into the present, in order to make the German Emperor a compound of pious Isabella and devouring Attila, and Bismarck a discreet mixture of Hildebrand, Fouché, and Mephistopheles. It is recorded of a Catholic bishop that he was so credulous as to be unable to find sufficient matter for belief in the Roman Catechism and the Lives of the Saints, and hence he appropriated and digested all the fairy tales within his reach. Mr. Harrison is a worthy successor, and when he tells us that French cities have been "not once but twenty, thirty, forty times bombarded and burnt;" that the war has been "carried on for five months after France had sued for peace in the dust;" and that Paris has been set on fire and its monuments reduced "to ashes;" we are inclined to think that he must have read French papers to swell his imagination, and German ones to inflame his hate, and must then, like the well-known editor of the *Eatonswill Gazette*, have "combined his information." But, not to pursue this matter further, it may suffice to say that in what the effacement of England consists is a greater mystery when Mr. Harrison's rabid deliverance is finished than it was before. I can compare it to nothing better than the pleading of a famous lawyer, of whom it was said—

"Mr. Parker made the case darker,  
Which was dark enough without."

There is real danger in this peevish, despairing patriotism. Ideas and not facts are most potent in times of great excitement. Many terrible convulsions, as Coleridge has pointed out, have been wrought by such phrases as the "rights of man," the "sovereignty of the people;" and the French nation would hardly have rushed into war with such light-heartedness and jubilation, but for the idea so carefully sown broadcast through the press, that Prussia menaced France. Englishmen are slower to move, but

when once moved they do not easily cool, and their wrath is a steady flame. This notion of the decline of England is just the idea to make a sensible impression, if repeated often enough, and to bring about some mighty catastrophe. It makes an appeal to every man's pride, and it is not every one who has the courage or the knowledge to resist and to refute such a daintily-rigged fallacy as this has become. The ordinary citizen only comprehends our foreign influence through the assistance of his daily or weekly newspaper: and when it tells him that it is declining; that we are not "in a position to make our advice felt" abroad, as formerly; that people believe, on the Continent, that John Bull has no more fighting in him, and that we shall hug our money-bags and cotton-bales "amidst the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds"—which is a poetic rendering of Mr. Harrison's more recent prophetic outburst—he is likely to lose his temper, to forget that he pays income-tax, and to demand war to the knife on the very first reasonable or unreasonable opportunity. Many journalists, and, as one of them, I say it with some reluctance, seem to forget that Englishmen have mettle in them, and may be goaded into folly in order to prove it. An impertinent dangler, according to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, succeeded in effecting the discomfiture of the first woman by "persuading her that she was not so wise as she should be;" and I know of no surer way to make a man rash and headstrong than to preach to him homilies on the lack of personal courage. If they were wiser, journalists would shy their inkstands at such a tempter, even at the risk of being accused of having hallucinations. Such ideas unsettle, paralyse, and unman a brave and high-spirited people. A nation's estimate of itself is the measure of its power, and morbid introspection and fidgety pulse-feeling never yet did good to human beings, or to those congeries of beings we call nations. There are always timid individuals in the world, and men who can exert their genius as Shakspeare did, though like him, when anything is



to be done, they excel in playing the part of a *ghost*; but the true, kindly, and staunch patriot would never think of consorting with them, or taking his cue from them. Courageous natures draw timid ones after them, as the soft notes follow the sharp ones in a dumb-peal; and whenever a crisis occurs their leadership should be clear, decisive, and manly. If strong words be necessary, by all means let them be uttered; but let the truth be spoken, without peevishness or unhealthy depreciation. Be the worst as near as it may, it has to be faced, and we cannot do it with shaking limbs or hot tears in our eyes.

At present, England needs to be defended more against herself than any foreign foe. We are tormented with our opinions of things, and not with realities. We need to be more self-reliant, and carry our heads erect, and clear of the clouds. This unhealthy distrust and moping sentimentality is shrivelling up our very manhood. There is more real pluck in many a French soldier, interned in Germany, than in half-a-dozen polite and polished Englishmen who agree that we are rapidly going to the dogs, or something else. It is well to dart a strong question or two across the minds of such misanthropes. In what does England's greatness consist? And in what has it declined? Because we have not a splendid army, and it is not ready for immediate use, we may close our book of fate, and welcome the grip of Germany or the hug of Russia! One is really ashamed, sometimes, to listen to the manifold changes rung on these words. I do not say that we can, or we must, remain contented with our present military power or system. Even Russia has remodelled hers, and yet I am not aware that the Czar's people quivered all over with panic at the very idea that it was necessary, which is just what Englishmen are doing, creaking out their sorrows, meanwhile, like an old willow-tree widening its cracks in the wind. It is not the necessity which need occasion alarm; it is the process whereby some have arrived at it, and the

mood in which they desire others to face it. A real danger—say, the immediate prospect of war with Russia—would brace us all like a dry cold wind, and we should cheerfully prepare to do our part. But there are so many bugbears, one fears to name them, lest the ridicule which belongs to the inventors should cover the narrator.

In one of his fragments, Lord Bacon discourses on the true greatness of Britain. He sets himself to correct four errors—that greatness consists of largeness of territory, riches, fruitfulness of soil, or fortified towns; and affirms, on the contrary, that true greatness requires “a fit situation,” “consisteth essentially in *population and breed of men*,” in “the value and military disposition of the people,” in the fact “that *every common subject by the poll be fit to make a soldier*,” in the “temper of the Government fit to keep the people *in good heart and courage*,” and in “the commandment of the sea.” Now, nothing but a huge convulsion of nature can alter our position or climate, and we may justly blame ourselves for the want of every other quality he names, if any be wanting. We ought to make “every common subject by the poll” fit to be a soldier, and to keep the people “in good heart and courage.” How can we do these things? Certainly not by giving the rein to melancholy, or by assisting in the production of panics. We must be protected, as much against ourselves as against any foe who may choose to assail us; the one being quite as important as the other. The play-impulse, as Schiller termed it, is still common amongst us, and athletics of all kinds sustain and develop it, correcting the softness engendered by city life, and increasing the physical health we hardly prize as we ought to do. We have only to utilize this impulse and to extend it, and we have laid a foundation for any army-system we may devise. Let drill form part of all our school discipline, in the primary schools now being established under the Elementary Education Act, no less than in higher



and more adult ones, and we shall have fewer bodily deformities, sounder health, and a more vigorous morality. We need fear no eruption of the military fever, and yet we should have gained, at an immense saving, power to make a soldier as quickly as he can be made in Switzerland—that is, in a month or five weeks; whereas now, what with defective education and late instruction, the English soldier “never is but always to be made.” In any rational scheme of education, physical exercises should form a part of the daily round. Of what avail is it to have mastered all the sciences if we never proceed to apply them? The teaching of physiology is much advocated by many, and with wisdom; but, in the years before even its bare rudiments can be understood, much may be done to give vigorous health to all. It is perhaps the greatest anomaly in our present system—I omit public schools and universities—that we prepare the young for a future sedentary life by an almost entirely sedentary education. If they like to play, we provide grounds, but let us systematize a natural impulse, and a corrective will have been applied, for the present no less than the future. The delicate boy will not join in rough play, whilst he would really enjoy the simpler forms of drill and profit by them. We may depend upon it that there is quite as much “in population and breed of men,” as Lord Bacon thought, if not more, and educational reformers would do well not to turn a deaf ear to such suggestions as have been made on the subject of early drill by Professor Huxley, Mr. Chadwick, and others.

Another step leads us forward to some form of a national army, necessary alike to maintain our obligations, defend our shores, and keep us “in good heart and courage.” When we experienced our last invasion panic, we stumbled across the true principle, but we neither saw it nor made the best of it. Volunteering is good as a preparation for something better, but inadequate in itself. We have only to stay the annual suspension of the

militia ballot, to fall back upon the permanent law of the country, and it will be easy for us to work out through existing agents, either the Prussian, or what finds still more favour, the Swiss, military system. The word “retrograde” should not frighten us, inasmuch as, Professor Cairnes<sup>1</sup> remarks, war carried on by entire populations “is the danger against which we have to provide;” and, furthermore, because whatever may be the aggressive impressionable character of the Prussian system, the popular basis of the army is not so much to blame as “the political constitution of Prussia.” Englishmen have too many safeguards to render it possible to use a popular army for unpopular and dynastic or retrograde purposes. If we consent to regard every adult male, with specified exceptions, as by law and fact a soldier, we cannot withdraw his political rights, or in any way interfere in their exercise. The ballot will ensure his protection, and we may safely trust him to make known his wish and will. He has a free press to assist him, and public opinion, in the long run, never fails to make itself heard in the House of Commons. A widened suffrage relieves us from fear upon many grounds, and the traditions of our aristocratic and cultivated classes are broad and healthy, and free, on international questions, at any rate, from the taint of Junkerism. At present, our army has its own peculiar feelings and prepossessions; and if they are not worthy of being designated as a caste, they are sufficiently marked off from those of the common people to be considered somewhat anti-democratic. To largely increase a class outside of political institutions, and strongly impregnated with notions not entertained by the people, is surely a greater danger to liberty than is possible in any national army, where the control is almost exclusively Parliamentary and not Royal. Centuries of struggle have destroyed all

<sup>1</sup> See “A National or a Standing Army?” in the *Fortnightly Review* for February—an article which should be read by all true patriots.

chance of the army of England, however constituted, being wielded by a Sovereign against the people, and in the parliamentary character of its management and direction we have a potent guarantee of freedom and progress.

But those who dread our militarism, even whilst they make perfervid appeals to it, and laugh at our industrialism whilst they heap their scorn upon the feudal, fanatical war-spirit of our neighbours, are guilty of a perceptible twist in their arguments, and a manifest aberration in their moral vision. If we are so excessively industrial, why need there be any fear of our militarism? And, if we are by nature so excessively military, what becomes of their terrible man-eater — a selfish, money-making, Manchester Pekinism? The real fact of the matter is, that our industrial pursuits and our military defensiveness would touch each other precisely where they would bring a physical and moral law of compensation into play. We need some physical pursuits to correct our industrial ones. They stunt the growth of the young, diminish individual vigour, and increase our death-rate. Our reserves of physical health are the agricultural counties, but we should not draw upon them so heavily as we do, if by any means, by improved sanitary measures, no less than by physical education, we could increase the vigour of the adult males in our cities and manufacturing towns, and correspondingly, the vitality of our infants. I have not seen this part of the question treated as it deserves, and it is worth quite as much attention as international vigour and morality. Our industrial tendencies are certain to check and balance any military ones; to round off our force with domesticity, so to speak, just as the sea separates us from frontier troubles and the military fevers of the Continent. The citizen soldier would have his pugnacity softened by his homefulness, his struggle for existence, and his future plans. Englishmen, as a rule, have to work harder, and pay more for food and clothes, than the common run of Germans and Frenchmen, and these facts

are not to be omitted in our forecast. Before the military fever could transform the plodding, massive, and slow-burning Englishman, there would have to be immense havoc made with our "taproots," as Carlyle calls them; and as they constitute our "breed of men," physically and morally, it is not wise to flurry ourselves with imaginary fears, or to assume that any reversion to the fundamental basis of our national defence will work a miracle of obliteration, either in personal or political character.

We must not forget the sea. It is our "ring of marriage" with all nations, and Bacon justly says, that to be master of it is "an abridgement of a monarchy." Actium, Lepanto, the Armada defeat, Trafalgar, the Nile, and many other naval fights, have left their mark upon the world. A good navy, constructed on the latest scientific principles, is part of England's defence against herself, no less than a popular or a national army. Our foreign possessions, our commerce, our very existence and security, may depend upon our ships. If we lose the empire of the sea, there is no compensation. Even the uprising of the bed of the Channel, and the reunion of this country to the Continent, would be but a poor substitute for it. We have made our vow to the sea-gods, and we must keep it or perish.

A word or two on another matter quite germane to what I have already written. If we are to complete our defence against ourselves, we must have some clearer notion of what does, and what does not, constitute a healthy and vigorous foreign policy. On these points, as yet, no two Englishmen are agreed. The old problem of disinterestedness projects itself into our politics. If we are too self-regarding, we become isolated and narrow; and if we surrender ourselves to capricious unselfishness, we are guilty of a species of moral insanity, and "meddle and muddle" is the practical result. Nevertheless, non-intervention, if not too crudely and rigidly followed, is the only philosophic doctrine. Nations are nothing more than collections of communities—a truism, no doubt, but

see how it applies. A, B, C, and D have different dwellings, and are friends, but they hold diverse political, religious, and domestic creeds. They allow for these differences, and do not trespass on each other's rights. They meet as citizens, and so far harmoniously. They exchange ideas, but resent interference. Let B or D violate some known social law or *convenance*, and he must take the consequences; but if he infringes the liberty, or enters the dwelling, or despoils the property of one of the others, without reason or sufficient provocation, each one will redress his own wrongs, or may assist the others, directly, by personal aid, or indirectly, by legal action or adjudication. This is the lower form of the doctrine of non-intervention, and shows how it may and should be broken. In other words, it is toleration, covering nations, instead of individuals. The intervention doctrine, if stated as simply, means that A shall presume to dictate to B in the interests of C, and join D and C in coercing B; or, that any one shall, by virtue of his power or position, assume to partially or wholly regulate the internal affairs, or exercise a veto on the personal quarrels or modes of redress, of all or any of the others, whether they concern him, his treaties or his obligations, or not. Now, there are three possible lines of foreign policy. There is, first, a general agreement to preserve a given equilibrium, known as the balance of power, and treaties to that effect to be observed—a policy which has never yet been faithfully executed, and, in the nature of things, cannot be. Secondly, there is a policy of intercourse, sympathy, and assistance, based on identity of race, similarity of institutions, and a general affinity of ideas, political and social. Obviously, this has a very restricted sphere, as no two respectable nations, in or out of Europe, hold precisely all these relations to each other. Thirdly, there is a sort of Zollverein policy, founded on commercial treaties, or declared right and privilege in

trading affairs. The three lines intersect each other continually, and only the latter has any promise of clearness and stability amidst complex conditions. "Interests of civilization" must be reduced into plainer terms before we can deal with it. It may mean our old friend, "the balance of power," which forbids national expansion, spontaneous or otherwise; or identity of social and political interests, which is a point in the argument to be proved, and must not be begged; or it may mean joint enterprise in industrial life and social development. Under any circumstances, however, each nation must, to some extent, be an *enclave*, and cannot be expected to issue from it to make war or interfere for some vague impalpable dream of social or scientific reconstruction. If ideals of this kind are permitted to guide a foreign policy, nations will always be at variance, and the most advanced will exercise an irritating and pernicious influence on their less fortunate neighbours.

A strong, self-reliant, self-defended nation can never lose her moral power or her international position. She is "absolved to herself," and she will not have to wait for the verdict of the world. Power is the natural heritage of such a state, and it is thus that England illumines the past. She will not hold her own in the future by merely fretting at the temporary supremacy of a friendly nation, or the temporary overshadowing of an old ally. We have no right, as Mr. Gladstone justly says, "to wrap ourselves up in an absolute and selfish isolation. We have a history, we have traditions; we have living, constant, perpetual, and multiplied intercourse and contact with every people in Europe." We could not do so, if we tried, and we shall not try. Our cosmopolitanism corrects our patriotism, and there is sometimes equal need that the latter should chasten and restrain the former. But between meddlingness and supposed selfishness, there is a whole heaven.

## ON ART AS AN AIM IN LIFE.

“Ein unbegreiflich holdes Sehnen  
 Trieb mich, durch Wald und Wiesen hinzugehn,  
 Und unter tausend heissen Thränen  
 Fühlt' ich mir eine Welt entstehn.”—GOETHE.

How was it that he knew it? ay, or where  
 Beholding an immortal in the air  
 Fixed he for aye, with swift touch unafraid,  
 That vision of the vision of a maid,  
 Whose hands are dropped, whose glowing eyes aspire  
 To some half-seen concent and heavenly quire,  
 While at her sacred feet forgotten lie  
 The useless tools of mortal minstrelsy?

True type of Art, which, never long content,  
 Can feed her flame with song or instrument,  
 Still from the bright supernal dream must draw  
 Light on her brows, and language, and a law,  
 If she her glorious message would renew,  
 Live her great life, and make the picture true,  
 Where stand that musical sweet maid anear  
 Saint and evangelist and sage and seer;  
 They watch Cecilia's eyes, but not for them  
 Opens on earth the heaven's Jerusalem.

Thou whom with thrills, like the first thrills that stir  
 In a girl's heart when Love is waking her,  
 With set of soul like the blind strength that sways  
 Beneath the moon's clear face the watery ways,  
 God from a child has chosen and set apart  
 For this one priesthood and last shrine of Art,  
 See thou maintain thy calling; take no heed  
 Of such as tell thee there is little need  
 Of beauty on the earth till peace be here,  
 That, till some true sun make the world less drear,  
 All vainly flush in thy thin air withdrawn  
 Auroral streamers of the untimely dawn.

They err; no other way as yet is known  
 With God's dim purpose to unite our own,  
 Except for each to follow as he can  
 The central impulse that has made him man,  
 Live his true self, and find his work and rest  
 In toil or pleasure where that self is best.

And hast thou chosen then? canst thou endure  
 The purging change of frost and calenture;  
 Accept the sick recoil, the weary pain  
 Of senses heightened, keener nerves and brain—  
 Suffer and love, love much and suffer long—  
 And live thro' all, and at the last be strong?

For hard the Aonian heights, and far and few  
 Their starry memories who have won thereto;  
 Who to the end loved love, who still the same  
 Followed lifelong the lonely road to fame;  
 And fame they found, with so great heart had they  
 Traversed that open unfrequented way.  
 Have courage; follow; yet no heart have I,  
 O soul elect, thy pains to prophesy,  
 Loth to myself to speak them, loth to know  
 That creatures born for love are born for woe.

Ay, if all else be spared thee, none the less  
 Enough, enough to bear is loneliness—  
 The hope that still, till hope with days be done,  
 Must seek the perfect friend and find not one;  
 Not one of all whom thine eyes' mastering flame  
 At will enkindles and at will can tame—  
 Not one, O woman, of men strong and free  
 Whom thy mere presence makes the slaves of thee,  
 Yet thy king comes not, and the golden door  
 To thy heart's heart is shut for evermore.

Then oft thy very pulse shall sink away  
 Sick with the length of disenchanted day,  
 And after midnight, when the moon looks cold  
 On lawn and skies grey-azure and grey-gold,  
 So soft a passion to thy heart shall creep,  
 To change the dreamful for the dreamless sleep,  
 That turning round on that unrestful gloom  
 And peopled silence of thy lonely room,  
 Thou shalt need all the strength that God can give  
 Simply to live, my friend, simply to live.

Thou in that hour rejoice, since only thus  
 Can thy proud heart grow wholly piteous,  
 Thus only to the world thy speech can flow  
 Charged with the sad authority of woe;  
 Since no man nurtured in the shade can sing  
 To a true note our psalm of conquering;  
 Warriors must chant it, whom our own eyes see  
 Red from the battle and more bruised than we,  
 Men who have borne the worst, have known the whole,  
 Have felt the last abeyance of the soul,

Low in the dust with rigid face have lain,  
Self-scorned, self-spoiled, self-hated, and self-slain.

Since all alike we bear, but all apart,  
One human anguish hidden at the heart,  
All with eyes faint, with hopes that half endure,  
Seek in the vault our vanished Cynosure,  
And strain our helpless oarage, and essay  
Thro' flood and fire the innavigable way.

In such dark places truth lies hid, and still  
Man's wisdom comes on man against his will,  
And his stern sibyl, ere her tale she tell,  
Shows the shapes coiling at the gate of hell.<sup>1</sup>

Such be thy sorrows, yet methinks for them  
Thine Art herself has help and requiem;  
Ah, when some painter, God-encompassed,  
Finds the pure passion, lives among the dead—  
When angel eyes regarding thee enthrall  
Thy spirit in the light angelical,  
And heaven and hope and all thy memories seem  
Mixed with their being in a lovely dream—  
What place for anger? what to thee is this  
That foe and friend judge justly or amiss?  
No man can help or harm thee; far away  
Their voices sound and like thin air are they;  
Thou with the primal Beauty art alone,  
And tears forgotten and a world thine own.

How oft Fate's sharpest blows shall leave thee strong  
With some re-risen ecstasy of song!  
How oft the unforgotten message bound  
In great sonatas and a stormy sound  
Shall seize thee and constrain thee, and make thee sure  
That *this* is true, and *this*, and these endure,—  
Being at the root of all things, lying low,  
Being Life, and Love, and God has willed it so.

Ah, strange the bond that in one great life binds  
All master-moments of all master-minds!  
Strange the one clan that years nor wars destroy,  
The undispersed co-heritage of joy!  
Strange that howe'er the Sundering ages roll,  
From age to age shall soul encounter soul,  
Across the dying times, the world's dim roar,  
Speak each with each, and live for evermore!  
So have I seen in some deep wood divine

<sup>1</sup> "Ma le fatiche, e voi, famosi affanni,  
Risvegliate il pensier che in ozio giace,  
Mostrategli quel colle alto che face  
Salir dai bassi ai più sublimi scanni!"—RAPHAEL.

The dark and silvery stems of birch and pine;  
 Apart they sprang, rough earth between them lay  
 Tangled with brambles and with briars, but they  
 Met at their summits, and a rushing breeze  
 Unlocked the topmost murmur of the trees.

If only thou to thine own self couldst be  
 As kind as God and Nature are to thee!  
 They lade thy bark for nought, they pile thereon  
 With vain largess the golden cargason,  
 If with thy royal joys not yet content  
 Thou needs must lavish all, till all be spent,  
 If thou wilt change for hurrying loves that die  
 Thy strength, thine art, thine immortality,  
 If thou wilt see thy sweet soul burned like myrrh  
 Before such gods as have no gift for her.<sup>1</sup>

For even when once was God well pleased to shed  
 His thousand glories on a single head,  
 Amid our baffled lives and struggles dim,  
 To make one fair and all fair things for him—  
 Ah, what avail the eyes, the heart of flame,  
 The angel nature in the angel name?  
 Amid his fadeless art he fades away  
 Fair as his pictures but more frail than they,  
 Leaves deathless shrines, wherein sweet spirits dwell,  
 But not, not yet, the soul of Raphael.

Yet there are lives that mid the trampling throng  
 With their prime beauty bloom at evensong,  
 Souls that with no confusing flutter rise,  
 Spread their wings once, and sail in Paradise,  
 Hearts for whom God has judged it best to know  
 Only by hearsay sin and waste and woe,  
 Bright to come hither and to travel hence  
 Bright as they came, and wise in innocence;  
 So simply fair, so brave and unbeguiled,  
 Set Christ among the twelve the wiser child.  
 Wilt thou forget? forget not; keep apart  
 A certain faithful silence in the heart;  
 Speak to no friend thereof, and rare and slow  
 Let thine own thoughts to that their treasure go:—  
 Ay, an unconscious look, a broken tone,  
 A soft breath near thee timing with thine own,  
 These are thy treasures; dearer these to thee  
 Than the whole store of lifelong memory;

<sup>1</sup> "Tal che tanto ardo che nè mar nè fiume  
 Spegner potrian quel foco, ma piace  
 Poich' il mio ardor tanto di ben mi face  
 Ch' ardendo ognor più d'arder mi consuma."—RAPHAEL.

Dearer than joys and passions, for indeed  
Those are blown blossoms, this the single seed,  
And life is winter for it, death is spring,  
And God the sun and heaven the harvesting.

Oh would that life and strength and spirit and song  
Could come so flowing, could endure so long,  
As might suffice a little at least to praise  
The charm and glory of these latter days—  
To let the captive thoughts a moment fly  
That rise unsummoned and unspoken die!  
Oh were I there when oft in some still place  
Imagined music flushes in the face,  
And silent and sonorous, to and fro,  
Thro' the rais'd head the marching phrases flow!  
Were mine the fame, when all the air is fire  
With light and life and beauty and desire,  
When one, when one thro' all the electric throng  
Hurtles the jewel arrows of her song,—  
Then crashed from tier on tier, from hand and tongue,  
The ringing glory makes an old world young!  
O marvel, that deep-hid in earth should lie  
So many a seed and source of harmony,  
Which age on age have slept, and in an hour  
Surge in a sea and flame into a flower;  
Which are a mystery; which having wist  
From his great heart the master-melodist  
Strikes till the strong chords tremble and abound  
With tyrannous reversion of sweet sound,  
Till bar on bar, till quivering string on string,  
Break from their maker, are alive and sing,  
With force for ever on all hearts to roll  
Wave after wave the ocean of his soul!

Yet ah how feeble, ah how faint and low  
The organ peals, the silver trumpets blow!  
Alas, the glorious thoughts which never yet  
Have found a sound in fugue or canzonet,  
Nor can the pain of their delight declare  
With magic of sweet figures and blue air!  
Oh could one once by grace of God disclose  
The heart's last sigh, the secret of the rose!  
But once set free the soul, and breathe away  
Life in the light of one transcendant day!

Not thus has God ordained it; nay, but He  
To silent hearts is present silently;  
He waits till in thee perish pride and shame,  
Sense of thyself, and all thy thoughts of fame;



Then when thy task is over, His begun, .  
He leads thy soul where all the Arts are one—  
Leads to His shrine, and has of old unfurled  
To chosen eyes the wonder of the world.  
Then let no life but His, no love be near,  
Only in thought be even the dearest dear!  
No sound or touch must kindle or control  
This mounting joy, this sabbath of the soul:  
He gives a lonely rapture; ay, as now  
From this dark height and Sanminiato's brow,  
Watching the beautiful ensanguined day  
From Belosguardo fade and Fiesole,—  
Oh look how bridge and river, and dome and spire  
Become one glory in the rose-red fire,  
Till starlit Arno thro' the vale shall shine  
And sweep to sea the roar of Apennine!  
This is the spirit's worship: even so,  
I ween that in a dream and long ago,  
Wearing together in her happy hour  
The fruit of life and life's enchanting flower,  
Herself, alone, essential and divine,  
Came his own Florence to the Florentine,  
And lily-sceptred in his vision stood  
A city like the soul of womanhood.

FLORENCE, *Jun.* 1871.

## THE EDUCATION OF ENGINEERS.

EVER since engineering became a recognized profession, the question how an engineer ought to be educated has been more or less subject of discussion. Till quite lately, indeed, the majority of the profession in this country have held that training rather than education formed the fittest preparation, but there has always been a section, and latterly an increasing one, who urge that engineering should be regarded as a scientific pursuit, requiring in its votaries a scientific education, and recently the opinions of those holding this opinion have rapidly gained ground. The attention of the general public was lately drawn to the subject in Mr. Scott Russell's great work<sup>1</sup> on technical education—a work which has not yet attracted the notice that the importance of the subject and his treatment of it deserve—while almost simultaneously with the appearance of that book, the evidence given by Professor Fleeming Jenkin and other scientific men before the Select Committee of 1868 testified to the extremely unsatisfactory condition of engineering education. And now more lately the Institution of Civil Engineers has published the report<sup>2</sup> drawn up by Dr. Pole at its instance, on the system which obtains in France and Germany. This able paper shows in a very striking light the difference between the systematic and elaborate procedure enforced in those countries, with their splendid and costly State-supported establishments, and the easy-going unmethodic state of things obtaining here, where the test of qualification is practically limited by the sole condition of ability to pay an

apprentice fee. Engineering education in the proper sense of the term does not in fact exist at present in this country; whether the pupil obtains even a practical training, by making use of his opportunities, depends solely on himself. That is his business, not his master's. But attached to Dr. Pole's report is a collection of papers containing the opinions of several leading civil engineers on the subject, which have at the present time a special interest. For while a few of the writers would appear to regard the existing state of things with complacency, the majority are fully impressed with the need for change; and the elaborate conditions in the way of preliminary scientific education which some would impose on intending pupils, indicate plainly the insufficiency in their opinion of the practice which now prevails, and more than one writer expresses unqualified anxiety at the superiority he considers is being attained by the continental engineers, and would establish a rigorous method of preparation for our engineers of the same kind as that which the former undergo. And it must be confessed that in respect of education the engineering profession is behind every other which claims to be a liberal one. It shares indeed with the Bar the peculiarity that no test of qualification is needed for practising, and with the medical profession the condition of pupilage; but the reform of legal education is impending, and, happily for the public, the young medical practitioner's training does not end with the picking up odd scraps of knowledge in his master's dispensary, but his pupilage is supplemented by a course of methodical lectures, and an examination must be passed before he is allowed to practise.

Yet sufficient reasons are not wanting

<sup>1</sup> "Systematic Technical Education for the English People." By J. Scott Russell, Esq. London: Bradbury and Evans, 1869.)

<sup>2</sup> "The Education and Status of Civil Engineers, in the United Kingdom and in Foreign Countries." (London, 1870.)

to explain why this state of things should have obtained up to the present time. Engineering, in one respect, is analogous to the military profession. Tactics and army organization are seldom improved during war. In such times moral and physical qualities give the ascendancy, but the theoretical education of the troops stands still. When once the ship leaves port, the success of the voyage depends on the skill of the crew, but the hull and rig cannot be altered till it returns to port. So with armies. The lessons learnt and the appliances matured during peace have then to be put in application, and when men are engaged in the actual work of fighting, invention and improvement cease. The Napoleonic wars led to scarcely any changes in tactics or development of fire-arms and artillery; the Prussian military machine, as we now see it, has been entirely constructed during a time of peace. The same sort of thing holds good with respect to engineering. Since the time when the discovery of railroads created a sudden demand for a large body of engineers, the great works which have so altered the face of the country and the social condition of England have been carried out, so to speak, in a hurry. The thirty years that ended with the financial crisis of 1866 were a season of engineering bustle, and the great works then in course of being carried out formed, beyond question, the best possible school for training in what is emphatically a practical business. When the enemy is invading a country, its youth must rush to arms and not be kept at school to work at history and fortification; nor would a physician shut himself up in his closet to study medical philosophy, while the plague is raging about him. So with engineering. The times have hitherto been too full of active work to permit of leisure and reflection on the best way of preparing to do it. But now a pause has occurred in the stress of active work, and the time has come for deliberately reviewing the wants and deficiencies of our practice, and replacing the rough-and-ready training

heretofore recognized as sufficient, by a more systematic method. As the opportunities for obtaining practical experience become more difficult to obtain and at best present themselves later in life, it behoves those embarking in the profession to make up for these disadvantages by better study and preparation, while those who have its reputation and interest at heart will not be backward to aid in the needful measure of reform.

But that prejudice against reform which is apt to distinguish the senior members of a profession; which has hitherto stopped the way against all efforts for raising the standard of qualification for the Bar; which still permits any ignorant lad from the lower form of a grammar school to enter, wholly unprepared and unfit, on the study of medicine and surgery; and which has converted one of our universities into a mill for grinding up mathematics and two dead languages, to the neglect, until of late years, of every other branch of science and philosophy: this same spirit of dislike to change appears in an equally strong form among some of the leading civil engineers. Nor is it surprising that men of great ability, like the seniors of this profession, should be prejudiced in favour of a system which has given them their own success; for it is no doubt the case, although the truth may not often be distinctly apprehended, that where the general standard of education is lowest, the conditions are precisely those most favourable to the display of exceptional abilities. It is in primitive states of warfare that physical prowess carries the highest value: the tendency of education is to place men more on a level with each other. Further, the pupillage system works better than might be expected, because the pupils having been much in excess of the requirements of the profession, the masters have been able to select only the best for subsequent employment. It is this process of elimination which secures the high standard of ability we find in the upper ranks of the profession, but it involves a grievous waste of power. A high authority, in

his evidence before the Select Committee of 1868, estimates that at least three-fourths of those who enter the offices of civil and mechanical engineers fail to make any use of the opportunity, and disappear from the active practice of the profession, their time and their friends' money having been simply thrown away.

But in fact the system, when the facts are naturally stated, is absolutely indefensible. For admission to become an engineer the only needful condition is the capacity to pay a fee. Some engineers indeed will only receive pupils they take a fancy to, or who they think are likely to turn out creditably, and some will not take pupils at all, from a conscientious feeling that they have either not the leisure to look after them properly, or not sufficient opportunities to offer for affording experience; but others make the reception of pupils a considerable part of their professional income, and practically anybody who has from three to five hundred guineas at his command will have no difficulty in finding an engineer willing to receive his son as a pupil, no matter how dull or ignorant the lad may be. The indentures signed, the pupil's education henceforward rests with himself. If pushing and industrious, and if his master has works on hand to employ him on, he will soon find opportunities for gaining experience, and means of securing leisure for study. But in any case he will probably be left to himself to take his own line. There is seldom any one in the office at leisure to teach those who do not care to learn; and, as generally happens, the pupil starts in perfect ignorance of the business; and when it is considered what attractions the prospect of exchanging school discipline before the usual time for a life of comparative independence is likely to have for idle boys, especially when no ordeal of examinations has to be passed, it is not surprising if the fancy expressed for becoming an engineer should often fail to be accompanied by any real taste for the profession, and that the pupilage system should produce a large proportion of failures.

There is further this peculiar condition of the difference between the engineering and other professions, which alone goes far to explain its conservative tendencies. In the law and medicine the young practitioners start at once on their own account, independent of aid or patronage. Every village has its doctor and attorney, and it will usually be the younger members of the profession who are most alive to the need of reform. But all engineering business is practically in the hands of the seniors, and the only road to employment is through their offices. The body of English engineers are not scattered over the provincial towns, but are collected in Westminster; and, whatever may be the nature and locality of the works undertaken, the project and estimates are, as a rule, framed in London. Thus the young engineer has no opening for setting up business on his own account, but must begin as assistant to some senior. It follows that any movement in the direction of reform must come from above rather than below, nor (as we have remarked) is it surprising that the seniors should regard with complacency the working of a system which has placed them at the top of the profession, and which certainly gives abundant scope for the development of natural ability. And it must be admitted that if the case were really of the kind it is sometimes assumed to be, an unanswerable argument would be supplied in favour of maintaining the present system. If, as often seems to be supposed, it were a question whether the engineer's education should be wholly theoretical or wholly practical, there can be only one answer. Engineering is before everything a practical business, and a man can no more become a useful engineer by mere closet study, than he can become skilful in dealing with the sick by a mere acquaintance with books. A man whose training has been only on works or in workshops will at any rate be able to do again what he has seen done before, whereas no amount of mere study will make a man an expert surveyor or teach him how to get-in-a-foun-

dation in a tideway. But while it has to be remarked that the pupilage system does not ensure that this practical experience will be obtained, it is obvious that this alternative choice is not in fact imposed.

What really is required is that every engineer should be properly educated in the scientific principles of construction, and receive in addition the needful practical training. There is no opposition between the two things, but it is the combination of the two that is necessary to form the accomplished engineer, and this at present is only found in exceptional instances.

Other conditions have tended to obscure the clearness of this need. Engineers, as we have observed, do not begin business on their own account, but as subordinates to carry out the works of others. In such posts practical skill is of more value than scientific attainments: it is not until a man rises to the higher posts, and has himself to design works, that the want of theoretical knowledge becomes most felt; and even then the subdivision of employment under which a special class of mathematical engineers has grown up, who make it their business to calculate the strength and work out the needful details of the designs prepared by others—enables many an engineer to bring out projects under his own name, which he would not be competent to prepare without assistance. Whether this combination of labour, in which the practical ideas are suggested by one man, and the conditions needful for the safety of the structure are determined by another, whose name never appears in his matter, but who receives a small fee for his pains; whether such a practice is as favourable to the development of a high standard of engineering excellence as that under which the leading men of the profession should be as conspicuous for their scientific attainments as for their experience and fertility in expedients, may be left to the reader to determine.

On the Continent an entirely different state of things obtains. There the

pupilage system is unknown. In France the civil engineers were at first limited to those in the service of Government; and although latterly there has grown up a large body of engineers in private practice, the whole education is practically directed by the State, and every engineer enters the profession through the Government colleges, and undergoes an elaborate and complete scientific education. Admission to the *École Polytechnique* is obtained by a competition of extreme severity among all the schools of the country, and a still severer competition within its walls determines the selection of a chosen few for the engineering college, the pupils of which are thus the very cream of the young talent of the country, whose further studies are superintended by a staff of professors, numbering some of the most eminent scientific men in Europe. In Prussia the education of engineers is, like everything else, under State control; and to obtain the diploma enabling a man to practise as an engineer, he must go through a sustained course of study at a Government college, extending over several years. The result of this high education is, in the opinion of many observant persons, that the continental engineers are now rapidly taking away the lead from us; and although others contend that English engineering still holds its own, the comparison, even if they were right, would be inconclusive. The continental system, excellent as it is on the scientific side, fails in the insufficient attention given to practical experience, and is therefore defective as a complete preparation for an engineer, just as a medical education of the London schools would be, if it were limited to attendance at lectures, to the exclusion of the practical training afforded by the hospitals attached to them. Further, the business comprised in continental engineering has hitherto constituted an inferior school to that afforded to English engineers, since it contains nothing like the same extent and variety of actual works as have been carried out in this country and the

colonies. And lastly, which is very important, the English, we venture to believe, have a really greater natural capacity for engineering and mechanical work than any other nation, and our countrymen thus start in the race with an advantage of which our deficient education is insufficient wholly to deprive us. The comparison to be valid should therefore be not between English and foreign engineers, but between the body of English engineers, as they are, and as they might be, if their natural abilities were cultivated to the highest point attainable.

It is worth noticing, too, that the men who decry what they call "theory" never disparage such modicum of the article as they may happen themselves to possess. The most bigoted advocate of the rule-of-thumb school will yet allow that some theoretical knowledge is useful if not necessary. One man may stand on practical geometry, another may admit the need for a knowledge of the elementary mechanics, but all will agree as to the need for knowing something; they differ in drawing the line of superfluity at the point each has attained to. On the other hand, the most highly scientific men in the profession will be the first to confess how at every point of their career they find themselves limited by a boundary of ignorance. Engineering science is in fact intimately bound up with all the sciences, and those who have climbed furthest up the height have the widest view of the boundless tracts around them. And if it be replied that the most successful engineers have not been the most learned, or even conspicuous for scientific attainment, the answer is obvious. Men of genius may succeed in spite of deficiencies, but systems are not required for men of genius, nor will the opportunities of the last thirty years occur again; and it behoves the rising school of engineers to make up by careful preparation for the want of those splendid openings which their seniors have turned to such excellent account. Moreover, when it is asserted that men like Brunel and Stephenson

and the other great men of their era have not been highly trained, or highly scientific, it may be rejoined that they were at any rate men as conspicuous for natural mathematical power as for other abilities, and that if they became especially distinguished rather for practical than scientific ability, it was because they had not time for cultivating the latter. A man whose life is passed in being hunted from one committee-room to another, and in attending consultation after consultation, and who has barely time to look at the drawings and reports his busy assistants are preparing for his signature, is not likely to do much in the way of scientific research. But it was not the power which was wanting, and the days when engineers shall be hurried to a premature grave from excess of work are not likely to return.

We have said nothing so far of the various colleges and other institutions which profess to give an engineering education. These are of various kinds, from the universities of Scotland and Ireland, which have their recognized engineering faculties and grant formal diplomas, down to the small private speculations where drawing and a sort of feeble surveying are taught. But the engineering schools at these colleges, real and nominal, are, we believe, at once too numerous and too small. There is no doubt something to be said in favour of opening facilities for such studies in different parts of the kingdom, but the teaching power is thus unduly diffused, while the classes are usually too small for effective teaching, even if all the students were in earnest about learning. But even in the recognized colleges which have an engineering department, the emolument of the instructors usually depends mainly on fees, so that practically all comers must be admitted, and there can be no weeding out of the idle or incompetent, and no enforcement of final tests of qualification. A class of twelve or fifteen young men of various attainments and degrees of ignorance, who may have chosen the engineering faculty of their college as

boys elect for the modern department in some schools, because they have no stomach for regular study, and who may be as little attentive as they please, does not form a very hopeful vehicle for the application of the teacher's power, and these conditions sufficiently explain why the certificate of having passed through the engineering course at one of these colleges often conveys no further signification than that the holder has paid a certain amount in fees. Add to this that at none of these places has sufficient provision been made for the teaching of surveying or any part of the practical business of an engineer, and that the profession generally have given them the cold shoulder, and it may be understood why the attempts at engineering education have so far been an almost total failure.

Having said so much as to the wants of the case, it remains to suggest a remedy, the nature of which will probably have been already apprehended from the conditions stated. Engineering colleges cannot supply the most essential part of an engineer's training, and in this respect must compete hopelessly with the pupilage system, more especially when the only road to practice lies through the latter. On the other hand, the engineer's profession cannot occupy its proper intellectual place so long as no deficiency of education is held sufficient to exclude a young man from an engineer's office provided he can write his own name.

The change of system needed appears therefore to be this, that, retaining the pupilage system, engineers should receive as pupils only well-educated young men. In other words, education should precede, but should not be substituted for, technical training. Both are essential to the efficiency of the profession. Clearly this principle cannot be acted upon by any single engineer; the only result of his making such a resolution would be to divert the proffered apprentice-fee from his pocket to those of less scrupulous persons; the change can only be made by the collective body of the profession. And considering how

slowly all such reforms move, it can hardly be expected that this change will be rapidly effected. What has to be done is to establish some specific course of education, the completion of which shall be deemed to qualify the aspirant for admission to the engineer's office, and the means of pursuing a suitable course have still to be provided. Cambridge and Oxford, which so far have not even recognized in their curriculum of study the creation of this new profession, have to be awakened to the need for meeting the want, and for diverting a portion of their rich endowments to the promotion of one of the great industries of the country; while a machinery has to be devised for establishing and maintaining a standard of proficiency which may be accepted as sufficient. Clearly the standard laid down for themselves, by the various institutions, public as well as private, which depend mainly on their fees for support, could not be accepted as sufficient; and while the effect of such a measure would be to increase largely the influence for good over professional education, of men like Professors Rankine and Jenkin, it would probably involve the abolition of many of the so-called engineering colleges or institutions now in existence. The more solid institutions that remain would give up teaching surveying and such applications of principles as could be better learnt in the engineer's office, and would devote themselves rather to preparation than training. The engineering faculties of colleges would be merged in the more general schools of applied mathematics, physics, and natural science, and the result would be larger classes and better teaching and learning. However, as we said before, so great a reform is not to be looked for in a day, especially considering the many interests involved; but it should not be beyond the united efforts of the Institution of Civil Engineers, if set about heartily; and, when accomplished, the engineers of this country, with their natural capacity and great material advantages, need not fear competition from any quarter of the Continent.

These remarks would not be complete without some notice of the new college which has been just established by the Government for training civil engineers for the Indian service. From papers which we have seen it would appear that the idea arose out of the failure of the plan adopted for the last twelve years of obtaining young engineers by competitive examination. Such a mode of selecting engineers is open to the objection that, while it would fail to test the practical capacity of the candidates, it would tell very unfavourably for the chances of those who had received a practical as opposed to a college training, since the ordinary pupil will usually be unable to pass a competitive, or any other sort of examination. It might, therefore, have been expected, as an effect of this system, that college-trained youths would have carried off all the appointments. But although the test seems to have been lowered to a point at which it ceased to be a guarantee for efficiency of any sort, it was found that a sufficiency of trained men was not forthcoming from any quarter. A ridiculously easy mathematical paper appears to have been the insuperable stumbling-block, and the result has been that nearly one-half of the appointments offered yearly for competition have lapsed from want of men fit to take them up. This is a sufficient commentary on the sort of education given in our engineering colleges. In Germany and France, hundreds of candidates would have been found qualified to pass such a test, but, in fact, such papers would never be set there. Under these circumstances, and as things showed no signs of mending, the Indian Government has at last taken the education of the candidates into its own hands; and by making the entrance examination to the college a general instead of a special one—that is, to embrace the ordinary subjects of education to the exclusion of technical matters—the circle of selection is extended from the small, ill-conducted technical schools to embrace the whole youth of the country. This change is

merely in accordance with the general tendency of the measures lately taken for throwing open the public service; and although the effect of doing so in the present case will be that the selected candidates may enter the new colleges in various stages of preparation, their places being gained by proficiency in mathematics in some cases, in languages in others, and so forth; still the general result will be to secure brains, and with a good raw material in the first instance to work upon, a high standard of final proficiency should be practicable. The candidates having been chosen for their general proficiency, the special technical education is to be given at the college, but provision is made that the greater part of the third year shall be spent on actual work under a civil or mechanical engineer, the necessary pupilage fee being paid by the Government. This arrangement fulfils the canon we have ventured to lay down, that the practical training should follow the theoretical education; but the time proposed appears full short for the purpose. However, it must be admitted that the engineering pupil seldom gets, as matters now go, a longer probation than this on out-of-door work, the major part of his pupilage being usually passed in the drawing office; and as these college students will enter on their practical course after a complete preparation, they should be in a position to make much better use of their opportunities than is the ordinary pupil. And clearly if the practical course is to be lengthened, it could only be done by extending the whole term of college residence, for it would be impossible to contract an adequate theoretical course of study for any profession within a shorter period than two years. Considering, indeed, that a man's whole life is to be passed in practical business, two years appears but a brief time to give to the study of principles, and it seems questionable whether the better plan might not have been to keep the student for the entire three years at the college, leaving him to begin his practical course on getting to India. By such a plan he might cer-



tainly prove less immediately useful on entering the Government service; but in organizing a public department it has to be considered, not only how work can best be got out of a man from the day he begins to receive a salary, but what plan will best ensure ability and culture in the upper ranks of the profession. If the first consideration only were regarded in the English civil service, the only test for admission need be good handwriting, for the young clerk spends his early years in copying letters. But good subordinates, if they have not the basis of a good education, will turn out indifferent superiors, and it is to secure ability in the holders of responsible posts, that efforts are now being made to raise the standard of qualification for admission to the English public service. And looking to the conditions of Indian life, and the deficiency of scientific elements in the official atmosphere of a colony, the preliminary education of the young engineer who has passed his days there can hardly be carried too far. On the other hand, it is clearly of great importance that a young engineer destined for India should have had the opportunity of studying mechanical engineering in a good workshop, or of being employed for a season on some great work under execution with all the appliances of English skill; and we can understand how this consideration shaped out the plan adopted.

