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THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

PART I.—The Prelude.

Chap. I.—*Clio in the Nineteenth Century.*

WE often complain, and hear others complain, that the minds of this age are incapable of strong and patient intellectual effort; that they fritter themselves away in easy flights; that reader and writer alike disport themselves in the novel, the review, the leading article, till they lose both taste and power for soberer and weightier work. Popular history, we say, is but a series of sparkling and stimulating sketches, popular poetry but "short swallow-flights of song" skimming the very base of that Aonian mount above which Milton's muse soared with no middle flight. Much, or all of this, in more genial moments, we allow to be true, but call it the necessity of the time, which we must hopefully, not querulously, adapt ourselves to. How should it be otherwise in this nineteenth century, in the midst of which God has placed us, with its whirl of conflicting principles, its tossing sea of theories and anachronisms, beliefs and disbeliefs, truths of Heaven and falsehoods of the Pit, each struggling in its own direction, the whole mass drifting—whither? A man, be he reader or writer, in the midst of such a time, may not go definitely forward, with a single eye, to a single object; but must needs move, if haply he can move at all, in a constant zigzag, ever carried out of his course by side currents, ever fearing that the moment is at hand when he must abandon the helm and trust himself solely to the wind and the wave. To speak without figure, every man in these days is so beset, at every moment, by questions of great, nay, of the greatest conceivable importance, all of which claim his thoughts at once, that it becomes impossible for him to devote a lifetime to the study of a particular aspect of a particular question. Moreover, no thought, or mechanical process having the similitude of thought, which does not bear upon the great questions of the day (the great questions of all days, did they but know

it!) can, except by factitious means, become interesting to us. The poet must tell us of the men of the day, their "sorrows and aspirations," or of the men of the past,—solely as in contrast or other relation to ourselves;* and that suggestively, not exhaustively; we have not time for more: the epic fragment will be more welcome than the epic complete. The historian must consign to the dust-heap of oblivion, though with an erudite tear, his heraldries and genealogies, his "battles of the crows and "kites," ever remembering that knowledge is not good in itself, but only as it makes us good, and must be content to learn from the novelist, or let the novelist take his place; for the age has said,—We will have nothing more to do with phantoms, incoherent and inconceivable, however logical; we want to see men as they were and are; not with motives, but with impulses; not equations, with so many virtues minus so many vices, but men, with infinite possibilities of good and evil; we want to see them, not that we may satisfy a flippant curiosity, but that we may gauge ourselves by them, that we may know why we are what we are, why they were other than we. If *you* cannot satisfy us, we must seek those who can; though they should call themselves Magazine writers, nay Novelists; it matters little whether the acts recorded be truly told, in their minutiæ of place and time and agent, so that the feelings and impulses be truly portrayed. Thus many in these days think and say; not without just cause given. For example, take the age of Elizabeth, a time the most interesting to us of all times in English history, perhaps in world-history; its men and women were so truly English, so truly noble; its circumstances so like our own, its character so unlike. What have we in the literature of these days, of any days since Elizabeth's time itself, which, thank God, being dead, yet speaketh, putting before us that age as it really was, excepting a few years back, a few magazine articles, by Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Froude, and a novel by Mr. Kingsley?†

Not challenging any comparison with these men, but thankfully accepting the hint they have given, I purpose to call the attention of the readers of our magazine, for a short time, in this and subsequent numbers, to the life and acts of the man who was looked upon by his contemporaries as the star of Elizabeth's court and time; the most perfect character, perhaps, of whom history has taken note: the courtier, the Christian, the scholar, the warrior, the friend of Spenser and Raleigh; the incomparable Sir Philip Sidney. I have no transcendental aim; I shall endeavour, for my own good and yours, to set Sir Philip Sidney before you as he looked and spoke, and wrote, and was; to give you glimpses of the times he lived in, and the men and women he was associated with; to teach you the lessons his life has taught me, and especially that most important lesson of his life (in these days) that a man may be a true servant of his country and his queen, an accomplished gentleman, a thorough scholar, alive to all the interests (called secular) of his fellow-men, and yet be none the less, but by much the more, a true servant of Christ. I know not whether I shall succeed; I know I shall not fail utterly, for the effort will be good both for myself and you, and therefore I have heart and hope to begin.

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* See Mr. Brimley's admirable analysis of the "Morte d'Arthur," in the recent volume of "Cambridge Essays," pp. 241 sqq.

† Mr. Parker's advertising sheet gives hope of a still more interesting contribution to the history of this time, shortly forthcoming.

Chap. 2.—*Not all Shadows.*

We need not give the genealogists too hard measure. Many a Jabez, "more honourable than his brethren," lies hid for us, a jewel in the dust-heap, in the pages of those pedantic old pedigree-makers. The very names, the Fulke, Fitz Warrens, and the Warren de l'Isles, that bristle over the pages of Collins's account of the genealogy of the Sidney family,* have a twang of chivalry about them, an associative power that sets at nought the compiler's evident respect for the duty of dulness. What charms must they have had for him who fed his mind daily with mediæval romance and story, with the black letter of the "Morte d'Arthur" when a boy, with the converse of Edmund Spenser when a man! The perusal of his ancestry must have helped to make him what he was, the "chevalier sans peur et "sans reproche," and he did not hesitate to own its influence. He glories in being a Dudley,† and "does ac-"knowledg that his cheefest honour is "to be a Dudlei." The perfunctory, copy-book morality of Horace and such writers, was not then in vogue; a man might thank God for a noble ancestry, as his heart told him to do, without rebuke of conscience for unseemly and pharisaical pride. A man is *not* merely what he makes himself; he is what God makes him; and when God would make a man noble and great, He often puts him where the blood of the noble and great may stir and tingle in his veins, where, with his mother's milk or at his nurse's knee, he may drink in tales of the valour and virtue, and obedience of those of his name and house; how, through faith, they subdued kingdoms, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Therefore these "*imagines*" that crowd the hall of Sir Philip Sidney's childhood's home are not all shadows to us, being not all shadows to him; and we may linger a little among them without grudging the time.

There were those of bad repute as well as of good, even among his mother's ancestry, the De l'Isles; the first of that name who has an habitation in history, was "accounted one of the "evil Councillors" of an evil monarch: Brian de l'Isle, who received nobility and dignity from King John. But we find no stain upon the valour of the race, and but that one upon their patriotism. Gerard, the evil Councillor's great grandson (I think), was conspicuous in all Edward III.'s wars in Scotland and France. He was at Crecy, at Calais, at Poictiers, right through to the peace of Bretigny: and many another mighty cleaver of helmets (whom it were needless to invoke) he numbered in his kith and kin. Beside the De l'Isles, we find among the family heroes the stalwart figure of Richard Beauchamp, "my Lord of "Warwick," known to the French at Agincourt and Bordeaux, and to us mostly through Shakespeare: also John Talbot, my Lord of Shrewsbury, who died a soldier's death at Chastillion, rather than survive defeat; and the Beauchamps and Talbots upward to the time when they left their Norway forests with Rolf the Ganger, and upward still to the beginning of things. One of the daughters of the Talbots, Viscounts Lisle (in whom the family centers), marries (temp. Edw. IV.) one Edward Grey, probably a "King's "poor cousin," who is thereupon made Baron, and afterwards Viscount Lisle; again the family centers in a daughter, by name Elizabeth, and she marries Edmund Dudley, a powerful man of law of that day: known to us not

* Int. to Sidney Papers.

† "Defence of Earl of Leicester," ibid.