We shall be quite prepared to hear that there has been a certain amount of interested opposition to the establishment of this new college, it being but natural that men should view with disfavour the operation of a plan which may have a tendency to reduce their own means of livelihood. But the class of crammers are not likely to meet with much sympathy, and the effect of the change on the colleges which have the means of giving a good education will be more apparent than real, since what may be lost by the small and incomplete engineering branches at such places will be gained in their other departments. In fact, education generally

will be the gainer by the removal of all restrictions as to special courses of preparation, and throwing open this branch of the service to free competition. Admission can now be obtained, not merely by the members of a small section of a college, but by any member of any part of it. At any rate, it is clear that India is not to be sacrificed to the supposed interest of various private speculations, as it would be were not some radical change made in the mode of admitting young engineers to the Indian service. The plan now abolished unduly favoured the pupils of the crammer and the so called engineering schools, by excluding the merely practical men from the competition, while the inability of the former to make use of the opportunity given them—even to the extent of sending up a sufficient number of men able to pass an examination perfectly contemptible as a test of qualification—is a sufficient commentary on any claim put forward to a monopoly of this branch of the public service. But, in fact, any ground for complaint on this score appears to be met by a clause in the provisions of the new college, to the effect that any candidate who obtains admission may pass out again at once if sufficiently well prepared to undergo the final college test of qualification. Under this rule, a man may secure his final appointment to the public service after a few weeks' residence at the college, or whatever may be the time necessary for properly gauging the candidate's qualifications, which cannot be thoroughly ascertained by any mere paper examination. It must be added, that the result of the competitions for direct appointment during the last twelve years, which have now been discontinued, does not afford the presumption that any extensive use will be made of the privilege.

Among the benefits to be looked for from the formation of this new college, not the least should be the moral influence it will have over this great branch of the Indian service. The creation of those sentiments, under the influence of which each member of a

public service comes to identify the honour and character of the whole body with his own, and under which is engendered a degree of zeal far transcending the ordinary motives of self-interest—the establishment of a high standard of public spirit of this sort is of incalculable benefit to the Government whose servants are actuated by it, and in no way is it more likely to be engendered than under a system where the members of a service are brought up in the association of early fellowship and education together. Haileybury wrought in this way a good that for long was deemed to atone for the patent shortcomings of the place. Haileybury was defective because the nominations to it were made wholly without reference to merit or ability; while the final appointment of the directors' relations thus nominated was secured by fixing the standard of qualification at a point which afforded no protection against the admission of dunces and blockheads to the most important public service in the world. But the maintenance of a reformed Haileybury would have been in no way inconsistent with the establishment of open competition, and its re-establishment in some form as a place where the selected candidates appointed under the present system may be brought together while going through their subsequent probation, is felt by everyone conversant with the subject to be a very serious want, which until reme-

died renders the method of open competition defective in one very essential point.

But a still greater benefit to be expected from this college, if the undertaking is carried out with energy, the staff well selected, and a spirit of hard work infused into the place, consists in the impetus it would give to the extension of scientific education in this country. When, indeed, we have regard to what has been done by foreign governments in this direction, the complete and well-appointed technical colleges of France, Germany, and Switzerland, with their scores of professors, their splendid laboratories and appliances, and their hundreds of eager students flocking to their halls—a college on the limited scale which appears to be contemplated here, and of which all the students are destined for service in a distant colony, can be regarded only as a beginning. Nor can we say unreservedly that the State has come to the aid of science in the matter, since we understand the fees are to be levied on a scale sufficient to cover all charges for the place. Still, as a recognition by the State of the need for the sound scientific training of engineers, and as an effort to raise the existing low standard of technical instruction, the undertaking marks an interesting step in advance, and, if successfully carried out, it cannot fail to have an important influence for good on English scientific education.

## PEOPLE'S BOYS.

THIS is a theme which is always old and yet always new. Few persons reach middle life without having something to add to the general stock of experience upon the subject. Few can have been so fortunate as to have had no opportunities of observing the ill effects in after life of bad management in childhood, or as to have escaped the personal annoyance inflicted by foolish parents on all who come in contact with their offspring. But the domestic habits and ideas of one age differ so from those of another, and our old young friend, the spoiled boy, assumes so many new faces, that there is always danger of his not being recognized, and of his unpleasantness to all about him being set down to some other cause than the right one.

In some respects the children of the present day are better off than their fathers were. "Spoiling" no longer takes the shape of giving them too much to eat, or, in the country, of allowing them to run riot among servants and labourers. They are taught habits of greater cleanliness, and their health altogether is probably better looked after. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether the spoiling hasn't merely been transferred from the house to the school. Boys no longer fight at Eton because they "funk" each other. All the old rough hardihood which marked the school life of a by-gone generation seems to have disappeared. Many children now are more comfortable at school than at home; and though we do not see our way through the entanglement of ideas thus presented to us, neither can we repress a kind of puzzled feeling that this ought not to be. Children, as a great man said, ought to find "home the happiest place in the world." It is to be hoped that we shall not make our

children in future such little philosophers as not to be over-happy anywhere. However, that is too wide a field of inquiry for the present article, which refers solely to the treatment of children in their own families by their parents, brothers, and sisters.

There is a tendency, we think, at the present day to put children too forward, not so much for the sake of showing off their extraordinary merits to an admiring world, as from the better motive of early accustoming them to the conversation of grown people and the usages of society, and of inspiring them with confidence, ease, and self-possession. No doubt these results are very valuable; but the mistake which many people make is in forgetting that children are something like dogs, which require to be very well trained before they can safely be recommended to the familiarity of strangers. And it is to be remembered that the moment children cease to *respect* any of the grown-up people with whom they associate, not only is the whole benefit of the intercourse lost at once, but real injury is inflicted on the moral tone of the child. For this reason children should be brought as little as possible into the society of men and women who cannot command their respect; while of those who can, the influence should be hedged round by all the numerous impalpable barriers which judicious parents know perfectly well how to interpose between children and the most popular and careless of their adult playfellows. The confidence which well-bred children at once repose in an eligible stranger, without being either rude or troublesome, is charming to everybody who has any natural taste for their society. I remember once going for the first time to the house of a gentleman in the North of England—I hope I shall not

be accused of anything very dreadful if I say that both he and his wife belonged to a noble family—wherein no sooner had I been shown to my dressing-room, than a number of small feet pattered along the passage, and a whole troop of children, boys and girls, all under twelve years of age, trotted in without the slightest ceremony, and requested to be allowed to unpack my things, adding that their mamma always liked them to do this on the arrival of a stranger. I was flattered, though for the moment embarrassed, by this delicate attention. But all apprehensions were speedily dispelled by the behaviour of my small visitors, who, I saw at once, knew exactly how far to go, and obeyed every injunction I laid on them with the most cheerful docility. The only sign of dissatisfaction evinced throughout was by one little fellow who was ignorant of the nature of shaving-paste, and on being forbidden to eat it, desired leave to show it to his lady mother. He went away sorrowful, but was satisfied in the morning, when they all came back to see me dress, by watching its application to my chin. Now, any one would think this was going as far as children well could go towards making themselves a nuisance. But they were no nuisance at all. On the contrary, I was amused and delighted with them. No doubt this was an exceptional case: very few children are trained to such a pitch of perfection as that. And the liberties they are allowed should be in proportion to the polish they can take. When they can indulge in such proceedings with grown-up people without being rude or disrespectful, it does them all the good in the world. Generally speaking, however, what is now the very common practice, of allowing children to invade your bed-room in a friend's house, is much to be deprecated. The inconvenience they occasion to yourself, and the injury they may do themselves by taking away your razor, is the smallest part of the evil. The speculations which they reserve for the breakfast table, whether their early visit has been

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to a lady or a gentleman, are sometimes too suggestive for decorum, and the comparisons which they institute between male and female articles of attire, when they happen to be called by the same name, produce general consternation. The little scamps nine times out of ten are aware they are doing something wrong on such occasions. But there are parents who either cannot or will not break them of such habits, and some who encourage them as the best antidote to shyness. But before children are subjected to this extreme remedy they should be taught docility and silence.

But closely allied with the mistaken licence allowed to children in matters like the above is the disposition to laugh at, and thereby to encourage, all traits of singularity, oddness, or affectation which children may exhibit, as marks of genius which ought not to be repressed. Of all the dangerous errors into which parents can fall, this, in our opinion, is the worst. For nothing so soon hardens into second nature as juvenile eccentricity; and few things are more injurious to success in life than marked oddities of manner and gesture when they reach the point of grotesqueness. The majority of the world agree with Mr. Peter Magnus: they don't see the necessity of originals. And what is more, so many "originals" are only sham ones after all. That is to say, their singularity is merely a bad habit which they can't shake off, and is only very partially innate. When you see a child doing anything unlike other children, anything queer, surprising, or uncouth, however comic or however clever it may seem, *never laugh at or applaud it*. Children naturally very self-willed, and with real natural peculiarities, can soon be broken of such tricks, if treated with absolute indifference. But once let the idea find its way into their brains that such sallies, naughty though they be, are regarded as marks of genius, and the mischief is done. If the boy be a boy after all of weak character, his nonsense may be driven out of him at school; if

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not, it will only be driven deeper in. Adherence to his "own ways" becomes gradually in his eyes a mark of manly independence, till at last there may come to be no folly or excess which he will not justify to himself on the same grounds. That such men as children must make themselves perfectly odious to all, except their doting relatives, is a trifle. I have seen the finest intellects and the most generous characters wasted and ruined, in consequence of habits in great part attributable to the encouragement of boyish oddities.

What is called "precocity" in children is of course something quite different, nor is the improper encouragement of it attended by the same class of dangers as those we have described above. The danger in this case is, that boys who do not maintain the same relative superiority as they grow up which they maintained in childhood—no uncommon case—may become disgusted with themselves and sink into despondent idlers. There is indeed another bad consequence to be looked for in the opposite direction. A lad of twenty who does not go ahead of his companions as he did at twelve, may refuse to recognize the truth, hug himself in the belief in his own unimpaired excellence, and set down every failure to accident or want of industry. When this habit of mind becomes inveterate, the consequences are frequently disastrous. But they are too well known to be dwelt upon. The former class of consequences have not been so generally observed. But we fancy the secret of many a wasted life is to be found in them. And when we consider, however dry the subject may be to childless persons, when we consider the wonderful powers of observation and assimilation which children possess, how extraordinarily apt they are to catch at anything in their own favour, how they magnify in their own little minds all they hear said about themselves either for good or for evil, it does seem wonderful that parents are not more careful than they generally seem to be with regard to such little matters, fraught as they are with immeasurable consequences, as we have

here described. And before we quit this part of the subject, we would remark, in passing, on the singularly little trouble which parents seem to take to ensure *obedience* from their children. We solitaires see a good deal of this; and suffer from it too. It is perfectly wonderful. "Don't do this, Charley," or, "I told you not to do that, Willy," are phrases with which every Cœlebs is perfectly familiar when he goes to stay with his married friend in the country. But what do the little people do? They are abashed just at first in presence of the stranger, but you see that it is *he*, not the *paterfamilias*, who keeps them quiet for the moment, and that influence being worn out in five minutes, in another five minutes they begin again, only to hear the old, empty "don't" repeated, to be disobeyed again for the hundredth time. Men treat their dogs more considerately than they do their children. They *make* their dogs obey, and the animal is happier for having learned his lesson. They don't make their children, and these are very likely miserable for not having learned *theirs*. These things are what we ourselves, we *cœlibes*, see and take note of, and are called brutes for doing so. But the fond parents don't.

But we are wandering. The last kind of "spoiling" that we need refer to is the common form of over-petting and cossetting. This is a lady's question, and Cœlebs hardly dare say much about it. Generally speaking, a husband of any sense is able to counteract *that*. Boys must be put upon donkeys and ponies, accustomed to climb trees, and to venture their carcasses upon ice, while they are still light and young, and tumbles don't hurt them, or they never will do so afterwards; and what a pitiable spectacle is that of a grown-up man who can't ride a horse, get a bird's nest, or "go along somehow" on skates without showing the white feather. Ladies love courage. Let mothers reflect on what they themselves thought of a "chicken" before they married, and bring up their boys accordingly.

We now come to the other side of the

question, and have a few words to say to those ineffably foolish parents who keep their children down. This, no doubt, is rather an old-fashioned error, but it is far from being extinct for all that. We have spoken of the mistake which people make by encouraging eccentricities in their children, but they surely make just as great a mistake by checking their natural aspirations. There are in the world people with so little self-confidence, so little knowledge of real life outside their own small circle, that the bare idea of their children being able to distinguish themselves seems to them monstrous. *Experto crede*. These words are not written without warrant for them. Children must not have "too grand ideas." They must not think they are going to do this, that, or the other in the world. They must not attempt to cope with people who are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It is quite absurd to suppose that in their humble station there can be any of the stuff that makes men wealthy and eminent. It is heresy and wickedness to entertain such an idea. Now, strange as it may seem to the readers of this magazine, there really are people in the world who bring their children up on these principles, who try to crush in its infancy every tendency their children may show to raise themselves in life, and after they grow up would rather see them starve than advance a sixpence to help them in quite legitimate aspirations. It is difficult to get to the bottom of the state of mind in which such parents pass their lives. It seems to be a social conservatism of the stupidest and narrowest kind, though such men are not generally political conservatives. The phenomenon is almost inexplicable, but it exists, if a phenomenon can be said to exist, and it

is opposed to all the healthiest traditions of a free country. A London middle-class solicitor thinks it a monstrous thing that his son should want to go into the army. A man in business thinks it a monstrous thing his son should want to go to Oxford. On the doctrine of chances, probably both governors are Liberals. Don't they see that they are fighting against their own principles? No, they don't; they can't be made to see that. They want to "keep their children down," and what is the result? That, again, is an old story. The high-spirited or the scholarly boy goes to grief in law or business, who might have edited Æschylus, or led his regiment over a breach. A middle-class man should be proud of a son who shows fitness for distinguishing himself in professions which are supposed to be the monopoly of the aristocracy.

To come back to the point from which we started—the management, namely, of young children—there is one thing to be laid down: let there be no divided rule in a house. Don't let children see that the father means one thing and the mother another in their bringing up. They see the difference, if it exists, in a moment; and when they do, farewell to all wholesome parental influence. Husbands and mothers may talk too freely before their children, forgetful of their rising intelligence. And indeed nothing is more common than to get a wink from the head of the house, implying that you are to be upon your guard before Johnny or Tommy, who is listening open-mouthed to your witty narrative, while he himself the next moment will offend against his own precautions in the most barefaced manner by plunging headlong into your domestic controversy, in which, to speak metaphorically, knives are freely used on both sides.

CÆLEBS.

## UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

*A Lecture delivered before the Peace Society.*

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

GENTLEMEN,—But for the request which you made to me I should not have undertaken to treat this subject. I do not profess to be able to treat it with the fulness and precision it requires, but I cannot refuse to communicate such views as I have at a time when every hint may be valuable, and when a society such as this, prepared and specially organized to avail itself of every hint, asks for my advice.

That war ought, if possible, to be abolished, you are convinced already; and as I am convinced of it too, we might take this point for granted. But I should like very briefly to answer one or two arguments by which many people persuade themselves that war is, if not a good thing, yet a thing which has so much good in it that, considering the immense difficulty of abolishing it, it may on the whole be allowed to continue; or that war is so deeply rooted in human nature, and so closely entangled with what is best in human nature, that the abolition of it would involve the remaking of man, and possibly upon a less noble type. It is very common, in the first place, to hear people say that war is but the natural expression of malignant passions, and therefore that you cannot abolish it except by eradicating those passions first. We must begin, people say, at the root.

“This huckster put down war! can he tell  
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?  
Put down the passions that make earth hell;  
Down with ambition, avarice, pride;  
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind  
The bitter springs of anger and fear;  
Down too, down at your own fireside  
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,  
For each is at war with mankind.”

The poetry is good, but I cannot admit the reasoning. Is it impossible, then, to

check or prevent bad actions except by eradicating the bad passions from which they spring? If so, civil society itself is based upon a mistake, for civil society has for its principal object the prevention of private war, and it does not proceed by this method. If war between individuals, between townships, between counties, can be prevented without eradicating the passions from which it springs, why not in nations? Yet war between individuals *has* been abolished. Nay, it is easy to point out instances in which war has been permanently abolished between particular nations. England and Scotland fought like cat and dog for centuries, and now they are bound together in an indissoluble concord. Here is a great political achievement. Here we have a triumph of that kind of skill which contrives the happiness of societies. And by what means was this secular feud healed? Was it by first eradicating out of the minds of Englishmen and Scotchmen their mutual dislike? No, but the political and material union came first. The sense of a common interest created a common government, and a common government, by creating the habit of social intercourse, gradually obliterated hostile feelings. The mutual hatred *was* eradicated out of the hearts of the two nations, but this, instead of being the preliminary condition of union, was the last result of it. When we hear it said that Englishmen and Frenchmen, or Frenchmen and Germans, will not for hundreds of years lose their antipathies sufficiently to be united, let us remember the case of England and Scotland, and reply, But they may be united sufficiently to lose their antipathies.

Another argument is, that war, with all its horrors, has something grandly

beneficent about it. It is not the mere medley of destruction and misery that it may appear at first sight. It is not a mere appeal to physical force. On the contrary, a Providential justice constantly guides the issues of war. The weaker side, being in the right, is found unexpectedly triumphant; the arrogant and oppressive power collapses suddenly in the moment of trial. Great entanglements in human affairs are cut through by the sword of war: international disputes that have lasted for ages are decided once for all, and on the whole justly. These appearances of Providential justice, acting on a vast scale, are so elevating and awe-inspiring, that we cannot help thinking the world would be a less sacred place, and human life meaner, if they were to cease. No more Marathons, no more Morgartens! No more plays like the Persae, no more hymns like Isaiah's triumph over Sennacherib! Would not poetry and prophecy lose their highest theme, and mere comfort and vulgar prosperity reign where great conflicts of good and evil had raged, and great Divine dooms been pronounced?

It would be unjust to confound this theory with the mediæval theory which lay at the basis of the wager by battle. Yet it is worth while to remember that our ancestors thought a Providential justice revealed itself in the conflicts of individuals as well as of nations, and yet that the wager of battle fell ultimately out of use, and no one at the present day wishes to revive it. Yet I suppose even that theory of our ancestors was not purely superstitious. The ordeal by battle was not quite simply an appeal to physical force. The consciousness of being wrong did often make one combatant weak, and the consciousness of being right make the other strong. Now and then, it is likely, there occurred some case like that of Scott's Bois-Guilbert, when the spectators unanimously acknowledged with awe the judgment of God. Only, if in such decisions there might be some justice, on the other hand there was not nearly enough of it. The feeling

of a good cause went some way, but physical strength, skill, agility, accident, might decide the contest also. In the meanwhile, was it not open to adopt another course by which the case would be decided on its merits alone? In the ordeal of battle, justice could be only an ingredient; in the legal investigation there might, if sufficient pains were taken, be perfect and unmixed justice.

No doubt in a contest between nations moral forces operate far more powerfully than in a contest between individuals. What makes a nation successful in war is self-devotion and capacity of discipline, quite as much as numbers, wealth, or military science. Now self-devotion and the capacity of discipline are almost identical with virtue, so that in war it may be most truly said that virtue is power. Moreover, the just cause will attract the sympathy of other states, while the unjust cause will alienate them. Again, the just cause will give to a nation unanimity while the war lasts, while the nation that is fighting for the wrong will be apt to grow discontented with the burdens of war, and to paralyse its government by disaffection and disunion. If, then, we may hold that the old trial by battle was not quite a simple appeal to physical force, it is certain that in the case of nations it is very far from being so, and all that poets and prophets have said about the Divine justice revealing itself in the decisions of war may very well be true.

If there were no other way of deciding international disputes, I should find consolation in this. It would be pleasant to think that in the midst of carnage and desolation justice is still, and every now and then signally, vindicated; that even where men abandon themselves to destructive passions, they cannot escape from those laws which are a curb upon destructive passions; that the spirit of order, constructiveness, harmony, broods marvellously over the very chaos of discord. This is just one of those contrasts that poetic imagination takes hold of—the dark cloud threatening to overwhelm the world, and then, while you wait in



consternation, the soft rainbow suddenly and noiselessly girdling it.

But if those ancient prophets who spoke of the Lord of Hosts had lived in our day, I think they would have spoken a very different language. It is in comparison with no justice at all that the justice of war is admirable: compared with any properly organized legal system, it is surely deplorable. As in the other case, if there is some justice in war, there is not anything like enough of it. A proper legal decision is not one into which justice enters, but one into which nothing but justice enters. And unless we suppose in national affairs not merely a Providence, but such a special Providence as we consider it superstitious to suppose in the case of individuals, it is impossible to consider the decisions of war as answering that description. The virtue of a nation is one of its munitions of war: true, but only one among many. Moreover, it is distinct from the justice of the particular cause for which the nation fights. War is a judge that does not look very closely into evidence, but decides according to general testimonies to character. For instance, it may be argued that the defeat of the French in the present war is due to their demoralization, and to the corruption which an immoral government had introduced into their military organization; but all these causes of defeat would have operated equally, had their case against Germany been just, and they would, to all appearance, have been equally unsuccessful.

But suppose war, instead of merely having an element of justice in it, arrived at the just decision as securely as a judge and jury; would it be defensible? You, I believe, say it is not defensible in any case. I should say, that if there were no other way of obtaining international justice, it would be defensible. I think you must yourselves admit that, whether it be defensible or not, war will not be abolished until some other method of settling quarrels has been introduced. You cannot think, when you look at the state of Europe, that your cause is

making much way. Half a century ago it might have been thought that war was merely the guilty game of kings and aristocracies, and that the introduction of popular government would make it obsolete: but I think we have seen enough to convince us that peoples can quarrel as well as kings; that scarcely any cause of war which operated in monarchical Europe will cease to operate in the popular Europe of the future; and that the wars of the peoples will be far more gigantic, more wasteful of blood and suffering, than ever were the wars of the kings. Is it not, then, time to relinquish a course of argument which has been found hitherto convincing to so few—particularly if another course of argument be open to you which all alike are prepared to listen to? So long as you say, War is not defensible in any case, and nations must be prepared to take wrong rather than have recourse to it, you may know by long experience that you preach to deaf ears. But everyone has a sufficiently strong sense of the horrors of war to listen eagerly if you suggest a practicable way of settling international quarrels peaceably. If it once became clear to a large number of people that there is a satisfactory alternative to war, they would instantly begin to look upon war as you do—that is, as the most enormous and intolerable of evils. If people knew clearly what to put in its place, be sure that you would not need any longer to complain of their indifference or coldness in the cause.

Whether rightly or wrongly, most people think the tribunal of war, with all its faults, better than no tribunal at all. You will say, No one proposes to abolish war without substituting anything for it: as a matter of course, arbitration must be substituted for it. But the mistake of all peace advocates I have met with is, that they do not enter into details on the subject of this arbitration in such a way as to convince people that it is feasible. To establish a system of international arbitration is surely not so very simple a thing. It strikes most people as a mere chimera.

The common impression about it—utterly mistaken, as I believe—is that such plans suppose human nature to be far more virtuous than it is; that it will be time enough to take them into consideration when mankind have been softened by five centuries more of civilization. So long as people think this, and as you do not force them to think otherwise, they will never take seriously into consideration any scheme to abolish war, because they are not prepared to abolish war without an equivalent, and you propose no equivalent that they can regard as practicable. But this indifference that people show is not to be mistaken, as so many peace advocates mistake it, for an insensibility to the evils which war produces. The proper cure for it is not invectives against war or Erckmann-Chatrian novels, admirable as they are. The proper cure for it is a feasible and statesmanlike scheme of arbitration—such a scheme as should take account of details, and provide contrivances to meet practical difficulties. If the Peace Society had such a scheme matured, and practical statesmen ready to defend it and push it, I believe the peace question would instantly pass into a new phase. It would no longer be, as it is now to most people, a question of quarrels settled by war or quarrels not settled at all, the ‘wild justice of revenge’ or no justice whatever, wild or civilized; it would then become a question of trial by battle or trial by law, a question to which only one answer can be returned. If it were once shown to be possible to decide international disputes by law, what argument would remain for war, and who would be so insane as to utter a word in excuse for it? You would see all the indifference you complain of pass away in the twinkling of an eye; you would find no more occasion for declamation upon the horrors of war, for computing the number of lives lost, the number of orphans made, the number of pipes of blood shed, the ruin of property, the retarding of progress, the prolonging of political servitude, and all the other consequences of this great plague of society. You

would soon discover that the apathy you attribute to callousness was really due to hopelessness, and was dissipated like a mist by the first gleam of rational hope. Instead of meeting with no response, you would soon be astonished at the unanimity and the depth of the sympathy you would excite. You would find that if the work you have undertaken be greater than was ever undertaken before, there was at hand to help you a power far greater than ever politician wielded. If an opinion rising in the people and slowly gathering strength under the influence of rational argument from practical men was able to force the Emancipation of the Negro and Free Trade from cold or reluctant legislatures, be sure that the agitation then roused was an formidable, an almost imperceptible movement, compared with that which would convulse Europe, and overawe governments, and make light of all the world-old traditions of military monarchies, if once men caught sight of the truth that war is not merely a terrible thing or a wasteful thing or an uncivilized thing—all this they have long known—but that it is an unnecessary and abolishable thing. The war-giant, whom now we keep as we keep the hangman, and regard as a detestable but necessary drudge, with what triumphant joy would the liberated populace turn on him! He would be “slain in puny battle by wives with spits and boys with stones”!

The object of this lecture, then, is to offer some suggestions to those who may wish to find out in what way a system of international arbitration can practically be realized. It will be seen that the introduction of such a system involves a number of vast political changes. This of course will be no news to you, accustomed as you are to hear your scheme called “Utopian.” But I shall venture to assert that the scheme, vast as it is, does not really deserve to be called Utopian, because a Utopian scheme is not merely a vast one, but one which proposes an end disproportioned to the means at command; while the

means available here, the forces and influences that may be called in for the accomplishment of this work, are as enormous as is the difficulty of the work itself.

I shall endeavour to establish the following propositions.

1st. The international system wanted is something essentially different from, and cannot be developed out of, the already existing system by which European affairs are settled in Congresses of the great Powers.

2nd. The system wanted necessarily involves a federation of all the Powers that are to reap the benefits of it.

3rd. In order to be really vigorous and effectual, such a system absolutely requires a federation of the closer kind; that is, a federation not after the model of the late German Bund, but after the model of the United States,—a federation with a complete apparatus of powers, legislative, executive and judicial, and raised above all dependence upon the State governments.

4th. The indispensable condition of success in such a system, is that the power of levying troops be assigned to the federation only, and be absolutely denied to the individual States.

I do not think it can be necessary to be very minute or prolix in explaining that the present system of Congresses is not at all the thing we are in search of. That system is useful for a particular purpose, but our purpose is altogether different. We want something in the nature of a law-court for international differences. Now a European Congress has nothing of the nature of a law-court, and when people call it an Areopagus, or apply to it other appellatives proper to judicial assemblies, they are surely guilty of an inadvertence which needs only to be very briefly indicated. A law-court may of course have many defects, and yet not cease to be a law-court; but the defect of the European Congress is not an incidental and venial but a radical, and therefore fatal defect. What should we think of a judicial bench every member of which was

closely connected by interest with the litigants, and on which in the most important cases the litigants themselves invariably sat? There are cases where the European Congress has worn, perhaps, some superficial appearance of impartiality. When the kingdom of Belgium was constituted, it might be represented that the King of Holland was convened before a European Court, and judgment given against him in the name of the general sense of justice. Who does not know, however, how utterly untrue this description would be? Who does not know that the principal agents in that settlement were thinking of quite other things than the general sense of justice, that a diplomatic contest was waged between England and France, and that the question was not even of the interests, much less of the rights of the parties before the Court, but of reconciling the interests of two of the judges on the bench in such a way as to hinder them from fighting. The judges, in short, so far from being, as judges should be, personally indifferent to the issue of the process, felt the keenest possible interest in it, and never concealed that they did so. The settlement then made was an adjustment of forces, not of rights; it has proved a most important and beneficial settlement, but it does not at all the more on that account deserve to be called judicial.

But it is not principally for such cases that an international court is wanted. The world is in danger not so much from petty differences between Dutch and Belgians as from prodigious outbreaks of national jealousy between France and Germany, England and Russia. Now in these most important cases the European Congress ceases to wear even the superficial appearance of a law-court that it has in the less important ones. That the judges should be avowedly partial is quite enough to strip them of all judicial character; but when the litigants are among the great European Powers, they are *judges in their own cause*. Surely I need not say a word more on this head.

In short, an ambassador cannot possibly be at the same time a judge, and a congress of plenipotentiaries cannot possibly be a law-court. There ought to be no representation of interests on a judicial bench. You have a good court, not where both parties are represented, but where neither.

We are so accustomed to see law-courts which are admirably efficient for private litigation, that it does not at first strike us as a difficult thing to create a satisfactory court for international litigation. We think nothing but the will is wanting. Several new courts have been constituted in our own time in England, and they have worked well enough. What difficulty can there be in constituting one more? A very obvious difficulty! To establish a court within a State is one thing, and how to do it has long been well understood; but it is quite another thing, and a thing which hitherto has never been satisfactorily accomplished, to constitute a court outside the range of any political organization. It must be evident as soon as it is stated that the judicial system of a State is closely connected with its other institutions; that it grows with the growth of the whole, and is modified in its development. Can we imagine the law-courts at Westminster existing in an isolated condition, severed from their vital connection with the other organs of the State? Yet this is analogous to what is proposed when an international court is recommended. Because law-courts thrive under the shelter of a State, it is proposed to set up a law-court, as it were, in the open air—a law-court unconnected with any executive and with any legislative power.

I do not assert that such a court can never be established, simply because there has not yet been any example of it. But I point out that no presumption of its success can be drawn from the success of existing courts, since these courts have succeeded under widely different conditions. Because apples are easily and abundantly produced upon trees, you cannot presume—at least

you cannot count confidently—upon producing them without trees.

But now I go further, and point out that the law-court is not only historically found invariably within the State, but also that it takes all its character and efficiency from the State. For judges cannot constitute themselves, nor can they regulate for themselves all the details of their procedure; and again, judges cease to be judges, and become something essentially different, if their decisions are not enforced. A judge is not simply a person who pleases himself with weighing evidence and pronouncing decisions; he is a person who has been invested with his office by a power recognized to be competent to confer office, and he is also a person whose decisions are regularly enforced by a power recognized to be competent to enforce them. A judge, therefore, or bench of judges, cannot exist in isolation, but stands necessarily connected with other powers—a nominating power, a regulating power, and an enforcing power. But where all these powers meet—a power of nominating officers, a regulating or legislative power, a judicial power, and a power of executing sentences—there you have the complete organization of a State, and thus it is matter of demonstration that a State is implied in a law-court, and, as a necessary consequence, that an international law-court implies an international or federal State.

Perhaps it will be answered, "A State, if you like to call it so, or something almost equivalent to a State, will no doubt be required, but there will be no occasion for anything half so cumbrous or elaborate as the organization of a State generally is. Some federal apparatus must be arranged to regulate and sustain the international court, but the machinery requisite will be of the slightest and most inexpensive kind." Is this so certain? But even if it be certain, still we have a problem of federation before us, and not merely of constituting a law-court. The nations of Europe must constitute themselves into some sort of federation, or the

international court can never come into existence. The judicial assembly is inconceivable without a legislative assembly of some kind, however limited in competence, however rarely summoned; it is inconceivable without officers of some kind executing its sentences.

When once we understand that the question is of forming a confederation of the States of Europe, we naturally refer to the various experiments in federation that history commemorates. What we want to discover, is the slightest bond of federation that will be effectual, for it is evident that the closer the federal bond the more complicated will be the organization required, and the greater the sacrifice demanded of each individual state. Federation, but the slightest possible federation, will be our maxim: the work will be difficult enough in any case; let us reduce the difficulties to the lowest amount.

Now history will suggest to us—this is the most important thing I have to say to you—that we must abandon this plan, which it is so natural to conceive, of a slight but effectual federation. As we were driven by the very conditions of the problem to the notion of a federation, we shall find ourselves driven by history to the notion of a close federation as the only one which can possibly be effectual. Federation appears in history as a problem often undertaken but seldom successfully solved. We cannot pick from history a number of different types of federation all equally satisfactory and each suited to some particular exigency. On the contrary, what we find is one or two federations which have been successful, and several which have failed helplessly and ignominiously. This may show us that to say that the establishment of an international court involves federation, is to say that it involves the solving of one of the most difficult of problems; and that, so far from making light of the federal apparatus required as something easily arranged, we ought to bestow the most

careful attention upon it as being the part of our task which is most delicate, and in which failure is most to be feared.

I need not go back for instances of unsuccessful federation to the helpless Amphictyonic league of ancient Greece, which afforded a most convenient weapon for the ambition of Philip, nor even to that Holy Roman Empire which was baffled and mocked by Frederick of Prussia. I shall refer to two more modern instances, the German Bund which fell to pieces in 1866, and that old American Confederation which gave way in 1789 to the American Union. Here you have two federations, both of which failed because they were not close enough. The American Confederation ought to be particularly instructive to us, because the causes of its failure were so clearly seen at the time, that it was found possible to replace it by an amended institution which has verified the calculations of its authors by displaying itself to mankind as the one pre-eminently successful federation of history. The German Bund is instructive in another way, as having embraced some of the very nations for whom our proposed federation is intended. Most of the schemes of international arbitration which I have heard broached since the calamities of the last half-year have forced the subject upon our attention, were realized, it seems to me, in the German Bund, and stand condemned in the history of its inefficiency and its fall.

As these two examples show us what to avoid in federation, the American Union shows us what to imitate. When I call this the successful federation *par excellence*, I do not mean to commit myself to a general eulogy of American institutions. The Americans are a nation absorbed in production, a nation, therefore, among whom the higher culture has had to contend with great difficulties: their political life is dragged down by the miscellaneous swarm of emigrants to whom they give power too easily and too soon. Their system may fail in a hundred points, but this does not prevent it from being gloriously

successful as a federation. They have found a higher political unit for mankind; they have found a name greater than that of State; they have created a virtue beyond patriotism. That union of nations, which here is a wish, a Utopia, a religion, has advanced a great step towards practical reality on the other side of the Atlantic. There you have already what seems so chimerical here—States subsisting side by side as amicably as departments or counties; to protect frontiers like that of France no more need for a Metz or a Strasbourg than on the boundary of Middlesex and Hertfordshire; and in the budget of States as large as England no grant for a war establishment. No doubt their circumstances were far more fortunate than ours in Europe, but what they accomplished was an unprecedented thing, while Europe has now the advantage of America's example. But it will be said, If you would abolish war, look anywhere but in that direction. The United States have not long emerged from one of the most gigantic wars in history. True, their peace was interrupted, but they have recovered it: veritable American peace, a peace unknown in Europe, a peace without war establishments. And if their war was gigantic, it must not be confounded with the wars of Europe. No, remember that it was a war against war. It was a war for the principle of union, a war against the principle of division, no more like the wars of Europe than the violence used by a policeman is like criminal violence, or the homicide of the executioner is like murder. Had the Secessionists had their will, two standing armies, or perhaps more, would probably at this moment be confronting each other in America, and the miserable, ruinous system of Europe would be in full operation there. But because the Americans went through one gigantic war, they were able to disarm at the end of it, and may cherish a reasonable hope of never being obliged—at least, within the Union—to wage war again. Well did President Lincoln say that he fought to preserve the Union, and not to abolish

slavery. The preservation of the Union was by much the more important object, for it was the greatest step mankind have yet taken towards the abolition of war.

In spite of their one internal war, then, I say the American Union may be said to have solved the problem of the abolition of war, and we may see there the model which Europe, far superior to America in perfection of culture and in literary and artistic wealth, should imitate in her international relations. Now, this great triumph of the Union was achieved on the very ground upon which an earlier confederation had conspicuously failed in the same undertaking. The two federations may be compared; somewhere among their differences evidently lies the secret of success. Now, they differ mainly in the degree of force and independence given to the federal organization. Where the federal organization was lax, and not decisively disentangled from the State organization, the federation failed: it succeeded when the federal bond was strengthened.

The special lesson which is taught by the experience of the Americans is, that the decrees of the federation must not be handed over for execution to the officials of the separate States, but that the federation must have an independent and separate executive, through which its authority must be brought to bear directly upon individuals. The individual must be distinctly conscious of his obligations to the federation, and of his membership in it: all federations are mockeries that are mere understandings between governments.

I infer that we shall never abolish war in Europe unless we can make up our minds to take up a completely new citizenship. We must cease to be mere Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and must begin to take as much pride in calling ourselves Europeans. Europe must have a constitution, as well as the States that compose it. There must be a European legislature and executive as strong and as important as those that meet and act at Washington. Nor will all this succeed unless the discrepancies of language, race, culture, and religion

can be so far overcome, that by slow degrees the members of the new State may come to value their new citizenship as much, and at last more, than their old; so that when any great trial comes, when State membership draws one way, and Federal membership another, they may, as the Americans did in their trial, deliberately prefer the Union to the State.

I infer, at the same time, that all schemes will fail which propose to unite Europe merely by adding together the States that compose it. The individual, and not merely the State, must enter into a distinct relation to the Federation. In the Federal Legislature of Europe, as in the American Congress, there must be representation by population as well as representation by States.

But still more necessary is it that the federation should have an executive force greater than that of any of its component States. I am at a loss to understand what people mean, who would establish an international court without giving it sufficient power to enforce its decrees, or even without the right of enforcing its decrees. Good advice! Is it by good advice that you think to put down war? If so, remember that you enter a path upon which you have no precedents and no analogies to guide you. If war had never been abolished in any case up to this time, I should not think it worth while to speculate upon the means of abolishing it. But I see that it has been abolished over and over again; that private war has been abolished, that small States constantly at war with each other have become provinces of large ones, and so have lost the right of making war; that England and Scotland, after centuries of war, have attained to a perpetual peace in relation to each other; lastly, that across the Atlantic a number of large States have succeeded, apparently for good, in destroying the possibility of war between each other. In all these cases the same result has been attained in the same way. And it has not been attained by good advice. Do not say, "This is a cynical view; human nature is better than you think; people will

often take good advice if it is honestly offered." When people's minds are calm, I think they are generally very ready to take advice; but when a man's passions are roused, or personal interests threatened, and still more when this happens to a nation, I do not think, I know, that good advice is thrown away. How can we talk of the efficacy of good advice, when we know that six months ago France impatiently refused it, and that Germany refuses it as impatiently now? And what is the use of quoting cases where good advice has averted war, so long as a number of cases can be quoted where it has not? Mankind will be glad to hear how war may be abolished and made obsolete, but you will scarcely get them to take a warm interest in schemes by which it may *perhaps sometimes* be averted.

There has been found hitherto but one substitute for war. It has succeeded over and over again; it succeeds regularly in the long run wherever it can be introduced. This is to take the disputed question out of the hands of the disputants, to refer it to a third party, whose intelligence, impartiality, and diligence have been secured, and to impose his decision upon the parties with overwhelming force. The last step in this process is just as essential as the earlier ones, and if you omit it you may just as well omit them too. This is the lesson we may learn from the fall of the German Bund. To expect that military Powers like Prussia and Austria could be coerced by the Bund, was to put the nurse under the orders of the baby on her lap. Accordingly the Bund existed just so long as Prussia and Austria shrank from a decided quarrel, and fell to pieces at the moment when the emergency arrived which it existed to meet.

For precluding war it is not sufficient that the power of justice should be a little greater than the power of the disputing parties. Justice must be so overwhelmingly superior that resistance may be out of the question. Therefore it was found impossible to tolerate the armies of retainers that the feudal lords of the Middle Ages kept on foot. Now, how



to make the federal force of Europe superior to the force of any one State, say France or Prussia? The history of the last two centuries shows that the combined force of all the European States is not always clearly superior to the force of one. Louis XIV. and Napoleon were humbled with the greatest possible difficulty, and we begin to doubt at the present day whether Europe could effectively resist united Germany, if Germany should enter upon a path of ambition. It is evident that the course of international justice can never be irresistible so long as States have standing armies. The right of levying troops must belong to the Federation, and it must be denied to the States. The State is the feudal lord of modern Europe; the reign of anarchy will never be brought to a close until the State is forbidden to keep armed retainers.

I am fortunate in having an audience that is bound to listen to speculations which perhaps most English audiences would find insufferably fanciful: Europe constituted into a single State, with a Federal executive and legislature, located in some central Washington! Famous States like England and France forbidden to levy soldiers, and slowly shrinking into counties beside the Federation, which steadily grows in majesty, and constantly absorbs by its gravitation the genius and ambition that were attached before to the different national governments! Such a revolution in human affairs, I am perfectly well aware, has scarcely ever been witnessed.

But it has not been my purpose hitherto to discuss whether these changes are practicable or impracticable; I am addressing those who have decided for themselves that war both must and can be abolished. Whether you are right or not in thinking so is a separate question. What I have attempted to show is, that the abolition of war absolutely requires and involves certain vast political changes in Europe, and that it is only possible if they are possible. If I have thought it worth

while to go into some detail about these changes, it is not in order that we may instantly set about the task, but that we may count the cost of it; it is that both you who are members of the Peace Society, and we who are not, may have some just measure of the work that is either to be undertaken or to be abandoned in despair. Nevertheless it will be worth while, in conclusion, briefly to review the difficulties of the task on the one side, and on the other the forces, instruments, and appliances which a party undertaking it would command.

First, then, it is to be noted, that if the Americans have achieved what is here proposed for Europe, they did so in circumstances infinitely more favourable. In fact, it may be said that the Federation was given to them by Providence, and that their achievement consisted in preventing it from falling to pieces. The problem proposed to them was, not to bring together different nations that had before been separate and mutually hostile, but to arrest a tendency to separation and dissolution which was beginning to show itself in a population homogeneous and united by language, institutions, and religion. If it is a masterpiece to have solved even this problem, what would it be to yoke together indissolubly so many rival races and rival states and rival religions, the Englishman and the Frenchman, the German and the Slave, the German and Italian! What would it be to find a federal name which should fall like a covering upon so many secular discords, and hide at once so many inveterate wounds; to reconcile in one act all the most rooted antipathies, to unite in common political action the subjects of a Czar, of a Kaiser, of a Constitutional Queen, and of a Swiss Republic; to accustom to familiar intercourse those whom difference of speech has so long made barbarians to each other? Nations that were united have before now been sundered by differences of religion; it has been hard to hold together nations that were in different stages of development; bitter jealousies have sprung out of



different economical conditions ; rival languages have caused the greatest embarrassments to governments ; and the Federation of Europe is a work which must be accomplished, and when accomplished maintained, in spite not of one of these obstacles, but of all of them together.

Beside this intrinsic difficulty, the mere magnitude of the undertaking is an unimportant consideration. Yet how vast an enterprise merely to persuade so many populations of the desirableness of federation !—to create in each European State a federal party large enough to procure a hearing for the scheme, large enough in process of time to enlist the nation in its cause, large enough in the end to impose the measure upon governments that would in many cases be from instinctive interest bitterly hostile to it ! But, in fact, it is hardly worth while to insist upon difficulties which no one can overlook. The difficulties we all of us see only too clearly, or rather too exclusively. The question rather is, why should they not at once be voted insurmountable ?

In the first place, then, there is no question of realizing such a scheme at once or soon. If only it be true that the scheme would be infinitely beneficial to an infinite number of people, it may be assumed that the lapse of time will remove most of the difficulties that are caused by the mere multitude and inertia or indifference of those who are to be convinced. It is but to spread a new conviction over Europe. Such a thing has been done more than once before, and that when circumstances seemed even less favourable. New religious convictions passed with inconceivable rapidity over Europe in the sixteenth century ; popular principles of government have spread over the greater part of Europe since 1789 ; who does not believe that federation too will have its day ? Who doubts that this idea will some time or other come home to every heart, and be universally accepted—*sic volvere Parcas* ? And if so, it depends surely in a great degree upon human zeal and energy how near that

time is. It may be a long voyage that has to be made, but it is a voyage with wind and tide, the steady wind and irresistible tide of manifest destiny. In the next place, it is a mere misconception to judge of the possibility of a work merely by considering the weight to be moved ; what has to be considered, is the proportion between the weight and the power. If a vast work is an impossible work, then the federation of Europe is of course impossible, and so were the cutting of the Suez Canal and the laying down of the Atlantic Cable. But if vast works may be reasonably expected from vast powers, then those who have vast powers at command may attempt schemes more astonishing than that of Columbus, without a particle of that visionary and romantic enthusiasm which in Columbus was only justified by success. The projectors of the Atlantic Cable never, as far as I remember, endangered their characters for discretion and sober-mindedness. Such a scheme as the federation of Europe might perhaps be worth a little of the enthusiasm that refuses to see difficulties, and will see nothing but the infinite desirableness of the end to be attained. Such enthusiasm it would no doubt have required in past times ; but are not the conditions changed ? When we suffer ourselves to be overwhelmed by the magnitude of the weight to be moved, do we sufficiently consider the leverage that is at hand to move it ?

As I have explained that the federation wanted is not merely an arrangement between governments, but a real union of peoples, so I think it can never be attained by mere diplomatic methods, or by the mere action of governments, but only by a universal popular movement. Now a hundred years ago such a popular movement, extending over Europe, was barely conceivable, but in the present day nothing is more easy to conceive. Such popular movements are just what the age understands. Scarcely any country in Europe but has been, sometime in this century, the scene of some great agitation, where some political reform, that was after-

wards carried out by statesmen, was preached by great popular orators, and welcomed by the multitude. Over almost all the space between the scenes of O'Connell's and of Kossuth's triumphs the popular agitator has been abroad, and the people have learned the art of expressing their wishes, and in many countries also of expressing them with moderation. They have learnt how to agitate for definite changes, and to do so successfully, even when the changes they called for required in the execution machinery quite beyond the comprehension of most of the agitators. What is required, therefore, is not anything new in kind; it is but a movement such as every population in Europe has had experience of; a movement new only in being extensive beyond precedent, in including many nations at once, and therefore in demanding more careful guidance. And for an unprecedented movement you can surely furnish unprecedented motives. The evil you attack is no doubtful one, no partial one, no small one. It is the greatest evil of evils that we can conceive to be remedied; it attacks all classes of society, and all ages; it attacks them with no insidious weapons, and under no disguise, but with open massacre, starvation, and ruin. It calls the more urgently to be remedied, because it seems to be growing worse. Wars seem growing more frightful and more gigantic; the more victories the nationality principle wins, the nearer we seem to approach a period of energetic popular states waging war upon each other with the unrelieved fierceness of national antipathy. Had ever popular orators a better subject for their speeches? What was Catholic Emancipation, what were the Corn-laws, nay, what was the Slave-trade, compared to this? Would it be hard to excite a European movement against a mischief from which no one is safe, which threatens every man's life, and every man's children's lives, and which brings in its train not only death but a host of other evils, some of them, perhaps, worse than death?

Again, there have been in this age great political movements and great

religious movements. Countries in which the political consciousness has remained undeveloped, often have the religious consciousness in full vigour; and in individuals, too, the one is often to be found where the other is wanting. Now, there is just one question in which politics and religion absolutely merge, and are confounded. Religious feelings and political feelings are equally outraged by war. War tramples on the sense of right and wrong, and on the precepts of Christianity, as mercilessly as it crushes the physical happiness of individuals. And on this matter there are no sectarian divisions among Christians. One sect of Christians may denounce war more energetically than another; some sects may pronounce it justifiable for Christians to engage in it; but all alike regard war as an evil, all alike regard it as among the greatest of the future triumphs of the faith to exterminate war out of the world. In this matter all the great divisions of Christianity have something to boast of. The Greek Church protested vehemently against it, even in the darkest ages; the Latin Church furnished the first example of that federation of Europe, and that international court, by which the appeal to arms must be superseded; it was a Protestant sect that first made Peace the first of Christian dogmas, it was in the bosom of Protestantism that the great Republic of the West grew up and prospered. If Christianity did in a manner reconcile itself to war, it was mainly for want of a machinery which could ensure peace: had the politicians been able to devise such machinery, religion would long ago have made an end of war within Christendom. In considering, then, the leverage which is at your command, you are to add the engine of religious agitation to that of political, and, besides appealing to the plainest interests of men, may reckon also among your resources the religion and the conscience of humanity.

Might you not also enlist in your cause the aggrieved races of Europe? All the grievances of races spring out

of war, are perpetuated by it, and would perish with it. In the American Union, not only does one State not wage war with another, but no State holds a neighbour State in unjust dependence. There is no Poland in the Union, no Alsace and Lorraine. If any State there feels itself aggrieved, the injury came from the whole Federation, and can never be felt so keenly as an injustice. No State can reasonably complain of having to submit to the Federation, any more than a township or county resents the superiority of the State. Russia has no right to Poland, yet Russia cannot and will not yield Poland unless Poland can procure some unlooked-for ally. Europe has many of these chronic and incurable wrongs, and is just now increasing the number of them. They are incidents of the abusive system which nourishes the ambition and keeps alive the fears of States; they are results of war. In a federated Europe Poland and Russia might lie side by side like Maryland and Virginia, and the old international feud would come to seem an inexplicable and inconceivable feeling. Meanwhile, the prospect of a federation seems to offer to the Poles a solution of their difficulty. They might cease to claim their old independence—an independence which they forfeited by their own divisions, and which Russia can never grant—and they might become instead the apostles of a federation of Europe, in the attainment of which, along with all the traces of the old European anarchy, their own sufferings and wrongs would pass away.

It is evident, I think, that the forces at command are greater than were ever

before invoked to achieve political change. Universal and pressing interest, religious feeling, the hopes of aggrieved races—these are great powers. And is not that which calls itself the Revolution in Europe bound also to promote the cause? Popular principles are nothing, or perhaps worse than nothing, without European principles; the liberty of peoples is nothing without their solidarity. Popular states fight more terrible wars than monarchical or aristocratical ones; it is therefore doubly necessary that they should federate themselves. The Republican party says much of its devotion to peace; it is bound, therefore, to do its part towards confirming peace by solid guarantees.

Such powers may be found more than a match for the centrifugal forces, the differences of language, of institutions, of economical condition, of religions. All these discrepancies have somewhere been overcome. Prussia has a Protestant region and a Catholic region. Different languages are united in Switzerland; different nationalities and even different governments in Austria-Hungary. The difficulties, in short, are unprecedented only in number and degree; they would certainly be insurmountable if the advantages of union were only moderate; it remains to be seen whether they would be insurmountable to a European public opinion gradually educated to see before it a new Federation rising like a majestic temple over the tomb of war, emulating the transatlantic Federation in prosperity and unity, but surpassing it far in all the riches of culture, manners, and science, and consecrated with all the traditions and reliques of the ancient world.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## OUR PANICS AND THEIR REMEDY.

BY LIEUT.-COL. C. C. CHESNEY, R.E.

TWENTY years since it was Russia, ten years later France, whose power made us uneasy within our belt of sea. Another decade passing by has reared up an empire of more colossal strength than either, with a polity in the peaceful tendencies of which some would have us implicitly confide, but which an ardent patriot and deep student of German history thus warningly describes for us, when dwelling on the unchecked power of the Crown and its salaried servants in his own land: "No third estate exists powerful enough to defend the interests of the commonwealth against the encroachments of the Sovereign; and public opinion, though it may pronounce itself within certain limits, has no means of legal opposition, and must choose at every critical moment between submission to the royal will and rebellion." (Max Müller, *Chips*, &c., vol. iii. p. 36.) Again comes the old presentiment of danger to ourselves; and the old cry, "Why are we not defended?" is sharpened by the near spectacle of two great Powers struck down successively by blows so sudden and overwhelming that no living man can tell whether Austria or France will recover in his time. The contemplation of their successive defeats has naturally turned attention to our own military weakness.

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Professional and critical writers have exhausted their strength in laying it bare, and what they may have left untouched party spirit in parliamentary debate may be trusted to supply abundantly. Bitter denunciations of remissness in our governors have awakened the retorts of those who hold all military expenditure to be waste. And while the future rulers of the land, the artisans, have condemned through their leaders the inaction of our Ministry; the middle class, who so long have controlled the Legislature, denounce beforehand the extravagances of the military spirit, and urge a foreign policy as dangerous in its tameness as the wildest scheme of intervention that has been advocated by Professor Beesly or Mr. Harrison.

The crisis, a sad spectacle to the philosophical observer, is the opportunity of professional politicians. The weak side of English Liberalism, its neglect of the national position abroad, is exposed to the assaults of sharp-tongued Conservatives. The tendency of the Conservative to build up establishments at the expense of the taxpayer forms a ready theme for the invectives of commercial-class oracles. A new French revolution produces its usual dim and blurred reflection among ourselves; and those who "aspire to lead

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the working classes," or in plain words aim at supreme power by the short and sharp mode which European democracy sanctifies in the demagogue and execrates in the imperial pretender, are loud in the meeting and strong in the press. The truths of history and the facts of human nature are made subservient to political predilections, or antiquarian prejudices; and whilst one sect would condone all blunders, errors, and weaknesses in a nation that chooses Republicanism, another is ready to forgive any Teuton severities which restore to the historically minded few who have never (in theory) abandoned them, the rights of the old Western Empire on the left of the Rhine. No idea, however Utopian, no theory, however strained, but has been applied to the struggle, and on our position in relation to it. The very music-mongers who advertise Uhlan Galops and Marseillaise Waltzes "at half the publishing price," making their market out of the great dance of death, are but satirizing unconsciously the utterances of professors, antiquarians, and even of party leaders who have sought the profit of their ideas in the war.

Amidst this din of contending forces, this Babel of opposed and often senseless cries, there seems at first no place for one who would strive to read the lessons of the time with a single eye to the advantage of his country as a thing above and separate from her governing factions. Least of all can one hope to be heard who owns himself a professional soldier with a duty that keeps him apart from politics, and a student of history, who would read the truth in its teachings regardless of party. Would any voice from outside the political world be heard that preached to our squirearchy of the dangers of keeping the rural poor in a degraded position, where their moral level is yearly sinking, whilst they see the rich above them ever growing more rich, more luxurious, and more careless of the wants of others? Or will it profit if such an one tell the yet more powerful body, the commercial and manufacturing classes, that in their growing

wealth conterminous with festering pauperism and discontented labour, in the open denunciation by the artisan of the profit-monger and the capitalist, in the loosened bonds of the law which our criminal classes have outgrown, are germinating the seeds of a revolution as bloody in its working and as sterile of good results as the great movement of 1789, on which our Jacobins would model it? For those most concerned are blind to the signs: the peer has never been so far removed from the peasant's heart as now; labour and capital, single accumulation and co-operative association, never so openly hostile to one another. But those who have most to lose are often the last to scent the smouldering peril. Those whose property now blinds them to social danger will be found clinging to it, possibly only to perish helplessly with it, should the conflagration which some invoke and many dread, be kindled in the neglected recesses of our system. Cassandra to such may speak in vain in these days of smooth things, so smooth to the well-to-do who can forget the cry of the poor. Yet the terrible fact that our rural population steadily decreases, whilst the towns receive yearly some tens of thousands to herd and breed in the vice and squalor which their crowded dwellings forbid them to escape, should show the most boastful Briton who reflects but for an instant upon it, that neither party government, nor even our boasted private enterprise, has given us as yet quite all that we need at home. May not one, therefore, be right, though he be a mere military writer, who desires, while the lesson of the panic with which his own profession is concerned is fresh, to call attention to the causes of such panics, and suggest a remedy once and for all?

We must disclaim beforehand, in doing this, that "militarism" which sees in every smug citizen who is not interested in things military a representative of the Manchester school, and a natural enemy of the greatness of his country. Great Britain is an island, and is devoted to commerce; and whilst these con-

ditions exist, it is vain to expect that her commercial classes will, except under special national pressure, devote the same care to the subject we have before us as those who have seen alien armies march down their streets, or heard the story of invasion from a parent's lips. Moreover, the political superstition which leaves the existence of a standing army dependent upon an annual vote, and its discipline on an annual Mutiny Act, is not the creation of trade, but is inherited from a squirearchy whose ancestors had felt the pressure of military despotism under the creatures of the Protector. It was a great Conservative minister who in our day gave the key-note for denunciations of a military expenditure by a party attack upon our "bloated armaments." To neither Whig nor Tory is due the blame or credit—call it what you will—for Parliament's jealous supervision of our estimates. And the party of peace pure and simple, so formidable twenty years since as to threaten to control our whole policy, has been so discredited by the hard logic of facts, that it may be left out of our view. What follows here is addressed to no section, and designed for no partisan purpose. Amidst the noise of discussion and factious attacks upon all things done or left undone, there must be many who desire to know—irrespective of politics—what it is that is really necessary to save us from panics, and why we have failed to obtain it.

Could we obtain the end sought for outside the military profession, the discussion would not be necessary. If there were a gleam of truth, however obscured, in the old proposal, lately republished by Professor Seeley, of a European republic, Tennyson's "Federation of the World" applied to our continent, where war should be laid aside for arbitration duly enforced, the one true wisdom would be to look for a practical approach to it. But when one hears of the Professor delivering himself of his scheme in lectures, and of meetings that discuss resolutions in favour of peace, one is involuntarily reminded of the sad

truth that, week by week, tens of thousands of meetings are held, and myriads of lectures spoken and written, to denounce other evils dependent on conditions just as much within human power as personal ambition or national passion. Do we not meet at such continually to hear declamations more or less eloquent, and appeals more or less touching, the object of one and all of the speakers being to warn men against the various evils of ambition, lust, avarice, and all the temptations which spring from the heart of man? Is honesty thereby established as the rule of our marts? Are our young pure, and our middle-aged free from extravagance? Does anyone propose to dispense with the policeman, the warder, and the judge, because churches and chapels abound? Professor Seeley, who has studied the working of Christian doctrines so closely, is, doubtless, well aware how many there are who revolt from them simply from impatience that they have not banished evil from the world. Reflecting on this failure to create perfection by its advocacy, it is not wonderful to find him, in suggesting his federative cure for war, admitting that "it may appear fanciful," and by implication condemning the notion of deferring in its favour any practical consideration of the subject.

But if we cannot insure universal peace, can we not, at least, insure it for ourselves? Though we may not hope to prevent wars outside us, can we not ourselves keep outside all wars? Is it not possible to avoid all complications which will bring us into hostilities with other nations? In other words, are the proposals of the old peace-at-any-price party, and its lingering representations, wholly impracticable? For if they be not proved so, we may defer the military question. Let the answer come from one who has gained the summit of political power in this country, whose sympathies have assuredly often been with the peace party, who is accused by his foes of a foreign policy formed amid Lancashire associations, feeble, time-serving, and leading us to contempt, and who yet is credited with the public

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avowal, recently made, that we cannot wholly escape, if we would, the responsibilities of our national position. "We have not yet spoken of England," says the famous article in the *Edinburgh*, in reviewing the future position of Germany, "but of her we confidently hope that her hand will not be unready to be lifted up on every fit and hopeful occasion in sustaining the rest of Europe against a disturber of the public peace." If Mr. Gladstone really wrote thus of England last October, it is unnecessary to argue that whatever his predilections to peace may be, whatever his chance expressions in familiar conversation, as Premier he is fully conscious of the truth that England cannot isolate herself from foreign politics, however wisely she may strive to avoid useless embroilments.

We pass, then, to the problem of our panics and their causes, as one calling for study on its own merits. The fact of their recurrence needs no proof; to those who have observed their phases there must be present, in some form or other, the idea that beneath the reasons advanced for each are some underlying general causes to which the whole may be referred. A little consideration of the evidence will bring these out in a tangible form. The causes of our panics are simply these. All Englishmen, save an inappreciable percentage of enthusiasts, know and feel that there are certain possible complications which would bring us, at short notice, to open issue with one or more of the great military Powers. They are further aware that, as a balance to our maritime supremacy, we should almost certainly be threatened with an invasion of land-forces. They believe, generally, that our navy might, but could not always, save us from this danger. Lastly, they have an uneasy feeling that if by accident the navy failed in its task as our first line of defence, we might prove miserably unequal to the contest for the integrity of our own territory which would follow, and, after much suffering, should probably have to succumb to shameful terms, and re-enter the family of nations a humiliated and shrunken

member. It is this chain of consequences, varied of course in details, but leading to the same general result by the same general process, which runs through the minds of our countrymen, and produces a panic at every great European convulsion.

Let us follow the argument briefly through its few clauses, and we find the first resting on such authority as Mr. Gladstone's, already quoted. Since it cannot be evaded by any statesman, however pacific his temperament, who understands the position and sentiments of his country, we may safely leave it to be accepted by all ordinary politicians. If we must then lay to our account this possibility of a war against continental enemies, the question of their attempting invasion must needs be faced next, being plainly one of comparative means, and their most obvious mode of attack, whether they consult theory or precedent. The danger of trusting exclusively to a naval defence, more especially in these days of sudden and terrible inventions for purposes of war, has been so fully admitted by naval authorities themselves, and by non-professional writers, that the arguments against it need not be repeated here. So that we are brought at once to the fourth and last clause of the unconscious argument for panic, the insufficiency of our own military resources to resist serious invasion. On this it is necessary to dwell a little longer.

Napoleon collected over 100,000 men opposite our shore with the avowed design of making such an invasion. In these days of increased armaments it is but natural to assume that we should be threatened by a force of at least that number, supported possibly by false alarms elsewhere, or by subsidiary expeditions of lesser bodies. If the possibility of this threat becoming serious action be once admitted, we are brought face to face with the simple question, What have we to resist an army of 100,000 men landed complete upon our shores, to be supplemented or supported by other attacks? For if once certain that we could make the necessary resistance, we ought henceforth clearly to be safe from our panics.

Now, though our country be small, and in that view easily to be overrun by a triumphant enemy, it is so populous, and the natural spirit of its men so good, that such a force as is above mentioned could not possibly hope to subdue it if properly met. The only chances of the invader must lie in our inferior organization; and if the raw material of defence at our hands were properly prepared, he could have no reasonable hope, and we no reasonable ground for panic.

Thus far many of our readers will be agreed, but when arriving at the point of deciding on what are necessary measures, the widest divergences of opinion are found. Public opinion seems at present to resolve itself chiefly into three great sections: one, of those that hold that, aided by minor reforms, our present means of defence will be found ample; the second would have us forthwith extend our regular army considerably on something like the Prussian model; while the third would create a really national force on the Swiss pattern,—that is, enlarge it to comprehend all the fighting males of the nation. Let us look a little closely at each of these solutions of the given problem.

The first is represented fairly by the proposed bill of Mr. Cardwell, and the views it embodies. Get rid of purchase, and of county patronage, so as to make all promotions through the same authority. Endeavour gradually to work up to an army reserve by increasing short enlistments with that condition. Have your militia recruits decently drilled. Try to get the volunteers into some nearer approach to real discipline. Put regular officers in charge of the Reserve staff. Augment the proportion of field-guns. Such are the outlines of a scheme which in one direction, indeed, makes a striking abolition of an old abuse, but which in every other rather indicates the steps which should be taken to make our present organization thorough, than actually proposes to effect it. And if the questions be asked, what of the defence of the present? what of that of the future indeed, if these measures do not work practical reform?

the reply is that we have an armed force of 400,000 men in our grand total, counting in the reserves, and that, if they be not perfect soldiers now, the training given in event of war would soon put the needful sharp edge to the high temper of Englishmen.

Now on this point it is well to be plain, even at the risk of giving offence. We often hear "the teachings of history" spoken of as a guide to the politician. If there be one thing which the history of the late winter campaign teaches in letters that he who runs may read, it is that nations must no longer put any faith in their deliverance from well-trained armies by undisciplined troops. There was a time in the memory of our grandfathers when such troops, under certain circumstances, in American coverts, were more than a match for English battalions. But the experience of the old American revolutionary war, which has misled many writers ever since into undervaluing discipline, rested entirely on one fact, which is generally overlooked by them; and this is, that troops of the line were in those days not trained to the art of skirmishing. The American settlers had learnt it instinctively in the practical experience of their Indian wars, and the result was a temporary superiority over regulars drilled solely on the old Frederick model. Borrowing from the Americans their practice, the French revolutionary armies soon gave the example which all Europe followed, and the natural superiority of the disciplined soldier over the ill-trained has been more than restored to him by the reform. Those who care to study the details of the campaign in which Prince Frederick Charles overthrew Chanzy in Brittany, may read beforehand what would happen should a large army of the most well-intentioned and high-spirited volunteers undertake to check a considerable invading force. Destitute of the cohesion and power of rallying necessary for skirmishing on a large scale, the defenders would find the boasted hedgerows and copses of our fair counties, when they strove to use them, mere traps for their own



destruction. The district which stretches from Vendôme to Le Mans is just such as might encourage the dreams of those who would oppose regular troops by the bold use of volunteer skirmishers. Broken, wooded, full of large farms with enclosed gardens, and intersected by quickset hedges, it seemed the very theatre for such a defence as courage and individual sentiment could supply. Doubtless it was some notion of thus using its strength which induced Chanzy to scatter a large part of his force forward through it from Le Mans, and to skirmish with the German line on the Loir. But from the time that the latter took the offensive, the story became one series of disasters to their enemy. Continually pierced, outflanked, and driven from their lines with heavy loss at every successive stand, three days of defeat, retreat, and suffering reduced the Mobiles to such a condition that Chanzy found them unequal to holding the strong position he had laid out at Le Mans, and their brief rally there only led to panic and hasty flight. The attempt to take an active part, even in the most favourable district that France can offer, had undone all the work which at one time promised to make his Mobiles a really fighting army. And just such would be the fate of any general who, trusting to numbers, courage, and individual intelligence, should attempt the defence of an invaded English district with a mass of our so-called reserves. Were war to break out suddenly, as wars in these days are apt to do, they would be useless without the field organization and supplies, wanting which they are now confessedly mere paper forces; and when made efficient in these respects, they could only be safely used for some months afterwards in garrisons or intrenched positions. If the delusion has ever prevailed that holiday volunteering, or a month of after-harvest drilling, can supply such training as turns a recruit into an effective soldier, the experience of our neighbours during the last few months should dissipate it effectually for ever. In such a nation as ours, courage may

be claimed for the mass; but in action, courage without the cohesion of training is but another name for useless sacrifice.

If examples can help us to the truth of this matter, surely the late spectacle of half a million of armed Frenchmen, hemmed in and starved into surrender by less than one-half the number of German soldiers, should teach us to mistrust the phantasy of such proposals to defend a kingdom by raw levies. Is precept needed for this purpose? "No man," wrote England's greatest soldier in the famous letter that first called attention to this subject, "entertains a higher respect than I do for the spirit of the people of England. But unorganized, undisciplined, without systematic subordination established and well understood, this spirit, opposed to regular troops, would only expose those animated by it to confusion and destruction." So wrote Wellington to Burgoyne, twenty-four years ago, and his old comrade, surviving him through a generation, and witnessing its successive panics, now protests as emphatically in the late edition of his well-known pamphlet against the confidence in the misnamed Reserve Forces which with many, replaces the exploded trust of twenty years since in a mob of sportsmen. "It is impossible to remonstrate too strongly against the misconception of the real character of these forces, caused by this unfortunate misnomer. Before any improvement in our military means can be made, we must dismiss from our minds any idea of the militia and volunteers being available for an effective augmentation of the regular forces, until great changes are made in their organization."

It may be said by some that it is useless to quote in this matter the partial *dicta* of English professional soldiers, however respected. French experience may be declared by others inapplicable to our steadier and more trustworthy race. To the former it may be answered in the words of a distinguished volunteer, to the latter in those of a practical American soldier, Colonel Higginson, words that in their simple truth are better than any laboured argument:

"Small points are not merely a matter of punctilio, for the more perfectly a battalion is drilled on the parade-ground, the more quietly it can be handled in action. Moreover, the great need of uniformity is this, that in the field soldiers of different companies, and even of different regiments, are liable to be intermingled, and a diversity of order may throw everything into confusion. Confusion means Bull Run." Every word that Colonel Higginson here writes for Americans applies with equal force to our Reserves; only we should not have three years allowed us to repair the loss of our Bull Run.

Those who desire to enlarge their knowledge of this subject can do no better than study it for themselves in the pages of a pamphlet recently published by an officer<sup>1</sup> distinguished alike for practical acquirements and high scientific training. They will discover then, if they knew it not before, that our present expenditure, aiming at numbers without regard to quality, succeeds admirably in producing large paper estimates of the number of our forces, but that the general on whom it lay to meet the invader would have to do it with a genuine field force about 60,000 strong, barely equal to two of the seventeen corps of the new German Empire's army!

To abolish purchase may be an excellent thing. We are of those who think that the strong division of opinion which it causes between the profession and the nation, should make every patriotic soldier desire its rapid extinction. But, abolished or existing, it does not touch the root of the matter. Our present system is too vitally weak and unsound to be made trustworthy by patching.

But why not change it for that of Switzerland, so cheap and yet so national?

Professor Cairnes, in a recent admirable article, has elaborately advocated such a scheme, and this alone would justify our

noticing it. Switzerland is the only country of the world where every citizen that can bear arms is really said to be made a soldier of. *Jeder Schweizer ist wehrpflichtig* is the principle on which the system of the Bund rests; and as a net result it gives an army of 200,000 militia of excellent material, but only partially trained as soldiers, with some well-taught staff-officers, at an expense about that caused us by our volunteers. But short and well-managed as the training is, and cheap as the results are, there are two very sufficient reasons which have caused the Swiss system, after careful consideration, to be rejected elsewhere—as in Bavaria, for example—and which make it utterly inapplicable to ourselves. In the first place, it cannot be enforced in a free country, except under the excitement of patriotic sentiment, kept constantly alive by the immediate vicinity of ambitious neighbours, vastly more powerful. And, when completely maintained, it gives an effective defence against raids or violations of frontier, such as lately occurred, but is confessedly inadequate to meet the invasion of large regular armies. Separated as we are by the sea from the warlike sights and sounds of the Continent, we cannot hope in this country to awake the necessary spirit; nor, if awakened, could the vast mass of organized militia which would be produced among us, meet the real wants of our nation. The strain of the Swiss system applied to us would be great; the results unwieldy in size, and indifferent in composition. This question Sir L. Simmons, writing with special knowledge of the Swiss organization, has elaborately examined, and to his arguments it is only necessary for us to add that it is upon deliberate reflection and observation that the minor German States, when independent, adopted the Prussian rather than the Swiss model, which, after 1866 especially, had very warm advocates among them.

Can we, then, as the last alternative, make use of this famous Prussian model to which all Europe now looks

<sup>1</sup> "The Military Forces of Great Britain." By Major-General Sir L. Simmons, K.C.B. London: Mitchell.

admirably? Can we turn our battalions into bodies of which one-third of the body is draughted off every year into a real reserve, a reserve from which the rank and file could be in a moment doubled or trebled? And having formed such a reserve, can we hope to retain the men within call; we, whose free customs forbid the use of the bureaucratic pressure which arranges all this in Prussia? Sir L. Simmons has answered this question satisfactorily, and deserves the credit due to its careful solution. He has solved it by following, perhaps unconsciously, the vein of thought opened out long since by the *Spectator*, which journal, to its honour be it said, first drew attention to the possibility of effective enlistment in this English land of ours, by using wholly the English mode of simple engagement—raising, of course, the pay so as to command the necessary market. Unskilled labour is shown in his essay to be obtainable in any reasonable quantity by paying the soldier about a shilling a day more than he now receives. A fee of £10 a year or so would keep up the reserve, who would of course be trained at intervals. If service in the ranks for the infantry were three years, and in the reserve nine, four hundred soldiers ready at call, but only partly with the colours, would, according to Sir L. Simmons's estimate, cost £8,371, against £20,184, the present expense of maintaining four hundred privates. Pensions and reserve-force votes being gradually dropped, a financial reform would be the final result; while, at need, a genuine army of 250,000 strong, in which every man was able-bodied, and thoroughly trained, could be put into the field on the first threat of invasion. Even should his financial view be rather oversanguine, as Sir L. Simmons properly observes, "the result will be true economy, by converting our present ineffective army into one which, with its reserves, will be ready at all times, and fully equal to any work the country may require it to perform. Difficulties will be encountered," he adds, "in bringing about so great a change; but

it is to be observed that difficulties are inseparable from all organic changes."

"The first step, however, towards the establishment of our military forces on a firm and sound basis is to come to a clear understanding as to what is absolutely necessary to build up a well-defined scheme to meet the wants of the case, and then to work up gradually to that scheme, making all changes to conform to it, and taking care during the process, that the interests of the country are as effectually guarded as circumstances will permit."

And with a view, let us add, to guarding these effectually at once, the adoption of this scheme, with its control of the unskilled-labour market, would enable the War Minister at once to create a considerable reserve by voluntary discharges of soldiers now in the ranks, re-enlisting them for the reserve on the new terms, and filling up their places with recruits. As to the financial difficulty, which Sir L. Simmons deprecates, it seems to us of the least importance, since his plan may be carried out very completely on a lesser scale than he proposes. The reserve being formed at once as far as possible, the number of men with the colours might be kept lower than the 65,000 of the line which he recommends, and his whole estimated force in and out of the ranks be fixed at one-third or one-fourth less than the quarter of a million, with perfect safety to the country.

Without committing ourselves wholly to the author's details (indeed on some points, as the total abolition of the volunteer force, we differ wholly with him) we commend his scheme earnestly to that public consideration which it seems to deserve, as the only complete proposal yet put forward for re-organization, which, without trenching needlessly on vexed questions and vested rights, solves the problem on clear and broad principles. It may be justified indeed by the soundest considerations, as the following remarks are designed to show.

(1.) It is a just scheme, as its author

(pp. 72, 73) very fairly urges—just to the country, because it would give proper recruits to the army instead of the weak bodies and scampish characters who are now accepted, to our shame, by the hundred; just to the individual, because those who now really volunteer from the right motives, and prove efficient soldiers, have to give up part of the wages which they might almost certainly have earned in civil life. The pension that at present aids to lure them, it may be added, is often lost by their breaking down before the twenty-one years' service has expired.

(2.) It is a really national scheme. It appeals to the ordinary free habits of Englishmen, and puts the military service, with its special attractions, before them as one that invites them to close with its offer without any sense of pecuniary loss or personal degradation. The principle of a fair day's wages for a fair day's work is its moving spring, and this, if professions mean anything, is what all parties desire for our working classes.

(3.) It is an admirable military scheme. For not only does it promise efficient physical service, but if fairly worked, it will give commanding officers so complete a means of excluding or weeding out bad characters, that the army might be made a training school of morality, as it now is of habits of order and strict obedience. As to the officers, the steady work imposed upon them would, purchase or no purchase, raise our standard of efficiency for all, and rid us completely of the mere lounge.

Lastly, it is a practical scheme for the grand object in view. A Ministry that adopted it on principle, and began to work up to it at once, would soon see the country so secure that no peril, even that tremendous one of a coalition of Great Powers to put down our advocacy of freedom, would be able to frighten us, or tinge our policy with meanness.

Commending itself thus strongly to all interested, is it too much to hope that some Minister may see in its principles that true democratising of the army, and that real national security of

which we hear so much, and may at least fairly offer it to the acceptance of a Legislature which, if often divided and halting on minor issues, has gone with wonderful directness to the passing of the greater measures laid before it?

Sir L. Simmons's own plea may here fitly close our notice of his invaluable work: "There can be little doubt that Parliament would grant the necessary means for remodelling our military forces on any scheme which was simple and intelligible to the whole country, and definite in its principles and scope; it is the want of a clear enunciation of such principles which has made the country feel that every addition to its military expenditure has only been so much money sunk without an adequate return. The scheme suggested in the foregoing pages is an attempt to meet the demands of the country, and involves no insuperable difficulties. From it several moot questions of organization and administration have been carefully excluded, because all such questions are subordinate to the great and urgent one of obtaining a sufficient force of able-bodied men, thoroughly trained and disciplined, and commanded by well-instructed and experienced officers, ready for service in the field at the shortest notice."

With this statement of its purpose, we commend the essay to the study of all who desire to meet with a complete solution of our military difficulties. We have shown our panics to have become a chronic disease, for the simple reason that their cause remains untouched. Like a patient enfeebled by the consciousness of weakness, our nation has shrunk of late from every cold blast. Happy the statesman who, instead of postponing the day of cure, shall, with a bold and skilful hand, apply the remedy! Peace is the time for re-organization. All history tells us that it is ever deferred in the press and hurry of war. A statesman-like remedy once applied on such principles as those here indicated, the panics that have swept over us will become a story of the past.

## P A T T Y.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## PATTY'S REASON.

HE stood leaning against the porch. What did he care for Mr. Beaufort? Just then he would like to have proclaimed Patty false to all the world.

The Rector felt extremely uncomfortable. He knew that Mr. Whitmore had seen him; he could not retreat, but he scarcely knew how to act.

"How very awkward. Dear, dear me! Why, he was holding that girl's hand just now. I'm afraid there has been something more than portrait painting here. It is my duty to say something. How very troublesome."

"Good morning," said Paul, as he came up. "You'll only find Patty in," he added, "her father is not here."

Mr. Beaufort was completely taken aback by such coolness, but still it seemed as if he must say something.

"Are you painting Martha?" he said, gravely.

"No; I've been talking to her."

The Rector coughed and looked away; those fiery dark eyes were sending most challenging looks at him.

Paul still stood quietly leaning against the porch, and whistled.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. — Whitmore; will you favour me with five minutes' talk outside the gate?"

Indignation at what seemed to him defiant insolence had given the Rector courage.

Paul bowed and followed him beyond the gate to the corner of the lane.

"Excuse what I am going to say, Mr. Whitmore. You know I must look after my own people, and though no doubt it is very amusing to you to talk to a simple village girl, you must remember that you are perhaps doing her a great harm." Here the Rector

suddenly remembered Patty's improved fortunes, and he felt as if he were telling a falsehood, and moreover that the case was entirely altered. But then—for the meaning of Mrs. Fagg's hints was clear now—this acquaintance must have been going on some days, and, moreover, it was scarcely probable that Mr. Whitmore knew of Patty's changed estate.

"It is nothing but mere idle folly," he said to himself, irritably, "but very reprehensible, and I've no doubt this young man is in the habit of such intimacies. I hate them."

"I shall not have a chance of doing her any more harm." Paul's laugh puzzled the Rector, it sounded so bitter. "I am leaving Ashton to-day. I meant to call at the Rectory, but if you will permit me I will say good-bye to you here, and thank you for your kind hospitality. Good-bye."

"What a very extraordinary person!" and it seemed to the Rector, as Paul Whitmore passed on rapidly up the lane, that he himself had decidedly got the worst of the encounter. The stately dignity of the artist's parting words had fairly taken the Rector's breath away.

Paul literally strode on as if he were treading out the fire of his passion on the loose sandy soil; his firm steps sent it flying as he hurried along. He meant to go back to the inn, pay his reckoning, and then leave the village without delay. He would not stay one unnecessary minute in Ashton.

At the end of the lane, playing there, in the act of climbing up the steep bank by the help of one of the gnarled roots, was the boy whose sister Paul had helped last night.

"Please, sir, is you coming to see Lottie?" the boy said.

Paul had a tender place in his heart for children, and he remembered his

promise to the little pale Lottie as she lay on the bed.

He turned to the right instead of to the left, and passed quickly through the village on his way to the cottage. It seemed as if he could not give thought a moment—he could only move.

He lifted the gate latch, but no one came out, and then he rapped on the half-open door within.

"Come in," said in a quiet voice.

Paul went in, and started back in surprise. The mother was not there, but Nuna Beaufort was sitting in a low chair with Lottie on her lap.

The warm blood came rushing to her face, and then she smiled and held out her hand.

"I believe you must be the 'good gentleman' Lottie is talking about. Her mother sent down to the Rectory for something for bruises, so I came to see what was the matter. Poor old Lottie, she had a sad tumble, hadn't she?"

She bent over the child and kissed her, glad to hide her own blushes.

"I'm glad of the chance of saying good-bye to you," said Paul, which was not true. Just then he hated every one, women above all.

"Are you going away?" said Nuna. "You will see my father, I hope, before you go. I am sorry he has been so taken up with this business of Patty Westropp's. I know he meant to have called on you."

Mr. Whitmore's words seemed to Nuna to take away the last little bit of sunshine left in her life.

But he was thinking only of Patty. What was this business? In it might be the secret of her caprice.

"I met Mr. Beaufort just now. Is Patty Westropp in trouble, then?"

"Well, no, hardly trouble." Nuna smiled, and Paul felt as if he would like to shake the words out of her. "And yet I believe her change of fortune may cause her more trouble than she would have found in poverty. She has had money left her—quite a large fortune, I believe—so I shall have my wish after all, and see how pretty Patty looks dressed like a lady."

"A fortune left Patty!"

Nuna looked up quickly at the changed tone. Mr. Whitmore had turned pale to whiteness.

"Yes; I believe it is no secret. My father told me yesterday that the property left was worth more than fifty thousand pounds. Will it not be a great change for Patty?"

Paul murmured an indistinct answer, then he shook hands mechanically with Nuna, and went out of the cottage as fast as he could.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A FLITTING.

THREE days after Mr. Whitmore's sudden departure Roger gave up service at the Rectory. Mr. Beaufort had been able to find a likely substitute.

When the Rector asked if Patty had begun to make any plans for the future, Roger answered sullenly that he believed there was something afoot, but he gave no hint that they were likely to quit the cottage.

"I shall go down to-morrow and see Patty again." Mr. Beaufort stood watching Roger as he passed slowly out through the iron gate. "She must not be left to fight her own battle with Roger; I'm afraid he's a thorough miser."

The troubled look had not left Roger's face when he reached his cottage door.

He looked round the poor bare room with a restless, yearning glance, until his eyes settled on the two brass candlesticks.

"Patty!" There was no answer, and he went to the bottom of the little staircase. "Patty, I say!"

"I'm busy; you must wait, father."

The cloud on Roger's face deepened.

"It's working already," he muttered; "she were always stiff-necked, and now there'll be no turnin' her no way." He went back into the little room, took down the two candlesticks and set them on the table; there came a half-sneer at himself while he did it. "God knows I ain't one for fancies and extravagance, but she chose these herself and

bought 'em, and I don't mean to part from 'em. I don't reckon they'd fetch above a trifle."

There was a cupboard in the wall near the fireplace, and from this he took an old newspaper and tore it in two.

Patty came in before he had finished; she had her hat and cloak on, and there was an unusual excitement in her deep blue eyes.

"Going to light candles, father? Well, I never! Why, we shall be off before 'tis quite dark, and there was only two candles left, and they're packed up."

Roger lifted up his head, and looked at his daughter from under his grey bushy brows.

"Let me be, lass, will ye? unless ye lend a hand in parcelling up these to go along of us."

"You can't take the candlesticks, father, they're not ours any longer; I saw they was marked down in the valuing-book, when Mr. Brown showed it me."

The shaggy brows knit closely, but an angry light gleamed through them.

"You saw your dead mother's goods marked down for sale and you let 'em stand in the book, did ye? I'd not have believed it of you, Patty, if any one but yourself had sworn to it."

Patty stared in utter wonder. It was not easy to surprise her; her quickness had hitherto got the start of the wits of those among whom she lived; but a sentiment in her father was as unexpected as a gift.

"I never give a thought to their being mother's; I mind now you told me so, but Mr. Brown said he was to reckon up everything in the place. Why"—she smiled till it seemed as if there must be more worthy spectators than those four dull walls and the tall, stern, grey man beside the table to gaze on such exquisite sweetness—"I thought he was going to enter my bonnet-box and all. But look here, father, let me do 'em up for you, and you can make it right with Miss Patience to-night; she'll tell Mr. Brown."

Her father pushed the plump pink hands away.

"Go and see after the baggage; I'd liefer see to these myself. Will ye be done by the time I bring the cart round?"

Patty nodded and tripped away; she almost danced. It had not seemed possible to believe in her new life while the old husk of former scenes and habits was unchanged; and moreover that parting interview with Mr. Whitmore had been a sore trial.

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," she had said to herself, and Miss Coppock had come over again, and had praised her warmly for her wisdom; but it was hard to lose a real lover so soon. Patty's feelings as well as her vanity had told her Paul's love was real. Still one event had succeeded another so rapidly in this short time that she had had no leisure for regret, and in the excitement of to-night this trouble had faded out of sight. Patty felt that she was taking her first steps in life, and her excitement was heightened by the mystery which Miss Coppock had prescribed.

"Go away in the evening, my dear," Patience had said, "without any fuss or leave-takings, and then you can't be worried with questions you don't mean to answer."

All the information vouchsafed to Mr. Brown, the broker from Guildford, had been that Roger Westropp wanted to sell his old furniture, and would like to know how much he ought to have for it.

Patty ran upstairs for the last time, gave one comprehensive look round the bare room, and then came down with the only valuable she possessed.

It was one of those circular wooden boxes, with oilcloth top and a strap, a present from Miss Coppock when Patty gave up her service.

"I dare say now," the girl thought, "before a month's over I shall laugh at myself for troubling about such poor fineries and trinkets. I might have given them to Jane for a keepsake; but I don't mean to give anything up till I've got its value in exchange." She went to the door and called to Roger.

"I'm ready now, father ; we'd best be moving."

She had assumed an independence which grew daily. Roger, as yet, had not found words to resent it openly, but he was more silent and sullen than ever.

Even now, as he harnessed the horse, his heart was full of foreboding. Was he doing wisely or well in quitting this quiet roof, where he had been safe if not satisfied, to travel out into the world with a girl of whom he seemed to know as little as of some stranger? And the puzzle of the matter to Roger was that he was doing all this against his will, at the bidding of a woman and a girl. Miss Coppock and Patty, even while they seemed to consult him, had, he felt, settled all as they wished. His brains were too deep in calculating how to expend the least possible portion of Patty's fortune, to see that this fortune was, after all, the magnet that was drawing him from his quiet home. Patty had told him that she meant to go to school abroad—it would be cheaper all ways ; but she should get a few months of London teaching first. He wished now he had stood firm. Why could he not have placed her at once in safe-keeping, and have stayed behind in the cottage? But Patty had become to Roger an embodiment of her money, and this was only a momentary thought. He must not leave Patty ; he must watch over her personally if he would secure Watty's pounds from being squandered or stolen.

Everything was in the cart at last, and they drove away in the dim light. The cow had been sold to the butcher, and even this had been managed so as to give no rise to suspicion ; there never had been cat or dog in the cheerless home. They drove away in silence, only the crickets chirped louder in the stillness, as if glad to be rid of their fellow-inhabitants.

Roger looked more than once over his shoulder till the cottage became lost in indistinctness. But Patty's eyes were fixed steadfastly forward ; she was longing to meet the future she felt so sure

of—the future she had already pictured without one cloud to dim its brightness.

They were to sleep at Miss Coppock's, and then to start early, before the town was awake, for London. Miss Coppock had lodged once in the Old Kent Road, and she thought it would be a quiet out-of-the-way place for the Westropp's ; a place where Patty might effect the transformation she wished in her outward appearance without observation, and where Roger could live as quietly and cheaply as he chose. When Patty had equipped herself in a suitable fashion—and she was to take to town with her a costume devised by Miss Patience's own fingers—she was to betake herself to a teacher likewise recommended by this indefatigable friend.

All this had been settled beforehand ; but when Patty arrived at Miss Coppock's she was at once conducted with much formality to her own room, and there her friend recapitulated the whole programme.

"You don't seem satisfied, dear," she said ; for the rich red lips pouted in a drooping fashion.

"Well, no, I'm not. Why can't I, when I'm dressed like a young lady, go to a regular first-rate school, the very best there is to be had for money, instead of sneaking off to an out-of-the-way place like this Kent Road."

Miss Coppock smiled coaxingly.

"Well, you know, dear, it all depends on yourself how long you stay with Miss Finch ; and besides, she does not live there, only near it. But she can teach you all sorts of things—how to move, and how to curtsy, and how to come into a room. And, my dear Patty, though of course when you get to school you'll be prettier than any one else there, and be thought more of no doubt, still these outside affairs are most important ; and if you have not the same kind of manner in all these little things as the rest of the pupils, depend upon it they'll suspect, and once they suspect they'll give you no peace till they've found you out."

Patty smiled, and tossed her head.

"I don't think people will get any-



thing out of me I don't choose to tell 'em."

"There, Patty, there it is; that's exactly what Miss Finch will do for you. Before you've been with her a fortnight you'll never think of saying 'em,' or tossing your head so pertly."