favourably as an instrument of Henry VII. for the replenishing of his coffers. He with his colleague Empson made extortion an art; studied obsolete statutes with praiseworthy ingenuity; invented recherché methods of rifling the strong box of the subject, which were found to benefit himself, even more than his sovereign, till his sin found him out; and altogether did his best to merit the exalted position to which the *vox populi* and the young king's consent adjudged him as soon as his master was dead. He was beheaded amid universal acclamation, in the second year of Henry VIII. There was a little son of his, six years old, John Dudley; to whom his father perhaps was indulgent enough when he had leisure, and who must have been sorely puzzled by his ignominious transit. He grows up; a valiant youth of good parts; goes to France with Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk to fight the Duke of Bourbon; being valiant as I said, he is knighted at 22; Sir John Dudley. The King notices him; "bluff" King Hal, who "loved "a man;" honour grows upon him; he is master of the armory; he is master of Horse to pale-faced Anne of Cleves, our new queen; a Viscount (De l'Isle by title, for he represents his grandmother's family); Lord High Admirall for life; one dignity following close upon another: waging war, meantime, as the Baillies of "Eddenborow" and the Dauphin at Boulogne can testify, successfully by land and sea. So his honour grows; and the block whereon he shall lay his head is yet in the heart of the oak, in the depth of the forest. An ambitious man, who, being high, dreams of being higher, perhaps highest: (for the times are big with all manner of possibilities:) not very clear in his convictions, but blustering and impetuous in the utterance of them, selling himself, body and soul, to the impulse of the moment; a lion in battle, in his heart of hearts a coward; not scrupulous of means, but by temperament a fighter, rather than a plotter; the hottest-headed of men; so unlike the oily respectability and shallow consistency of his rival Somerset. Through Edward's reign these two struggle; a life-and-death struggle. As the Duke sinks, the Earl rises; Earl (newly) of Warwick; soon a Duke too, of Northumberland; victor over Scots at Musselburgh, insurgents at Norwich. Thus Duke meets Duke in the tug of war; Northumberland, once clearly in the ascendant, marries his eldest son to Somerset's daughter; there seem fire-seeds of generosity in this man, which burst into blaze now and then. The next day, his third son Robert (to be Earl of Leicester, not invisible in this, or in general history,) is married (publicly enough, as appears from Edward's journal), to Amy, daughter of Sir John Robsart; "after which "marriage there were certain gentle-"men that did strive who should first "take away a goose's head which was "hanged alive on two cross-posts." All that follows we know, how the gentle lady Jane Dudley is caught away from her oriel window and "Plato "his Phædo," into a vortex of plot and intrigue, a Queen against her will, against her judgment: how the plain good sense of Englishmen declares against cajolery, even for a Protestant succession: and our blustering Duke rides out through Shoreditch, distrusting his doings and his party; "The "people throng to see us, but none "biddeth us God speed." We remember his spasmodic effort to save himself, by setting up Queen Mary's standard at the market-cross whither he had gone to set up Queen Jane's; we remember his arrest at King's College, and that uneasy struggle to win himself a respite by vehemently abjuring all he had vehemently professed; overdoing it even to the last, and impetuously declaring that he deserved to die a thousand such deaths, that he died in the true Catholic faith; and so, "dastard-like, with Peter, he

"forsook his Master." Not pitied he, more than his father on that spot forty-five years ago; for he drags down with him to death the innocent, the gifted, the loving and loveable Jane Grey, sweetest saint that ever suffered for sins not her own.

This Duke's children, by his wife Jane Guildford, of the old De la Warr stock, were

1. John, Earl of Warwick, imprisoned with his father, but liberated shortly after, with the seeds of jail fever in him; he died at Penshurst, October 1554.

2. Ambrose, Earl of Warwick: "he "was a most excellent person, and died "without issue."

3. Robert, Earl of Leicester.

4. Guildford, who died on the scaffold, with his wife Jane Grey.

5. Henry, slain four years afterward at the siege of St. Quintin's.

And two daughters,—Lady Mary Sidney, and Catherine, Countess of Huntingdon.

Sir Philip's father's genealogy has no names in it so eminent for good or ill as some we have touched upon. There was a William de Sidne, an Angevin friend and servant of our Angevin King, Henry II.; and there was a William Sidnei, sprung lineally from him,—a Flodden-hero, who received knighthood from Henry VIII., and the manor of Penshurst in Kent from Edward VI. He has issue, four daughters,—

Anne, Lady Hungerford; a daughter of whom (Sir Philip's first cousin) marries a blue-blooded Castillian, Duke of Feria, of many and sounding titles.

Lucy, Lady Harrington.

Anne, Lady Fitzwilliam, ancestress of at least one man not immemorable, —George Gordon, Lord Byron.