Patty coloured up.

"Don't you be afraid, Miss Patience. I mean to spend a little time in a French school, and then in a German one; I've learned about them in novels. It won't matter whether I get to talk foreign languages or not, so long as I can say I've been there, and the travelling will teach me more than a school will."

"Ah well, my dear, you'll see." Patience Coppock was thinking that Patty had grown scrupulous since she left her service; in those days she had not always confined herself to assertions founded on fact. "I hope you'll sleep well," she said. "You have quite settled then about your new name."

"Yes, quite; do try and forget I ever was called Patty: I'm Elinor Martha Latimer."

And that night among her fevered dreams the girl seemed to hear Paul Whitmore, calling "Patty, Patty, do you love me?" and the sound grew sweeter as she listened.

## CHAPTER XX.

### AT THE STUDIO.

A MAN sat reading by lamplight in a large, dim, old-fashioned room in St. John Street—reading intently loose sheets of manuscript. His face was closely bent over the pages; both elbows were planted on the table, and the hands belonging to the elbows had buried themselves in the mane of hair that almost reached the reader's shoulders.

Not being able to see his face, the eye turned to take a survey of the room, so far as the dim light revealed it.

It was square and well-proportioned, a wide bay window faced the door, and on the right from the window there was a high quaint fire-place, with carved mantelshelf and piers in red marble;

facing the fire-place was a rambling, well-filled bookcase. The ceiling was ornamented, like the mantelshelf, with scrolls and flowers; the high wainscot, beneath the pale green walls, was richly carved, as were also the panels of the doors and shutters.

Mr. Stephen Pritchard had lit his reading lamp, but he had not thought it necessary to shut out the twilight. He sat with his back to it at a library table of carved oak. Another table stood between the door and the fire-place, and on this was a small easel and a collection of "properties" in the way of colour-tubes, brushes, &c., which spoke of another branch of Art than that practised by Mr. Pritchard. Looking round the room in the dim light, there were easels in different parts of it, with pictures on them in various stages, and the walls showed plaster casts in abundance on shelves and brackets. Against the wainscot were portfolios reaching nearly the length of the room, some orderly and neatly tied, but the greater number over-filled and bulging. A huge square artist's "throne" stood in the middle of the room, and on this was a carved oak chair, with crimson velvet back and cushion. In the dark far-away corners more than one lay figure showed phantom-like and ghastly.

Mr. Pritchard got up abruptly and began to walk, or rather roll, up and down the room, with both hands in his pockets.

His face was not pleasant to look at; it was sleepy and sensual. Just now, with all his sandy-coloured hair standing up on end, and his lower lip drooping heavily, he looked like a despairing satyr.

"Confound it! it won't do. If I sit up all night, I must work it out better."

The door opened, and in came Paul Whitmore. He put his hat down on the table and seated himself as if he were at home.

He looked thinner and older than he did at Ashton, graver too, but he smiled at Pritchard's appearance.

"I say, old fellow, you're just in condition for Absalom; no, you're not

young or handsome enough. By Jove ! I tell you what you'd do for exactly—the Apostate in the Pilgrim's Progress, dragged along, as you may remember, by his hair. Oh dear, I'm dead beat this evening."

"I should very much like to know what you are dead beat about. Bodily fatigue is all nonsense ; take a nap if you're tired, and get over it. You painters don't know what real labour is." Mr. Pritchard took out his pipe and began to fill it.

"Why," Paul laughed, in a good-humoured teasing way, "do you suppose we never tire our brains over our work ?"

"Brains ! I should like to see you put a strain on yours, my good fellow. As to a painter working his brains, it's a mere fiction. You're observing, I'll own, and you reflect on what you see, and digest, and modify, and reconstruct, and all the rest of the processes which some of your *confrères* are so eloquent on, but you have always something tangible to go on ; you don't create a Venus out of the ocean of mere thought. Don't talk to me about mental fatigue, there's a good fellow."

The pipe was lit by this time. Pritchard settled himself in an easy-chair and smoked in silence.

Paul was laughing heartily. He leaned back in a lazy, graceful attitude, looking at his friend, the long slender fingers of one hand twisting his moustache.

"Did you eat boiled beef for dinner, old fellow ? Your digestion is plainly disturbed. I tell you what, Stephen ;" he grasped both arms of his chair and sat upright—"I'm serious, mind you—if I haven't your genius and creative power, or whatever you call it, I've got the faculty of taking care of myself. I don't go on using my mental machine when the tire has got broken off the wheel by constant friction, so that there is the risk of splitting up the whole concern on the stones. You may book that idea ; I make you a present of it. Now listen, I've not done. You are used up, my dear fellow. Lock up all those

papers—you've worked at them till they have made you bilious—come out with me to-morrow and we'll get a few hours of fresh air."

"In November !" Pritchard shivered.

"Well, but it's not November weather ; it has been too warm all day for a fire : so I fancy we should find it very pleasant at Richmond, or on the river."

"The river ! no, thank you. I know I'm bilious ; the very sight of the water shimmering and quivering in the sunshine would do for me altogether."

Paul looked at him, and he thought he seemed really ill.

"I told you how it would be when you persisted in staying in London this autumn through all the heat."

"Don't you talk ; I can't say your country excursion did you much good. I never saw any one more thoroughly out of sorts than you were when you came back, Master Paul—ill and cranky, and as disagreeable as you could be ; and yet it seems to me you must have taken a good two months' holiday. I've seen nothing worth speaking of in the way of sketches, though."

Paul whistled. He got up and lit a gaselier which hung in front of a tin reflector near one of the easels.

"I didn't go into the country to sketch—I never do ; health, rest, and enjoyment are the objects I seek, you exacting grumbler."

"You grumbled enough when you came back from Scotland," said Mr. Pritchard, lazily ; and as Paul had no answer ready, there was silence for a time in the studio.

Paul could not have contradicted his friend. Nuna Beaufort's words had sent him from Ashton in a tempest of furious anger. In the new light thrown on Patty's conduct he could no longer indulge the slightest hope of winning her. It had been no caprice, no trifling, that had made her reject his love, only calm deliberate worldliness. She had never changed, because she had never loved him. She had listened to him because she was ambitious, and now that she no longer needed help to mount in the social scale she wanted to

be rid of him. All this he told himself over and over again on his way to Edinburgh.

He had left the cottage in a chaos of struggling feeling. He went mechanically back to London and thence to Scotland, without attempting to quiet himself by reason or any self-communing. He went rapidly from place to place, seemingly intent on seeing as much as he could in the shortest time it could be seen in; but his mind was so filled that he gleaned but a vague impression of the scenes on which his eyes rested. He was trying to fly from the thought of Patty, and yet she never left him.

He could not stay in any place. No wonder he brought back empty sketch-books. He travelled incessantly, trying to blot out the haunting bitter thought, scorning himself for dwelling on the memory of her loveliness, and yet when he came home his first task was to put her face on canvas—"Perdita" he called the picture; but no one who had seen Patty Westropp could fail to recognize her portrait.

Nearly three months since he left Ashton, and the wound still smarted. He told himself that he detested the mean mercenary girl who had so deceived him, but yet every now and then a keen wild desire to go down and see her took possession of him; if he had not had pressing work in the shape of commissions to execute, he must have gone.

"I say, Paul, you are right; I am used up"—Mr. Pritchard took his pipe out of his mouth; he gathered up his manuscript and locked it in his desk—"I shall go down to my cousin Will's to-morrow. Will you come?"

Paul Whitmore started; his thoughts just then were at the cottage near Carving's Wood Lane. He had almost said Yes, but he resisted the temptation. If he did go to Ashton he certainly did not want to go in company with his friend, and, above all, he did not mean to go and stay at Gray's Farm. There was some satisfaction in knowing that Stephen would hear all the news that

was to be learned in Ashton, and that he would be back again soon to retail it.

"No, thank you; if I tell you the truth, I don't think your cousin would care particularly to see me; I can't say I made a favourable impression."

"Perhaps old Will was afraid you might make a too favourable impression at the Rectory. It is four years now since I was down; but if that youngest Beaufort has grown up according to promise, she ought to be charming."

"Yes, she is rather nice-looking," Paul spoke abruptly, almost savagely; he hated to be reminded of Nuna, and the pain her words had given him. He went on busily with a charcoal drawing, in which moon and clouds and a stormy sea were the actors.

"Nice-looking!" Mr. Pritchard had been smoking again, and now he took his pipe out of his mouth. "I feel certain she snubbed you, Paul. Nice-looking! I never saw such eyes as she had. I shall soon find out by what she says what she thinks of you, my fine fellow."

"Miss Beaufort has certainly forgotten my existence," said Paul, carelessly, and no more was said about Ashton.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### AT ASHTON.

MR. PRITCHARD went down to Gray's Farm, but two rainy days proved a great trial for his patience. He was too much of an invalid to adopt Will's costume and go tramping about all day, sometimes knee-deep in mud and slush, and he found the quiet but incessant stream of his aunt's confidences worse than the London fog he had left in St. John Street. It stupified him, and he went back to town bearing an invitation for himself and his friend to spend the week after Christmas at the farm.

Mrs. Bright had given this invitation impulsively, and had suffered much inward misgiving in confessing her indiscretion to Will.

He was more angry than she expected—so angry that she began to fumble

for her pocket-handkerchief. "I surely am your mother, Will," she said.

"And you have every right to invite your friends and mine too, but this Mr. Whitmore is no friend of ours. Why, you have never seen him."

There was a blustering sound in her son's voice, and his face was very red indeed.

"Oh dear me!"—Mrs. Bright laughed nervously,—*"how jealous men are! But you may make your mind quite easy about Nuna, Will; your cousin says Mr. Whitmore don't admire her at all—thinks nothing of her."*

"How dare he speak a word against her!" thundered Will. He got up and shook himself as if, like the children, he felt *"the black dog on his back,"* and for once his mother was glad when he went away.

"I'm afraid he and Nuna don't get on," she said. "Poor dear Will!"

In reality Mr. Bright's courtship had been at a standstill, although he had no intention of giving up his hopes. He stayed away some weeks from the Rectory to give Nuna time to come round, and when he at last went there, he put such a strong constraint on his looks and his manner that Nuna was relieved. She felt persuaded that her old friend had given up his love, and that they should gradually subside into their former relations.

It was a help to Will's self-control that he never found Nuna alone. Miss Matthews was always with her; and Miss Matthews had good reasons of her own for encouraging the young farmer's visits, and made herself specially agreeable to him. She had the faculty of pretty talk—talk which compelled an answer that the tongue could frame without troubling the brains to aid it; talk with nothing in it to remember, and yet which soothed Will's anxiety.

And Miss Matthews helped him in yet another way. Nuna was so weary of her cousin's prattle, of these long days of forced companionship, without one grain of sympathy in it, that she began to look for Will's visits as a relief from the monotony. Nuna was utterly weary of Miss Matthews.

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Her chief comfort lay in the fact that Elizabeth had a long-standing engagement to spend Christmas with an old aunt who was likely to remember her in her will, and Nuna knew well that this attraction would prove irresistible. She was unobservant, but she was gifted with the mental sensitiveness of a blind person; her instincts helped her; she might seem blind, but these, like the long antennæ of some insects, were truer sentinels than mere eyes would have been. And yet, truly as these instincts served her, Nuna was strangely blind to the empire which her cousin was quietly and surely establishing over Mr. Beaufort. She was so troubled by the orderly restraints which had come over her erratic habits, and by Elizabeth's constant presence, that she grew more and more self-absorbed. Mr. Beaufort sometimes shared their walks, and then he and Elizabeth talked, and Nuna found herself free to wander on before them. Once or twice she had wondered at the interest with which her father and her cousin listened to each other, but she had soon forgotten anything but the subject of her own meditation.

The subject of most young women's reveries, although it may differ in matter, yet is almost always a forecasting of the future.

A common-place girl thinks, and perhaps plans the best way of getting a husband; a lofty-minded damsel how she may lay out the coming years for the benefit of others; and between these two are an infinity of rainbow tints. Nuna was free from the grovelling thoughts, and also from the more transcendental ideas. She must be intensely happy, and she must be loved. She mused on the future, and that which it might hold for her. It was to her a far off, strange country, yet one which she must surely visit; and burning through these misty indefinite visions with a steady clear light was the ardent longing for sympathy—the sympathy of a heart that could understand her own—strong helpful sympathy on which she could lean, for love and guidance too, for Nuna lacked self-reliance. She would

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have been startled if she had known how the memory of Paul Whitmore mingled with her visions till it was becoming an integral part of them. She had striven hard at first to forget him. Without a distinct consciousness she felt that the thought of this stranger troubled her peace; but all unknowingly, the strong loving guide who was to pilot her through rocks and shoals in the future took more and more each day the qualities which Nuna attributed to Paul Whitmore. Whether she loved Paul himself, or the ideal she had created, matters little; probably few women who love truly ever see the beloved as he really is. And then comes the puzzling question, which is the reality? May he not for ever have a different personality—one for those who love him, and one for those who look on him with cold or indifferent eyes?

It is so strange to think of Nuna at this time—so weak in the ignorance of her strength, so wholly unconscious of the trials lying in her onward path—that I feel tempted to pause and take one long look at the graceful girl with her fair transparent face and dark loving eyes, looking always for that which she could not see.

Life had rather stagnated at Ashton since Roger Westropp and Patty had gone away so strangely and mysteriously. The Rector's surprise had been unbounded. He had been at the pains of driving into Guildford to make inquiry of Miss Coppock, but the dressmaker professed complete ignorance. She had heard nothing of the Westropps since their departure, she said; and the village had wondered for a while, and then the Rector's new gardener had taken the cottage, and all had gone on as though the Westropps had never existed.

Dennis Fagg wondered still, after his own fashion, as to what had become of Patty.

"The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life," he said; "I don't suppose there is such another."

"I'm sorry to call you a fool; but it does us all good to hear the truth, Dennis." Mrs. Fagg flushed at her own

plain speaking. "Patty Westropp might have prettiness—I'll never say she hadn't; but what's that? It's just the difference between a blacked boot and a patent leather; when the one gets cracked and shabby, there's no putting a new face on it, as there is on t'other. I tell you there's no wear in Patty Westropp; they may make a fine lady of her, but they can't put a heart into her bosom. But you men don't care for heart, not you. It's not in a man's nature to see that the rind is just what's thrown away and thought nothing of in anything but a woman, though it's no more real worth in her than it is in an orange or a turnip."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### MR. BEAUFORT'S DINNER.

CHRISTMAS came and went; Miss Matthews said good-bye to the Rectory, and Nuna was as blithe as a bird. It was delightful to be free again; restraint made her dull at once, and dulness to Nuna was the worst evil of life.

The air was frosty enough to cheer and give a sort of exhilarating dance to the spirits, but there was no nipping cold. Nuna was busy gathering Christmas roses for the dinner-table. Mr. Jenkins the curate, and his wife, and the Brights were expected.

"I hope I shall get through the dinner all right," she thought. "If I have Mrs. Bright I don't care so much; everybody laughs at her, and then my mistakes pass unnoticed."

She had grown interested in her work—a most artistic grouping of winter berries with the lovely, pure, yellow-tasselled blossoms of Christmas-rose, and she had forgotten all else. Just before luncheon her father's voice at a distance startled her, it was so full of vexation; the sound came nearer, at last into the dining-room where she was.

"Nuna, Nuna! Oh, here you are; really, I must say you are too tiresome. Why, you have let the fire out in this room too." Here Mr. Beaufort made

that indescribably provoking noise which is supposed to express dissatisfaction. "To-day, when you know the servants are extra busy, you really might have given a look to the fires, and when you knew, too, that my throat was uncomfortable last night. My study fire is out, quite out; there's not a spark."

Nuna looked disturbed.

"I'll go and light it," she said.

"You light it! You could not light a fire, Nuna, or do anything else that is useful and domestic. Tell Jane to do it. I must go and put my great-coat on again, I suppose; it really is too trying."

"Oh, how horribly stupid of the fire!" groaned Nuna, while her father went to fetch his coat. "I quite forgot; and now I shall be lectured for the rest of the day—just as if I could be expected to think of everything while I was doing those fidgety flowers."

Mr. Beaufort came back, and sat down shivering. He felt very irritable; he had walked himself into a glow, and now, instead of reaping any advantage therefrom, he knew he should get a chill by sitting down in a cold room. He need not have sat down; he might have walked in the garden till the fire was lighted, but he wished to punish Nuna, by making a martyr of himself. He felt thoroughly vexed, for the second time this morning. Just before he reached the Rectory he had met Will Bright.

"I don't know what to do," said Will; "my cousin Stephen is coming down to-day, instead of waiting till the end of the week, and it will scarcely do to leave him the first evening."

The Rector did not like the little he had seen of Mr. Pritchard, but he never failed in hospitality.

"Bring him, of course; we have not seen him for years, and he has become a great man in the way of fame since we saw him."

"Thank you; I know he was very sorry to miss seeing you when he came down in November. But he is not coming down alone; that artist friend of his is coming too, not to us,—he prefers 'The Bladebone,' it seems."

"Dear me!" said the Rector; and he looked vexed.

"Well, yes." Will felt awkward. "He likes to be free in the country, at least so Stephen says; and if he gets out he doesn't care to feel bound to come in for early dinner; and you know I never alter my hour for any one."

The Rector had stood musing, utterly deaf to Will's personal information. "I had better go back to 'The Bladebone,' I suppose, and leave a message for this Mr. Whitmore. Good day, Will."

It is possible that if things had come about naturally, and the Rector had met Mr. Whitmore unexpectedly in the village, the sight of the artist might have rekindled the old attraction he had felt towards him; but Will's disparaging manner recalled his own last interview with Paul, and the very undesirable position in which he found him with regard to Patty Westropp.

"I don't think he is the sort of person a clergyman ought to receive at his house," thought Mr. Beaufort; "but still he paid no attention to Nuna. I don't fancy he is a man who would care to talk to what he would call conventional young ladies; and I so dislike to be inhospitable."

The Rector went to "The Bladebone," and left an invitation with Dennis for Mr. Whitmore to dine at the Rectory at six o'clock; and then he walked rapidly home to tell cook of the two additional guests, and found the fireplace in the study black, and the room as chill as a well. He sat shivering while Nuna went off to find Jane.

"Nuna's carelessness is not to be endured. I really don't know what to do; I don't, indeed. I cannot see what is to become of her, married or single; she has no thought for any one but herself and what she happens to be doing at the time." He looked at the graceful pyramid on the table. "Those flowers; yes, they are beautiful, but they would have answered every purpose if they had been put up in an ordinary fashion. Elizabeth would have arranged them in one quarter of the time. It is that

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getting the best out of everything which is so destructive. Elizabeth pointed that out to me in Nuna. Elizabeth is so very clear-sighted. As she said, if Nuna would be content to do things just as every one else does them, it would be so much better; but no, she never will follow in the beaten track."

He sat pursuing these reflections till he sneezed, and then, hearing a crackling sound from the study, he went there and brooded over his newly-kindled fire, almost rejoicing in the cold he felt sure he had caught through the carelessness of his dreamy daughter.

But Nuna had forgotten all about him. Cook had sent for her to consult as to whether an extra leaf would be wanted in the dining table for the "two gentlemen."

"The two gentlemen?" Cook explained; and when Nuna left the kitchen, there was a rosy glow on her face that did not look quite like the reflection of the fire.

Nuna had felt indifferent about dress for that evening, but now it became a subject to consider. The white gown she had meant to wear did not look fresh enough. She gave a little sigh. What a scanty choice she had! "Why can't I wear my black silk? it looks quite nice with the lace flounces. I will look nice, I'm determined."

Acting on which resolution, instead of getting lost in a book till within a quarter of an hour of dinner, Nuna roused her energies and kept them active till she had made the drawing-room look as pretty as possible. She ran into the garden and brought all the available plants she could find in the greenhouse and disposed them with the grace that only taste can exercise, and then, having even condescended to look at the arrangement of the dinner-table, she darted once more into the garden for a Christmas rose and some buds for her hair.

When she got to her room, she felt ashamed of herself; her cheeks were burning, her hands and feet icy cold, and her heart was throbbing most uncomfortably.

"How vain I am; as if Mr. Whit-

more cares a bit for me. Why, he talked far more to papa than he did to me when he came last time; but—well, I don't care for him, of course not. Only he is an artist, and artists always have such taste and appreciation."

She blushed with pleasure when she looked in the glass.

"I hope Will won't think I have made myself look extra well for him," she thought; "but no, I really believe he has given up caring for me." And she almost jumped down stairs with the feeling of relief.

The Brights came first; and at the sight of Nuna Will's heart sank, and then his love grew almost beyond his power to conceal. She looked radiant to-night; the black falling lace round her shoulders made a sort of cloud shadow to the pure pearly skin, the soft glow on her cheeks heightened the lustre of her eyes—they shone like stars; and the exquisite white flower suited so well with the glossy dark hair.

Mr. Pritchard, albeit somewhat averse to drawing-room young ladies, was charmed with his cousin's idol. Will had made no confession; but during Mr. Pritchard's November visit Mrs. Bright had unburdened her mind respecting her son's attachment.

"Will's a lucky fellow," said Mr. Pritchard to himself; "that is to say, if any man can be called lucky who is fool enough to give up his liberty to a woman. Everything else submits to the law of change, and why not marriage? There is something monstrous in the notion of two people taking up with each other for a whole lifetime; it stands to reason that liking changes like everything else. No, if people are to live together, let them do so as long as liking lasts, and then each go the way of each without reproach or complaint on either side."

But though Mr. Pritchard held these opinions, he took good care to keep them to himself; he knew that Will's hair would have stood on end if he had promulgated such notions at Gray's Farm.

Mrs. Bright kissed Nuna, then held

her hand a minute, and then kissed her again.

"How nice you do look, dear; just like a picture in a keepsake I've got at home, though to be sure that lady looks silly, spite of the black lace and all, and nobody could ever say you looked silly, Nuna, could they? But you know what I mean; it's the look and the lace and flowers, and all that sort of thing, in the keepsake. It's a very pretty story you know, dear, but a sad ending; she thinks,—the lady, you know—her name is Dolores—well, Dolores thinks her husband don't love her, and so she takes poison."

"Then I'm afraid Dolores was decidedly silly," said Pritchard.

"Do you?" Nuna's eyes looked direct into Mr. Pritchard's; his talk was new, and it amused her, and amusement was to Nuna that which sunshine is to a flower. "I don't mean," she smiled, "to champion suicide, but I always think women who take poison must be mad, and surely such a cause as that would make any woman mad."

Pritchard felt as if he could hardly contradict her, she looked so wonderfully pretty; he noted the depth of feeling that glowed up into her eyes, and he quite envied his cousin Will.

"By Jove! how that girl will love when she does love."

"I'm afraid I must still call a woman silly who goes mad on such a subject," he said, smiling. "What do you say, Mrs. Bright?"

"O Stephen, you know I never argue with you, and I believe you said the story was badly written. I suppose that was because of its old-fashionedness. I'm sure I can't see what the writing of a story can have to do with the excitement of it; it seems to me that's all one cares for. I always skip everything but the exciting parts; you see I can't think and be interested all at once, and when people are married against their wills—at least when they marry the wrong person through a mistake, or because their father can't pay his bills—I never think of anything but getting on fast, I always feel so excited to know

what will happen when the right lover turns up afterwards."

Mr. Pritchard had been nervously pulling his beard in his intense desire to speak.

"The right lover! My dear aunt, I'm alarmed. What is to become of the morals of the rising generation if a sober-minded, strait-laced matron like you patronizes these toadstools of literature? Why, why—" Mr. Pritchard's contradiction made him quite indifferent on which side he argued, so long as he was in opposition to every one else—"don't you know that they are a pack of lies—monstrous humbug from beginning to end? People never act in real life as these mawkish little girls do. No, I beg their pardon, girls in novels are not mawkish now-a-days; they are nasty little materialists. Such love as they feel would never break their hearts or drive them mad in real life. I'm free to admit," he looked eloquently at Nuna, who had sat down beside Mrs. Bright, "that there may be women capable of one only *grande passion*, or two perhaps—women who love with a vengeance. But these women have noble, steadfast souls; they would not sit and snivel out their existence on themselves."

"Well, but then," said Mr. Beaufort, who had got attracted to the discussion, "your negative itself brings you round to agreement; if there be only few of these higher women, the others constitute the mass, and are justly represented."

The discussion was beyond Mrs. Bright. She drew Nuna into a conversation on the subject of Larry's iniquities.

"I had not finished," said Pritchard. "These sighing, brainless creatures are incapable, morally and physically, of genuine love; depend upon it, there's not one among 'em all that would not be consoled by some kind of material panacea. I don't mean to libel them when I say they are far more likely to take to brandy than to poisoning themselves."

Will looked a little shocked; the discussion did not seem to him to be



suited to ladies, although the ladies were deaf to it.

"I thought you objected to clever, learned women, Stephen," he said.

"So I do, my dear fellow, utterly; they enrage me, they are always frights, and they always contradict: but I never said that a woman is not to have a soul, and the more lofty and noble that soul is the better for the future race of mankind. Some of these girls in novels are matter from beginning to end. I should say they would be extremely popular among Mahometans."

Will elevated his eyebrows. "Why, Stephen, I thought you held quite a different creed."

Mr. Whitmore's entrance interrupted Pritchard's answer.

Paul was presented to Mrs. Bright before Nuna had time to speak to him. Miss Beaufort thought he seemed older, graver. She felt so absurdly shy and timid as he came forward, and yet she had been quite at ease with Mr. Pritchard, whom she had scarcely ever seen before. She really was glad when Will began to talk to her.

Paul looked at her with warm admiration; and then he remembered all that Pritchard had told him about Will's love, and he fancied that the light in Nuna's eyes, and the glow on her cheeks, were caused by the presence of her lover.

Before dinner was over he felt that he had taken a great dislike to the young farmer. They sat opposite each other, on each side of Nuna. Will had contrived to oust Mr. Jenkins from the place intended for him. For a minute Nuna looked vexed. Will was very good, and all that, but she could have him to speak to any day. She would so much have liked to get Mr. Pritchard and his friend all to herself. Even a small party like this was a great break in her life. There was no Elizabeth to mount guard over her saucy speeches, and she rattled on in answer to Paul's talk in a way that disturbed Will. He had never seen Nuna like this before. She could laugh and joke with him in former times, but then the jokes had

always been at his expense; but this was different. Mr. Whitmore teased Nuna, and laughed at her as Will would not have ventured to laugh, and yet her eyes grew brighter every minute.

Certainly she now and then turned to him, but he felt that it was only from courtesy; he knew she was longing to go back to her talk with that presuming puppy opposite.

Relief came to Mr. Bright at last.

Pritchard, at the other end of the table, asked his friend a question.

If Will had been less in love, and consequently less jealous, he would have got something ready to say to Nuna; but Will was seldom ready. He was worth hundreds of others who thought him a fool, yet in some ways he was like a piece of mechanism—he wanted to be set a-going; and Nuna, excited with her present enjoyment, had no time to give her old friend the necessary help. Will had nothing of real interest to say, but he was not going to lose the opportunity given him.

"I say, Nuna, what do you think I saw in Guildford yesterday?"

"I can't guess." Nuna's ears were strained to catch the talk on the other side of her.

"Well, it was a new species of club-moss." Will's voice sank to the flat tone that comes even to the best story-teller when he has lost the interest of a listener. "If you like,"—he lowered his voice to compel her attention—"I can get you a plant of it."

At another time Nuna's eyes would have glistened at such an offer; now she felt ready to cry. She wished Will out of the window—anywhere. How could he whisper to her at dinner, and before Mr. Whitmore! but the next minute she thought that of course, if Paul knew the brother-and-sister acquaintance they had had as children, he would not wonder at their present intimacy.

"Oh! thank you, Will;" and she smiled frankly up in his face.

Mr. Bright looked across the table at Paul, and the expression he read comforted his jealous heart.

"Will!" said Mr. Whitmore to him-

self. "Is she actually engaged to this good-looking ass?" He turned to Mrs. Jenkins, and was soon launched by that profound lady into æsthetics and Goethe.

Will's tongue was set free.

He could have taken Nuna in his arms and kissed her, little darling; she did not want to cast him off altogether then, and the great honest fellow grew garrulous in describing the beauty of his new treasure.

"Then I'll bring you one as soon as I can get it; shall I, Nuna? I knew you would like it," said Will triumphantly. It was intensely satisfactory to call her Nuna before Mr. Whitmore.

It seemed to her as if all the sunshine of her evening had clouded over; the old humdrum sensation came back, and with it an inclination to gape. A tiny little glance had shown her that Paul had given her up to Will, and also the sudden animation in Mrs. Jenkins' face indicated that she was not likely to release Mr. Whitmore in a hurry.

"Oh please, don't trouble," she said. She remembered she had resolved not to accept another present from Will. "Give it to your mother instead; you know she likes all sorts of ferns."

Mrs. Bright was feeling bored. Mr. Beaufort and Mr. Pritchard had got into talk far beyond her, and her double chin was stiffening with silence. She had heard the talk about the fern, and Nuna's words were an opportunity.

"No indeed, Nuna," she said from the other end of the table, "I could not think of taking anything Will wished to give you—of course not." Here Will and Nuna both grew red and conscious, Nuna ready to cry with vexation when she saw Mr. Whitmore listening.

"I have more ferns than I can attend to already," continued the good woman; "they're quite as much bother as a baby, and most unsatisfactory—never so well as when they are in a fog, and you can't see them; just like a carriage with the windows up, aren't they, Mr. Jenkins?"

Nuna was miserable. Of course every one at the table knew that Will

was going to make her a present, and there was a contented smile on her father's face that enraged her. She glanced quickly at Mr. Whitmore; he, too, was smiling; he seemed to be enjoying her confusion.

"Have you a collection of these curiosities?" he asked.

"No, none worth talking about."

"But you are known to be a lover of them, I suppose?" He looked at Will as he said this.

"Yes, she's very fond of them," said Mr. Bright, quite unconscious of Nuna's vexation, "and she has several ferns well worth looking at." He spoke as if Nuna belonged to him and he was acting showman.

"Ah, it is no doubt a most exciting study," said Paul, mischievously.

"I only care for them," said Nuna pettishly, "because in the country one has so little to care for, and I don't suppose"—the dark eyes were raised deprecatingly to Mr. Whitmore, as if to implore him not to tease her—"you or any one who has seen a really good collection of ferns would think those I have even tolerable."

Poor Will! if she had looked at him, she must have felt sorry; but she could not forgive him for having put her in a false position, and she would not turn her eyes towards him till she left the table.

When the ladies reached the drawing-room, she did not feel in tune to play the gracious hostess to Mrs. Jenkins. She hoped the curate's wife would content herself with Mrs. Bright; but Mrs. Jenkins was strong-minded and superior, she could not stoop on such soft prey as Mrs. Bright.

"My dear Miss Beaufort, have you read that last new book on Rationalism?"

"No," said Nuna, "I don't read deep books."

"Why not?"

"They make my head ache, and I don't like them."

"Ah!" Mrs. Jenkins sighed, "all the result of early training. My Mary, you know, is only fifteen, and she turns

with disgust from a shallow book. She and I have just begun to study Hegel."

"Won't she grow very learned?" said Nuna, mischievously.

"Ah, my dear Miss Beaufort, that is such a mistake; women can't learn too much. And then, too, you must bear in mind that Mary's sphere of thought is large—very large! She never fritters thought away on small things," and Mrs. Jenkins leaned her sharp cheek-bone on her hand and looked up to the ceiling in silence.

The gentlemen came in before Mrs. Jenkins emerged from her reverie, and then she fastened at once on Pritchard, who wanted to talk to Nuna, and cursed the learned lady in his heart.

"To my certain knowledge," whispered Mrs. Bright, "that girl Mary can't sew a seam, and I should say, to judge by the look of it, she brushes her hair once a week; and if anything should happen to that turnip-faced husband, what's to become of the child? Her learning won't find her in bread and butter and shoe-leather."

The evening was soon over. Nuna sang, and Mr. Whitmore was charmed with her rich full voice, and placed himself so that no one else could stand beside her.

"What right had I to do it?" he said, as he walked back to "The Bladebone;" "she is that fellow Bright's property, not mine, but she is too good for him. She'll wear her heart out tied to such a prosy, commonplace lout. What eyes she has! and what a figure! I wish I could make out whether she likes that cousin of Stephen's."

And then he remembered the expression of her eyes when he had looked down into them as they parted in the verandah, and he felt that if Nuna married Mr. Bright, it would be a most thorough mistake.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### IN HASTE.

"YOU'RE not often wrong, Kitty," said Mr. Fagg, "but you see you made

a clear mistake when you said Patty Westropp had gone away after that there artist gentleman."

Mrs. Fagg was usually a recollected person. If her words sometimes stung, it was because she meant them to do so; but when you are toasting bacon before a fire that will not burn clear, it is vexing to be told of your mistakes. Mrs. Fagg therefore answered in a pet:

"Drat Patty Westropp! And how do you know she didn't go after him, and he wouldn't have nothing to do with her, having seen enough of her and her ways? Or again, how do you know he's not married to her? I suppose, Dennis, you have heard of such a thing in your life as men who find pleasure in gadding out without their wives? Hand me that dish, will you? there'll be some sense in doing that."

Dennis did as he was bid. He never quarrelled with his wife; he knew very well that sharp speeches from Kitty—and these were rarely directed against himself—were sure to be followed by some extra piece of wifely duty and affection, often by the concocting of a more tempting dinner than might otherwise have fallen to his lot. Mrs. Fagg had early learned to sacrifice to her husband's idols—ease and appetite.

She had not tasted any breakfast yet, though Dennis had had his long ago; but still it did not occur to Mr. Fagg that he might carry in his customer's breakfast, and spare the pale, tired, uncomplaining woman.

Instead of this, he went and smoked his pipe at the open door till Paul came out of the parlour. Mr. Whitmore had promised to ride over to Gray's Farm that morning; the Rector had offered to lend him a horse. He just nodded to Dennis, and went on to the Rectory.

"Too early to call on a lady, I suppose." He wanted to see Nuna Beaufort again alone, out of Will's presence; he felt a singular curiosity to know whether she really loved the young farmer, or whether she was only going to marry him because she cared for no one else.

"It won't be a safe marriage if that's

the case," he said. "She may not have loved yet, but a woman can't have that power of expression in her eyes and not have the power of loving along with it. It's impossible she can love that carcass of a farmer, poor little thing."

The Rectory gate opened when he tried it, and he went in. The entrance hall was empty, but the Christmas decorations were still there; and as Paul admired them, and felt sure they were Nuna's doing, he again thought she would be thrown away on Will Bright.

He looked about for a servant to announce him, but no one was in sight. In truth, cook and Jane were both far too deeply engaged in the china closet to heed even the bell; for if the best china had been left for Miss Nuna's putting away, cook knew very well what that would come to. But there was no bell to be seen, and Paul looked out of the window across the lawn.

Just there, under those grand leafless plane-trees, they had sat and drunk tea out of the Vienna tea-cups; and then, as if it were held up to him in a picture, the whole scene came distinctly back to Paul, and he seemed to hear Nuna's enthusiastic praise of Patty's beauty. A hot flush rose in his face; thought went on, spite of his repugnance, and recalled other words that had been spoken by Patty,—slighting, contemptuous words, of the girl who had been so generous towards herself.

He remembered that even then, mad as he was, Patty's dislike to Nuna had pained him; but he felt rather than knew, how much Patty's contempt had influenced his own indifference to Miss Beaufort.

Patty! The thought of her opened the door to the memory he had been battling with for weeks. Pritchard had told him of the nine days' wonder of Ashton in the total disappearance of the Westropp, father and daughter, but Paul had listened in silence. He knew his friend's power of tormenting far too well to run the risk of betraying himself. He tried to think of Patty calmly; to see her as he might have seen her if his eyes had not been blinded by

passion—and his reason decided against her. She had treated him shamefully.

She had deliberately rejected him because she felt able to push her own way in the world; he had told himself this over and over again, but to-day the conviction was stronger than ever.

"She never loved me," he said to himself; "she was heartless from the beginning, or this money would not have changed her. Real love in a woman is not conquered so quickly. Her love, if it had been genuine, would have made her understand me; she would have dreaded lest her fortune should set me against her, for I spoke openly to her of my dislike to money as mere wealth."

And then he thought again of Nuna Beaufort, and confessed that she was worth a hundred Pattys. But the confession was too calm and reasonable, there was no ardour in it; a dread lurked behind—a dread which he turned from resolutely—would not Patty in living presence, Patty once more sweet and loving, be as dangerous to his peace as ever? The only safety lay in throwing aside her memory.

"I wonder why I came down here? And yet I don't know, nothing destroys an outline so completely as painting it out, and when I go back to the studio I shall perhaps carry the memory of these changeful dark eyes with me."

He heard some one coming, and he hoped it was Nuna. She came slowly into the hall, her head bent, her hat in her hand, her whole attitude full of dejection.

Paul stood a minute, yet in the recess of the window admiring her graceful shape; her soft grey gown fell in broad folds, and her rich hair coiled round her well-set head in thick glossy braids. She moved on towards the outer door.

"I beg your pardon," said Paul, coming forward; "I know I ought not to call so early, but Mr. Beaufort kindly offered to lend me his horse. Can I see him, do you think?"

"Yes—no." Nuna's voice sounded thick, and she was so confused that she stammered. She was really in the midst of a hearty fit of crying, only

Paul did not detect it at first. "Will you mind waiting a little?" she said more steadily. "Will you come in and sit down? Papa is writing, and I know he must not be disturbed."

She turned away abruptly and opened the drawing-room door, but Paul had had time to see that she was in trouble. Till now Nuna had been to him more like a picture than a woman; but that wonderful tenderness for weak oppressed creatures, which seems the most godlike attribute of mankind, in a moment bridged over the distance there had been between them; the utter dejection of the girl's aspect gave the human link that had been wanting to her. Mr. Whitmore felt on a sudden wiser, older, moved out of his usual outside calm, to protect and comfort this grief-stricken maiden.

"Will you sit down here, please? Papa won't be long, I know; but he can't see you just now."

There came a little sob into her voice, and she moved hastily towards the door.

Paul could not let her go. Had that old curmudgeon of a father been making her cry? "I wish you would let me look at the song you sang last night," he said.

She went back to the other end of the room, and began to turn over her music; her hands felt hot and cold at once, she did not know what she was doing. Ever since they parted in the verandah she had only thought of Paul—thought of him all through her long wakeful night, till she had felt as if she could never meet him again for fear of betraying her delight in his presence. And then when morning broke, with its cold uncontrovertible reality, to tell her that one or two sweet visions that had come in short snatches of repose from the long open-eyed night, were as false as mirage, Nuna rose up from her bed in actual terror of herself and her own overpowering feelings.

"It is not love," she said; "I could not be so unwomanly as to love a man who has not sought me, and Mr. Whit-

more has only shown me common courtesy. It is because I live so shut up; I see so few people, that every fresh face sends me off my balance with excitement; in a day or two, when he has gone away from Ashton, I shall be all right again."

Gone away from Ashton! Nuna felt as if she were going mad this morning. How was she to live on this same quiet, unchanging existence now; and as if to stamp on her heart the conviction of her own self-deceit came the thought of Mr. Pritchard. He was a stranger, and yet he had not occupied the merest fragment of her thoughts. She scarcely remembered a word he had said, and all through the night she had been repeating every look and tone and gesture of Mr. Whitmore's.

She had come down to breakfast pale and unhappy, and her father had announced to her his intention of asking Elizabeth Matthews to live with them. Nuna was already so unstrung that she had felt no ready power of self-control; she burst into an indignant remonstrance, and went out of the room in a tempest of almost despairing sorrow. She knew, just when she met Paul, that the Rector had gone into his study to write the dreaded letter of invitation. For the moment her sorrow had helped her against her self-consciousness. Now, as she stood looking for the song, Paul came towards her, and held the portfolio open. Nuna's cheeks grew hotter and hotter as she bent down over the music; her fingers felt glued to the paper, and kept on turning over leaves at random. She could not master her terror—a terror she could not have explained, and yet in which there mingled an intense, almost a delirious joy. The song had been an old one; Nuna had sung it sorely against her will at the urgent request of Mrs. Bright; it was the ordinary hackneyed plaint of a forsaken maiden bewailing her fate in extra touching words. She found the song at last, and held it towards Paul.

But he had forgotten all about it. He had been watching the rising glow in Nuna's face, and the traces of deep

sorrow, and every moment he had felt himself drawn more and more irresistibly to try and win the confidence of this half-shy, half-frank creature so utterly unlike any girl he had seen before.

He took the music, and put it back among the rest.

"I am afraid you are in trouble—can't I help you in some way?"

He felt how eccentric he was; but Paul was not accustomed to resist impulse, and an attraction that was quite beyond him hurried him on now completely out of himself and of all reticence.

The touch of sympathy in his voice thrilled through Nuna. Involuntarily her eyes raised themselves to his, and sank at once beneath the glowing gaze she met. She felt as if she must run away from him.

"You can't help me. I'll see if papa is ready." She tried to make her words as cold and as steady as she could; she walked across the room, her fingers were on the handle of the door, another moment, and she would have escaped.

How do such things happen? No one knows; no one can ever detail the sensations of the most eventful moments of life. No one sees the wind rise, or the lightning part the dark cloud overhead. We see the tree lying prostrate, the building tottering from roof to basement, or it may be riven asunder, and we feel with a sort of awful conviction that no mere human agency can ever revoke that which has come to pass, and efface the stamp of disaster.

In the present case the seen effect was this: Paul had reached Nuna's side, had taken her hand very gently and tenderly in his own.

"Won't you tell me?" he said; "I am sure I could help you."

He had taken her hand gently, but he held it firmly. For an instant she tried to escape, and then she yielded, not only because she felt no power against his strong grasp, but because her spirit yielded too in glad submission.

"You will tell me, won't you?" He

bent his head, and the words seemed to steal into her very soul. "If you knew how I long to comfort you, you would, I'm sure."

It seemed to Nuna as if her grief were too childish; there was so much of reverence in her love for Paul, it was impossible to trouble him with the story of her dislike to Elizabeth.

"You'll think me silly;" she blushed, and Paul could scarcely keep from drawing her close into his arms. But he was not in the same wild impatient state into which Patty Westropp had thrown him. He saw that if he were gentle with Nuna, she would tell him her trouble in her own way; but he saw too that her shyness was real, and that she was as likely to run away as to stay with him.

"I could never think you silly," he said warmly. He felt the little hand trying to free itself, and he let it go.

"It seems like blaming my father," she said simply; "but I don't mean that; only he is asking a cousin to come and live with us, a person I dislike, and it makes me so unhappy." She paused. Paul stood listening; he felt warm delight at winning this child-like confidence. "I do so long to know if I am right or wrong;" and in her impulsive, unthinking way she clasped her hands over her eyes. "I longed so to live alone with my father, and now he will be shut away from me more than ever, and he will end by not loving me at all."

If she had not hidden her eyes, she would not have said this; but the unseen spiritual influence was drawing her to Paul with irresistible strength.

"That is impossible," he said warmly. He had bent down over her while she hid her eyes; she felt this, and drew herself away. The slight movement quickened his growing love; he longed to take her hands away, to make the dark eyes look lovingly into his; but still he waited. A sudden remembrance of Will Bright came between him and Nuna, and he resolved to know the truth.

"It may be," he said, "that Mr.

Beaufort knows you will leave him, before long, and he wishes to make provision before such an event takes place?"

Nuna could not mistake the questioning tone in which he spoke. She looked up for the first time, and he read in her frank, direct glance her guess at his meaning.

"I am not likely to leave my father," she said; she blushed very much. That one glance at Paul had reminded her that she was opening her whole heart to a stranger. But her words were like toy-bells to Paul; he loved her for her frank directness. It seemed to him that she had understood that he meant Will Bright.

"But you would leave him for some one who loved you—some one you loved too—you would, would you not?"

Before he could get possession of her hand again Nuna had taken fright, and started away from him.

Spite of her love, it was too new, too sudden. She could not believe he loved her. What had she done to give Mr. Whitmore cause to speak in this way to her?

Flight seemed her only safety; and yet when she reached the door she gave one look, she could not help it, to show him she was not angry.

The look was enough; it was all Paul could do to keep from following her and forcing her to speak the confession her eyes had made.

He loved her better for not yielding too easily. Had he seen the Rector he would at once have asked permission to woo his daughter; but Mr. Beaufort's letter proved lengthy, and Jane came to say "the horse was brought round, and would Mr. Whitmore excuse seeing master."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### MRS. BRIGHT CONFIDES.

MR. BEAUFORT'S old horse knew the short way to Gray's Farm, and he trotted briskly through Carving's Wood Lane—

but not fast enough to satisfy Paul. The oft-trodden way brought back most disturbing memories; and when he reached the angle leading to the cottage, he fairly dashed over the common to get free from them. His passion for Patty seemed to him to-day a mad infatuation; and yet if this change of fortune had not happened, he would most likely now be married to her—an ignorant country girl. And what had he done this morning? Flung himself, in the same headlong, impulsive way, into a fresh attachment.