Frances, Countess of Suffolk.

And one son—Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip, one of the noblest to the many noble gentlemen of that age, the young prince's playfellow, the young king's dearest friend. He is one of the four gentlemen of the bedchamber (another being William Cecil); he is "the most compleat "young gentleman of the court;" being knighted, (no empty title in those days,) he marries the lady Mary, the great Duke's daughter; for knighthood raises a man to the level of the highest. But troublous times are at hand; the boy-king dies in his friend's arms. Sir Henry is in no mind for plotting; he retires, full of sad thought, with his young wife, to the beech-woods of Penshurst. His friend and king is gone; those nearest to him are engaged in an unlawful struggle, which cannot end but in failure and destruction; his allegiance, as a true Christian man, is due to one whom he can scarcely regard but as an enemy to the true Christian faith. They can do nothing but sit still and wait, though with heavy heart, they two; and as messenger after messenger comes in, like those who burst upon Job, each with his freight of dolorous tidings, what wonder if the gentle Mary's heart sank utterly within her, if she resigned, as for ever, all thought of this world's happiness? Her father put to an ignominious death; her noble young brother, and that sweet sister-in-law, whom she has but lately taken to her love: these are heavy blows indeed; but she has a brave heart; her stay is in God, and her help in tending that sick brother, John, who has come to them from prison, as a brand plucked from the burning; alas! only to smoulder slowly away, instead of being caught in sudden blaze. Other hope too she has,—to be better fulfilled; and, in these dull November days, God cheers her with a son, a richer and dearer blessing than aught He has taken away. To her children, her husband, and her God, life shall henceforth be given. The mischance of sickness has "cast a

"veil over her excellent beauty,"* the mischance of history over her gaiety of heart, and the world, with its critic sneers, is not for her. Yet is she no ascetic, "By nature of a large in-"genuous spirit;" a mother indeed for our Philip, who learns, or inherits, from her that chivalrous sense of duty, that affectionate cheerfulness, that crystal-clear and radiant truthfulness of heart.†

Henry Sidney is respected, even trusted, by the Queen; he is sent to Ireland, two years after her accession, as Vice-Treasurer, and is connected therewith, as Justice, Deputy, Governor (under Mary and Elizabeth), for eleven years: resident there, or at Ludlow, for he is also Lord President of the Marches of Wales—a post more of a sinecure than his Irish one. What he does in Ireland time would fail us to tell. How he routs the insurgent Scots of Ulster—killing James Macconnel, their leader, with his own hand, and thus winning those "spolia opima," which in all Rome's history were gained but thrice; how he defeats the O'Molloy and the O'Reilly, and gains the submission of Shane O'Neill himself; how he fortifies Dublin; builds the bridge of Athlone; gives presidents to the remoter provinces; divides Munster into counties; revives obsolete statutes, "to the great good of the "realm;" prints the laws and ordinances of Ireland; increases the crown revenues; settles the boundary of the "Pale;" projects a University; invites the Irish chieftains (many of them debased Normans) to his castle, and "reclaims them to clean-living and "sobriety," by a good example; how, in brief, having found Ireland "ruined "by intestine feuds, the Pale overrun "by thieves and robbers, the country-"men poor, the soldiers beggarly, "loose, and idle, the churches unco-"vered, and the clergy scattered," he leaves it (compared with what it was) orderly and peaceful, prospering in Church and State: all this must be read in Collins, and in Fuller, who sums up the whole matter (as is his wont), epigrammatically, in nine Herculean labours. Altogether, this man stands out great above his fellows; patient and laborious to a degree; a much-suffering Ulysses (suffering too from sharp internal complaint): a man of parts, of "sweet delivery," truthful, dutiful, modest, godly; of even cheerfulness, so that he writes to his son; "Yow degenerate from yowr father, "yf yow find not your selfe most able "in wytte and bodye to doe any thinge "when you be most mery." He lives splendidly, as a viceroy in Ireland ought to do; spends his patrimony on his queen's service: dies poor, and is buried, "like Valerius," at the public expense. He had been summoned from Ireland in consequence of intrigues between the Desmonds and the Ormonds, and, as he stepped on board, he exclaimed with the Psalmist, says Fuller, "When Israel came out of "Egypt and the house of Jacob from "among a strange people."