"And how is it to end? Am I going to make Nuna my wife—my wife?" he said the last words slowly, with a sort of hesitating pleasure. There was nothing to shrink from in Nuna Beaufort, and yet it seemed strange to Paul that at the very threshold of his love, when he might have been expected to forget all prudence or doubt in the first flush of joy, it seemed strange he should ask himself deliberately why he had been so hasty.

"It would have been wiser to wait. I might have seen more of her. How do I know that I can make her happy?"

But he forced himself to think of her and her sweet blushing confusion, and before he reached Gray's Farm his mind was once more at ease. He felt that he was beloved, not as he meant Nuna to love him, but still enough to make him sure that he would suffice for Nuna's happiness; Paul had studied women enough to learn that a woman's love brings its own happiness along with it, if she only gets some love in return for the lavish wealth of her own. He felt that to such a nature as that which revealed itself in Nuna's deep passionate eyes the bliss of loving was greater even than that of being loved again.

"And what does one want in a wife but love?" he said to himself. "And she has so much besides. She is far too good for a harum-scarum fellow like me. I don't believe her father will let me have her."

He was hailed from the other side of the hedge that bordered the stony lane, and presently Will and his cousin ap-

peared through a gate leading into the field they had been walking in.

"Very glad to see you," said Will, heartily. Paul shook hands, but he felt guilty; he resolved that no amount of pressing should prevail on him to become an inmate of Gray's Farm, for he felt positive Mr. Bright was in love with Nuna.

"Here, Larry!" shouted Will; and the Irishman came up grinning from ear to ear, and led Mr. Beaufort's horse away to the stables.

Mrs. Bright was in a flutter of delight, and Mr. Whitmore so increased her excitement by praising everything, from the scarlet bunches of pyrocanthus berries on each side of the entrance door to the old-fashioned dogs in the fireplace, that she nearly danced with pleasure along the passage leading to the drawing-room.

But here Paul's praises came to an end. There was a stuffy formal atmosphere about this, the grand room of the house, and moreover all the little attempts at taste—and there were too many of these—were either stiff, or what Mrs. Fagg would have called "messy." The chimney-piece of Mrs. Bright's drawing-room was decidedly "messy." There was an old-fashioned clock in china of the Louis Quinze period; and with this went harmoniously a Chelsea Venus on one side and a Dresden Neptune on the other. But then Mrs. Bright could not leave well alone. Stephen Pritchard had presented his aunt with a pair of white China candlesticks in the style of the clock, but between these and the figures were gourds set on end; and again, between the figures and the clock, small coloured wax-images, with tremulous heads; and as if they were not obtrusive enough by themselves, the good woman had crammed into the hand of each a sheaf of dried grass, to give, as she expressed it, "a grace" to the arrangement. The whole was backed by hand-screens painted by Mrs. Bright herself in youthful days; tulips on white velvet with a border and a stick in blackened gilding. The same vague idea pervaded the room. There was neither uniformity

nor contrast, nor any repose for the eye in the amount of petty trifles scattered about.

The room worried Paul. He was glad when Will got a business summons to the Hall, and Mrs. Bright proposed they should go into the parlour and see if dinner were ready.

"I never wait for Will," she said. "We live like clocks here, Mr. Whitmore, every day exactly alike."

"Don't you get tired?" said Paul.

"Dear, dear, how like you are to Nuna Beaufort; that's exactly what she said yesterday when I was telling her about Will's punctual ways. Something in the paints is it, do you think, that makes people irregular? You know Nuna is quite an artist, Mr. Whitmore. And yet Stephen is just the same about dullness, and his is all pen and ink work. I suppose you are all alike, and I can't tell what it is that does it?"

It was always impossible to the blithe chatterpie of a woman to keep her uppermost thoughts from getting into words, and yet she felt sure Will would be vexed that she talked about Nuna to Mr. Whitmore.

Mr. Pritchard roused himself from the brown study into which his aunt's talk was apt to send him, "I say, Paul, what do you think of our Ashton beauty? I can tell you, you must mind what you say about her here."

Paul looked at Pritchard, and then at Mrs. Bright; it seemed to him that his last night's admiration had not been remarked. They both appeared to be standing up in defence of Nuna.

"I think she is charming," he said, warmly. "I wonder she has not been taken away from Ashton before this."

He wanted to be fair and above-board with Mr. Bright. Nuna's words had told him that he was not winning her away from a favoured lover, but Paul's independence chafed at anything like concealment.

Mrs. Bright bridled, smiled at Mr. Pritchard, and gave a sort of half-cough.

"Then you did not tell your friend anything, Stephen?"



"I don't think there's anything to tell; and if there is, I'm not sure that Will cares for it to be talked over publicly." Mr. Pritchard spoke roughly, walked to the window and whistled. It had come into his head last night as they drove home from the Rectory, that if he could bring himself to commit such a folly as marriage—Mr. Pritchard had taken more wine than usual, and it was broad moonlight, both which circumstances may account for his entertaining even in a temporary fashion such a conventional idea as marriage—well then, if he could do this, Nuna Beaufort was just the girl he should like for a wife.

"She has plenty of feeling and fire, and no forms and ceremonies;" for a keen observer like Pritchard had noted at once the little irregularities of manner, the impulsive words which, spite of her gentle courtesy, made Nuna wholly unlike a proper "drawing-room young lady."

Finding herself left thus alone with Paul, the temptation to confide was too strong for Mrs. Bright. Something in the strongly marked face, in those dark eyes, almost stern when they were not smiling, inspired her, as Paul's face usually inspired women, with a sense of trust. He looked too noble, too grand, to take advantage of her confidence.

"Perhaps Stephen is right, Mr. Whitmore," she said in a half-whisper; "my son is extremely particular; but then you are so intimate with his cousin, living together and all, you know it does make such a difference."

"You must excuse me," said Paul, "I cannot imagine that I have the slightest right to Mr. Bright's confidence."

"Oh, of course not, I did not mean that; but everybody in Ashton knows Will means to marry Nuna. The Rector and I settled it months ago." A flush came into Paul's face. He wished to speak openly to Mr. Beaufort before any one else—before Pritchard even knew of his love and his hopes; but still it seemed as if he must protest against Mrs. Bright's certainty.

"I am not surprised at your son's

attachment, but I should not have thought Miss Beaufort was likely to marry him."

"Good gracious me! why not? Why, Stephen—no, nothing." She heard her son's heavy step outside, and she stopped. "I wish dinner would come; you must be quite starved, Mr. Whitmore."

But Paul assured her he could not stay to dinner. He felt as if he could not remain another minute in the house. The idea of Nuna disposed of in this summary fashion made him furious. Mrs. Bright begged and entreated, and got Will to aid her in pressing hospitality on the visitor. Paul was resolute, and finally got off with the penance of a glass of cherry brandy, and a hunch of seed-cake nearly as big as his head, Mrs. Bright keeping up meanwhile a history of the cherry-tree, and of the best way of preventing the fruit from shrivelling in the brandy.

## CHAPTER XXV.

ROGER WESTROPP AT HOME IN LONDON.

"I WANT you, please, to drive me to No. 4, Bellamount Terrace, Old Kent Road."

Miss Coppock spoke to the cab-driver with her usual obsequious politeness, and then she threw herself back in the cab.

She felt relieved and curious too—relieved from the daily wear of anxiety, and yet curious as to the result of her journey. But when she found herself drawn up to the edge of the pavement, opposite some broken railings, she pulled out of her pocket a crumpled piece of paper. Yes, there was no mistake, the dirty smoke-begrimed house before her, without a curtain to any of its misty windows, and scarcely any paint to speak of on its crooked door, was the place of her destination. The house door had evidently gone down in life on one side at any rate, and its dirt was rendered even more conspicuous by a spasmodic dauby attempt to brighten the handle and bell knob.—These in

their unusual brazen glory likened the door somewhat to a factory girl with her gilt earrings and grimy fingers. The whilome turf at the foot of the steps was grassless, as if it had gone bald with age; the railings which fenced in this dreary habitation from the road were broken and very rusty, and the gate having lost its fastening, and moreover one of its hinges, was kept on duty by a huge wooden bar. The cabman was now struggling to unfasten this after an ineffectual search for the outside bell.

Miss Coppock's heart sank. She knew that she should not find Patty in Bellamount Terrace; but being a woman, she had given rein too liberally to fancy, and it had never occurred to her that Roger would remain the same niggardly Roger as ever in his thorough change of circumstances.

"It need not surely be all so dirty," she said, sighing with disgust, as she gathered up her fresh crisp skirts and stepped along to the house.

The door stood half open, and she knew very well from that circumstance that Roger was hidden behind it. She tried to smooth her face into its usual practised smile, bade the cabman set her boxes at the foot of the steps, and dismissed him. Patience was not specially a neat or orderly woman; nature seems to have otherwise provided in the composition of dressmakers; but for the moment, as the cab drove away, she longed to call it back, and yield up all the golden hopes she had built on Patty's friendship, for the sake of escaping the squalor before her.

The door opened slowly, grating as it did so on something on the bare boards within, and then she perceived Roger himself. He looked taller and more careworn than when she last saw him, but he held out his hand to greet her in what he meant to be a cordial fashion. His eyes smiled, but his lips could not relax their grimness. Roger had a respect for Miss Coppock rather than a liking; but the sight of a face that took him back to former times was pleasant, for he missed his old life—the life which had grown to be

as much a part of him as his skin or his hair: and yet while he awkwardly shook Miss Patience's well-gloved hand in his lank, large-jointed fingers, a dim vision of extra loaves, the necessity for butcher's meat, milk, butter, and other luxuries almost unknown in Bellamount Terrace, kept his lips firmly pressed together to repress a groan.

"Glad to see ye, ma'am; walk in, will ye, an' I'll have those boxes in directly."

Patience passed in as she was bid at a door on the right of the narrow, stuffy passage. She had just come from the fresh pure air of the country, and she felt sick and faint at the close odour of stale tobacco, and the memories of what had once doubtless been savoury fumes, that hung about the little dirty room. It was carpeted with dark green drugget, with irregular yellow spots, and across the hearth, by way of rug, stretched a breadth of the same pattern, with raw unhemmed ends. There was no relief for the eye on the walls covered with what had been flaunting flower-bunched paper, faded and bulging out here and there. The only thing on which the eye could rest with pleasure stood on the mantelshef, between the two old candlesticks, in front of the blackened and clouded looking-glass,—a coloured photograph of Patty. As Patience bent down to look at it, it seemed to her that sunshine came into the poor dingy room at once.

"Dear me, how beautiful!" said the dressmaker. "I had forgotten half her prettiness."

"You'll perhaps not want your boxes upstairs?" Roger's voice came in a sort of beseeching, half-ashamed way, from the parlour door. "That is, I don't know how soon you think of joining my daughter, ma'am."

If she had found Roger in a different house, Miss Coppock would have resented this speech; she had resolved to submit herself to Patty, but she saw no need to cringe to the father, on whom Patty was in no way dependent. She had meant to use this lodging as long as it suited her to stay in London; but now that

she saw it one night in such a place would be as much as she could bring herself to endure, and she did not care to incur unnecessary expense, so she answered graciously :

"Oh no, thank you ; I hope to start for Paris to-morrow evening, as soon as ever I have executed dear Patty's commissions."

Roger went to the top of the kitchen stairs, but he had to go down half of them before he could summon the deaf old woman he had engaged in honour of Miss Coppock, to escort that lady to her bedroom. Patience followed the ragged creature upstairs, but her feelings were not soothed by this attendance. The deaf, haggard-throated, old woman, who looked like a mummy from a rag-shop, had brought water with her to fill the jug, and spying some dirt on the inside of the basin she deliberately spat on it, and then rubbed it with her smeared apron, as the quickest way of removing it.

"Dinner be ready in five minutes," said the hag, with a sniff ; and she went tumbling down the stairs.

It was not appetizing to look forward to dinner cooked by such hands ; but after all it was only a trial of some hours, and Miss Coppock had known a few ups and downs in her former life.

The tablecloth was fairly clean, a circumstance easily accounted for by the fact that Roger was in the habit of using a newspaper in lieu of such a luxury ; and the dinner, half a shoulder of mutton baked, smelt savoury.

By the time the meal was over Miss Patience felt at home with Roger.

"And how do you amuse yourself, Mr. Westropp, if I may ask ?—at least I suppose I am to say Mr. Latimer, such

being the wish of dear Patty." These last words were spoken with the suavity of the Guildford show-room, and Roger winced and sneered at the same time.

He was a keen observer. As long as he looked at Miss Coppock, and saw only her remarkable face and quiet movements, he was impressed by her superiority ; but Roger had been used to real gentlefolks, and the assumption in Patience's tone unmasked her at once. His sour rugged nature had one virtue, he abhorred shams ; and without knowing why, he felt ill at ease with his daughter's friend.

"I don't hold with changing of our name, ma'am ; it ain't my way of doing business. There's only one thing as I can see for it ; Patty says—and she's cute at judging folks—she says she is less likely to be cheated and put upon if folks don't know about her than if they do. That may hold good for her, but I can't see it for myself."

"She's quite right ; if she hadn't changed her name your story would have got wind, and she have been a regular prey to all sorts of people."

In her heart Patience knew that the mystery she had herself enjoined was necessary to the hold she meant to keep over Patty, and she spoke eagerly and naturally.

Roger looked keenly at her with those deep-set light blue eyes of his, and he felt baffled.

"She's like two women in one," he said ; "she can speak out open and hearty, and then, without a word of warning, she minces and ambles like a pony going through its paces for a circus rider. I'm blessed if she don't floor me."

*To be continued.*

## A SHORT EXPLANATION OF MR. HARE'S SCHEME OF REPRESENTATION.

BY MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

IN an article which appeared in the September number of this Magazine it was endeavoured to point out some of the more glaring defects in our present representative system, with a view of showing that no reform can be permanent and satisfactory that does not embody a scheme of proportional representation. In the same paper various more or less imperfect modes of obtaining proportional representation were described, whilst scarcely more than a passing allusion was made to the comprehensive and elaborate plan which is generally known in connection with the name of Mr. Hare.

In the discussions which from time to time have taken place on Mr. Hare's scheme of representation, so much has been said on the one side of its simplicity, on the other side of its complexity, that it is a matter of no surprise that a large amount of confusion pervades the public mind regarding the merits of the scheme. It is the object of this paper to describe, as briefly as possible, its principles and details, without disguising the difficulties which would surround its practical application. The end and object of Mr. Hare's scheme is the direct, equal, and personal representation in Parliament of every elector. If this end were accomplished, Parliament would become the mirror of the nation, and, in proportion to the extension of the suffrage, all opinions would have in Parliament a strength corresponding to their strength in the country. To attain this end it would be necessary that each voter should have an equal amount of electoral power. At present there is nothing to prevent an elector

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from having a score of votes in different constituencies. Non-residence not being a disqualification for the county franchise, a man may have a vote for every county in the kingdom, if he can possess himself of the requisite property qualifications. To remedy this inequality Mr. Hare's plan provides that each elector shall have but one vote; and in order to enable the elector to obtain real representation, he would be permitted to give this vote to any candidate, irrespective of the restrictions of local representation. For instance, a voter living in Hampshire could vote, if he chose, for a candidate standing in Yorkshire, or in any other part of the kingdom. Under this system, those who are willing to serve in Parliament might be described as "All England Candidates," because they could poll votes in every constituency in the kingdom. If this plan of choosing members of Parliament were adopted, those candidates would of course be elected who obtained the largest number of votes; but in order to prevent inequality of electoral power through one candidate receiving an immensely large number of votes, Mr. Hare's scheme provides that no candidate shall receive more votes than are sufficient to secure his return. For this purpose the following arrangement is proposed. It is obvious that if all electors were allowed to vote for any candidate, well known and popular men, such as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, would receive a large proportion of the entire number of votes polled. Equality of electoral power, which is one of the main objects of the scheme, would be destroyed if Mr. Gladstone received six times as many

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votes as any other candidate; for his constituents would then not be sufficiently represented in proportion to their numbers. It has therefore been proposed to find, by dividing the total number of votes polled by the number of vacancies to be filled, the quota of votes necessary for the return of each member. If 658 members are to be elected, and the total number of votes recorded is 2,632,000, four thousand votes would be the quota necessary for the return of a member. Each elector would vote by a voting paper, which would be drawn up in the following form:—

Name (of voter) _____
Address _____
Vote, No. _____
Parish of _____
Borough of _____
<p>The above-named elector hereby records his vote for the candidate named first in the subjoined list; or, in the event of such candidate being already elected, or not obtaining the quota, the above-named elector votes for the second-named candidate, and so on, in their numerical order, viz. :—</p> <p>1. (Name of candidate) _____</p> <p>2. (Ditto of another) _____</p> <p>3. (Ditto of another) _____</p> <p>4. (Ditto of another) _____</p> <p>(and so on, adding as many as the elector chooses.)</p>

The foregoing form, filled up with the names proposed by the voter, expresses in substance this:—I desire to be represented by the candidate whose name I have placed No. 1. If he should obtain his quota of votes before mine comes to be counted, or if he should fail to obtain a sufficient number, and therefore cannot be elected, I direct that my vote be transferred to the candidate I have placed as No. 2, and under the same conditions, to candidate No. 3, and so on.<sup>1</sup>

The above comprises the whole of the so-called complexity of Mr. Hare's system of representation. The main prin-

<sup>1</sup> Pamphlet on Representative Reform, issued by a Committee appointed by the Reform League, p. 9.

ciples of the scheme might be tabulated as follows:—

1. All voters to be represented in Parliament.
2. Each Member of Parliament to represent an equal number of voters.
3. Each elector to have one vote.
4. Electors to be allowed to vote for any candidate.
5. Electors to be allowed to transfer their votes from one candidate to another, so that no votes are thrown away for candidates already elected, or for those who have no chance of obtaining the quota.

The most striking effects of such a deviation from the traditional method of conducting elections would first be seen in Parliament itself. The House of Commons would then no longer be filled with local magnates, whose names are unknown outside their own boroughs, and whose only recommendation to serve in Parliament consists in their employing a large number of workmen, and being able consequently to command a considerable number of votes. On the contrary, the House of Commons would be filled by really representative men, who would be sent to Parliament not solely on account of their wealth and local influence, but on account of their opinions. A common charge brought against this plan of proportional representation is that it would bring into the House of Commons nobody but the representatives of crotchets. In reply to this it may be stated that it will be their own fault if the people without crotchets are unrepresented; if, indeed, they are so few as not to be able to secure a quota of votes for their candidates, then the House of Commons will justly be composed of crotchety members; it would not be representative if it were not.

The effect of Mr. Hare's scheme upon constituencies would be more gradual, but not less beneficial, than its effect on the House of Commons. The present system of selecting candidates leaves little or no choice to the mass of the electors; they must either support the candidate started by the wire-pullers of

their own party or not vote at all. Hence the franchise is too often exercised merely mechanically; little study is given to political questions. Men vote with their party as a matter of course, and the minimum of political intelligence is evoked. If, on the other hand, electors were free to vote for whom they pleased, they would be induced to examine into the respective merits of a considerable number of candidates. Instead of voting blindly, and for no assignable reason, for the local candidate, they would be obliged to make a selection between many different candidates, and would feel that they were acting foolishly if they could not justify their choice. An elector is now seldom asked, "Why did you vote for Mr. A.?" If such a question were asked, the reply would probably be, "Mr. A. was brought out by the party; we didn't like him particularly, but we voted for him, because, if we had split, the other side would have got in their man." If electors were free to vote for any candidate, the question, "Why did you vote for Mr. A.?" would receive a very different answer. It would probably be something like this, "I read through his address, and his views on the political questions of the day are those that I hold; and, as far as one can judge of his character, I believe him to be an honest and independent man." In this way the selection of a candidate would produce an educational and moral influence on each elector, especially as he would be required to name a succession of candidates, and to place them in the order in which he esteemed their merit. The educational effect produced by inducing electors carefully to weigh the respective claims of a large number of candidates would be very considerable, and would probably stimulate a great increase of the mental activity brought to bear on political questions. The moral effect produced by giving a free and independent choice of a representative to each elector would be invaluable. At present a candidate, no matter how bad his personal character may be, is thrust upon a constituency by half-a-

dozen active wire-pullers, and the electors frequently have no choice between not voting at all, voting for a man of notoriously bad character, or voting against their political convictions. Few electors would deliberately declare that their free and unfettered choice as a representative, the man whom they desired above all others to see in Parliament, was a well-known *roué*, a fraudulent director of companies, or one who had been convicted of personal bribery; whereas, under the present system, scarcely any electors would think of withdrawing their support from their party candidate on the ground of moral disqualifications.

Whether, therefore, we look at its theoretical justice, or at its practical effect on the House of Commons and on constituencies, Mr. Hare's scheme deserves our warmest admiration; it remains to be shown what are the difficulties, real and imaginary, in the way of its application. Under the head of imaginary difficulties may be enumerated the following:—Filling up vacancies caused by the death or resignation of members; the destruction of the local character of representation; and the incompatibility of this scheme with the ballot. With regard to the first-named difficulty, that of filling up vacancies, it is with justice urged that though the minority gets a proportional representation at the time of a general election, the majority must carry all those bye elections where only one seat is contended for; and besides this, under Mr. Hare's plan, according to which any elector may vote for any candidate, what constituency is a writ to be issued for on the event of a member vacating his seat? Now, the fact that the majority must be triumphant in all bye elections, even under the most perfectly conceived plan of proportional representation, is no objection to the principle of Mr. Hare's scheme. It is an odd way of arguing against the proportional representation of minorities to say that because under certain circumstances a minority may lose some part of its fair share of representation, there-

fore it shall not be allowed any representation at all. When, after the general election of 1868, the minority member for the City of London, Mr. Bell, died, and his place was consequently filled by a representative of the majority, many persons seemed to think it a striking illustration of the absurdity of proportional representation. It would be as sensible for a man who had lost his purse to cite the fact as an illustration of the uselessness of money. A more reasonable objection is raised in the inquiry, "Under Mr. Hare's scheme, what constituency shall a writ be issued for in the event of a member vacating his seat?"

Several answers may be given to this question. Mr. Hare has himself suggested that members should still be apportioned to certain places; the locality being determined by the proportion of votes a member has polled in the place. Any member, for instance, who had obtained nine-tenths of his votes in Birmingham, would be one of the members for that town; and in case of a vacancy by his death, a new writ for the election of one member would be issued to Birmingham, and the election would be conducted in the same manner as at present. Another, and perhaps rather an Irish way of getting over the difficulty connected with filling up those accidental vacancies which occur between general elections, is not to fill them up at all; and in order to avoid constituencies remaining long unrepresented, to have triennial, or even annual parliaments. This plan would probably not affect the position of parties, as the average number of deaths on each side would be about equal; it would involve no loss to the House of Commons, which is already larger than is convenient for the conduct of business; it would induce constituencies to look out for candidates who did not go into Parliament merely for the sake of obtaining a lucrative office; and electors could also seek to protect themselves from the loss of their representative by not voting for candidates who were too

weak and sickly to support the laborious duties of a member of Parliament. If this mode of getting over the difficulty were adopted, of course the vacation of a seat on the acceptance of a parliamentary office would have to be abandoned; and it would also be necessary to shorten considerably the duration of parliaments. The chief objection to triennial and annual parliaments would be removed, if elections were conducted with order and sobriety, and if they did not entail such large expenditure on the part of candidates. If it is fair to argue from the experience of other countries, or from the recent election of the London School Board, it may be assumed that the ballot, whatever its other merits or defects may be, will prevent those disgraceful scenes of brutal and drunken excitement which now characterize elections. The Government has fixed an early day for the introduction of a Ballot Bill, and its adoption before the next general election may consequently be regarded as a certainty; there is also a very great probability that before that period the necessary expenses of elections will be borne by constituencies instead of candidates. If this is the case, all overwhelming objections to the short duration of parliaments would be removed; and the inconvenience arising from not filling up accidental vacancies in Parliament would be very trifling if there were a general election every one, two, or three years.

We now pass to the second of those objections to Mr. Hare's scheme which we have ventured to designate as imaginary difficulties: viz. the destruction of the local character of representation. There is no reason why under this scheme all local matters which demand the attention of members of Parliament should not be as well looked after as they are at present. As previously pointed out, members might be apportioned to various localities, and the local work would then be done, as at present, by the local members. The legitimate local work of members consists in assisting the progress of private bills for

railways, drainage, and other public works in their constituencies, and in presenting petitions forwarded by their constituents. These services could be just as well performed under Mr. Hare's scheme as at present. With regard to the progress of private bills, it may safely be assumed that the commercial element throughout the country is powerful enough to command its due influence in Parliament; and in such places as Liverpool, where the local work of the members is very important to the commercial interests of the place, the local merchants and shipowners would not be likely to forego the opportunity Mr. Hare's scheme would afford them, of obtaining their full share of representatives.

The next imaginary difficulty in connection with the adoption of Mr. Hare's scheme is its supposed incompatibility with the ballot. Without expressing any opinion on the merits of the ballot controversy, it may be confidently asserted that the ballot could be worked with perfect ease in conjunction with Mr. Hare's scheme. It would only be necessary to have a balloting-paper instead of the voting-paper described in a previous page, and the difficulty vanishes. Any system of ballot which involves the necessity of the elector writing down the name of the candidate for whom he votes could be adapted to Mr. Hare's scheme.

A more difficult task now lies before us in dealing with what may be considered the only really formidable obstacle to the practical application of Mr. Hare's scheme. No completely satisfactory solution of this difficulty has as yet appeared; it is therefore desirable that the advocates of the scheme should not disguise the existence of a serious obstacle in the way of its application. Making the difficulty known, and provoking thought and discussion on the subject, are the surest means of arriving at the wished-for solution. It has already been stated that no candidate shall be allowed to record more votes than are sufficient for his return, and that when a candidate has

obtained his quota of votes, the voting or balloting papers on which his name is the first mentioned shall be reckoned to the score of the second-named candidate. The difficulty we have alluded to is this: suppose the necessary quota of votes to be a thousand, and that two thousand voting-papers are sent in with Mr. Gladstone's name first, the second name on one thousand of these voting-papers being that of Mr. Jacob Bright, and second name on the other thousand being that of Sir Wilfred Lawson. In this case Mr. Bright and Sir Wilfred Lawson occupy exactly similar positions: each is the second choice of a thousand electors, and yet it is possible that the one may obtain his full quota of a thousand votes, and be consequently returned, whilst the other is not able to record a single vote. For if all the voting-papers with Mr. Bright's name second are used for Mr. Gladstone's return, the remaining thousand will all be reckoned to Sir Wilfred Lawson. It is, of course, highly improbable that such a result would ever actually take place, as all the papers would be deposited in a balloting-urn, to be opened by a responsible authority, and the votes would be recorded in the order in which they were drawn out of the urn. The appearance of all the papers would be exactly similar, and there would consequently be no opportunity for the display of any unjust partiality in the opening of the papers. Still, the suspicion of the possibility of an election resulting in a manner approximating to the imaginary case just described, would do much to destroy the moral effect which might be produced by the adoption of Mr. Hare's scheme. The knowledge that gross inequality is the possible result of an election would frequently lead to the supposition that it had really existed even in those cases where it was entirely absent, and the whole method of conducting elections would fall into disrepute and even contempt. It is not too much to say that some method must be contrived for removing the uncertainty about the appropria-



tion of the second vote, before Mr. Hare's plan of conducting elections could be applied in practice. It is perhaps true that there are many things in the present system of electing members of parliament which are quite as bad; for instance, no inequality can be much greater than that which allows one member to be returned by the suffrages of sixty-nine electors, whilst in another place a candidate who polls 12,684 votes is not elected; and no uncertainty can be more completely a matter of chance than that which now determines for what candidates electors shall have an opportunity of voting. The existence of worse defects in the present system of electing members of Parliament than any which would be possible under Mr. Hare's scheme, ought not, however, to discourage our most strenuous efforts to seek remedies for such blemishes as that just described. People will put up with a good old historical injustice for old sake's sake, when they would indignantly repel a far more trifling imperfection if they regarded it as an impudent upstart. An American society for the promotion of proportional representation, has suggested as a solution of the difficulty concerning the appropriation of the second vote, to fix no quota necessary for the return of a member, and to allow no second choice to the electors, but to permit each candidate to record all the votes given for him, and to regulate the voting power of members in the House according to the number of suffrages they received at the poll. According to this suggestion, a member who had received 10,000 votes would have ten times more voting power in a parliamentary division than a member who had only polled 1,000 votes. We leave the reader to consider the advantages and disadvantages of this proposal; from this or similar suggestions we may hope to arrive at the solution of the only real difficulty which besets the theoretical perfection of Mr. Hare's scheme. People will probably believe in its impracticability till some modification of it has been

successfully carried out, and for this reason we regard with much satisfaction the result of the late election of the London School Board. By the Education Act of 1870, it was decreed that two of the most important principles of Mr. Hare's scheme should be partially adopted in the election of the London School Board. In the first place, by the introduction of the cumulative vote the advantages of proportional representation were recognized. In the second place, by making the Board metropolitan and not merely local, the advantages of extending the electoral area may become more apparent, and may ultimately lead to the conversion of London, for educational purposes, into one large constituency. However this may be, it can scarcely be doubted by any impartial person, that the London School Board compares most favourably as a representative and a deliberative assembly with the members returned to Parliament by the various constituencies in London; and it may be anticipated that as electors become more thoroughly accustomed to the use of the machinery of cumulative voting, the result of the School Board elections will be more and more satisfactory. At present there is only one place which makes any audible complaint against the working of the cumulative principle for the election of the School Board. In Birmingham it is asserted that the result of the School Board election has been the reverse of representative, and that though the Liberals are in a large majority, the Conservatives have succeeded in obtaining a majority on the Board. This circumstance, which has called forth such violent denunciations of the system of proportional representation, is due solely to the remarkable electioneering tactics of the dominant party. They knew that fifteen persons had to be elected, and that under the cumulative principle an elector could give fifteen votes to one candidate; they must therefore have been aware that a minority of  $\frac{1}{15} + 1$  could, if they chose, absolutely secure the return of one representative, and further, that

they themselves could not possibly return fifteen members unless they were certain of a united and an obedient majority of more than  $\frac{14}{15}$ . Notwithstanding these circumstances, and the tolerably accurate knowledge of their own strength which they might have obtained from the result of recent parliamentary elections, they deliberately started a ticket of fifteen candidates. They further alienated support by not including in this ticket the name of one woman or one working man. The result, as is well known, was the disastrous defeat of the League party; not, as they maintain, in consequence of the inherent defects of the cumulative vote, but because under a system of proportional representation, it is impossible for a majority of two-thirds, by any electioneering manoeuvre, to exclude the remaining one-third from representation. This is what the leaders of the Birmingham Liberal party endeavoured to do. Their complete discomfiture may induce them on another occasion not to set at defiance the useful practical rule that two and two never under any combination of circumstances make five.

The successful combination of cumulative voting with the ballot during the election of the Metropolitan Board may possibly lead to so much approval of the results of proportional representation, that a demand may be made to extend the system to parliamentary elections, and to group all the boroughs in London, for representative purposes,

into one large constituency. This proposal suggests the feasibility of an electioneering experiment, by means of which Mr. Hare's scheme could be applied to London for the purpose of returning twenty members to Parliament. It is by the means of some such contrivance that the merits of Mr. Hare's scheme will probably meet with general recognition. This experiment would be advantageous in many ways; it would encounter far less opposition than the universal application of the scheme; if unsuccessful, it would be easy to return to "the ancient ways of the Constitution;" but if, as we fully believe, it resulted in a very great improvement both in the intelligence and integrity of the constituency, and in the average merits of the members returned, it would at least be shown that the scheme was practicable, and the way might be opened for its application to the whole country. There are always a considerable number of political Thomases who will not believe a reform possible until their eyes have seen it, and their own hands handled it. With such persons one experiment, successfully carried out, will have more weight than all the political essays that ever were, or ever can be, written. We therefore hope that the experience gained in the elections of the School Boards may have the effect of reconciling the opponents of proportional representation, and may finally lead to its extension to parliamentary elections.

LOUISE LATEAU,  
A BIOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY GEORGE E. DAY, M.D., F.R.S.

THE story I am going to relate is of so startling a character, and some of the incidents occurring in it are so incredible and apparently opposed to the ordinary laws of Nature, that I must beg my readers to suspend their judgment as to whether it is, or is not, worthy of credit, until they have weighed in their own minds the evidence on which it rests, and compared it with that on which they are willing to accept the accredited facts of ancient and modern history.<sup>1</sup>

Louise Lateau, the subject of this article, was born in January 1850, in one of the humblest cottages of the village of Bois d'Haine, which lies in the Province of Hainault, in Belgium, about half-way between the towns of Mons and Charleroi. Her father was

<sup>1</sup> Among the physicians who have witnessed and borne their testimony to the truth of the case about to be described, may be mentioned Dr. Lefebvre, Professor of General Pathology and Therapeutics at the University of Louvain; Dr. Hairion, Professor of Hygiene and Dermatology (the Theory of Skin Diseases); Dr. Van Kempen, Professor of Anatomy in the same University; Dr. Imbert Goubeyre, Professor in the Medical School at Clermont-Ferrand; and Drs. Lecrinier of Fayt, Severin of Braine l'Alleud, Moulart of Bruges, Mussely of Deguze, and Spiltoir of Marchenna. Dr. Lefebvre, to whose report of the case I am indebted for the following particulars, states that during the twenty weeks she was under his superintendence, he took upwards of a hundred medical friends to examine the phenomena. Notices of the case have been published from time to time in the leading medical journal of the country—*La Presse Médicale Belge*, and it has been accepted as genuine by Dr. Clymer, in his paper "On Certain Dramatic Diseases of the Nervous System," published in Dr. Hammond's *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine*, the leading American periodical devoted to mental diseases.

a man of good character, ordinary intelligence, and unexcitable temperament. His constitution was robust and hardy, and he never suffered from any form of hæmorrhage or of nervous disturbance. He left two other daughters, the eldest of which was only three years old, besides the infant Louise. During their early years the diet of the children was "plus que frugal," and in the winter they had often no fire; but in spite of these drawbacks they grew up strong and healthy, and were soon able to earn their own subsistence.

When only eight years old, Louise took charge of a poor old crippled woman, during her son's absence at his work. At the age of eleven, after having taken her first communion, she entered the service of a great-aunt, aged seventy-eight, who lived in a certain degree of comfort.

She discharged with extreme activity and devotion the duties of her office, devoting her days to household duties, and often passing a portion of her nights by the bedside of her relative, who died about two years afterwards. She then spent seven months in the service of a lady, Madame H—, at Brussels, who still retains a most sincere affection for her. Having left this situation in consequence of an illness that lasted for some weeks, but the nature of which is not indicated, she obtained a place in a small farm at Manage, rather less than a mile from her mother's cottage, and here, as in her former situations, she left behind her pleasant memories of devoted courage, patient work, humble and unobtrusive piety, and charity to the poor. Shortly afterwards, when she was about sixteen, we find her estab-

lished at home, and supporting herself by needlework.

In the beginning of 1867, when she was seventeen years of age, she experienced a feeling of weakness and loss of appetite, and her cheeks lost their colour. She was not, however, sufficiently ill to suspend her daily work. During the latter part of the year the greenish-white colour of her face indicated great poverty of the blood, and she suffered intensely from neuralgic pains in the head. About the middle of March 1868 she was very unwell, although it was difficult to say what the disease was. She still suffered violent neuralgic pains; her appetite was completely gone, and on several occasions (between the 29th of March and the 13th of April) she spat blood, but whether it came from the lungs or stomach is uncertain. For an entire month she took nothing whatever but water and the medicines that were prescribed for her. On the 16th of April she was so exhausted that she thought that she was dying, and received the Sacrament. From that day she so rapidly improved that on the 21st she was able to walk to the parish church, a distance of three-quarters of a mile; and her remarkable cure was the first incident that attracted public attention.

This may be regarded as her turning-point from a girl to a woman; and now comes a new phase of her history. Three days after this wonderful walk the stigmata<sup>1</sup> first appeared; and thirteen weeks later, on the 17th of July, she began to exhibit the phenomena of ecstasy—a term which, although common both to medicine and theology, will be here used only in the former sense. The characters of the stigmata will be first considered, then those of the ecstasies, and finally the hypothesis of any possible fraud will be discussed.

1. THE STIGMATA.—The first appearance of blood issuing from her skin oc-

<sup>1</sup> I need scarcely say that this term is applied by Roman Catholic writers to the marks of the wounds on our Saviour's body as shown in most pictures of the Crucifixion.

curred on Friday, the 24th of April, 1868, when she saw it flowing from a spot on the left side of her chest. In accordance with her ordinary reserved habits, she kept silence on the subject. The following Friday she again remarked it on the same spot, and also on the upper surface of each foot, and she now mentioned it in confession to the priest, who reassured her, and bade her not to speak of the circumstance. On the third Friday, May 8, blood began to ooze during the night from the left side and both feet, and by 9 o'clock it also flowed from the palms and backs of both the hands. Finally, on the 28th of September, the forehead also became moist with blood, and these bleedings have recurred regularly up to April 15, 1870, the date of the last published report.

From the time when the hands began to bleed it was impossible to keep the matter a secret, and reports of these remarkable facts rapidly spread throughout the district. Crowds assembled weekly round the mother's cottage, and the excitement became so great that the religious authorities felt it their duty to investigate the facts of the case. They saw, from the first, that the essential elements of it—the periodic hæmorrhage and the fits of ecstasy, in which there was a complete suspension of the exercise of the senses—were phenomena pertaining to medicine rather than to theology, and they accordingly requested Dr. Lefebvre, an eminent Louvain physician and a university professor, to examine the girl's case with the most rigid scrutiny, and to apply to it all the aids of modern science. No better selection could have been made; for, placed during a period of fifteen years at the head of the medical staff of two lunatic asylums, and having during those years regularly lectured on mental diseases, he was specially prepared by his previous duties, as well as by his personal tastes, to investigate a mysterious case of disturbance of the nervous system, such as that now presented to him. His attendance on her commenced on

the 30th of August and has continued up to the present time.<sup>1</sup>

He describes<sup>2</sup> the girl at the age of eighteen "as slightly below middle height, of a not very stout frame, full face, with some colour, a clear delicate skin, fair hair, soft clear blue eyes, a small mouth, remarkably good white teeth, and a pleasant intelligent expression. Her health is good, and she is free from any scrofulous or other constitutional taint. She has been always accustomed to hard work, and has shown a large amount of physical endurance."

After describing her illnesses in 1867 and 1868, he adds that "though her understanding is represented as good, she is unemotional and without any imagination—a girl of plain common sense, of a straightforward character, without enthusiasm, and very reserved. Her education is very deficient, although she has added considerably to the elementary knowledge she acquired in five months' attendance at school; she speaks French easily, and with some degree of correctness; reads with difficulty, and writes very little, and badly. She has on different occasions proved that she can act with great patience, courage, and determination. In the midst of domestic troubles, often for days without sleep, suffering many privations, and liable to the temper-fits of an unreasonable mother, she was constantly cheerful, calm, dutiful, and obliging. When only a child she was always willing and ready to help and attend on the sick, and during the cholera epidemic of 1866 in the village, she nursed many of the victims without any aid, staying with them till they died, assisting to lay them in their coffins, and sometimes even to bury them. From her childhood she was remarkably religious, her piety being practical, and

entirely free from affectation or display; her religion, like her domestic life, being simple, earnest, and straightforward."

Such were the impressions which she produced upon Dr. Lefebvre, who adds that her mother, then aged fifty-eight, was in robust health, had never suffered from any kind of or tendency to hæmorrhage, had after her confinements presented no trace of any mental affection, and was "absolument étrangère à toute impressionnabilité nerveuse."

I shall now take up the history of the stigmatic bleedings, which, as has been already observed, recur every Friday. If, on any day during the week, from Saturday till Thursday morning, the hands and feet are examined, the following phenomena present themselves:—On the back and palm of each hand there is an oval spot or patch, redder than the rest of the skin, and about half an inch in its longest diameter; these patches are dry, and somewhat glistening on the surface, and the centres of the two exactly correspond. On the dorsum and sole of each foot there are similar marks, nearly three quarters of an inch in length, and having the form of a parallelogram with rounded angles. On examining these spots with a lens magnifying twenty diameters, the *epidermis*, or scarf skin, is found to be whole, but very thin, so that the *cutis*, or true skin, can be seen through it. The latter appears to be in its natural condition, except the *papillæ*, or minute elevations in which the nerves of touch terminate, appear to be slightly atrophied and flattened. I have entered into these minute particulars with the view of showing how carefully Dr. Lefebvre has investigated these mysterious phenomena. The marks on the forehead are not permanent, and except on Fridays, the points from which the blood escapes cannot be distinguished. The chest was only occasionally examined during the ecstasy.

The signs announcing the approaching bleeding begin to show themselves on Thursday about noon. On each of the spots on the hands and feet, a vehicle or little bladder begins to rise, which

<sup>1</sup> In a letter which I have lately received from Dr. Lefebvre, he tells me that on his last visit (January 13, 1871), he found her condition in all respects unchanged.

<sup>2</sup> "Louise Lateau de Bois d'Haine : sa Vie, ses Extases, ses Stigmates." Etude Médicale. Louvain, 1870.

when fully formed exactly covers the patch, and is filled with transparent serous fluid of a more or less reddish tint. The bleeding almost always begins between midnight and 1 A.M. on Friday. The stigmata do not all bleed at once, but successively, and in no apparent order. A rent usually takes place in the raised cuticle, which may be either longitudinal, conical, or triangular; the serous fluid then escapes, and the blood begins to ooze from the surface of the exposed *papillæ*.

On the chest the stigma lies in the space between the fifth and sixth ribs, external to and a little below the centre of the left breast. At the first examination there was no trace of a previous vesicle, but in three subsequent examinations vesicles had formed similar to those on the hands and feet, and the blood oozed from a circular spot of the raw and exposed skin nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter.

Upon four occasions Dr. Lefebvre observed blood flowing from the head. It was impossible to ascertain the condition of the skin under the hair, but on the forehead the cuticle was not raised or apparently affected, nor was there any change in the colour of the skin. The blood was seen to issue from twelve or fifteen minute points, arranged in a circular form. A band two fingers in breadth, passing round the head equidistant from the eyebrows and roots of the hair, would include this bleeding zone, which is slightly puffy and painful on pressure. On examining these points with a magnifying glass most of them had a triangular form as if made by the bites of microscopic leeches, but some were semi-lunar in shape, and others totally irregular.

The quantity of blood lost each Friday varied very much. Before the commencement of the ecstatic attacks the flow was abundant, and often lasted twenty-four hours, it being estimated that as much as a litre, or seven-eighths of a quart, was lost from the nine stigmata. Dr. Lefebvre saw fourteen linen cloths completely saturated, the largest being 20 inches by 8, and the

smallest 20 inches by 6; while in addition there was a clot of blood on the ground as large as two clenched fists. He thinks that he understates the quantity of blood lost on that day if he puts it down at eight ounces. He regards this, however, as the mean quantity lost, it being sometimes more and sometimes less. In the beginning of October 1868, the bleeding ceased about noon, and two Fridays passed without any hæmorrhage; the ecstasy on both these days happening as usual. After this date the bleeding resumed its regular periodic course, and the bloody chaplet, which was at first exceptional, now showed itself each Friday. The blood, which was carefully examined, had neither the distinct character of arterial or venous blood, but was of a violet red tint like that of the capillaries or minute hair-like vessels that unite the arteries and veins. It was natural in its consistence, and coagulation occurred rapidly. Microscopic examination showed a perfectly transparent plasma or blood-fluid, with the regular red and white corpuscles, such as are presented by ordinary blood.

On the day succeeding the bleeding—the Saturday—the stigmata are quite dry, with occasional little scales of dried blood on their surface; and the girl who, a few hours ago had much pain or trouble in using her hands, or on standing on her feet, is busy in her ordinary household duties, or walking a mile and a half to the parish church and back.

2. THE ECSTATIC FITS.—The weekly ecstasies began thirteen weeks after the bleeding was first observed, although M. Niels, the parish priest, had noticed slight attacks of unconsciousness some time previously.

On the 17th of July she fell into her first fit of confirmed ecstasy, and a similar attack has occurred regularly every subsequent Friday, at nearly the same hour, beginning between 8 A.M. and 9 A.M., and ending at about 6 P.M. They usually commence while she is engaged at her devotions, though they have also come on while she is talking

on indifferent matters, and occasionally while engaged at her work.

Louise is accustomed to pass Friday morning in prayer, the state of her hands rendering it impossible for her to discharge her household duties. Sitting quietly in a chair, the bleeding hands covered with cloths, her eyes become suddenly fixed and turned upwards. This marks the commencement of the fit. Dr. Lefebvre took the following notes of the observations which he made when the fit came on in the course of conversation. "It is half-past seven in the morning; we have been talking on common topics, about her health, education, occupations, and to all my questions her answers have been simple, precise, and laconic; her appearance is natural and tranquil, the colour of her face good, the skin cool, and the pulse seventy-two in the minute. After a while I notice that she answers more slowly, and finally not at all. She has become perfectly immoveable, with her eyes wide open, but fixed and turned upwards and a little towards the right. The ecstatic state has begun."

Dr. Imbert-Gourbeyre, Professor in the Medical School of Clermont-Ferrand, has witnessed the commencement of one of her fits under similar circumstances, but it is not necessary to quote his description.

Lastly, the ecstasy may begin when she is at her daily work. On one occasion (August 13, 1869), in the presence of Monseigneur d'Herbornez, the Roman Catholic Bishop of British Columbia, she was working with great suffering and effort at her sewing machine, with the blood oozing from the stigmata on her feet, hands, and forehead, and trickling down her temples, cheeks, and neck, upon the instrument, when it suddenly stopped, for she had at once passed into the fit. This kind of commencement has been witnessed by several distinguished persons, including a professor at the seminary of Tournay.

From the time that the ecstasy begins her state may be described as follows:

The girl sits on the edge of her chair with the body slightly inclined forward, and as motionless as a statue. The bleeding hands rest, enveloped in cloths, on her knees, while the eyes are wide open, and fixed as described. The expression of the face is that of rapt attention, and she seems lost in the contemplation of some distant object. Her physiognomy during the seizure frequently changes; sometimes the features become quite relaxed, the eyes are moist, and the mouth half open and smiling; sometimes the lids will drop and partly veil the eyes, while the brow contracts, and tears roll down the cheeks; and, at times, she grows pale, and there is a look of terror, accompanied by starts and suppressed cries. The body sometimes slowly rotates, and the eyes accompany the movement as if following some invisible object. Sometimes she rises from her chair, and moves forward several steps, standing on tiptoe, with the hands raised, and either clasped, or open like those of the *Orantes* of the catacombs; while the lips at the same time move, the breathing is rapid, the features are animated and full of emotion, and a face which ordinarily is almost plain, becomes positively beautiful.

About 1.30 P.M. she usually falls on her knees, with her hands joined and the body bent very much forwards. The expression of the countenance is now one of the profoundest contemplation. In this position she remains for about half an hour, and then resumes her seat. Towards 2 P.M. she begins again to lean slightly forward, and then rises, at first slowly and afterwards more quickly, and finally, as if by some sudden movement of projection, she falls with her face to the ground. In this position she rests on her chest, with her right arm under her head, her eyes shut, her mouth half open, and the lower limbs completely extended and covered to her heels by her dress. At 3 P.M. she makes a sudden movement; the arms are stretched out at right angles with the body in a cross-like fashion, while the feet are brought

together and crossed, the sole of the left foot lying on the upper surface of the right. This position is kept till 5 P.M., when she starts upon her knees with a bound, and assumes the attitude of one in prayer. After a few minutes of total absorption, she sits down in her chair, and remains for a time perfectly still.

The ecstatic fit lasts till about 6 or 7 P.M., when it terminates in a most appalling manner. The arms fall, and hang heavily by the side of the body; the head drops on the chest, the eyes are closed, the nose becomes pinched, and the face becomes very pale, while the hands feel like pieces of ice, and a cold sweat breaks out over the whole body; the pulse is imperceptible, and there is rattling in the throat. This state lasts for some fifteen minutes, when the pulse returns, the bodily heat rises, and the colour is restored, but there is still a peculiar indefinable expression of the face. In a little time the eyes open, one object after another is looked at and recognized, the features relax, and the ecstatic fit is over.

Dr. Lefebvre believes that during the paroxysm the intelligence, far from being dormant, is very active, although she is totally unconscious of everything that is going on around her;—in short, that all her sensations are purely subjective. She distinctly and precisely recollects everything that has passed through her mind during the attack, but she always shows the greatest repugnance to be questioned on this subject. On one occasion, however, after much pressing, she gave brief but distinct answers to the questions put to her by her physician. She told him that after the ecstasy has set in, she suddenly finds herself plunged into a vast flood of bright light; more or less distinct forms soon begin to evolve themselves, and she then witnesses the several scenes of the Passion as they successively pass before her. She minutely described the cross and the vestments, the wounds, the crown of thorns around the head of the Saviour, who (she says on special inquiry) never looks at or speaks to her.

She also gives various details regarding the persons about the cross—the disciples, holy women, Jews, and soldiers.

From noon on Thursday, when she dines more lightly than usual, to the end of the fit on Friday night, she takes absolutely no food, and only a drop of water, feeling no want of either; and if she did take them, they would not be tolerated by the stomach, for more than once, when Dr. Lefebvre ordered nourishment to be given to her during Friday, although it was taken without resistance, it was immediately rejected. Notwithstanding this complete abstinence from drink, the tongue during the fit was always observed to be moist. It is further necessary to mention that the great excretions of the body are suspended during this interval.

Special attention was paid to the condition of the nervous system, and in particular to motion and sensation. On this subject Dr. Lefebvre reports as follows:—"There is no abnormal tension of the muscles of the face, trunk, or limbs, nor are they the seat of any spasmodic contractions. When in repose, she remains sitting on the edge of her chair, as has been already stated, with the body slightly bent forward, the whole attitude being one of deep meditation. No movements are executed beyond those required for the action of the scenes she is supposed to go through. Thus at times her body becomes erect, while her hands are either clasped or are thrown apart; the mouth sometimes relaxes into a smile, and a frown may be occasionally seen on her forehead. When the limbs are moved by one of her friends, they sometimes, but not always, retain the position in which they are placed; if, for instance, the arms or legs are raised, they may remain in that position for nearly ten minutes, when they will slowly relapse into their former place. If, however, she is lifted up from her chair, and made to stand, there is evidently great muscular relaxation, and she falls backwards as soon as the support is withdrawn."

The functions of the organs of the special senses are totally suspended. The



eyes are wide open, the pupils dilated, and the lids quite immovable, except when the conjunctiva is touched, or a sudden motion is made towards the eye. A bright light may be brought suddenly before the eyes without any apparent effect being produced on them; nor do they respond to any ordinary excitation, but look vacantly into space. The ear seems insensible to ordinary sounds, for a person placed behind her has, on several occasions, loudly screamed into her ear without any indication being afforded that he was heard. General sensibility seems to be extinguished:—

(1.) The mucous membranes of the nose and of the ear were tickled with a feather without exciting any movement, while a strong solution of ammonia, on being applied to the nose, produced no apparent effect. (2.) The skin of the face and hands was pricked with a needle; a large pin was thrust through a fold of the skin of the arm and of the forearm, and moved freely about in the wound; and the point of a penknife was driven into her skin by a person concealed behind her, and in none of these instances was there the slightest evidence of pain or feeblest muscular movement. (3.) A still more conclusive test was made with electro-magnetism, a strong current being passed for more than a minute along the anterior part of the forearm without producing any manifestation of pain. Every portion of the face was similarly acted upon, but there was no winking of the eyelids, nor any proof of suffering or sensibility.

Such is the state of the organic functions during the first part of the ecstasy. In the second the following facts have been observed. In a horizontal position the pulse becomes so small that it can hardly be felt, and an ordinary observer would fail to detect it. Dr. Lefebvre describes it as often resembling a mere thread. Its frequency is much increased, the pulsations, when they can be counted, exceeding 120 in the minute. The respiratory motions become more and more weak, and are often almost imperceptible; the rhythmical movements of the fringe of

the shawl about her shoulders being often the only appreciable evidence that the act of breathing is not totally suspended. While the breathing is thus becoming slower and feebler, and the pulse quicker and weaker, the bodily heat falls rapidly, and the whole surface is moistened with a cold perspiration. This condition lasts for ten minutes or more, after which the frequency and weakness of the pulse diminish, the respiratory movements increase in force, and the temperature of the body quickly regains its normal standard. A direct transition thus occurs from the ecstatic state to her ordinary bodily and mental condition without any intermediate stage. No uncomfortable feeling in the joints is complained of, and the body and limbs are supple; the face is calm, the expression serene, the intellect clear, and there is no sensation of headache.

3. THE TRUTH OF THE PRECEDING STATEMENTS.—From the brief sketch that has been here given of the history of Louise Lateau, any unbiassed reader would come to the conclusion that she was a very unlikely person to be guilty of any act of deception. The whole tenour of her life is opposed to such an hypothesis; but any one unacquainted with her antecedents, on first hearing of the phenomena which she presents, would naturally feel inclined to regard them with extreme suspicion. It was Dr. Lefebvre's impression, when he first entered the cottage at Bois d'Haine, that a pious fraud was being carried out, which his scientific acumen would at a glance detect. "The suspicion," he observes, "was natural, legitimate, and even necessary; but it disappeared as soon as I was brought in contact with facts." If the stigmatization alone is considered, how could it be fraudulently accomplished? Watched by her friends, neighbours, and visitors, how, without betraying herself, could she obtain and keep concealed the necessary blistering matters, caustics, or instruments she employed? Again, different operative proceedings would be

necessary to produce the various forms of bleeding from the hands and feet and from the forehead, to say nothing about the stigma on the side. If we admit that she had at her disposal the necessary apparatus for carrying out her deception, how could an ignorant peasant, even if she had two or three accomplices, produce a phenomenon which the physician, with all the resources of his art, has not the power to effect?

The impossibility of fraud is even more evident when the question of the ecstasy is considered. It is inconceivable that a girl brought up to the hardships of daily toil, almost uneducated, who had seen nothing and read nothing, could in one day of the week, and for the whole day, transform herself into a most perfect actress; that she could simulate not only loss of sight, hearing, &c., but complete insensibility of the whole body to the most searching and painful tests, and that she could voluntarily control those functions which are ordinarily beyond the power of the will, as respiration, circulation, bodily temperature, &c.

If she presented only one of these mysterious phenomena, the stigmatization, or the ecstasy, it would seem impossible to explain it on the hypothesis of fraud. But the difficulty is incomparably increased when we consider them in association. Thus, if the chance that either phenomenon separately were due to deception was 1 in 100, the chances against both being thus capable of explanation would be 1 in 10,000.

Again, on the supposition that both the stigmatization and the ecstasy were deceptive, they would present the following insuperable difficulty. While the latter would require the practice of a prolonged immobility, a frequent movement would be requisite to apply the stimulus to the stigmata in order to keep up a bleeding that lasts from ten to twenty hours. No one could play this double part for a period of more than eighteen months without the certainty of detection, especially in a case like the present, in which the solitude might at any moment be interfered with by visitors.

As an illustration of how she might be taken by surprise, Dr. Lefebvre mentions that on April 11, 1870, he was quite unexpectedly called into the neighbourhood, and, as it was a Friday, he thought he would see Louise. The moment that he knocked at the door he was admitted, and passing through the common room where her sisters were sitting, he entered her small apartment. The time was 3.45 P.M. The Ecstatic was in a state of the most complete solitude, and he found her lying in the state already described, with her chest resting on the ground and her arms extended, insensible, and totally unconscious of all that was going on around her. Her bleeding limbs were enveloped in no less than nine cloths. The blood which had trickled down her forehead was dried; the feet had not been bleeding; on the right hand the flow was just stopping, and the clots were still soft, while on the left hand a continuous rivulet of blood escaped from both stigmata. Having satisfied himself on these points, he left her chamber without her having any knowledge of his visit.

To meet the difficulties raised by various objectors, he tried the effects produced by caustic and blistering agents. Caustics produce mortification of the skin; and an eschar is detached after a comparatively long period, and then a sore, but not a bleeding sore, is exposed. The blistering hypothesis presents less improbability, but the characteristic odours of cantharides and ammonia could never be detected, nor could the distinctive spangles of the former ever be seen with a powerful lens.

Blistering agents, it is true, produce a vesication like that which, on a small scale, precedes the bleedings from the hands and feet, but as every one knows, they merely expose the true skin, and do not cause even temporary, much less persistent, hæmorrhage. An experiment performed on November 27, 1868, utterly ruins this hypothesis. Dr. Lefebvre usually took two or three of his medical colleagues or other respectable physicians, on his visits to Bois d'Haine.

In all, he took more than a hundred, to witness the phenomena and to assist him in his investigations, and on the present occasion his companions were two well-known and eminent practitioners, Dr. Lecrinier and Dr. Severin. They found the blood flowing freely from all the stigmata, and especially from the back of the left hand. Caustic ammonia was applied to the neighbourhood of this wound, so as to produce a vesication of about the same size as that which preceded the formation of this stigma. In the course of twelve minutes the desired result was obtained, but the little blister did not spontaneously burst as it ought (on the hypothesis of fraud) to have done, and when artificially ruptured, it exposed a raw but not a bleeding surface. For about half an hour it exuded a little colourless serosity, and then it dried up. On rubbing it with a coarse cloth, a little rose-coloured serosity escaped, which, however, ceased the moment the friction was suspended.

To make the scrutiny as severe as possible, Dr. Lefebvre resolved to apply what he calls the *glove-test*. On Wednesday, February 3, 1869, at 4 p.m., in the company of Dr. Lecrinier and two other gentlemen, he visited the cottage and brought with him a pair of thick, strong, and well-stitched leather gloves. After Louise's hands had been carefully examined by the whole party and found to be in a perfectly natural state, exhibiting neither abnormal redness nor any appearance of a vesicle, she was requested to put on the gloves, which fitted her perfectly. The wristband strings (*cordonnets*) having been twisted five times round her wrist, so as to prevent the slightest interspace between the glove and the skin, were then firmly tied in a double knot and their ends were cut off, leaving only lengths of a little more than an inch. These ends were then enveloped in melted sealing-wax, and a special seal was impressed on each surface. In order to prevent the wax from scaling off from friction or any slight blow, Dr. Lefebvre enclosed the ends in small bags. A similar ap-

paratus was applied to both hands, except that in the right glove the ends of the thumb and forefinger were cut off, so as to allow Louise to pursue her ordinary occupation as a seamstress.

On the following Friday, at 7 a.m. the same party met at the cottage, and Monseigneur Ponceau, Vicar-General of the diocese of Tournay, and Drs. Moulaert of Bruges and Mussely of Deguze, were also present. After every one had thoroughly satisfied himself that the seals, strings, &c., had not been tampered with, and that it was impossible to insert the smallest instrument between the gloves and the back or palm of the hands, the strings were cut and the gloves removed. The latter were filled with blood, which also covered the surfaces of the hands. When the blood was washed off, the stigmata were seen to present exactly the same conditions as on other Fridays.

The feet, which had not been interfered with, were then examined, and the right foot was found to be bleeding freely, while the left one was dry.

Conclusive as this experiment seemed, it occurred to Dr. Lefebvre that some subtle doubter might suggest that, by some inadvertence on the part of one of those who were present at the experiment, Louise might have previously heard of the test to which she was about to be exposed, and had consequently applied her mysterious irritant before their visit. To meet this possible objection, with a new set of witnesses, he placed the gloves on her hands on a Tuesday, using the same precautions as on the previous occasion. They were removed for a few minutes twenty-four hours afterwards, and the hands found to be in a perfectly natural state; after which they were replaced as before. When the gloves were again removed on Friday morning, blood was flowing from the two stigmata of each hand in its ordinary quantity.

As a simple matter of justice, it deserves to be stated that the glove-test was suggested by Monseigneur Ponceau, who, at the request of the Bishop, super-

intended the theological part of the inquiry.

Louise herself made no more objection to the gloves than to any of the other tests, but her mother's feelings on the subject were so strong that Monseigneur Ponceau first applied them at a period when he knew that she was absent from home.<sup>1</sup>

These experiments obviously render the hypothesis of a fraudulent production of the stigmata highly improbable, and it would be easy to show, by proofs of a similar nature, that the ecstatic fits could not be simulated. Indeed, the experiments made to show her total insensibility to all external impressions are conclusive on this point, for the most powerful and determined man in a normal condition could not resist some exhibition of feeling, if exposed to the action of a powerful electric current.

It would be out of place in these pages to enter at any length into the medical nature or pathology of the case of Louise Lateau. While most of our diseases are well understood and regularly classified, morbid conditions of a previously unrecognized nature occasionally present themselves, which, if they occur in a certain number of cases, constitute a new disease, or if they are only observed once or twice are placed in the category of "rare cases." The affections now universally known as Addison's Disease, and Leukæmia (white blood),

<sup>1</sup> I have not quoted this experiment in its chronological position because Dr. Lefebvre was not present. It appears that on the morning of Tuesday, December 16, 1868, he enclosed each hand in a strong leather glove, sealed at the wrist, and in a similar way fastened one foot in a stocking. The next day Dr. Lecrinier and a friend having satisfied themselves that the seals were intact, and that it was impossible, without breaking them, to touch the surfaces on which the stigmata occurred, removed one of the gloves and found no indication of redness or vesication. Louise's glove was then replaced as before. On Friday morning both gloves and the stocking being found undisturbed, they were removed by Dr. Spiltoir in the presence of eight witnesses. The results were precisely similar to those following the experiments already recorded.

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had not been detected thirty years ago, and the one or two instances first noticed were placed for a time among "rare cases." Whether Louise Lateau's stigmata and ecstasies will remain among the "rare cases," or whether similar instances will be recorded, and a new disease will be based upon them, it is impossible to foretell. Dr. Lefebvre, after pointing out the leading characteristics of her bleedings, viz. their spontaneity, their periodicity, and their special seats, shows that they cannot be regarded as belonging to any of the forms of hæmorrhage recorded in our systems of medicine; and he further adds, that he cannot find a similar instance amongst the "rare cases" described in the various medical journals, &c., or collected under the above title in the medical dictionaries.<sup>1</sup> "Hence," he observes, "the laws of pathological physiology do not suffice to explain the production of these phenomena." M. Alfred Maury's ingenious hypothesis that Stigmatization (in the case of St. Francis) was due to a moral cause, meets with no sympathy from him. "I do not hesitate to say that it is the romance of physiology, but not physiology itself."

He then proceeds in a similar manner to consider the ecstatic fits, and shows, that although in some respects they may resemble phenomena induced by certain well-known disorders, as catalepsy and hysteria, there is a wide gulf between the two; nor do the "occult sciences," as he terms them, such as mesmerism or animal magnetism, in its various forms of hypnotism, electro-biology, &c., and spiritualism, yield any clue to the mysteries of this case; nor can they be explained, as some have suggested, as the results of natural somnambulism.

It is evident, that for the present Louise Lateau must take her place among the "rare cases," but the fact that no precisely similar instance has been recorded is no evidence against its authenticity. Spontaneous hæmorrhage is not necessarily a morbid process, and

<sup>1</sup> See especially the article "Cas rares" in vol. iv. of the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*.

periodicity shows itself in every vital phenomenon, the cycle ranging from a second or less (as in the case of the heart's action) to many months, and, if we accept the old doctrine of climacterics, to several years. The periodicity exhibited by intermittent fevers is, as a rule, as marked as in the phenomena presented by Louise Lateau, and at present its cause is as little known.<sup>1</sup> Many cases of neuralgia come on at a certain hour with the regularity of clock-work. Within the last four years, there was a boy aged twelve years and a half in St. Bartholomew's Hospital who presented every appearance of perfect health as he lay on his bed. Every morning at the same time he had a crowing and barking fit which lasted for several minutes. All that he complained of was what he called his "bump," a swelling on the right side of the neck. The slightest touch applied to the "bump" caused entire loss of sensation and consciousness, and the boy became deaf, dumb, and blind, while his body was so arched as to rest solely on the back of his head and his heels. This state lasted for a minute, when he drew a long breath, after which the spasm ceased and he fell, apparently lifeless, on the bed. By continuous gentle manipulation of the "bump," this uncon-

<sup>1</sup> In consequence of its well-known power over periodic diseases, quinine in large doses was for some time regularly given to Louise Lateau on the days preceding her attacks. It had, however, not the slightest effect in altering the time of appearance of either the bleedings or of the ecstatic fits.

scious state might be prolonged for twenty minutes.

It is as difficult to explain this case as that of Louise Lateau, which in some respects it may be said to resemble; and instead of attempting, in either instance, an explanation that must be incomplete, it is better that we should patiently wait for further light.

I have not referred to any of the previously recorded cases of stigmatization, about seventy in all,—from St. Francis, who lived in the thirteenth century, and in whose history I have no faith whatever, to Maria Mörl, the Estatica of Caldarno, who was born in 1812, became marked with the stigmata in 1833, and only died three years ago,—because none of them had been submitted to so rigid a scrutiny as that of the girl who forms the subject of this article. The histories of these cases are to be found in Görres' exhaustive "*Christliche Mystik*," translated into French under the title "*La Mystique divine, naturelle et diabolique*," 1862; in "*A Letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, descriptive of the Estatica of Caldarno, the Addolorata of Capriana, &c.*," 1842; and in Dr. Lefebvre's pamphlet on Louise Lateau already cited. And while it is difficult to separate monkish legends from imperfect descriptions of rare psychophysiological cases, I must admit that I am more inclined than I formerly was to admit that some of these—especially that of Maria Mörl, to which Görres, Lord Shrewsbury, a German physician, and others have borne witness,—may have a certain substratum of truth.

## SPRING'S HERALDS: A REMINISCENCE.

Few days in the year are more delightful than those "Spring's Heralds" which one meets with sometimes in February and March, when before winter has yet passed away there comes a bright short season of west winds and cloudless skies. Such days come upon you with all the charm of surprise and contrast; while your skin is still nipped with cold, or wet with chilly ooze and rain, suddenly you feel the air warm and dry, and yet keen, as with the delicate keenness of the Mediterranean. Even in the town a subtle change is visible. If you are fortunate enough to live where the Middle Ages have left their legacy of grey stone and crumbling walls, you will see a light upon the grey quite different from the light of winter—even from that of the mornings when the sun shone in January. Quick as the alteration has been, you get from the very house-fronts a sense that the year has turned, or is in the act of turning. To-day, for the first time since last summer ended, you are prepared to catch, down narrow-twisted streets and curving lanes, strange Nuremberg effects of crowded roofs and chimneys, that lend a wonderful interest to your English town. Naturally, you are not left alone to enjoy the warm sunlight. The ladies from the great house have brought out their open carriage to-day; the shop-girl that serves them sighs with envy as they leave her to drive back under the brilliant sky; the alley children are out in force, keeping holiday as merrily as though their courtyard were a forest-glade.

But the delights of the day, real enough in the town, are boundless in the country. Sea, mountain, lowland, alike feel the spell. The sea is at its best: instead of the grey of yesterday, greyer for the drizzle through which you looked upon it, instead of the brown lashed with white that spread below you so often on windy winter afternoons, there lies a lake as blue and still as upon

an August day; for the salt water knows no seasons, but only darkness and sunshine, storm and calm. Or if your walk chance to lie among the Welsh mountains, or in any land of hills, experiences will crowd upon you that will recall past springs; that will cancel the winter, as it were, or at best only leave it as a background to throw out the picture. Just as the special charm of the sea, at such a time, is in the sense of a vast surface of unbroken brightness coming suddenly upon you, so the special charm of mountains in the new sunshine is their lovely variety of light and shade. Few who have climbed an Alp or a Grampian in full summertime have been blind to this; but now there is a fresh attraction in it, because it is now first visible, or rather because now for the first time the sun is warm as well as bright, and tempts you to dwell upon the exquisite alternations. That second similar thing which makes a mountain-ramble so delightful—the fact that the view is never for two moments the same—adds variety to variety, and on such a day would go far to intoxicate you with pleasure, if man lived through the eyes alone.

Fortunately sight is not the only sense! There are others which to-day will stimulate and satisfy, if you seek aright; there are stronger and subtler sympathies that will crowd upon you if you leave all thought of sea and mountain, and keep to the quiet midland plains. Even in landscape the plain may to-day compete with the mountain; you are not yet tired of its unbroken surface, its endless lines of road and hedge; and it has novelties that will make the novelties of the hills seem not more new. If the mountain shows light and shade, the plain shows colour. The road is dotted with the pools left by last night's rain, sparkling with a strange brightness as the sun strikes them, and lightening up, as they never need to do in summer, the sombre road and its flanking

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hedges of purple brown. The hedge is brown still, with no fleck of green save where a wild-rose has shot out a leaf before her time; the fields are only struggling towards greenness where the wheat or early vetch has burst, in little lines or dots irregularly scattered, through the rich red or red-brown loam; or where the long grass-lands, smiling to-day, are just beginning to throw off the greyness of winter. Only just now are the colours so absolutely perfect in their harmony. Another fortnight and those matchless browns will be hidden under their veil of green—lovely, it is true, but unvaried; to-day they are everywhere, quickened by the sun, enriched by the exquisite contrast of the thin streaks of springing corn. The woods, too, as yet with none of their later wealth of colour, supply the element of light and shade which the curves of the earth give among the mountains. Scarcely is the faintest tinge of green beginning to appear on the branches; but the lacework for the passage of the light is all the more open for the lack of leaves, and as you stand by the first line of beech-trees you are hardly disposed to regret the splendour of autumn. The rays fall in chequered squares upon the carpet of yellow withered fern, and straggling brambles, and last year's leaves; if your eye is quick for flowers you may see under some trunk, itself in darkest shade, the yellow disc of the primrose or a group of violets hidden behind a briar. They are best near the river; but not yet. It is the great meadow-daisies and the wilder growth of innumerable May-flowers, besides its own lilies, that the river loves. This month, to-day, its Secret is no secret of flowery fields; it has but its own shining surface, its deep dun-coloured transparency, that draws you to its banks in this March sunlight. Who has not felt at such a time how wonderfully a bright midland river harmonizes with the scenes around it? Except now, it is cold: in winter horribly cold and to be shuddered at, in summer coldly invigorating, cold by delightful contrast; but there is something in this soft afternoon that absolutely dissociates from the stream all thoughts but that of the charm it has for eye and ear. From

the hill-top it is just a strip of silver, making the eye rejoice; from its own banks it is a glancing moving mirror to the sun, and as you listen you note a new music in the whisper of its ripples.

The river brings us back to the point from which the mention of the midland plain carried us away. There is something more than the passive landscape—something of which the stream, full of sound and motion, gives the first hint: there is to-day a wonderful stimulus to *life*. No living thing in earth or air can resist the spell of the sunshine. Of course it is only a first awakening; Nature is niggardly as yet, and grudges you her delights. There is no butterfly, blue or sulphur-coloured, to glance across your way; no burnet-moth to flash like a flame over the green grass, no dragon-fly to hawk among the sedges: above all, there is no grasshopper to mix his shrill sound with the indefinable murmur that broods over a meadow in June. But all four-footed things are keenly alive. If you were to wait till the sun has come near his setting, you would see the rabbits come merrily out by scores; ungrateful and negligent as they have been through the day, there will be a strange vivacity in their gambols this evening, as though they had felt the spring down in their hidden homes. Then, too, the hares—the “March hares”—three by three, will be madly active and frolicsome when they have left their hiding-places and come together to feed and play. Even now, if you are content to look at humbler life, a quick eye may catch sight of a darting field-mouse, who has his own small way of being glad in the light and warmth: even the timid and terrible weasel, most mysterious of animals, half beast, half snake in his long thin body and gliding twisting motions and cruel eye, seems to forget to-day that he is the enemy of all things that have breath. Those animals that have felt the hand of man are specially conscious of the charm of these early seasons. The sheep are a shade less stupid than usual; their lambs, just old enough to begin their riotous ways, are chasing each other relentlessly, and rushing back with a piteous bleat to their

mothers for the food that never comes amiss. The cattle, whose tranquillity no change can disturb, seem yet to bear a sign of the sleekness of summer in their aspect: there is more than acquiescence in the order of things in their full deep eyes to-day; there is something like positive contentment, which to them stands in the place of exultation. The horses, too, though most of them here are old servants that have done their work, or hacks too hardly ridden, and sent here to be restored, have a social air about them, and seem to be thinking of something else than the grass and the late-earned rest from weary labour.

But the birds! Who has not envied them, who does not love them, favourite children of the mighty mother? Dowered with three priceless gifts of nest and wings and song, how infinitely they out-top all other animals; how vainly man himself, though he learn to know them, tries to rival them! As yet we have little to do with the nest, which is to most birds a thing of the real spring-time: only here and there may an early adventurer be seen, flying down the breeze and grappling with a long straw or dried blade of grass that is well-nigh too heavy for him. Later in the year it will be our task, the task of another warm afternoon, to watch the process of that dainty architecture; to watch those buildings where art and contrivance and labour serve as handmaids to love, the love of the family. Those thoughts have not yet come home to the bird's heart; love is there, but it is only growing into form, and finds its present expression in motion only, and here and there in song. To them the sunlight is a revelation of new life. No acquiescence, no mere contentment, but joy is present to every one after his kind. Even the solemn rooks, of all birds wisest and least understood, have a quiet but very visible delight in the new order of nature. It is not summer to them: it is not even spring to their unerring wisdom; it is only a warm bright afternoon out of season, and they have to enjoy it. Placidly they go about their daily work of feeding, or meeting in their rookeries, or travelling in that systematic way of theirs. Only by

a certain additional mellowness in their cry, and by a disposition to sit basking on mounds and rails, do you detect their joy. But it is real; the same mysterious gladness which Virgil noted centuries ago is brooding over them still: *Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti*; they exult in their quiet fashion at the change. The rook is a different bird to-day from what he was yesterday, when the rain was pelting him and the wind beating him hither and thither, and the boughs beneath his nest rocking like a ship at sea. Always unlike them are the birds linked with the rooks in such strange companionship, the starlings. Watch them in their flock in the pasture where the sheep are feeding. The rooks' sombre presence does not restrain them; they cannot contain themselves, pushing here, pushing there, with only half their heart in their present work of grub-finding, and the rest far away in the tree-tops, or still more likely in the holes where each is to have his nest this year. That is what the sun has done for the starling, making him even less decorous, more flighty than usual. Bright bird and most vexatious! with a dash of the south in his nature, warm-hearted, impulsive, boastful, noisy: with a dash of the tropical south even in his unrivalled plumage, and most of all in the passionate throat that swells and swells as he sits on the chimney's edge and whistles his love! It is not in crowds and companies that we like him best, but in those morning hours when, secure of one listener alone, he attends his chosen mate, and with straining voice and shaken wing gives full play to his southern nature.

The partridges have paired by this time; they are lively this afternoon, for the sun has tempted them out into the open places to bask and dream of the summer. So you will meet with them without holding close to the hedgerows, where you would have found them yesterday; they will rise with the well-known whirr and cry as you top the knoll or come into close neighbourhood of their furrow. A pair of magpies, with their white all glancing in the sun, fly out of a distant hawthorn as you come in sight. From the pollards the missel-thrush is singing



in that languid imitation of the blackbird, which is all the art he knows: and the blackbird himself, keeping back his song for the sunset and to-morrow's sunrise, starts with a wild note of alarm from the hedge from which the pollard springs. How the smaller birds are exulting! Their numbers are scanty as yet, and the sweetest of all singers are among those that are still lingering on the African shores, or in Italian olive-groves. The nightingale and all his train are absent; we cannot yet be captivated by the exquisite refinement that marks the note of the warblers, but there are others which to our ears, glad at this season to hear any melody, are almost as sweet as they. The chaffinch has been trying his alarum all day, improving with each repetition: the yellow-hammers cease from their aimless coquetry, and ply their notes again; and from the thicket which you are now nearing the wren is sending out volume after volume of shrillest sound. Most of all this afternoon is a perfect concert of skylarks; they are overflowing with music as ever, till, in spite of Shelley, we learn to rate them cheap for their very numerousness and ceaseless bounty. But if with single mind you listen for a moment to that wondrous strain, there is no need of a Shelley to tell you that it is precious and divine. There is no new thing to say about the skylark—his mystery has been long ago grasped by the poets, and they have been ever telling the world what he means. But it is a song that never can be old, its meaning can never fade into common-place. From his patch of sod, up and up to that point of heaven where he himself is lost and becomes a voice, that strain of varying cadence, but unvarying tone and power, comes down upon your ear, against all fancied laws of sound, with a subtle attractiveness of its own. Has he a thought of himself in it? a touch of vanity that we well might pardon in him? Unlikely: but if he had, how he would despise all other created things that might try to rival his power! "Take me a lion chained in a balloon," says Michelet's Toussenet; "his dull roaring would be lost in space. Infinitely stronger than he in voice and breath, the little lark soars as he spins

his song, which you hear when you can no longer see the singer. Gay, light, with no sense of fatigue or cost, that song seems like the joy of an invisible spirit that would console the earth." That is, perhaps, if one carried analysis very far, the real charm of birds; the sense of spontaneousness, or at least of perfect freedom which their movements and their songs present. Not their songs only—for that other gift of wings is as wonderful and mysterious; perhaps even more so to man, whose ceaseless, hopeless grief it is that he is chained and fastened to the earth. Symbol of all the fetters that bind the spirit, that inexorable law of gravitation, which admits of no compromise from man, is waived as it were at the instance of the bird. That is the second lesson of the skylark; or, if you would learn it from even brighter and gayer teachers, pass onward and look across the gate to the water-meadows that lie two fields away. No voice comes from them, but they are gay with the sun's rays, and the river shines silvery as it winds through them. That pair of lapwings that are flying over them—"seagulls of the land," if one may call them so—they shall teach you. Upward, downward, here and there; how free and inexpressibly full of grace their motions are, eager pursuit, coy avoidance, and all the arts of aerial love-making! Their glancing white and green are the uniform of the spring.

And yet it is not spring! A thick cloud has risen from the west to meet the declining sun, and shows how premature this excitement has been, how empty this delight. The air bites shrewdly: there is a murky night in store for us, and a stormy morrow. The rooks make for home; the lapwings sink back into quietness; even the wren is dumb. It is March again.

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Has not all this a "secret," such as a great poet has lately found for us in the stream? This brightness of the spring before its time, this short season, deploying such myriad charms, and yet deploying them half untruly—has it not its counterpart in the life of each of us? There is a sort of analogy in most men's

lives to the order of the natural seasons; from the first passive period of fallow-fields and dormant vitality they pass onward through the time of budding hopes to summer, and the inevitable decay. With some, it is true, there is no such apparent succession; life is all spring to them, or summer from their childhood onwards till the end comes in no wintry guise, but only as a summer storm. But, in general, the seasons of life are like Nature's seasons: like the day subject to early dawns and late afterglows, like the year subject to spells of sunshine before the spring begins, and frosty nights at Midsummer. No life is wholly objectless, and few are without a conception of a prime to be touched and passed. Passion plays a part in all lives, the chief part in almost all; and there are few—and perhaps they are not the noblest—where the balance is so evenly kept that one passion has not made itself dominant. It is in the process of this towards its satisfaction, and in its final attainment, that human life finds its spring and summer. Ambition, or the search after knowledge, or the desire to benefit others, or that nameless longing which becomes love, when it has lost its vagueness—these are to life what its own laws of motion are to the world. They give it its April and its Midsummer, and the broad repose of its July: ambition, when the young mind first becomes conscious of influencing others, and on till the time when it feels its supremacy assured; intellectual search, from the beginning of real knowledge till the mind is full, and has learnt to rest; the desire of doing good, from the first dawn of contentment in the face of the wretched peasant whom you would

console to the time when he and his begin to see a way to happiness; that other longing, from the moment of its first becoming definite to the time of love's final triumph. But all these modes of life, as they have their season, so they have their accidents of season—mistakes or premature revelations of their perfection, like this mistake of Nature to-day. These brilliant hours between two dreary nights, with flush of diffused light, with balmy breath and smiling earth and myriad voices of earth's children, are but the symbol of the moments that furtively illumine human life before its discipline of growth has been accomplished. Ambition gives many a foretaste of its success before success is possible; and the foretaste passes away and may leave bitterness behind. Knowledge, the passion of good—how often do these seem to reveal quite suddenly the splendour of their height, and yet fall back again as suddenly to their naturally imperfect stages. Disappointment is the normal atmosphere of that month of March through which life passes. Most of all is it the atmosphere that supervenes when that other vaguer, subtler desire, fancying itself no longer vague, declares itself before its time as though its own springtide were here already. This afternoon, as amid a shower of farewells the carriage rolled away, bearing with its precious burden the memory of a sunny happy time, when all that was fertile in us was made manifest, all that was vocal stirred to speech and song, the thought rose irresistibly that this passing season, with the indescribable shadowiness that marred its thousand charms, had not been the spring after all, but only a Spring's Herald.

W.

## VIEWS FROM HALF-MOON STREET.

BY AZAMUT-BATUK.

## I.

SOME people may already be aware of the existence of an uncle of mine, Sumbar Bey, whom I had an occasion of introducing before the English reader, who discovered that the chief unhappiness of England was in the enormous number of children and novels produced yearly in this country, and who also pointed out to me that the danger accruing from this circumstance was constantly growing stronger, because novels tended to increase the number of children, and children tended to increase the number of novels. This old nobleman came last spring again over to England, and seems to have permanently established himself here, partly out of affection for his nephew, but chiefly, I suppose, with a view to escape from the importunities of his ladies.

Sumbar Bey was formerly a naval officer, had valiantly fought at Sinope and lost his right arm. Since then he has always had a secretary to carry out his correspondence, and it was natural, when he arrived here, I should take that duty on myself, instead of causing him to entrust it to a stranger. I thus became acquainted not only with all the secrets of his personal and family relations, but with all his views upon England. The subjects on which he writes are of course very various. The man being an invalid, and having absolutely nothing to do, gives me a great deal of work, writing to-day to his ladies upon domestic and matrimonial affairs, or admonishing them; to-morrow to his friend upon politics, then upon theatres, then upon dinner and evening parties; in short, upon everything that strikes him in what he sees, hears, or reads here. Normal facts—that is to say,

such facts as he can understand—he never discusses in his letters. Anything, however great or magnificent, he sees, he contemplates with all the impassibility of his Oriental nature. But he dwells endlessly on subjects which strike his mind as being strange or incongruous. He thinks that, speaking generally, if there exist two opinions on a subject, one must obviously be the production of stupidity, and therefore, when he writes on something with which he cannot agree, he exerts his best efforts to make it understood that either what he sees is stupid, or that he himself is stupid, and he seems always to ask his correspondents' opinion as to who is, in this or that particular case, the stupid party,—he, or those he cannot understand. Heartily wishing, as I do, to get more intellectual benefit out of everything I come across in life, I have always paid the greatest attention to the subjects of my uncle's perplexities, and carefully watched the opinions of his correspondents concerning them. But these opinions were constantly so varying and so little agreeing with one another, that I came to the conclusion that the best plan would be for me to reproduce some of his letters, without his knowing it, somewhere in an English periodical, and thus take my chance of having, occasionally, an answer or an explanation at least to some of the points, and this from civilized Englishmen instead of mere Asiatics like my countrymen.

Lately, of course, the attention of my uncle was chiefly directed to political subjects and to the war questions, although occasionally he has indulged in other matters, and here is one of his later letters, written to a very clever Turkish statesman and an old friend of his:—

50, Half-moon Street,  
March 18th.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—Before everything, allow me to call Allah's benediction upon your venerable head, and then take my best apology for my having so long not written to you. But I was moving to my new house in Half Moon Street, which street, I have been informed, was specially intended for Turkish residents, and named so in their honour. Then I was constantly watching the progress of political affairs, and of that great struggle which has just ended on the Continent. Now that peace is concluded, I have both more time and more topics to write to you upon. So long as war was going on we had here constant talks and reports about battles lost and won, about thousands of people killed, whole armies taken prisoners, &c. Now we are thoroughly delighted that peace has been concluded. We put out big placards with "Peace! Peace! Peace!" all over them, and announcing that for five pounds one can go over to Paris and stay six days, with hotel accommodation. What we have previously lamented about, is now merely a curious sight for us. The newspapers have hired several special engines and steamers to carry over their correspondents to Berlin, and Paris, and at every place where the King is likely to pass; and in the meantime, and until these distinguished writers will send some eloquent and sensational descriptions, the newspapers are carrying on the discussion whether the peace is a stable one, and whether the conditions imposed on France by Bismarck are exorbitant or not. To the honour of the English people it must be said, that they don't allow their journals openly to support the Prussians; but to my shame I must avow that I don't quite understand yet what they really think about the whole of this business, and what they intend doing for the future.

Many years ago, when the nationality movement began to show itself in Italy, Germany, as well as in the Slavonian countries, Englishmen repudiated the movement altogether, as a thing not deserving of any attention whatever—almost

as foolishness. They supported, indeed, the Italian movement, but that was due chiefly to the need the businesslike Anglo-Saxon race has of sometimes allowing itself poetical enjoyment. They supported the movement of Italy towards unity just as they go to listen to the Italian Opera, or to look at Italian pictures. English ladies went quite mad about Garibaldi, and English statesmen and newspaper writers went just as mad about Cavour. No doubt, whether it was poetry or anything else, the feeling shown in England towards Italy has borne good fruit; but on account of that they ought not to fall into mistake upon the real meaning of the question which lies at the bottom of the movement recently concluded by the final fall of the Pope's temporal power.

You used very justly to say, that Cavour has always much more deserved admiration for what he said than what he did; and he was the first man to say that the King of Prussia and Bismarck would be the great winners, and France and England the great losers, in Italian affairs. He perfectly understood that, the unity of Italy being a consummated fact, the unity of Germany would follow it; and he also perfectly understood, that neither France nor England had anything to gain through the progress of the principle of nationalities. Almost in the same light has this question been viewed by those blackguards calling themselves the Slavonic patriots. All of them—those under the rule of Russia as well as those under the rule of Austria and our own—have all rejoiced at the unity of Italy, not so much on account of Italy itself as on account of the fact that the principle of nationality had made its way, and that they had thus a fair precedent before them.

Now in England very few have paid attention to this point. The Press, as well as the members of both Houses, are constantly expressing their satisfaction at seeing the unity of Germany realized. The Queen herself, in her recent most gracious speech, declared that she has offered her congratulations on the event of the King of Prussia accepting the title of Emperor of Germany, which event, ac-

according to her Majesty, "bears testimony to the stability and independence of Germany," and—so her Majesty trusts—"may be found conducive to the stability of the European system." Yet, if the general admiration of great *faits accomplis* in matters of politics was not so intense in England, one would be utterly unable to understand how such a conclusion could have been arrived at. At all events I, for my part, don't really know where they got this notion that the unity of Germany can be conducive to peace and the stability of the European system. The German Empire, as it is constituted now, does not, still, include the whole German race, and consequently there will be a continuous attempt to complete the plan. The eight or nine millions of Austrians who are still under the rule of Austria will be constantly looked upon as something yet to be added to Germany, and a good many of them will themselves tend in this direction. This alone must sooner or later bring conflict between Austria and Germany. On the other hand, the wretched Slavonian populations now under the rule of Austria, and our own, seeing that the unity of Germany is an accomplished fact, and above all, seeing the advantages this unity must have for them in many respects, will naturally tend to make just as much out of their claims. And there can be no doubt that neither Austria nor we will consent to lose so many millions of our subjects without a great deal of struggling, into which England may be drawn much easier than can generally be supposed at present. What peace and stability of the European system may be expected under such circumstances? What sort of advantage can England derive from the Austrian Emperor being transformed into a petty king of Hungary, and his Majesty the Sultan, my master, into a still pettier Asiatic prince, both utterly powerless to struggle with their mighty neighbours?

Then reflect again that these disadvantages, great as they may be, are only indirect ones for England. But there are direct ones, too. If the principle of nationality—consisting in an idea that all people speaking the same tongue, professing the same religion, and having

a common extraction, should live under one rule—is correct, then the reverse principle—that all people speaking different languages, professing different religions, and of different extraction, should exist separately—must be correct also, and must be accepted in all those cases in which such peoples wish to live and to be governed separately. There is no palpable evidence to show why, if the unity of Germany and the Slavonian race must be conducive to peace and the stability of the European system, the preservation of Irish people and of various Indian tribes under English rule must not be conducive to the very reverse.

Consequent on all these considerations, I must think, until the contrary is proved to me by your deep insight into political matters, that unless England has taken the resolution of uniting, one way or another, the whole English-speaking race, both in the Old and New World, under her rule, she ought never to have supported in any way the principle of nationality, and that through rejoicing now too much about the completion of German unity she can easily get into serious troubles.

It would seem however that, although the Government gives assurances of its hope in peace and the general welfare of Europe for the future, people don't quite believe it; and you can both hear and read everywhere the subject of the "effacement of England" being discussed. The other day there was a long talk in Parliament upon the same subject, when the Marquis of Salisbury was endeavouring to show that everything was getting wrong with England, while Lord Granville tried to prove that everything was more right than ever. The debate being given in the *Times* in full, I hope you will find some one to translate it to you, and will perhaps be kind enough to favour me with an information as to whether you are on the side of the Marquis of Salisbury's manner of viewing the question, or of Lord Granville's. As a matter of course there is still a great deal of confidence shown in the old glory of England, in the steadiness of its citizens, and in the gracious aid of their God; but there is already a considerable progress to be

noticed in the direction of an advice given long ago to the English by one of their greatest men that they should "Trust in God ; and keep their powder dry." So, for instance, they show an inclination of reforming their army upon a rather large scale, and are vehemently discussing, if not yet the plan itself, at least some of the minor details of a bill about to be introduced. I fear only that they will have rather hard work of it, and will scarcely be able to get themselves into a proper state of defence before the invasion of the new Vandals can take place. From a discussion which took place in the House of Lords between Lord Carnarvon and Lord Northbrook, I see that it is no more a secret to any one that England has even no gunpowder in store, or that the powder she had was of a kind which would only injure the guns, and that for powder of this quality the Government was paying twice its value. Things of this sort had been already whispered a few months back, but now, since they are so openly spoken of, there would scarcely be anyone who does not share Lord Carnarvon's apprehension that if any attack was made upon English shores, the first catastrophe might also be the last.