He had three sons:—

1. Sir Philip.
2. Sir Robert, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and grandfather of Algernon Sidney.
3. Sir Thomas.

And four daughters, but one of

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* Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke: our chief contemporary authority on the facts of Sidney's life. His book is of a class which are now styled "Reminiscences" rather than "Memoirs."

† See Mr. Kingsley's portraiture of Mrs. Leigh, a wonderfully truthful delineation of a noble lady of that time. Lady Sidney, particularly, he must have had in view. Mrs. Leigh's fondness for the "little mystic" *Alt-Deutsch Theologie*, which some have objected to as not very probable, has its counterpart in Lady Anne Bacon's translations from Bernardo Ochino, one of the earliest Socinians. Cf. Macaulay's Essay on

whom survived him, the noble Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,"* of whom we shall hear again.

[*To be continued.*]

ALFRED TENNYSON. An Essay. In Three Parts.

Part I.

ALTOGETHER disbelieving, and reprehending with the strongest indignation, the doctrine upon which so many of the critics of the present day seem to act, however they might shrink from maintaining it in so many words, that the reviewer, by virtue of his office, is superior to the writer reviewed, and knowing full well not only at what an infinite height above me is the poet upon whom I have taken on myself to pass a judgment, but also that a critique upon him, which by any partiality can be called adequate, is utterly beyond my power, it is with the greatest diffidence that I approach my subject. But whatever I shall advance will have been carefully weighed, and will be the result of several years' almost uninterrupted reading of the Author. Would that every reviewer of a great writer could say as much.

The essay will extend through three numbers,—a length which it is hoped will not appear too great to the reader, if he reflects how great a work it is to criticise a great poet—to be in some sort an interpreter between him and the public. Indeed, as it is, there will be but too good cause for complaint of the criticism attempted here, as sketchy and imperfect. The first part will be devoted to the Miscellaneous Poems, and The Princess; the second to In Memoriam; the third to the volume last published.

In commenting upon the Miscellaneous Poems, I have the choice of two methods; either to make meagre remarks upon many, or to examine a very few at greater length. The latter appears to me beyond doubt to be preferred. Accordingly, I shall particularize only three; The Lady of Shalott; The Two Voices; and The Vision of Sin; in each of which I shall point out and enforce one or more of the principal excellencies of their author. It is surely unnecessary to state that I do not consider these limited severally to the poems in which I shall call attention to them. Let one example suffice. I shall observe upon his melody in The Lady of Shalott; but scarcely one unmelodious line, if one at all, exists in the whole of his works.

No fitter poem than The Lady of Shalott can be taken for illustrating a faculty very desirable, if not absolutely requisite in poetry—painting in words. There is a mysterious sympathy between the different branches of Art, which binds them all into one closely connected whole. There are well-known instances, such as Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, of men who have united in their single selves the painter, the architect, the sculptor,

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* Marble Pyles let no man rayse
To her name for after Daies.
Some kinde woman, borne as she,
Reading this, like Niobe
Shall turne marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tombe.

So sings rare Ben Jonson. It is worth noticing, that Milton has introduced a similar cold conceit into his epitaph on Shakespeare, which, fortunately, is perfect enough without it.

and the poet. The love of music expressed by poets is far too common to require example. Not that this is what I shall intend when I shall say presently that the great poet is a musician. But not only that; he is also a painter. One of the most remarkable instances of verbal painting is a Tale, which might almost with exact propriety be called a poem—Sintram and his Companions, by De la Motte Fouqué. But not inferior even to the German Romancer is the English poet. I have selected The Lady of Shalott because this pictorial power so pervades it throughout, that almost every new passage paints a new picture. But to the common eye still more striking than any of these are some of the pictures in The Palace of Art and Morte d'Arthur, which, accordingly, I quote in preference, commending the whole of The Lady of Shalott to the reader's private examination.

"One seem'd all dark and red,—a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon."

"Or in a clear, wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes—her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
An angel look'd at her."

"Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son,
In some fair space of sloping greens,
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watch'd by weeping queens."

The Palace of Art.

"A chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full."

"But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge, [he walk'd,
Clothed with his breath, and looking as
Larger than human on the frozen hills."

"Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending, they were 'ware [forms,
That all the decks were dense with stately
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold."

Morte d'Arthur.

I will now explain in what sense I said that the poet is a musician other than as he is a lover of music. There have been those, surely a few only who have despised, or affected to despise, the mere language, whether of poetry or prose, maintaining that the matter is all in all, or at least so entirely principal, as to make the words, provided they are perspicuous, of little importance. Again there are others, perhaps a few likewise, who feel and acknowledge an altogether magical power in language. The generality come between these extremes, affected considerably by verbal force and sweetness, but very far from comprehending the full significance of words. In the second class I would place myself. Much verse do I know with good, even original, sentiments given in lucid and forcible language, to which I cannot yield the name of poetry, though at first somewhat puzzled to render a reason for my refusal, till supplied by Carlyle, who tells me that poetry is song,—that is, that poetry requires as one essential the free, spontaneous flow of music. Here I would I could dive deep into the mystery of music, and fully explain why ancient philosophers by musical (*μουσικός*) meant good and orderly, show the intimate union they saw or felt between the measured flow of musical sounds and the good actions and peaceful thoughts of a well-regulated life. In default of this, I ask the reader to call back to his memory the sense of moral good which has made him happy while listening to some quiet melody, and with the recollection of this within him, let him read In Memoriam, and examine himself whether its calm refined rhythm does not produce the same feeling of moral satisfaction. Let him not fancy that this rhythm is merely the result of labour and practice, added to what is called a good ear; as little let him imagine that it is addressed to the ear alone; for it is meant through the ear to reach the soul. But surely to prove that music

is allied to poetry is superfluous; how closely allied I have not space, if ability, to determine; it were more to the purpose to show that the poems of Tennyson are musical. And here I am perplexed from very abundance of material. His voice is "the richest-toned that sings," "a lyre of widest range," or rather all instruments in one. It is gilding refined gold to praise his melody; one might as well gravely enunciate that Shakespeare was a master of the human heart. You cannot open his poems without finding it, everywhere perfect of its kind, whether it be the fairy-like flow of The Lady of Shalott, the dreamy smoothness of the Lotos-Eaters, the measured dignity of Morte d'Arthur, the fiery, sometimes furious, energy, with the most rapid and abrupt transitions of Locksley Hall, that rhythmical perfection of In Memoriam, which I am really at a loss to characterize, except by saying that it seems to me the very maturity of a power of versification unequalled even before, "moulded in colossal calm," or lastly, the superlative sweetness and softness of that already oft-quoted serenade, "Come into the garden, Maud." I am averse to the easy practice of making quotations, but, as I have chosen The Lady of Shalott as a sort of text to which to append my observations upon Tennyson's versification, a few passages from it may not only be allowed, but looked for. I give them without any comment.

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river,
Flowing down to Camelot."

"By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges, trail'd
By slow horses, and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth, silken-sail'd,
Skimming down to Camelot."

"In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning, [ing,
The broad stream in his banks complain-
Heavily the low sky raining,
Over tower'd Camelot."

"Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chaunted loudly, chaunted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot."