As you will easily understand, I should greatly rejoice at seeing an improvement of this sort in the public, if not in the Governmental mind of England, for it would give us a guarantee that our ally intends awakening from its degrading mercantile and clerical torpor. But one can scarcely hope that this seeming awakening will lead to anything worth having, for until this very moment you can still see that on the question of the effacement of England, for instance, there are only a couple of speakers in the whole House ; on the question of want of powder, or any other mismanagement, also only a couple of gentlemen venture to express their opinions. While if the question arises about something connected with what Mr. Bright used to call, "ecclesiastical rubbish," then you are sure to have a dozen speakers at least. Last night, for instance, there was a discussion in the House of Lords consequent on

some visiting justices in certain counties objecting to Roman Catholic priests attending the prisons and refusing to give them their salaries. To every non-Englishman it would appear quite obvious, that since there is liberty of religion in a country, and since there are Catholic criminals, they ought to have Catholic priests attending the prisons, and who should have their services paid as all services are. Now to Englishmen the question appears otherwise. In many prisons you will find that the greatest difficulty is made both to Catholics and Dissenters having their spiritual advisers admitted to them, and the highest legislative institution in the country finds it not only possible to admit such a question for discussion, but finds about a dozen of its members willing to speak on it. Lord Delawarr, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Morley, Lord Stanhope, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Cleveland, Lord Kimberley, Lord Halifax, Lord O'Hagan, and I think several other Lords and Dukes, found it possible to dwell for a long time upon such a question. Now I leave it to you to judge whether with this disposition of the English mind we can expect them speedily to arrive at satisfactory results in more serious affairs.

Sometimes, I must avow, I am turning quite melancholy under the pressure of this sort of thoughts, and don't know what to make of myself. Occasionally I attempted to divert myself by some music, but could never find anything suitable. Englishmen are in this respect, as in all others, the very reverse of other nations ; they often play jolly music on State occasions, or in their churches ; but when they pretend to amuse themselves they play sacred music, or some such sort of musical production, which the mass of the listeners are thoroughly unable to understand. There are, for instance, concerts given in St. James's Hall, called "Popular," and, having last Monday one of my melancholy fits, I attempted to partake of this popular distraction. Yet, I must avow, I could not get anything else but a couple of hours' most sound sleep in company with about a thousand

people sleeping or at least yawning as profoundly as myself. Only twice were we a little awakened by the appearance of a gentleman named Mr. Santley, who told us how a man called Timotheus cried for revenge on account of some furies having arisen with some snakes and torches in their hands, and of some Greeks having remained ingloriously unburied after a battle. This story Mr. Santley told us very nicely indeed, just like it was for the first time told on February 19th, 1736, when the occurrence seems to have taken place, and shortly afterwards (I do not mean after February 1736, but after this cantata) the same gentleman came and explained to us in a very pretty song that nothing in the world was single, and that by a Divine law, every being was doing its best to be mingled with another being in sweet emotions, and that he could not see the reason why he should not be the same with a lady he knew. I even supposed that the lady he wished to be mingled with was in the Hall, for he addressed her rather personally, saying with the sweetest expression—

“ Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things, by a law divine,  
In one another's being mingle !  
Why not I with thine ? ”

Truly speaking, I do not think such declarations very proper to be made in public, but since these words were written by so great a poet as Mr. Shelley and set to music by so great a musician as Mr. Gounod, and sung by so great an artist as Mr. Santley, every one seemed to believe it was all right, including even the numerous ladies present. I am almost sure that, had I told something of that sort publicly to a lady, they would have called the police to give me in custody, but when celebrities say this they are quite delighted. So it is in almost all things with people over here. If I or you, my dear friend, had composed just what Beethoven, or Mozart has composed, Englishmen would not listen for a single moment to our production ; but since great names are attached to them, everybody thinks himself bound to

express his delight and to pay his tribute of admiration. Thus you see all over the world matters are going in the same way.

As I have already mentioned the presence of ladies at this concert, I cannot help avowing here that I greatly admired some of them ; the only permanent objection I find is that they always appear in public only half dressed, and they not only do so at theatres, concerts, and evening parties, but even in the street, for sometime since I saw many of them returning from a Court entertainment with bare shoulders and arms on a wintry morning. Under such circumstances—I mean with so little dress on them when they go out on wintry days—there is nothing astonishing that the ladies seem to die away very fast in England, and that many gentlemen are forced to take precautions concerning such an eventuality as the death of their wives, by labouring now in Parliament for the passing of a Bill allowing them to marry the deceased wife's sister. It is obvious to me that if the wives could be expected to live sufficiently long, their husbands would have no occasion to take such precautions for the future. As things stand now, however, they are endeavouring to do so, and, it appears, find great difficulty in carrying out these precautions. The majority of the gentlemen argue that, in case of the wife dying and some children being left, the most expedient plan is to marry the sister of the deceased wife, with the view of transforming an often selfish aunt into a kind-hearted mother. At the same time, and as a matter of course, the gentlemen themselves get a younger and often a more handsome lady than the deceased. So far, the plan seems to me, from a practical point of view, quite fair and intelligible. But it seems there are several objections from a clerical and social point of view. At all events many high clerical authorities, especially those who sit in the Upper House, greatly object to such marriages, saying that they are contrary to the marriage law founded on “ the Word of God,” that “ affinity and consanguinity must be placed upon the same footing,” and that if this is not done “ the whole of the laws concerning marriage are thrown loose from all definite principle.”

While the clergy are thus opposing this sort of marriage on a purely theoretical ground, a good many people at large object to it from a social point of view. These, as far as I know, are chiefly represented by an evening newspaper of high standing, and had until lately a very skilful supporter in the deceased gentleman of the name of Arminius, Baron von Thunder-ten-Tronckh. I cannot quite understand yet all the arguments this section brings forward, but I think they reduce themselves to one most valid, that, the permission to marry a deceased wife's sister being granted, many men will begin to marry the wife's sister before the wife is dead, and this danger appears to them as being very great, consequent upon the English custom that the sister-in-law often lives at her brother-in-law's house. A natural answer to this could be that, if the Bill is passed and if the danger exists, the custom of keeping the sister-in-law in the brother-in-law's house should be given up, a measure the more advantageous as it would lessen the opportunities for quarrelling among the members of the family. But then again many people—and more especially a reverend gentleman who has been delivering speeches in opposition to the Bill in several places in England and Scotland—object, that this “will revolutionize the entire home-life of the country.” Thus, as you see, the disagreement between the two parties is a very thorough one indeed, and the party headed by a distinguished gentleman of the name of Mr. Chambers, M.P., and that headed by the high dignitaries of the Church, and as I said until lately by Arminius, Baron von Thunder-ten-Tronckh, will hardly ever come to any sort of agreement. Happily enough, England is a country where it is a custom to talk and to quarrel only when something is about to be passed into law, while when it is passed everyone will agree with it; and some of those who formerly most extravagantly opposed the measure may be found taking advantage of it. Still, just now, the quarrel about the wife's sister is at its climax, and the other night there was

held “a large and enthusiastic meeting” at Willis's Rooms, which presented to me considerable interest.

The external appearance of this meeting was as usual; the hall was “crowded,” and the platform was as usual ornamented with a fair number of gentlemen of position, of whom several delivered speeches, several others knocked, crying “hear, hear,” and a few slept. There was one, however, who did all three things together, he slept almost the whole time, yet when he heard people knocking around him he knocked too, often without opening his eyes, and then jumped up and delivered a very clever extempore and ex-dream speech. This gentleman pleased me very much: in the first place, because of his highly sympathetic after-dinner countenance; and, in the second place, because, although I constantly see people sleep to the accompaniment of speeches, and more especially sermons, I never saw them jump up so quickly and be able to deliver, at once, an oration quite suitable to the occasion.

The meeting was one thoroughly in favour of the measure, and all the speakers concurred in showing that what the clergy say to be the Word of God, with reference to this subject, is not to be found in the Bible at all; that some of them had consulted a great Jewish Rabbi, who, according to one of the speakers, was “a greater authority in the interpretation of the Bible than all the Bishops of England put together,” and that this Rabbi was of opinion that the marriages with a deceased wife's sister were not only not objectionable, but, as far as his experience had shown to him, highly beneficial, and that such marriages had been considered by his people as legal, and in conformity with the Word of God, for three thousand years. To an argument of so long a standing, all the speakers, to begin with the chairman, Dr. Brewer, M.P., and to end with a carpenter who took part in the deliberations, added, that the present law had been long repealed in society, and had become virtually obsolete; and that while the rich are able to evade the law by contracting their alliances abroad, poor people have not the possibility



of doing so, and that this was the great hardship of the law. On all the chairs of the hall was further put the following handbill:—

“LOOK ON THIS PICTURE”—

HENRY CHARLES FITZROY SOMERSET, DUKE OF BEAUFORT, is the son of a Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister; he is a LAWFUL son, and inherits his father's titles and estates, and sits in the House of Lords—

“AND NOW LOOK ON THAT”—

CHARLES ARMITAGE BROOK, of Meltham Hall, near Huddersfield, was the son of a Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, but he was NOT a lawful son; the House of Lords (which had received the Duke of Beaufort among its Members) pronounced him illegitimate, and that as he died under twenty-one, and without a will, all his property must go to the Crown.

Whence this different treatment of these two children?—The Duke of Beaufort was born in 1824, and Charles Armitage Brook was born in 1854!—That is all the difference between the two cases. And shall this unjust distinction continue? It is for the people of this country to say.

PETITION! PETITION! PETITION!

From all this you will perceive that the discussion, if it was not very intelligible, was nevertheless a rather lively one. So, for instance, a gentleman of the name of Mr. Heywood made the audience laugh very much by saying that the question of marrying a deceased wife's sister has been not only thoroughly ventilated in Parliament and in the country, but that last year the House of Commons had a session on this subject of several successive hours in the afternoon under the most favourable circumstances, for “none of the members had anything to drink,” and could therefore consider the matter without any excitement whatever. Still if you ask me which of the two parties, that supporting or that opposing the Bill, is in the right or wrong, I should be unable to answer you, as, probably, you also will be unable to make out. But what I am able to testify is that the meeting was attended by a very great number of nice-looking ladies, which caused me great pleasure, as in other meetings I have seldom seen pleasant aces, especially at the meetings concern-

ing women's rights which are so frequent in England. I always thought that nice-looking ladies, having everywhere all rights they want, did not care to go to those meetings, and I was pleased to see them in so great a number on the present occasion. A friend of mine, a reporter of one of the newspapers, who was taking shorthand notes of what the gentlemen were saying, and who particularly delighted in taking notes of the ex-dream speech delivered by the sleepy speaker, told me, upon my questioning him why the attendance of ladies was so great, that there was a special appeal made to them in the newspapers, and that according to his supposition the majority of those ladies were either deceased wives' sisters or such as expected shortly to become so. This of course only increased the attention with which I examined these charming ladies, and when comparing them with the majority of the gentlemen who attended that meeting I was struck by the fact that the latter were by far not so handsome as several of those I saw at the women's right meetings, such as, for instance, the Hon. Auberon Herbert, Sir Robert Anstruther, or Sir Charles Dilke. On closer thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that this fact could only be explained in one way,—namely, that the handsome gentlemen were anxious to get rid of the unhandsome ladies by giving them some sort of work to do, so that they should leave them in peace and not pursue them with their affection: hence their exertions in favour of women's rights and women's work. While, on the other hand, the gentlemen who had not received such happy qualifications from nature, wished to secure for themselves some ladies with whom more or less long family relations have brought them sufficiently near to make friendly affection or habit strong enough to substitute a not very easily realizable “amours divins, ardent flames.” Hence their inclination towards their wives' sisters.

I am afraid, my dear and venerable friend, that I have already taken too much of your precious time, otherwise I should still go on; for, Parliament being now assembled, politics alone would give me

an inexhaustible source of topics to be exposed to your consideration. But I dare not trouble you any more to-day, and, calling once more the blessing of Allah upon your venerable head, and asking you to do the same with regard to my humble one,

I remain,

Yours for ever,

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And here my uncle made with his left hand two unintelligible hieroglyphics which are known to his friends as his signature. I was already about to close the letter, when he hurriedly stopped me. "Stop a moment," said he to me, "add the venerable old man a postscript. Tell him that the Minister of Marine having sent in his resignation, a new one has been appointed, who, although of commercial profession, has done a great deal of good in managing the relief

of the poor of this country, and that another gentleman of the name of Mr. Stansfeld, who knows perfectly well the marine affairs, will now be the President of the Poor Law Board. The old man will, naturally enough, be puzzled, why the skilful member of the Admiralty should not remain in the occupation he knows, and the skilful Poor Law administrator in the occupation he was used to. But then explain to him that since half and cross-breeding in cattle has shown such splendid results to English farmers, an analogous principle seems to have been adopted with reference, if not to the statesmen themselves, at all events to their duties, and that people are now anxiously waiting what will be the result of this experiment."

And this I did explain in the postscript my uncle wished me to make, leaving, of course, the whole responsibility for this interpretation solely upon his shoulders.

## DREAMS

### AS ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

IN a paper published in this Magazine in November 1870, I endeavoured to range together a considerable number of facts illustrative of the automatic action of the brain. My purpose in the present article is to treat more at length one class of such phenomena to which I could not afford space proportionate to their interest, in the wide survey required by the design of the former article. I shall seek to obtain from some familiar and some more rare examples of dreams such light as they may be calculated to throw on the nature of brain-work, unregulated by the will. Perhaps I may be allowed to add, as an apology for once more venturing into this field of inquiry, that the large number of letters and friendly criticisms which my first paper called forth have both encouraged me to pursue the subject by showing how much interest is felt in its popular treatment, and hence also afforded me the advantage of the experience of many other minds regarding some of the obscure mental phenomena in question. In the present case I shall feel grateful to any reader who will correct from personal knowledge any statement I may have used which he finds erroneous. Dr. Carpenter, I am permitted to state, purposes shortly to republish, with additional matter, the sections of the eleventh chapter of his "Human Physiology," withdrawn from the later editions of that work, which treat of the action of the cerebral organs and their relation to the operations of the mind. In this work the physiological theory of unconscious cerebration will be explained at length, with ample illustrations.

Dreams are to our waking thoughts much like echoes to music; but their reverberations are so partial, so varied, so complex, that it is almost in vain we seek among the notes of consciousness for the echoes of the dream. If we could by any means ascertain on what principle our dreams for a given night are arranged, and why one idea more than another furnishes their cue, it would be comparatively easy to follow out the chain of associations by which they unroll themselves afterwards; and to note the singular ease and delicacy whereby subordinate topics, recently wafted across our minds, are seized and woven into the network of the dream. But the reason why from among the five thousand thoughts of the day, we revert at night especially to thoughts number 2, 3, 4, 5, instead of to thoughts number 2, 3, 4, 6, or any other in the list, is obviously impossible to conjecture. We can but observe that the echo of the one note has been caught, and of the others lost amid the obscure caverns of the memory. Certain broad rules, however, may be remarked as obtaining generally as regards the topics of dreams. In the first place, if we have any present considerable *physical* sensation or pain, such as may be produced by a wound, or a fit of indigestion, or hunger, or an unaccustomed sound, we are pretty sure to dream of it in preference to any subject of *mental* interest only. Again, if we have merely a slight sensation of uneasiness, insufficient to cause a dream, it will yet be enough to colour a dream otherwise suggested with a disagreeable hue. Failing to have a dream suggested to it by present physical sensation, the

brain seems to revert to the subjects of thought of the previous day, or of some former period of life, and to take up one or other of them as a theme on which to play variations. As before remarked, the grounds of choice among all such subjects cannot be ascertained, but the predilection of Morpheus for those which we have *not* in our waking hours thought most interesting, is very noticeable. Very rarely indeed do our dreams take up the matter which has most engrossed us for hours before we sleep. A wholesome law of variety comes into play, and the brain seems to decide, "I have had enough of politics, or Greek, or fox-hunting, for this time. Now I will amuse myself quite differently." Very often, perhaps we may say generally, it pounces on some transient thought which has flown like a swallow across it by daylight, and insists on holding it fast through the night. Only when our attention to any subject has more or less transgressed the bounds of health, and we have been morbidly excited about it, does the main topic of the day recur to us in dreaming at night; and that it should do so, ought, I imagine, always to serve as a warning that we have strained our mental powers a little too far. Lastly, there are dreams whose origin is not in any past *thought*, but in some *sentiment* vivid and pervading enough to make itself dumbly felt even in sleep. Of the nature of the dreams so caused we shall speak presently.

The subject of a dream being, as we must now suppose, suggested to the brain on some such principles as the above, the next thing to be noted is, How does the brain treat its theme when it has got it? Does it drily reflect upon it, as we are wont to do awake? Or does it pursue a course wholly foreign to the laws of waking thoughts? It does, I conceive, neither one nor the other, but treats its theme, whenever it is possible to do so, according to a certain very important, though obscure, law of thought, whose action we are too apt to ignore. We have been accustomed to consider the myth-creating power of the human mind

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as one specially belonging to the earlier stages of growth of society and of the individual. It will throw, I think, a rather curious light on the subject if we discover that this instinct exists in every one of us, and exerts itself with more or less energy through the whole of our lives. In hours of waking consciousness, indeed, it is suppressed, or has only the narrowest range of exercise, as in the tendency, noticeable in all persons not of the very strictest veracity, to supplement an incomplete anecdote with explanatory incidents, or to throw a slightly known story into the dramatic form, with dialogues constructed out of our own consciousness. But such small play of the myth-making faculty is nothing compared to its achievements during sleep. The instant that daylight and common sense are excluded, the fairy-work begins. At the very least half our dreams (unless I greatly err) are nothing else than myths formed by unconscious cerebration on the same approved principles, whereby Greece and India and Scandinavia gave to us the stories which we were once pleased to set apart as "mythology" proper. Have we not here, then, evidence that there is a real law of the human mind causing us constantly to compose ingenious fables explanatory of the phenomena around us,—a law which only sinks into abeyance in the waking hours of persons in whom the reason has been highly cultivated, and which resumes its sway even over their well-tutored brains when they sleep?

Most dreams lend themselves easily to the myth-making process; but pre-eminently dreams originating in Sensation or in Sentiment do so. Of those which arise from memory of Ideas only we shall speak by and by.

Nothing can better illustrate the Sensation myth than the well-known story recorded of himself by Reid. "The only distinct dream I had ever since I was about sixteen, as far as I remember, was two years ago. I had got my head blistered for a fall. A plaster which was put on it after the blister pained me excessively for the

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whole night. In the morning I slept a little, and dreamed very distinctly that I had fallen into the hands of a party of Indians and was scalped."<sup>1</sup>

The number of mental operations needful for the transmutation of the sensation of a blistered head into a dream of Red Indians, is very worthy of remark. First, Perception of pain, and allotment of it to its true place in the body. Secondly, Reason seeking the cause of the phenomenon. Thirdly, Memory suppressing the real cause, and supplying from its stores of knowledge an hypothesis of a cause suited to produce the phenomenon. Lastly, Imagination stepping in precisely at this juncture, fastening on this suggestion of memory, and instantly presenting it as a *tableau vivant*, with proper decorations and *couleur locale*. The only intellectual faculty which remains dormant seems to be the Judgment, which has allowed memory and imagination to work regardless of those limits of probability which would have been set to them awake. If, when awake, we feel a pain which we do not wholly understand, say a twinge in the foot, we speculate upon its cause only within the very narrow series of actual probabilities. It may be a nail in our boot, a chilblain, a wasp, or so on. It does not even cross our minds that it may be a sworn tormentor with red-hot pincers; but the same sensation experienced asleep will very probably be explained by a dream of the sworn tormentor or some other cause which the relations of time and space render equally inapplicable.<sup>2</sup> Let it be noted, however, that

even in the waking brain a great deal of myth-making goes on after the formation of the most rational hypothesis. If we imagine that a pain is caused by any serious disease, we almost inevitably fancy we experience all the other symptoms of the malady, of which we happen to have heard—symptoms which disappear, as if by magic, when the physician laughs at our fears, and tells us our pain is caused by some trifling local affection.

Each of my readers could doubtless supply illustrations of myth-making as good as that of Dr. Reid. It happened to me once to visit a friend delirious from fever, who lay in a bed facing a large old mirror, whose gilt wood-frame, of Chinese design, presented a series of innumerable spikes, pinnacles, and pagodas. On being asked how she was feeling, my poor friend complained of much internal dolour, but added with touching simplicity: "And it is no great wonder, I am sure! (whisper) I've swallowed that looking-glass!"

Again as regards Sentiments. If we have seen a forbidding-looking beggar in the streets in the morning, nothing is more probable than that our vague and transient sense of distrust will be justified by ingenious fancy taking up the theme at night, and representing a burglar bursting into our bedroom,

precede any intellectual failure), and these sentiments similarly give rise to their appropriate delusions. In the first case we have maniacs like the poor lady who wrote her confessions to Dr. Forbes Winslow ("Obscure Diseases of the Brain," p. 79), and who describes how, on being taken to an asylum, the pillars before the door, the ploughed field in front, and other details, successively suggested to her the belief that she was in a Romish convent where she would be "scourged and taken to purgatory," and in a medical college where the inmates were undergoing a process preparatory to dissection! In the second case, that of morbid Sentiments, we have insane delusions like those which prompted the suspicious Rousseau to accuse Hume of poisoning him, and all the mournfully grotesque train of the victims of pride who fill our pauper hospitals with kings, queens, and prophets. Merely suppose these poor maniacs are recounting dreams, and there would be little to remark about them except their persistent character.

<sup>1</sup> Works of Dugald Stewart. Edited by Sir W. Hamilton. Vol. x. p. 321.

<sup>2</sup> The analogy between insanity and a state of prolonged dream is too striking to be overlooked by any student of the latter subject. The delusions of insanity seem in fact little else but a series of such myths accounting for either sensations or sentiments as those above ascribed to dreaming. The maniac sees and hears more than a man asleep, and his sensations consequently give rise to numberless delusions. He is also usually possessed by some morbid moral sentiment, such as suspicion, hatred, avarice, or extravagant self-esteem (held by Dr. Carpenter nearly always to

presenting a pistol to our temples, and at the supreme moment disclosing the features of the objectionable mendicant. Hope, of course when vividly excited, represents for us scores of sweet scenes in which our desire is fulfilled with every pleasing variation; and Care and Fear have, alas! even more powerful machinery for the realization of their terrors. The longing of affection for the return of the dead has, perhaps more than any other sentiment, the power of creating myths of reunion, whose dissipation on awakening are amongst the keenest agonies of bereavement. By a singular semi-survival of memory through such dreams we seem always to be dimly aware that the person whose return we greet so rapturously *has been dead*; and the obvious incongruity of our circumstances, our dress, and the very sorrow we confide at once to their tenderness, with the sight of them again in their familiar places, drives our imagination to fresh shifts to explain it. Sometimes the beloved one has been abroad, and is come home; sometimes the death was a mistake, and some one else was buried in that grave wherein we saw the coffin lowered; sometimes a friendly physician has carried away the patient to his own home, and brought us there after long months to find him recovered by his care.

One of the most affecting mythical dreams which have come to my knowledge, remarkable also as an instance of dream-poetry, is that of a lady who confessed to have been pondering on the day before her dream on the many duties which "bound her to life." The phrase which I have used as a familiar metaphor became to her a visible allegory. She dreamed that Life—a strong, calm, cruel woman—was binding her limbs with steel fetters, which she felt as well as saw; and Death as an angel of mercy hung hovering in the distance, unable to approach or deliver her. In this most singular dream her feelings found expression in the following touching verses, which she remembered on waking, and which she has permitted me to quote precisely in the fragmentary

state in which they remained on her memory.

"Then I cried with weary breath,  
Oh be merciful, great Death!  
Take me to thy kingdom deep,  
Where grief is stilled in sleep,  
Where the weary hearts find rest.

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Ah, kind Death, it cannot be  
That there is no room for me  
In all thy chambers vast . . .  
See, strong Life has bound me fast:  
Break her chains, and set me free.

But cold Death makes no reply,  
Will not hear my bitter cry;  
Cruel Life still holds me fast;  
Yet true Death must come at last,  
Conquer Life and set me free."

A dream twice occurred to me at intervals of years where the mythical character almost assumed the dimensions of the sublime, insomuch that I can scarcely recall it without awe. I dreamed that I was standing on a certain broad grassy space before the door of my old home. It was totally dark, but I was aware that I was in the midst of an immense crowd. We were all gazing upward into the murky sky, and a sense of some fearful calamity was over us, so that no one spoke aloud. Suddenly overhead appeared, through a rift in the black heavens, a branch of stars which I recognized as the belt and sword of Orion. Then went forth a cry of despair from all our hearts! We knew, though no one said it, that these stars proved it was not a cloud or mist, which, as we had somehow believed, was causing the darkness. No; the air was clear; it was high noon, and the *sun had not risen*! That was the tremendous reason why we beheld the stars. The sun would never rise again!

In this dream, as it seems to me, a very complicated myth was created by my unconscious brain, which having first by some chance stumbled on the picture of a crowd in the dark, and a bit of starry sky over them, elaborated, to account for such facts, the bold theory of the sun not having risen at noon; or

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(if we like to take it the other way) having hit on the idea of the sun's disappearance, invented the appropriate scenery of the breathless expectant crowd, and the apparition of the stars.

Next to the myth-creating faculty in dreams, perhaps the most remarkable circumstance about them is that which has given rise to the world-old notion that dreams are frequently predictions. At the outset of an examination of this matter, we are struck by the familiar fact that our most common dreams are continually recalled to us within a few hours by some insignificant circumstance bringing up again the name of the person or place about which we had dreamed. On such occasions, as the vulgar say, "My dream is out." Nothing was actually predicted, and nothing has occurred of the smallest consequence, or ever entailing any consequence, but yet, by some concatenation of events, we dreamed of the man from whom we received a letter in the morning; or we saw in our sleep a house on fire, and before the next night we pass a street where there is a crowd, and behold! a dwelling in flames. Nay, much more special and out-of-the-way dreams than these come "out" very often. If we dream of Nebuchadnezzar on Saturday night, it is to be expected that on Sunday (unless the new lectionary have dispensed with his history) that the lesson of the day will present us with the ill-fated monarch and his golden image. Dreams of some almost unheard-of spot, or beast, or dead-and-gone old worthy, which by wild vagary have entered our brain, are perpetually followed by a reference to the same spot, or beast, or personage, in the first book or newspaper we open afterwards. To account for such coincidences on any rational principle is, of course, difficult. But it is at least useful to attempt to do so, seeing that here, at all events, the supernatural hypothesis is too obviously absurd to be entertained by anybody; and if we can substitute for it a plausible theory in these cases, the same theory may serve equally well for problems a little more dignified, and

therefore more liable to be treated superstitiously.

In the first place, a moment's reflection will show that the same sort of odd coincidences take place continually among the trivial events of waking life. It has chanced to myself within the last few hours to remark to a friend how the word "subtle" applied to the serpent in Genesis, is always spelled "subtil," and within a few minutes to take up *The Index*, of Toledo, Ohio, and read the following anecdote: "A poor negro preacher was much troubled by the cheating of the sutlers of the army which he followed. He chose accordingly for the text of his sermon, 'Now the serpent was more *sutler* than any beast of the field,' &c." It will be owned that this is precisely the kind of chance coincidence which occurs in dreams, and which, when it happens to concern any solemn theme, is apt to seem portentous.

But ascending beyond these trivial coincidences, we arrive at a mass of dream-literature tending to show that revelations of all sorts of secrets and predictions of future events are made in dreams. Taking them in order, we have, first, discoveries of where money, wills, and all sorts of lost valuables are to be found, and such dreams have long been rightly explained as having their origin in some nearly effaced remembrance of information leading naturally to the discovery. In sleep the lost clue is recovered by some association of thought, and the revelation is made with sufficient distinctness to ensure attention. A story of the sort is told by Macnish about a Scotch gentleman who recovered in a dream the address of a solicitor with whom his father on one single occasion deposited an important document on which the family fortunes ultimately depended. A singular occurrence which took place some years ago at the house of the late Earl of Minto in Scotland, can only be explained in a similar way. An eminent lawyer went to pay a few days' visit at Minto immediately before the hearing of an important case-

in which he was engaged as counsel. Naturally he brought with him the bundle of papers connected with the case, intending to study them in the interval; but on the morning after his arrival the packet could nowhere be found. Careful search of course was made for it, but quite in vain, and eventually the lawyer was obliged to go into court without his papers. Years passed without any tidings of the mysterious packet, till the same gentleman found himself again a guest at Minto, and, as it happened, occupying the same bed-room. His surprise may be imagined when on waking in the morning he found his long-lost bundle lying on his dressing-table. The presumption of course is, that on the first occasion he hid them in his sleep, and on the second visit he found them in his sleep; but where he hid and found them has never been discovered.

An instance of the renewal in sleep of an impression of memory calling up an apparition to enforce it (it is the impression which causes the apparition, not the apparition which conveys the impression) occurred near Bath half a century ago. Sir John Miller, a very wealthy gentleman, died leaving no children. His widow had always understood that she was to have the use of his house for her life with a very large jointure; but no will making such provision could be found after his death. The heir-at-law, a distant connection, naturally claimed his rights, but kindly allowed Lady Miller to remain for six months in the house to complete her search for the missing papers. The six months drew at last to a close, and the poor widow had spent fruitless days and weeks in examining every possible place of deposit for the lost document, till at last she came to the conclusion that her memory must have deceived her, and that her husband could have made no such promise as she supposed, or have neglected to fulfil it had he made one. The very last day of her tenure of the house had just dawned, when in the grey of the morning Lady Miller drove up to the door of her man of business in Bath, and

rushed excitedly to his bed-room door, calling out, "Come to me! I have seen Sir John! There is a will!" The lawyer hastened to accompany her back to her house. All she could tell him was that her deceased husband had appeared to her in the night, standing by her bedside, and had said solemnly, "There is a will!" *Where* it was, remained as uncertain as before. Once more the house was searched in vain from cellar to loft, till finally wearied and in despair the lady and her friend found themselves in a garret at the top of the house. "It is all over," Lady Miller said; "I give it up; my husband deceived me, and I am ruined!" At that moment she looked at the table over which she was leaning weeping. "This table was in his study once! Let us examine it!" They looked, and the missing will, duly signed and sealed, was within it, and the widow was rich to the end of her days. It needs no conjuror to explain how her anxiety called up the myth of Sir John Miller's apparition, and made him say precisely what he had once before really said to her, but of which the memory had waxed faint.

A more difficult class of stories to account for is that of tales like the following:—

A lady left her old country house in England and went to Australia with her husband, Colonel H. In the house she had quitted there was a room in which one of her sisters had died, and which the bereaved mother kept constantly shut up. Mrs. H., after some years' residence in Australia, dreamed that she saw her mother lying dead on the bed in this particular room, with certain members of the family around her. Noting the dream with some anxiety, she received in due time the news that her mother had had a fit in which she died, and that the body had been carried into a long-deserted room, and was at one time surrounded by the relatives in question. Here of course the coincidences were most remarkable and impressive, if the story have come to us with any exactitude; a matter of



which the fallacies of memory, the inaccuracy of oral transmission, and the unconquerable propensity of all men to "make things fit" in such tales, must always leave open to doubt. Taking it, as it stands, however, we may notice that the removal of her mother's corpse to the desired chamber was not a very singular circumstance in itself, while the daughter's dream of her early home was entirely in accordance with the common rules of dreams. As a sad and mournful feeling suggested the dream (probably some reasonable anxiety for her mother's health), it was very natural that any analogous solemn or dismal circumstances connected with her mother should be woven with it. If she dreamed of her mother's death, nothing was more dream-like than that she should associate with it the previous death of her sister, whom they had mourned together, and see her mother's corpse upon the bed where she had once actually seen that of her sister. Nay, according to the laws of dreaming, I conceive that, given the case of Mrs. H., it could hardly happen that she should have a sad or anxious dream, of which her old home afforded the stage, without making the deserted chamber, which must have been the very centre of all solemn thoughts in the house, its peculiar scene.

There appeared some months ago in *Cassell's Magazine* a ghost story narrated by Miss Felicia Skene, which from every point of view is probably one of the best instances of the kind ever published. A husband, dubious of another existence, promised, if possible, to appear to his wife after death. His widow went on a visit to some friends, and their little girl slept in her bed. In the night the child thought she saw the husband (of whose death she had no knowledge) standing by the bedside and looking at his wife sorrowfully. The child, who was much attached to him, spoke to him, and asked him what present he had brought to her, and tried, though unavailingly, to waken the widow sleeping beside her. Presently the figure passed into an adjoining

bedroom, and the child slept till morning, when she instantly ran into the dressing-room, expecting to find her old friend. Failing to do so, she followed the widow, and asked her eagerly where Mr. — had gone. An explanation followed. The widow conceived that this revelation *through the mind of a child* was much more satisfactory than any which her own senses, excited by anticipation, could have brought her, and unhesitatingly accepted it as a fact that her husband had come to keep his promise. Now, without denying the possibility of such spirit visitations, it must, I think, be owned that the easier solution even of this story (wherein the circumstances are unusually worthy and befitting) is to be found in the dream of the child. The widow's presence beside her most naturally suggested that of her husband whom she had always previously associated with her. That thinking she saw him, she should have asked him for his wonted gift, and then have thought he went into the next room, were simple incidents of the dream, which was just sufficiently vivid to make so young a child confuse it with waking fact both at the moment and much more afterwards, when she found so much importance attached to it by her elders.

In these and hundreds of cases of supposed revelations and predictions, both given in normal dreams and in various states of trance, I conceive that a careful reference to the laws of unconscious cerebration will rarely fail, if not to explain, at least to elucidate, in a manner, the *modus operandi* of the mystery. Let it be remembered that we have got to do with a power which (under conditions imperfectly known to us) obtains access to the entire treasury of memory, to the stores of facts, words, and transient impressions accumulated during our whole lives, and to which in our ordinary consciousness we have no means of approach. Those states of abnormal remembrance so often described as experienced by drowning persons, would, if prolonged through our waking hours very ob-

viously put us in possession of means of judging, balancing, and even of foretelling events of which our normal dim and disconnected vision of the past affords no parallel. A similar faculty, not taking in so vast a sweep, but fastening on some special point to which attention is directed, obviously comes into play in many states, both of "clairvoyance" and (in a lesser degree) in natural dreaming. The very least we can do before deciding that any revelation, past, present, or future, comes from any other sources than such *hyperæsthetic* memory and judgment founded on it, is to examine carefully whether those faculties must be absolutely insufficient to account for it. The notorious fact that such revelations are always conterminous with *somebody's* possible knowledge, gives us, of course, the best warrant for doubting that they come from any ultra-mundane sphere.

The only class of dream, I imagine, which escapes the myth-making faculty, is the purely intellectual dream, which takes place when we have no sensation or sentiment sufficiently vivid to make itself felt in sleep, and the brain merely continues to work on at some one of the subjects suggested by the calm studies of the previous hours. Such dreams, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, have a more uniform and coherent order than is common to others; and it may even happen in time that, in consequence of the freedom from distraction resulting from the suspension of external influences, the reasoning processes may be carried on with unusual vigour and success, and the imagination may develop new and harmonious forms of beauty. (*Physiology*, 5th edit. p. 643.) Under this head, then, come all the remarkable cases of dreams, of the problems solved by Condorcet, and many others. Nearly every one who has been much interested in mathematical studies has done something of the kind in his sleep, and the stories are numerous of persons rising in sleep and writing out lucid legal opinions.

But it is when the sleep is not wholly

natural, but stimulated by narcotics, that these mental feats assume their most prodigious dimensions, and the process of geometric reasoning or calm investigation are replaced by the wildest flights of towering Fancy. The difference between normal dreams and those produced by opiates, so far as I can learn, is mainly this, that in the former we are always more or less active, and, in the latter, passive. Whatever sights we behold in the natural dream, our own share in what is going on is prominent. In the abnormal dream the marvellous scenery is by far the most important part of the vision. In a word, we are *on the stage* in the first case, and *in the stalls* in the second. The cause of this singular distinction must needs be that the action of morphia, haschish, &c. paralyses more completely the voluntary and active powers than is done by natural sleep, wherein indeed the true conscious will is dormant, but a certain echo of it, an unconscious wilfulness, still survives, leaving us the semblance of choice and energy. On the other hand, while the opiate obscures even such moonlight of volition, it excites the fancy and myth-creating powers of the brain to supernatural vigour, causing to pass before the eyes of the dreamer whole panoramas of beauty or horror. The descriptions of such miseries in the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," and many other books, afford amazing evidence of what leaps the Pegasus of fancy is capable under the spur of such stimuli on the brain. Here also the singular facility in adopting suggestions and impressions which distinguishes hypnotism from natural dreaming seems in a great degree to prevail. All opium-eaters speak of the fearful degree in which every painful idea presented to them before sleeping becomes magnified into portentous visions of terror. A scent suggesting blood, caused one gentleman to dream of an army of skinless men and headless horses defiling for hours before his eyes; and the "Old Man of the Mountain" no doubt contrived to suggest to his assassins,

before they ate the haschish, those ideas which resulted in their dreams of houris and paradise.

Beside the picturing of marvellous scenes, passively beheld, it seems that narcotics can stimulate the unconscious brain to the production of poetic or musical descriptions of them; the two actions being simultaneous. Here we have surely the most astonishing of all the feats of this mysterious power within us; and whether we choose to regard it as a part of our true selves, or as the play of certain portions of nerve-matter, in either case the contemplation of it is truly bewildering. What truth there may be in the well-known stories of "Rousseau's Dream" or of Tartini's "Devil Sonata," I cannot pretend to decide. In any case very remarkable musical productions have been composed in sleep. But take the poem of "Kubla Khan." Remember that the man who wrote it, in only a few of his multitudinous waking productions rose into the regions of high poetical fancy or anything like inspiration of verse. Then see him merely reading, half asleep, the tolerably prosaic sentence out of Purchas' "Pilgrimage:" "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed in a wall." And, dropping his book, from this mere bit of green sod of thought he suddenly springs up like a lark into the very heaven of fancy, with the vision of a paradise of woods and waters before his eyes, and such sweet singing breaking from his lips as,

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway o'er the waves,"

interspersed with weird changes and outbursts such as only music knows:—

"It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora!"

Consider all this, and that the poem of which this is the fragment reached at least the length of three hundred

lines, and then say what limits shall be placed on the powers which lie hidden within our mortal coil?

This poem of "Kubla Khan" has long stood, though not quite alone, as a dream poem, yet as far the largest and most singular piece so composed on record. A friend has permitted me now to publish another dream poem, not, indeed, of similar æsthetic merit, but in a psychological point of view, perhaps even more curious, seeing that the dreamer in her waking hours is not a poet, and that the poem she dreamed is in French, in which she can speak fluently, but in which she believes herself utterly unable to compose a verse. It has been suggested that in this case the act of unconscious cerebration may be one of memory rather than of creative fancy, and that the lady must have, at some time of her life, read the poem thus reproduced in sleep. Such a feat would of itself be sufficiently curious, seeing that she has not the smallest waking recollection of having ever seen the lines, and they occurred to her (just as "Kubla Khan" did to Coleridge) not as a piece of literature, but as the description of a scene she actually beheld simultaneously with the occurrence to her mind of its poetical narrative. But I conceive that the great inaccuracies of rhyme in the poem render it more than doubtful whether it can ever have been published as a French composition. "Espoir," made to correspond with "effroi," and "vert" with "guerre," are the sort of false rhymes which an English ear (especially in sleep) might easily disregard, but which no French poet, accustomed to the strict rules of his own language, could overlook. If I err in this conclusion, and any reader of this little paper can recall having already seen the lines elsewhere, I shall be extremely obliged for the correction.

Let it be borne in mind that the dreamer saw all she describes as in a vision, and that in the middle of the dream, between the morning and evening visions, there intervened a blank and pause, as if a cloud filled the scene. As in the case of Coleridge, the lady

had taken morphia in moderate quantity before her dream.

Ce matin du haut de l'ancien tourelle  
J'écoutais la voix de la sentinelle,  
Qui criait à ceux qui passent là-bas  
A travers le pont—Dis ! Qui va là ?

Et toutes les réponses si pleines d'espoir  
Remplirent mon cœur d'un vague effroi ;  
Car le chagrin est de l'espoir le fruit,  
Et la suit, comme au jour suit la sombre nuit.

Qui va là ?  
Un beau jeune homme sur un coursier fier,  
A l'épée luisante, au drapeau vert,  
S'en va tout joyeux rejoindre la guerre ;  
Il chante, " Je reviens glorieux ! "

Qui va là ?  
Une blonde jeune fille sur un palefroi gris,  
En habit de page, vert et cramoisi ;  
Elle murmure, " Je veille sur mon bien chéri,"  
Et le suit en souriant doucement.

Qui va là ?  
Un bon vieillard, ses cheveux sont blancs,  
Il porte un sac, comme l'or brille dedans !  
Il le cache bien de ses doigts tremblants  
Et grommèle, " Je me ferais riche ! "

Qui va là ?  
Un joli enfant conduit sa sœur  
A travers les champs cueillir des fleurs :  
" Nous t'en donnerons à notre retour,"  
Ils disent en riant follement.

(Here occurs a long pause.)

La nuit s'abaisse sur l'ancien tourelle,  
Écoute encore à la sentinelle,  
Qui crie à ceux qui passent là-bas  
A travers le pont—Dis ! Qui va là ?

Il vient tout sanglant un coursier fier,  
La selle est vide, mais il traîne par terre  
Un mourant, qui serre un drapeau vert :  
Bientôt il ne gémira plus.

Qui va là ?  
Une blonde jeune fille sur un palefroi gris,  
En habit de page, vert et cramoisi,  
Qui suit tout éperdue son bien chéri,  
Et qui prie d'une voix déchirante.

Qui va là ?  
Un triste vieillard, ses cheveux sont blancs,  
Il porte un sac, il n'y a rien dedans !  
Et dit, en tordant ses doigts tremblants,  
" Ah c'est dur de perdre tout ! "

Qui va là ?  
Un joli enfant qui porte sa sœur :  
" Un serpent glissant parmi les fleurs  
L'a piquée. Mais vois ! Elle dort sans pleurs ! "  
Cher petit ! Elle n'en versera plus !

Lastly, we come to the point on which  
I conceive that dreams throw most light

on the separability of the self from the automatically-working brain. The absence of the moral sense in dreams is a matter touched upon in my former essay, on which I have received the most varied communications. On one hand two esteemed friends have assured me that their consciences are occasionally awake in sleep ; on the other, a great many more tell me that their experience entirely corroborates my somewhat hazarded observations. For example, an admirable and most kind-hearted lady informs me that she palmed off a bad sixpence on a beggar, and chuckled at the notion of his disappointment. A distinguished philanthropist, exercising for many years high judicial functions, continually commits forgery, and only regrets the act when he learns that he is to be hanged. A woman, whose life at the time of her dream was devoted to the instruction of pauper children, seeing one of them make a face at her, doubled him up into the smallest compass, and poked him through the bars of a lion's cage. One of the most benevolent of men, who shared not at all in the military enthusiasm of his warlike brothers (the late Mr. Richard Napier), ran his best friend through the body, and ever after recalled the extreme gratification he had experienced on seeing the point of his sword come out through the shoulders of his beloved companion. Other crimes committed in dreams need not be here recorded ; but I am persuaded that if we could but know all the improper things done by the most proper people in their sleep with the utmost *sangfroid* and completely unblushing effrontery, the picture would present a diverting contrast to our knowledge of them in their conscious hours.

If the moral sense be not wholly suppressed in sleep, there is certainly enough evidence to conclude that it is only exceptionally active, and (so far as I yet can learn) only in the case of dreams assuming the character of nightmares, in which the consciousness is far less perfectly dormant than in others. Let it be understood that I

do not deny the presence of the peculiar dread and horror of remorse in sleep. As it is, undoubtedly, the worst torture of which the mind is susceptible, it is the form of mental suffering which continually presents itself in the crisis and climax of imaginary woe in a nightmare or in insanity. But this has nothing to do with the normal consciousness of right and wrong, the sense that what we are *actually doing* is morally good or bad; a sense which is never wholly absent in our waking hours, and which (as I conceive) is never present in a perfectly natural dream. If the experience of my readers do not lead them to correct this opinion, then I must be permitted to urge that the discovery of such a law as that which excludes the moral sense from dreams must needs point to some important conclusion concerning the nature of unconscious cerebration. If such cerebration be in any way to be described as our *own* work, how is it possible that so intimate, so indissoluble a part of ourselves as our sense of the moral character of actions should be regularly absent? To divide the idea of a cruel deed from a sense of loathing, or a base one from a sense of contempt, would be an impossible feat for us to accomplish awake. Our perception of such acts is simultaneously a perception of their moral hideousness; yet we do this in dreams, not merely occasionally, but, as I conceive, as a rule of which the exceptions are at most extremely rare.