In The Two Voices I shall particularize only the union of intellect and feeling which, as it is one of the most essential qualifications of poetry, so it distinguishes many of Tennyson's longer poems in the highest degree. Indeed if I were to select that which I think most excellent in him, I should have little hesitation in choosing this. In his smaller poems, from the very nature of the case, there is often little room for it, or rather it would be entirely out of place; but in The Palace of Art, The Two Voices, The Vision of Sin, In Memoriam, (I name only some of his very greatest; but the list might easily be enlarged,) some of the most important and most difficult questions of life are discussed with an intellectual keenness and accuracy only to be expected from a philosopher, yet with all the melody, warmth and deep feeling of the greatest of poets. Mere philosophy, whether physics or psychology or metaphysics, is fit only for prose works, professedly and openly philosophical: there is something essentially prosaic in it; its chief requisites, precision, logical order, freedom from metaphor, the employment of the intellect alone, these, if not separately, at least when united, are altogether alien to poetry; and verse, in which philosophy is philosophically treated, has no more claim to rank as poetry than the Ethics of Aristotle, or the Second Book of the Novum Organum, if put with as little violence as possible into metre. But philosophy, poetically treated, true philosophical poetry, the great problems of life handled at once with intellectual subtlety and warmth of feeling, I regard as the highest kind of poetry of all; nay, it may be I am blinded by love, but I cannot help looking upon it as the highest effort of human genius. Uniting the interest of the subject themselves,—acuteness

of reason and strength of feeling,—the wonderful magic of language,—the equally wonderful magic of rhythm, drawing and painting to the imagination,—so coming home at once to the souls, the minds, the hearts, the ears, eyes and fancies of men, it seems to me to have a grand comprehensiveness of beauty, which no other work of man comprises. I say advisedly it seems to me; for I know well that to one man one thing seems, and is, greatest, and to another man another thing; that to the man of science there is nothing so great as science, to the painter nothing so noble as pictures, to the musician nothing so deep and beautiful as music. So let it be; for truth and beauty, though of absolute certainty, are of infinite range; so that, though because of our fallen intellect there is now no one mind that can take in all knowledge and all beauty, yet beauty and truth can embrace all intellects and all tastes.

The Two Voices would itself afford an ample subject for a review; and indeed not only admits of, but requires, one; but my limits prevent me from saying at the present more than this, that I place it the highest of the Miscellaneous poems,—surpassed even by In Memoriam only by the latter being of greater length.

The Vision of Sin, beside being, as its name imports, a vision, is also an Allegory. A few words therefore about poetical Visions and Allegories in general, and Tennyson's handling of them in particular, will be necessary before I enter more in detail upon the poem itself.

A poetical Vision, as it is most difficult for the poet to employ, so is it not easy for the critic to describe what it is. Whatever it may have in common with the dreams of sleep, it has so much distinct from them that it is upon no account to be classed simply among them. Two characteristics alone, its continuity and sequence, are sufficient to distinguish it from them. But that it has much in common with them is equally plain, as in the following instances, the first from The Vision of Sin:

> "And I thought I would have spoken,
> And warned that madman, ere it grew
> too late,
> But, as in dreams I could not"—

The second, from A Dream of Fair Women:

> "With that sharp sound, the white
> dawn's creeping beams,
> Stolen to my brain, dissolved the
> mystery
> Of folded sleep."

though it is worthy of notice that this is the only passage in that poem which contains unmistakeably any feature peculiar to sleeping dreams.

On the other hand the continuity and sequence point to a day dream, the Vision of Inspiration, which poets really see, even in these later days. But whatever is its nature, it has been by universal consent conceded to the poet, though it has proved one of the most unmanageable and perilous of all his instruments. Young poets are constantly taking it in feeble and unskilful hands to their own hurt. Alas, their dreams are too often of men neither waking nor sleeping, nor indeed in any other state which the rest of the world knows of. But in nothing is Tennyson more felicitous than in his treatment of visions. Consistent, significant and beautiful, they yet so remind the reader of his own dreams as to convince him that the poet writes from experience. His narration of actual dreams is exact. I give a few examples.

> "Till now at noon she slept again,
> And seem'd knee-deep in mountain
> grass,
> And heard her native breezes pass,
> And runlets babbling down the glen,
> She breathed in sleep a lower moan,
> And murmuring, as at night and morn,
> She thought, 'My spirit is here alone,
> Walks forgotten, and is forlorn.'
> Dreaming she knew it was a dream;
> She felt he was, and was not there."
>
> *Mariana in the South.*

" And then to bed, where half in doze I seem'd [watch
To float about a glimmering night and
A full sea, glazed with muffled moonlight, swell
On some dark shore just seen that it was rich." *The Princess.*

" When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath; [not Death,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows
Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveilleé to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye
Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth,
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee."
In Memoriam.