Nay, further. A great proportion of the passions of our dreams seem often *not* reflexes of those experienced in former hours of consciousness, but altogether foreign to our natures, past and present. Passions which never for a moment sullied our consciousness, sentiments the very antipodes of those belonging to our idiosyncrasies, present themselves in sleep, and are followed out with their appropriate actions, just as if we were not ourselves at all; but, in one case, a Jack Sheppard, or in another a Caligula. The man who would go to the stake rather than do a dishonourable act, imagines himself cheat-

ing at cards; the woman who never yet voluntarily hurt a fly, chops a baby into mincemeat.

The theory of Dugald Stewart, that the will is not dormant in dreams, but has merely lost the power of controlling the muscles,<sup>1</sup> seems to me entirely inadequate to fit cases like these. If the will were awake, it must inevitably rebel against acts so repugnant to it, even if it were powerless to prevent the brain from inventing them. A sense of discord and trouble would reign in our dreams as of "a house divided against itself." The fact that nothing of the kind is experienced, and that we have, notoriously, not even a sense of surprise in dreams when we find ourselves committing the most atrocious outrages, is surely sufficient to prove that the true self is not merely impotent but dormant.

Finally, not only the absence of the moral sense in dreams, but also the absence of all sense of mental fatigue in them, appears to point to the same conclusion. In dreams we never experience that weariness which invariably in waking hours follows all sustained volition. Wide and wild as may be our flights of fancy, no feather of our wings seems to droop after them. But exertion of will is the most laborious of all things, whether it be employed to attend to a subject of study, to create a fanciful story, or to direct our limbs in unwonted actions. It has been truly remarked, that if the laws of our constitution required us to perform a separate act of volition for every muscular motion we make in the course of twenty-four hours,—in other words, if there were no such power as that of automatic action,—we should expire of the fatigue of a single day's exertion; nay, of the mere rising up and sitting down, and washing and brushing and buttoning, and moving our legs down stairs, and cutting and buttering and chewing and swallowing, and all the numberless little proceedings which must be gone through before even breakfast is accomplished. Nature

<sup>1</sup> Dugald Stewart's Works, vol. ii. p. 292.

has so arranged it that we learn the various arts of walking, eating, dressing, &c. &c., one by one, and at an age when we have nothing else to do ; so that when the further lessons of how to read, to write, and so on, have to be learned, the rudiments of life's business have long before passed into the class of voluntary acts over which unconscious cerebration is quite sufficiently sensible to preside. And this unconscious brain-work never seems to tire us at all ; whether it consists in setting our feet and eyes going in the proper direction for walking or riding, or in painting for us the choicest galleries of pictures in dreamland, or composing for us as many novels as taxed the imagination of poor Alexandre Dumas. It is the conscious Self alone whose exertions ever flag, and for whose repose merciful Nature has deserved the blessing of Sancho Panza on "the man who invented sleep."

Take it how we will, I think it remains evident that in dreams (except those belonging to the class of nightmare wherein the will is partially awakened) we are in a condition of entire passivity ; receiving impressions indeed from the work which is going on in our brains, but incurring no fatigue thereby, and exempted from all sense of moral responsibility as regards it. The instrument on which we are wont to play has slipped from our loosened grasp, and its secondary and almost equally wondrous powers have become

manifest. It is not only a finger-organ, but a *self-acting* one ; which, while we lie still and listen, goes over, more or less perfectly, and with many a quaint wrong note and variation, the airs which we performed on it yesterday, or long ago.

Is this instrument *ourselves* ? Are we quite inseparable from this machinery of thoughts ? If it never acted except by our volition and under our control, then, indeed, it might be somewhat difficult to conceive of our consciousness apart from it. But every night a different lesson is taught us. The brain, released from its bit and rein, plays like a colt turned to pasture, or, like the horse of the miller, goes round from left to right to relieve itself from having gone round from right to left all the day before. Watching these instinctive sports and relaxations by which we benefit, but in whose direction we have no part, do we not acquire the conviction that the dreaming brain-self is not the true self for whose moral worthiness we strive, and for whose existence after death alone we care ? "We are of the stuff which dreams are made of." Not wholly so, O mighty poet, philosopher ! for in that "stuff" there enters not the noblest element of our nature—that Moral Will which allies us, not to the world of passing shadows, but to the great Eternal Will, in whose Life it is our hope that we shall live for ever.

## OUR MILITARY REQUIREMENTS.

BY COLONEL SIR GARNET I. WOLSELEY, C.B., K.C.M.G.,  
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, ETC.

IN bringing before the English people the subject of Army Organization, it would be well to divide it into two parts.

First. What is it we require?

Secondly. What is the most suitable method to be adopted for obtaining it?

The first is a military question, although of course the soldier who has to solve it must take political contingencies into consideration, or rather, eventualities which can only result from a certain course of foreign policy being pursued, such as the necessity for despatching an army to the Continent in the fulfilment of contracts entered into with foreign Powers. The second is essentially a social and domestic question, to be dealt with by the people of England themselves, through their representatives in Parliament. It is not a question for soldiers; for though we may all take an intense interest in its solution, and may have firm, fixed views, as to what we think ought to be done, what concerns the army really is that the number of men, ships, and forts required for the military necessities of our widely-spread empire are provided. That is the one point upon which soldiers should fix their attention, and seek by all means in their power to enlighten their non-military countrymen upon. John Bull, who has to pay the cost and to supply the required numbers from the ranks of his healthy grown-up sons, is the best judge of the method by which he will provide them; and whether he will do so by

lot or by monetary inducements, is his business.

In order to throw some light upon the military side of the question, and to explain the reasoning upon which certain demands for numbers are based, it is proposed to say a little here, in the hope that the general reader may gain some insight into the reason why demands for men that may, perhaps, at first sight appear large, are made by those best qualified in our profession to arrive at a just estimate of our defensive and warlike requirements.

Heretofore as a nation we have not been guided by any fixed rules or system for determining the number of soldiers to be maintained in England during peace. The only recognized data that appear to have been taken into consideration were the numbers required to relieve at certain stated intervals—depending upon the climate—the regiments stationed in our colonies and foreign possessions. We have gone on in a happy-go-lucky way, without any fixed recognition of what our wants really are. Frequent panics have been the result, entailing upon the country an enormous waste of public money. Upon such occasions the cry has been, "We are in danger; our army is too weak; enlist twenty or thirty thousand more men." Such has always been our only specific. The men were raised at great expense, and disbanded when the excitement happened to pass off. The lesson taught us nothing as a nation, and even professional soldiers contented themselves by sighing at "the shortsightedness of our rulers" in discharging a large body of men just as they had learnt to be efficient soldiers. Sudden expansion, and still more sudden contraction, as regards the number of our soldiers, both carried out with no cal-

*Note.*—This paper was not received till after Col. Chesney's article had been accepted for press. The close coincidence in the general views of two writers so competent to speak on the subject, writing independently of each other, will, I hope, be accepted as a strong corroboration of their soundness, and a justification of my decision to present both papers to the readers of *Macmillan*.—EDITOR.

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ulation of our requirements, are the best terms in which to describe the course—it cannot be called a system—pursued by English War Ministers for the last two hundred years.

If a clear statement of our military requirements is now so laid before the people, through Parliament, that as a nation we learn to feel that the maintenance of a certain determined force is necessary for the preservation of our national existence, no future Ministry will ever dare to leave us without it. These military requirements having been carefully weighed by educated soldiers, and their conclusions being accepted by the nation and suitably provided for, we shall have no more of these disgraceful panics, which are as injurious to our reputation as they are ruinous to our financial interests.

That we have not hitherto fixed our military establishments upon any calculation of our requirements for home defence, or for the other necessities arising from the peculiar nature of our extended possessions, may be accounted for by our ignorance as a nation of what our military obligations really are.

In order to estimate those obligations justly, and to calculate the fighting force we require to fulfil them efficaciously, we must consider what would be our position if forced into a war with a continental nation, strong both on land and sea, as France and Russia have long been, and as the Germany of the future promises to be.

Having seriously considered what would be our position, let us determine in a general way what our war policy ought to be. To fulfil its purpose, it must be in proportion to our national responsibilities.

The term “war policy” is adopted for want of any better to express the idea, and although it is feared that many worthy men, upon reading it, will exclaim, “We want no war policy, because we don’t want war.”

Having a war policy, however, does not imply any national desire for war; on the contrary, it is contended that we shall have taken the first step towards securing ourselves from having war

thrust upon us, when we have so clearly explained what our war policy is, that every reading man may understand it, and recognize the necessity of carrying it out. The term “war policy” must not be confounded with that of foreign policy; the former may be, of course, greatly influenced by the latter, but it is not at all necessary that a Government desirous of informing us upon what is to be henceforth the responsibilities of our land and sea forces, should make any confession of faith as to what might be our policy towards individual nations, say, such as Belgium, Holland, Turkey, &c. &c., in the event of their being attacked by one, or by a confederation of their more powerful neighbours.

If an Englishman requires a legal opinion, he goes to a lawyer; if he is threatened with illness, he seeks the advice of a doctor; but if he requires advice regarding the defences of his empire, or upon any other military subject, he is averse to accept the views of soldiers. The popular tendency has long been towards the notion that the army contains very few able men, and that those few have not given great military subjects any particular study.

Officers are strictly forbidden from entering into political discussions with the demagogues who wish to obtain a cheap notoriety by accusing the army of every human frailty, and its leaders of imbecility. The young aspirant to notoriety as an army reformer has, therefore, an easy task of it in denouncing the ignorance of our officers before a non-military audience. There is no one to contradict his recklessly untruthful assertions. These clap-trap orators have been so long in the habit of describing our officers as an idle clique anxious to increase their number for the sole purpose of adding to their importance and power, so as to lord it over the rest of the people, that the mass of the nation has learnt to mistrust us, nay, even almost to dislike us.

Soldiers feeling themselves suspected of interested motives hesitate therefore about publicly stating their views on



military subjects. They are naturally prone to pay back, by a fretful and ill-disguised contempt the opinions and feelings entertained towards them by their non-military countrymen. In all armies, where the larger proportion of men are of an age when the pleasures of life are dearest to human nature, there will always be a noisy set ever prepared to abuse in no measured terms all proposals for army reductions. But this set in our army represents only the froth of a profession possessing numbers of most able men, highly instructed in all that pertains to their calling. Such men know the helplessly unprotected condition in which we are now, and are therefore desirous of seeing us make efforts to remedy that defect; but they are firmly persuaded that this is not to be done by adding a few thousand men to the army. It is not any augmentation, but a reorganization which they ask for.

Some unthinking officers may grumble for the former; anxious for anything to improve our defenceless condition, they grasp at the shadow: but those who have deeply studied the causes of our weakness, and whose well-grounded alarm is not to be quieted by any such temporary increase in numbers, demand the reality of strength which can only be obtained by adopting a system which will enable us to place in line, before a week has elapsed after war is declared, an organized army of trained soldiers sufficiently large for home defence.

Assuming that there are men in England desirous of having a soldier's opinion as to what it is we require in England to put an end to our periodical panics, we proceed to explain what our war policy should be. For the sake of clearness we may divide it into the four following heads.

1. The defence of these Islands from invasion.
2. The police of the seas, so that our merchant ships might sail round the world in safety.
3. The protection of our colonies and foreign possessions.
4. The liability of having to send a

contingent of 100,000 men to the continent of Europe to assist an ally.

The first is of vital importance. Self-preservation is not more the first law of nature with individuals than with nations. Defence of its natural existence is a military requirement common to every nation. It is to be secured in two ways; by having sufficient internal strength to defend the national property, or by depending upon the guarantees given by others to protect it in case of attack. The first is the aspiration of all brave and free races, and entitles those possessing it to be recognized as first-class Powers, all others being rated as second or third class, according to the measure of their insignificance. England, France, and Austria have always been first-class Powers in this acceptation of the term: and Switzerland and Belgium now are fair examples of nations depending upon others for their national existence—it cannot be called independence.

It is presumed that even the most un-English of Englishmen wish their country still to belong to the former.

Unless the defence of Great Britain is efficiently provided for, we shall cease to be a nation when either France or Prussia chooses to invade us. London is Great Britain to a far greater extent than is the capital of any foreign Power that Power itself. The same amount of wealth has never before in the world's history been collected together in one spot. There is no possible sum of money that we should not have to pay as an indemnity to save our metropolis from destruction, if ever it lay at an enemy's disposition. One of the greatest of our merchants declared some years ago, that the effect of its capture upon Great Britain would be such that it was impossible to calculate it. That in our present weak condition it would be most certainly possible for either France or Prussia to take London is without doubt. Our fleet would, we know, do wonders, and such is the spirit of our navy, that all who know it believe that it would do its duty in as eminent a degree as ever did a fleet under our most glorious admirals; but a naval

disaster is always possible ; nay, further, with a combination of any two of the naval Powers against us, as was pointed out in a recent number of this Magazine, it is almost probable, if with our present number of ships we attempted to keep the sea. At any rate, should an enemy be able to maintain a naval superiority in the Channel, the invasion of England as we are now, would be a feasible military operation—of magnitude certainly, and not unfraught with difficulties and some risks—but once effected, the capture of London would follow as a certainty, resulting in our having to accept the conqueror's terms. There is no use in disguising it ; at this present moment we live upon sufferance, for we have not within ourselves the power to defend the castle in which we reside, much less the outlying property which surrounds it. Doubtless this is such a disagreeable truth that many will hug any sort of theory rather than believe in it. Even those who admit its truth will endeavour to forget it by the agreeable supposition, that our ways as a nation are always so virtuous, that it is impossible for us to be dragged into a war. Did not the English people of 1853 think this also ? That feeling was then even more thoroughly engrained into the national mind, so as to constitute one of our most generally-believed-in articles of faith, than it is now in 1871. Yet how grievously we were mistaken then, and what security have we that we may not be mistaken again ? In December 1861 was not the country on the brink of war ? Was it not determined to fight if its demands had not been complied with ? War has little to do with right. War is the same to-day as it has been since Biblical times ; it means might. Who amongst the greatest conquerors have been guided by what was right ? They were strong, and therefore they took. Have the great conquerors of to-day varied the system of those who preceded them ? Let us therefore as a nation beware of such a hallucination as that our integrity will protect us, or rather save us from having war inflicted on us.

There is no intention to digress here into foreign politics, but it is desirable

that every Englishman should realize that, bereft as we are of all foreign allies, our capital—the greatest bait and temptation that has ever been held out as a prize to a conqueror—is now at the mercy of any nation that can land 150,000 soldiers upon our shores, and that the capture of London means national submissioin.

A large class of men who do not perceive how the aspect of war, or rather its practice now-a-days in Europe, has changed completely, console themselves, when the inferiority of our warlike forces is brought home to them, by the syllogism that as the “sinews of war consist of money,” and as we are the richest of all nations, therefore we can always when necessary appear strong before the world. In olden times there was great truth in such reasoning. War meant a struggle extended over years, and the longest purse, *cæteris paribus*, was longest able to pay the cost ; but now that steam, the electric telegraph, and other modern discoveries in science enable the whole military force of an empire to be thrown suddenly upon any one point, and when the military organization of foreign nations has been so perfected that, within a week, almost the whole able-bodied male population can be put in line, efficiently equipped and prepared for war, the long purse adds but to the danger of increasing the temptations for the strong and armed robber to attack its weak and unprepared possessor. It is the worst folly to keep on hugging the traditional and oft-repeated idea that a large army could not be landed here, as our fleet is superior to that of any other nation. It is strong, certainly, both in the number and quality of its ships and guns, and it is manned by the best sailors in the world. It is commanded by highly-instructed officers imbued with glorious traditions of battles won against great odds, and of gallant deeds resembling more the stories of romance than the narrations of rude reality. Is there a man amongst us who would not stake his life upon the result of a battle between our fleet and that of any other nation ? But would naval officers go

confidently into action against the combined fleets of France and Russia? The naval power of Prussia is in its infancy, but we all know that it is a healthy baby, and promises to be a man of strength ere long. The larger the number of navies there are in existence, the greater are the chances of a combination against us; and our modern foreign policy has so estranged from us the sympathies of every other people in the world, that we could not expect to have a single active ally, should an attack be made upon us.

In order to estimate what should be the strength of our army at home, we must consider first what is the largest army that any foreign nation could land upon our shores. If ever we are invaded, the two islands will be attacked at the same time. The army landing in Ireland will naturally be prepared for a *levée en masse* of all the disaffected, whom a distinct promise of national independence coming from any first-class European Power would, presumably, cause to rise as one man.

The invasion of these islands could not possibly be undertaken from one port, nor could the force necessary for such an operation be ferried over the Channel in one trip. It must be remembered that 100,000 sabres and bayonets in their ordinary relative proportion means at least 125,000 men, with about 35,000 horses, when the required number of gunners and engineers are added. Such a force with 300 guns would require about 500,000 tons of shipping, or, taking the vessels to be on an average of 400 tons each (a larger average than any continental nation could collect in great numbers) it would require 1,250 transports. The strength of the fleet for their protection is not here considered. We may therefore assume that 100,000 fighting men is the largest number that could be landed at one time upon our coast, although of course it would be followed up as soon as possible by a second and perhaps by a third force of similar strength.

Taking into consideration our capabilities of defence, and the difficulties

of transporting an army by sea, even over the ditch which separates England from France and Holland, we are of opinion that our existence as a nation is not duly assured, unless we have the means of putting into the field, within a week of the declaration of war, 100,000 sabres and bayonets and 300 guns in Ireland, and 200,000 sabres and bayonets and 600 guns in Great Britain, besides having about 50,000 men in reserve to man our forts and protect our arsenals. Many may think this a small number, but with ordinary intelligence directing our military affairs, we should, with such numbers collected in about five or six camps at the great railway and strategic centres, be able to pounce upon and utterly destroy the first 100,000 of the enemy that landed before the ships which had carried them could go back, embark a similar number, and bring them to the assistance of the first lot.

These, our national defenders, must be soldiers, not in their outward garb only, but they must be men who have learnt to obey orders, and who are disciplined as well as drilled.

If one thing has been more conclusively proved than another by the present war, it is the relative values of Regulars and Volunteers, or, in other words, the difference existing between soldiers and undisciplined men with arms in their hands. We are far from wishing to depreciate the Volunteers of England, they sprang spontaneously into existence at a time when a French invasion seemed imminent. The movement was a national protest against our military weakness, and was a most commendable assertion of patriotism. The subsequent salutary effect upon us as a nation cannot be appraised in arithmetical terms. It popularized military subjects; the soldier, from having been previously regarded as an inferior animal, and if a necessity, still a disagreeable one, came to be looked upon as a model to be copied. The management of arms became a branch of knowledge which all seemed anxious to acquire, so that as a proficiency at the long-bow was in ancient times a national

characteristic, it is very probable that we shall soon be celebrated for our superiority with the rifle above all other people.

It has been instrumental in securing to the working classes the boon of a half holiday on Saturdays, and affording to all who took part in it a healthy exercise, developing their muscles by drill. It has in a sanitary and social point of view conferred a great benefit upon us. In praising it, however, do not let us run away with the idea that, having some 170,000 Volunteers, we have that number of soldiers fit to go into action against a similar number of the French or Prussian armies. We are quite alive to our individual superiority as men when compared with any other nation in a physical point of view, but we must candidly admit that we could not expect any army composed of our Volunteers to do one whit better before an enemy composed of Regular soldiers than did Generals Chanzy, Faidherbe, Bourbaki, or Trochu's troops before the Prussians. Over and over again the French have had in their recent battles an immense superiority of numbers, yet as surely as they went into action so surely were they dispersed, being made prisoners by thousands. They had neither discipline nor cohesion, and who will assert that our Volunteer force has either?

Argue as one may, an army cannot be made up by collecting men together, no matter how highly they may be educated, or how much they may have studied the art of war in books. Such qualities added to those generally comprised under the term of discipline would make an army invincible, and their possession certainly tends to fit a man for acquiring the latter; but it must be clearly understood that discipline is far above all the other attributes of a soldier. It cannot be learnt from books: unfortunately for us it can only be acquired by continuous practice for a given time. The amount of discipline acquired by a Militiaman in the twenty-eight days that he is in barracks at one time in the year is one hundred-fold more effective than can be acquired

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by the Volunteer who has attended twenty-eight days' drill in the year one day at a time. Discipline is the highest and most essential quality in an army, and yet our Volunteer system does not attempt, or rather cannot pretend to impart it to the Volunteer force.

Let any one who would cavil at our high estimation of discipline study any of the operations lately undertaken by the undisciplined levies of France, and he will see that its want was the real cause of their overthrow, and that the only corps who did well, and upon whom the brunt in most of the actions fell, were the few regulars, marines, and sailors.

It may be argued that the regular army of France did quite as badly at the beginning of the war as what we may call their Volunteers have lately done. The answer is simple: apart from the discipline of the French army being far from good of late years, they were at the beginning of the war overwhelmed by numbers at nearly every battle, and being consequently well beaten at first, their *morale* became so bad that they lost their ordinary *élan*. Frenchmen do not fight a losing game well. The writer has little doubt also, that, with a conscripted army, the system of forming *corps d'élite* is most injurious to the efficiency of great armies. Its recent result upon the French army was, that the ordinary line battalions—upon whom, after all, the real work of a great war must always fall—were the chaff of the conscription, all the best men being draughted into the Guards, Chasseurs, and Zouaves.

It is hoped that the English tax-payer may take the trouble of studying the history of this present war. It is told in newspapers without end, and in several of them by men who are soldiers, and really competent to look upon it in some more instructive light than if it was merely a fearful romance or panorama to be described in glowing words and with poetical extravagance. From such narratives let John Bull form an opinion for himself upon the relative fighting value of regular soldiers, and of his Volunteers: he is quite capable of

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doing so ; it requires no special aptitude or special military education. Let him remember that General Trochu had three months to make an army out of a population supposed generally to belong to a military people : yet how great has been his failure, although assisted by some regular troops !

There is no intention to argue here in favour of old soldiers in the acceptance of the term as put forward by many writers, and as generally understood by the public. We advocate the employment of *soldiers*, but not old ones. An old man is never as good as a young one to do hard physical work : we all feel that we are more suited for light infantry work when twenty-three years old than when we have reached forty. But by a "soldier" we mean a man well instructed in all military duties who has been so long associated in daily life with others of his own age (living under a strict discipline and accustomed to habits of unquestioning obedience) that he has learnt to relinquish his own individual wishes and bow before the orders of others ; in fact to surrender his personal liberty entirely, and to act in conformity with a system peculiar to the profession of arms, until it becomes second nature for him to do so ; and that in the daily routine of life and in the performance of all ordinary duties he acts almost mechanically. It is by no means desirable that his individual intelligence should be stifled by the process, for of all things it is essential that he should possess sufficient common sense to tell him when, and how, he should in front of an enemy make use of the rules he has learnt. It is a fallacy to imagine that a strict discipline has any such tendency. A severe discipline is very nearly allied to cruelty, and must eventually tend to make a man either a slave or a rebel ; but between it and the strict discipline which is essential to the existence of an army there is a very wide difference. One great question to be solved therefore by those whose duty it is to frame a constitution for our army is, What is the shortest time in which a man can acquire this great *sine quâ non* ?

Cavalry, infantry, and artillery can be taught their drill in periods varying from about four months to a year, but a nation ought not to depend for its safety upon men who have been less than three years present with their colours. This time is deemed sufficient in all three arms for the formation of disciplined soldiers. Now that the education of the people is to be provided for nationally, a drill-sergeant ought to be maintained in every parish. Boys trained to move together by word of command are easily taught their drill in after-life ; indeed, there is no reason why the management of the rifle and the bayonet exercise should not be learnt at school, wooden models of fire-arms being supplied at the public cost. This is a serious consideration for our rulers ; even the most peaceable citizen cannot with reason object to his son learning what may be reckoned as a preliminary course of gymnastics, and the future effect upon the nation, should calamities ever fall upon us, may be of incalculable value. It should be the first rung in the ladder of army organization.

The defence of England is a broad question, and, apart from the fortification of our dockyards and arsenals, is a subject so little technical that any educated Englishman can master it, provided that he has learnt from the lessons taught by this war in France to appreciate the amateur and the regular soldiers at their true relative value. Let him consider the small force of regular soldiers we have in England. Let him think how we should fare against a thoroughly organized army of 150,000 soldiers with that handful of troops, backed up by an unorganized swarm of Volunteers divided into little puny battalions, led by a host of officers ignorant of the art of commanding, and in whom their men would naturally have no confidence. Is it to be expected that Heaven would work a miracle in our favour ?—for nothing else would save us. The constitution of the force which we could at this present moment send forward to stop the march of 150,000 soldiers upon London would be about the same as that of Chanzy's

army the other day, and its fate would be similar.

The second head into which we have divided the subject of our war policy, "The police of the Seas, so that our merchant ships might sail round the world in safety," is a purely maritime subject, upon which the writer is not prepared to enter, as it can only be treated properly by a naval officer.

The third head, "The protection of our Colonies and foreign possessions," is too large a subject to be treated here, as the defence of each place should be considered separately as a matter of detail. It may, however, be remarked that few nations would dare to attack any spot over which our flag flew, if they knew that our military requirements, as specified under the first and fourth heads, had been efficiently provided for. For purposes of calculation we shall assume that the numbers now provided for our foreign possessions—namely, 60,000 men for India, and 20,000 for other places—are to be maintained. In the following scheme it is proposed to furnish that number of trained soldiers, not raw recruits as at present, by obtaining them as volunteers from those who have served three years with the colours in England. Upon volunteering for Indian service they should be re-engaged for seventeen years, ten to be spent in India, and seven at home in the 2d Reserve. Upon returning from India they should receive the present rates of pension, according to their rank and conduct, the expense of doing so being charged against the revenue of India. The 20,000 men required for our other foreign possessions should be raised in a similar manner, their service abroad being made twelve years instead of ten as for India. Regiments sent to India and China should remain there ten years; those sent to other foreign stations to remain abroad twelve years.

Previous to a corps coming home after its tour of service abroad, all men who had not completed their term of foreign service should be transferred into other regiments until they had

done so. This would be an easy manner of avoiding the inefficiency always attendant upon local forces.

It is needless to dwell upon the advantages that would be assured to the army abroad from having its ranks filled with trained soldiers instead of with undisciplined recruits seldom out of their boyhood, as is now the rule. No dépôts need be maintained at home for these foreign armies.

As regards the fourth head, should the defence of Great Britain and Ireland be provided for by a system which would supply as many men as the plan which we shall now proceed to sketch out, we should be able to take the field abroad with an efficiently-appointed army of 100,000 sabres and bayonets, with 300 guns, without dangerously weakening our defensive forces at home. In doing so, we should, however, somewhat reduce the home army below what we have stated that it ought to be; but it is presumed that we should never send a force to the Continent unless the circumstances of our position at that particular juncture assured us of being able to do so without endangering the safety of these islands.

We estimate our military requirements at—

ACTIVE ARMY. RESERVES.		
Sabres & Bayonets.		
For Great Britain .....	200,000	35,000
„ Ireland .....	100,000	17,500
Combatants.		
For India.....	60,000	—
„ Other foreign possessions .....	22,000	—

It is proposed to provide those numbers in the following manner, taking each requirement separately. In the following calculations a fair allowance has been made for losses by death, invaliding, and desertion, but perfect accuracy is not claimed for them, although they are sufficiently correct to illustrate the proposed scheme.

1. *In order to furnish 200,000 soldiers for Great Britain.*

Let 38,515 men be enlisted annually in Great Britain for a term of ten years, three of which are to be spent with the colours, four in the 1st Reserve, and

three in the 2nd Reserve, except the administrative branches, the men of which should only be enrolled for two years, then pass into the 1st Reserve for five years, and again into the 2nd Reserve for three years. It is necessary to make this distinction, because the number of men required in peace for administrative duties is so small, compared with those required in war, that, if those enlisted annually for the civil departments were kept enrolled for three years, we should have over 9,000 men belonging to them, and it would not be possible to find employment in peace for so many.

For the 100,000 sabres and bayonets required for Ireland, a similar scheme carried out upon half the scale would be necessary.

To maintain the Indian army at a strength of 60,000 combatants would

require 8,140 volunteers annually from those who had completed their three years' service in the ranks at home.

To supply that number, 9,800 recruits should be enlisted every year in Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to the number of recruits required in each island for the home army, their enlistment and subsequent maintenance being paid for by India. This would add 27,670 combatants to the standing army at home.

For the 20,000 men stationed in our other foreign possessions we should want 2,350 volunteers from the men who had completed their three years' service at home.

No man need be especially enlisted for this purpose.

The number of recruits that we should therefore require annually in these islands would be :—

In Great Britain, for home army and foreign possessions, not India	38,515 recruits.
In Ireland, for home army and foreign possessions, not India	19,257 „
In Great Britain and Ireland, to supply 8,140 volunteers for India from those who had served three years in the home army.	9,800 „
Total .....	67,572

Whether that number can be raised by voluntary enlistments, with or without bounty, experiment only can determine; but if not, it is contended that as we must have the number of men to fulfil the military requirements of our Empire, some other plan must be adopted for raising them.

As stated early in this paper, it is for the people of England to determine how the number of men required shall be furnished, military men after a careful study of the subject having laid down what that number is to be.

The recruits required to supply the soldiers of three years' service for India might be raised, say one-third in Ire-

land and two-thirds in Great Britain. We should therefore require—

In Great Britain	45,048 recruits.
In Ireland	22,524 „
Total	67,572 „

In Great Britain the standing army would consist of the quota enlisted during three years (except those of the administrative branches, the permanently enrolled strength of which would only be the quota enlisted for them during two years as previously explained). Allowing six per cent. per annum for losses by death, invaliding, and desertion, the numbers would be—

161 Battalions of infantry	at 554 men each	89,194 men.
47 Regiments of cavalry	at 298 „	14,006
100 Batteries of field artillery	at 90 „	9,000
36 Batteries of garrison artillery	at 56 „	2,016
56 Companies of engineers	at 65 „	3,640
110 Companies of administration	at 58 „	6,380
Total .....		124,236

In Ireland the standing army would be composed in the same manner as follows :—

80 Battalions of infantry	at 558 men each	44,640
23 Regiments of cavalry	at 303 „	6,969
50 Batteries of field artillery	at 90 „	4,500
18 Batteries of garrison artillery	at 56 „	1,008
28 Companies of engineers	at 65 „	1,820
55 Companies of administration	at 58 „	3,190

Total..... 62,127

Making a total of 186,363 men in the British Islands, of which 34,600 combatants in Great Britain, and 17,300 in Ireland, would annually complete their term of three years' service with the colours; and 2,900 of the administrative branches in the former, and 1,450 in the latter, would annually complete their term of two years' service in the ranks.

Deducting the 10,490 soldiers required annually for India and the Colonies from those numbers of combatants, 27,600 combatants and 2,900 men of the administration would annually pass into the 1st Reserve in Great Britain, and half those numbers into the 1st Reserve in Ireland.

The 1st Reserve would therefore be—

				Total.
In Great Britain .....	100,500 combatants ;	12,800 administration.		113,300
In Ireland .....	50,250 „	6,400 „		56,650
Totals .....	150,750 „	19,200 „		169,950

Of these numbers there would annually pass into the 2nd Reserve in Great Britain, 20,900 combatants and 1,120 of the administrative services, and in Ireland half those numbers. To these must be added 3,900 men, who,

having completed their term of service in India, and 1,200 in other foreign places, would return home and pass into the 2nd Reserve for seven years.

The 2nd Reserve would therefore consist of—

	Combatants from 1st Reserve.	Soldiers from foreign service.	Administration.	Total.
In Great Britain .....	60,500	19,500	6,000	86,000
In Ireland .....	30,250	9,570	3,000	43,000
Totals .....	90,750	29,070	9,000	129,000

The military force of the country would therefore consist of the following numbers :—

	Standing Army.	1st Reserve.	2nd Reserve.	Total.
In Great Britain .....	124,220	113,300	86,000	323,520
In Ireland.....	62,127	56,650	43,000	161,777
Totals .....	186,347	169,950	129,000	485,297

with 60,000 men in India and 20,000 abroad elsewhere.

a Reserve, the latter composed of the depôts of the corps constituting the former.

Upon war being declared, both our Reserves should be called out, and the whole divided into an active Army and

The active army in Great Britain to consist of—

	Men.	Horses.
161 Battalions of infantry at 1,066 men and 34 horses each .....	171,626	5,474
47 Regiments of cavalry at 604 men and 549 horses each .....	28,388	26,085
100 Batteries of field artillery at 160 men and 184 horses each .....	16,000	18,400
36 Batteries of garrison artillery at 200 men .....	7,200	—
56 Companies of engineers at 120 men.. ...	6,720	3,100
110 Companies of administration at 200 men .....	22,000	20,000
Totals.....	251,934	73,059



That would be an army of 200,000 sabres and bayonets, with 600 guns and thirty-six garrison batteries of artillery for service in the forts.

The Reserve, composed of depôts for each of the above-noted corps, would be 71,586 strong, of which 45,048 would be the recruits of the year in which war was declared, and consequently unfit to take their position in line.

In Ireland we should have an active army of 100,000 sabres and bayonets, with 300 guns, and the due proportion of engineers, &c. &c., together with sixteen batteries of garrison artillery for the forts; also a Reserve of 35,793 men, of which 22,524 would be recruits, as in Great Britain.

During peace the 1st Reserve should be called out annually for a month's training, as is now the practice with the Militia. The large numbers required for administration purposes in time of war arises chiefly from the extensive transport requirements of an army in the field. Those requirements would not exist in peace, even when large numbers of troops were collected in camps at home; so in calling out the 1st Reserve each year, none, or at least only a small proportion of the men belonging to the administrative companies, need be embodied.

The 2nd Reserve to be embodied only when war was threatened.

No officers are required for either Reserve. When the 1st Reserve is embodied each year for its month's training, the men as a rule would join the same regiments in which they had served their three years, and would therefore serve under their former officers, as the full complement of regimental officers should always be maintained as at present, at the rate of three officers to each

company. A battalion on the peace establishment to be divided into ten companies.

When both Reserves were called out for war, two companies of each battalion should be formed into a depôt. A battalion in the active army would then consist of nine staff-sergeants, and of eight companies of 132 non-commissioned officers and men each, or 1,066 men in all, and the depôt would consist of 343 men divided into two companies.

The men of the 1st Reserve ought to have a certain regular rate of pay, say sixpence a day. Those of the 2nd Reserve might have threepence a day.

No marriages to be recognized in the home army except amongst the few non-commissioned officers whom it might be considered advisable to retain in permanent pay.

Although this scheme would apparently increase the amount charged against India for depôts maintained in England for corps in that country, it is believed that in the long run the gain to India would be great; for instead of having undisciplined boys sent out to fill up the vacancies caused by death and disease, trained soldiers would be sent there.

Excepting to those belonging to the Indian or foreign army, and to a small proportion of men retained for twenty-one years at home as non-commissioned officers, no pensions would be granted, by which a great saving would be effected. Of course, in the event of a war, all men disabled by wounds from earning a livelihood should be well provided for.

We shall give now an approximate statement of the expense which this scheme would entail upon the British Exchequer.

Annual cost of home standing army (exclusive of India, and men maintained in Great Britain whilst being trained for that country):			
186,339 less 27,600 = 158,739 men	.	.	£9,450,000
Annual cost of an army abroad (not India) 20,000 men	.	.	191,500
„ pensions for foreign army (India not included)	.	.	19,000
„ cost of staff	.	.	90,000
„ non-effective services	.	.	1,000,000
„ works and buildings, say	.	.	700,000
Carried forward			£11,450,500

	Brought forward	£11,450,500
Annual Pay of combatants of 1st Reserve for 335 days, and of the administrative companies of it for 365 days, at 6 <i>d.</i> a day per man, and the cost of payment		1,297,800
„ Pay of 1st Reserve, minus the administrative companies (150,750 less 19,200 = 131,550 men) at 1 <i>s.</i> a day per man for 30 days, when enrolled for annual training		197,332
„ Travelling expenses for 1st Reserve		100,000
„ Pay of 2nd Reserve at 3 <i>d.</i> a day per man, and cost of payment (129,000 men less 4,100 pensioners)		569,765
„ Clothing of both Reserves		300,000
Total		£13,915,397

This includes all charges noted in the usual Army Estimates, which are there divided into twenty-five votes, with the exception of charges relating to the Reserve Forces, and is very little in excess of the sum proposed for the military expenditure of the coming year. Now let us compare what it is

that we are to have this year for our money with what the proposed scheme, if carried out, would give us. The officers are not included in the following figures. We are to have in Great Britain and Ireland an armed force (it cannot be called an army) consisting of

Regular army	69,905 sabres and bayonets.
Depôts for infantry battalions in Colonies	2,464 bayonets.
Do. for cavalry infantry regiments in India	6,167 sabres and bayonets.
Militia	135,000
Yeomanry	14,000
First Army Reserve	9,000
Second Army Reserve	30,000
Volunteers	170,000

Say a total of 436,000 men, with 366 field-guns. The non-military reader might perhaps imagine from a study of the Army Estimates that we have 108,000 regular troops, for such is the number we have to pay for, but of those only about 70,000 are sabres and bayonets, besides a few recruit depôts and 9,000 soldiers whom it is hoped to obtain as 1st Reserve. It is a rule in military science that the number of guns should be in the inverse ratio to the efficiency of your troops. For an army with the very best infantry three guns for every thousand men is now the accepted proportion. But in this army, upon which the safety of England is to depend, where with the exception of the 70,000 regulars the cavalry and infantry would be of the most inferior description, we should only have about four-fifths of a gun for each thousand men.

Then it must not be forgotten, that about one-third of the regulars are in Ireland, so that in fact we should only have about 53,000 in Great Britain fit to oppose an enemy in case of in-

vasion, for with Ireland in its present condition we could not reduce the force there.

Will any one who has studied the subject presume to tell England, that with such a force he could expect to protect London if 150,000 Prussian sabres and bayonets with 450 guns were landed in Kent? Where is the general who would undertake such a task? There is no general worthy of the name who would like to command such an armed multitude against even 100,000 soldiers with 300 guns.

How is it intended to administer to the wants of this armed crowd? Has any organized system, capable of vast expansion in war, been provided for feeding it, doctoring it, or supplying it with ammunition, &c. &c.? Upon the other hand, if the scheme herein proposed was carried out, we should always be in a position to take our place amongst the first-class nations of the world.

Leaning, as we do nationally, towards the universal maintenance of law and

order, and desirous above all things of seeing the world at peace, we ought to be able to step in confidently between any two angry nations, and courteously, but firmly, tell them that there must not be war, and that if either refused the mediation of neutrals, the party upon whom war is thrust should have England at her side. Not the impotent England of to-day, but a powerful nation, able to protect her own, and wise enough, in order to avert war from other countries, to participate in the great affairs of the world.

It will be generally allowed, that had we been in such a position in 1854 we should have been spared the Crimean war and its attendant humiliations, and had we been strong enough last year to have stepped in between France and Prussia, we should have averted the most sanguinary and destructive war of modern times.

The sum required to obtain for us this position may be large,—although but little above the estimated cost of our army for the coming year—but it would give us an army able to protect our shores and to make us respected abroad; it would give us an army of soldiers, instead of a ridiculously small regular army with a host of armed but undisciplined men led by officers ignorant of war and of the art of commanding, who cost us large sums, but would be useless against a foreign army of regular soldiers; and, in fine, it would give us the reality of protection instead of its shadow.

In these days the blow follows the threat with such rapidity that there is

no time for guarding oneself against it unless preparations are made during peace for putting a large army into the field immediately when war is declared; and the blow—particularly to a country whose capital is unfortified—is so overwhelming, that the stricken nation has no resource except to beg for peace at a cost which is ruinous to its independent existence as a first-class Power.

Every shilling of money spent upon the Militia and Volunteers is so much money thrown away; we might nearly as well spend millions upon erecting fortifications of lath and plaster round our coast.

All that can be said by the few military men of ability who approve of the Bill now under consideration is that it is a step in the right direction, as it attempts to reduce that heterogeneous mass of Volunteer and Militia Corps into one system with the Regular Army. That is poor praise indeed.

Let no one be deceived by those who preach safety when there is no safety, and who, with an adroit accumulation of figures, regardless of what those may represent, seek to quiet the justly excited fears of the nation. The new plan, although an improvement upon the old one, will not secure England from an invasion; and the foreign enemy who, with a homogeneous and highly disciplined army of 150,000 sabres and bayonets and 450 guns, lands upon our shores, can certainly possess himself of London, with whose fall must likewise fall both the power and independence of our empire.

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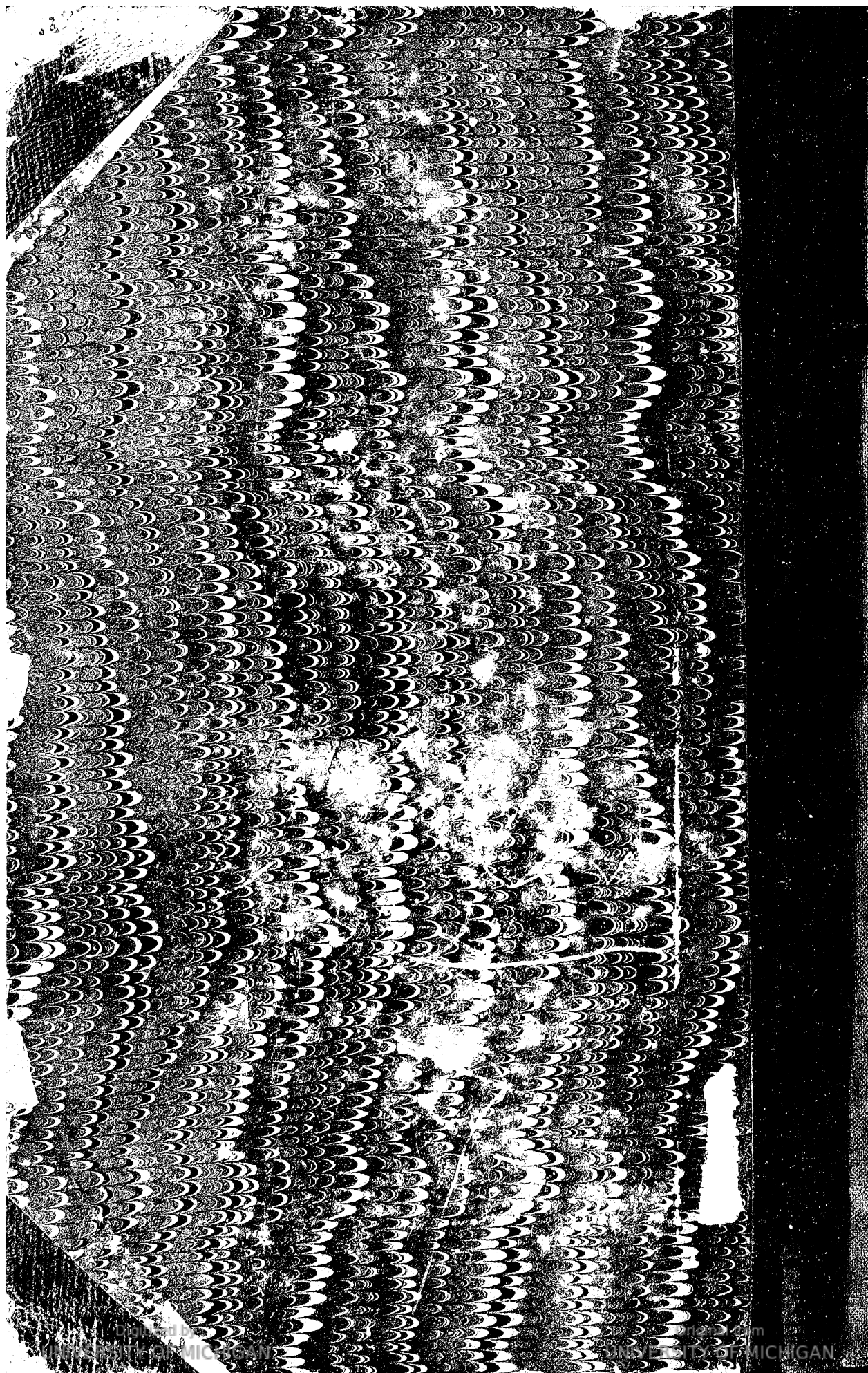
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