But The Vision of Sin is also an Allegory. Allegories are perhaps a still more dangerous instrument of poetry than Vision. For beside the difficulty of treating them, there is something particularly unsatisfactory in the knowledge that you must not rest in the story, but must convert your flesh and blood men and women, into abstractions, into principles and emotions, into virtues and vices. Human nature loves and delights in the personal, and shrinks from the abstract; and especially poetry shuns abstractions, and holds close to persons. It is this very love of the personal that makes poets write allegories; but the reader is strongly tempted to get rid of the abstractions altogether, and turn the allegory into a mere tale. And it is as moral stories that The Faerie Queen, The Pilgrim's Progress, and The Ancient Mariner are read for the most part. Fortunately some of their great lessons are so entirely on the surface, that he who runs cannot help but read. Certainly few care to enter minutely into the details, to find the moral bearing of this fact and that fact. For the interpretation of an allegory involves the mysterious connection between the outward and the inward, which makes our daily life a marvel and a symbol. That it subsists all perhaps are conscious, though the multitude very dimly and partially; the spiritual meaning of many visible things many understand, but the entire significance of the whole no man can comprehend. However, as it is necessary that the story should be complete in itself, it may happen that parts of it have no immediate secondary meaning. But in some allegories the connection between the primary and secondary meanings is very close, of which I know no apter instance than Poe's Tale of William Wilson, the story of which is so self-complete that it is possible that many have read it without suspecting that the double of the narrator is his conscience, yet its moral signification is most closely interwoven with its literal; as for instance, to bring forward one out of many, the second William Wilson cannot speak above a low, though distinct whisper, like the still small voice of conscience. And that this union in The Palace of Art and The Vision of Sin is very intimate, is palpable; but how intimate it is this is not so easy to see. I shall give a somewhat lengthy explanation of The Vision of Sin, in which I shall show that particular facts in the story, as the rising of the fountain, have a direct moral signification; if a similar analysis were made of The Palace of Art, I have little doubt that the details of this also would be found to be each immediately symbolical.—As it is against The Vision of Sin, that a charge not unfrequently laid against Tennyson in general, is perhaps most frequently and most plausibly brought, nay, as I have heard many confess that it is wholly unintelligible to them, it may be doing a service to his readers if I offer an explanation of it, an explanation which I cannot positively declare to be the true one, but which is the result of

reflection, and which has been assented to by all, and some of them well read in the poet, to whom I have communicated it.

And here will be the fittest place for me to endeavour to answer that charge of obscurity which I regard as entirely unfounded, if not presumptuous. For it does not imply merely difficulty, but unnecessary unintelligibility, the consequence either of ignorance of the subject, or of indolence, or of affectation.

Now, let us first consider what a poet is. Is he a man like ourselves? Has he our thoughts and feelings? Does he speak like common men? Yes, we answer emphatically, yes; it is the very circumstance that he sympathizes with us, that he knows what we think and feel, and puts our thoughts and feelings into language, that makes us so love and honour him; makes us look upon him as a brother and a king. But he does not stop here. The great poet has a mind of such wide range as to comprehend the thoughts and feelings of all mankind; as nothing is too low, so nothing is too high for him; workman and monarch, clown and philosopher, he understands and speaks for all. Who shall dare to attempt to limit his power? Who shall be bold, presumptuous enough to say, "Thus far, but no far-"ther; thou shalt speak to me of things "which I can at once understand, of "every-day matters, of loves and mar-"riages, of births and deaths; but if "thou speakest to me of things beyond "me, of things not apparent to the "senses, or easily apprehended by the "reason, then I will stop my ears, and "call thee fool to thy face." No one surely would dare to use express language so presumptuous, yet in effect this is being said to poets every day. But to such a one I would answer, Who art thou that thou shouldest define the limits of that which thou oughtest rather humbly to receive and gladly to welcome? Thinkest thou that the poet was sent into the world gifted with the faculty divine merely to please men by descriptions of every-day things? though of a truth this is an important part of his office; but there are other, and far higher parts than this. He sees deeper than other men: he beholds what is not apparent to the senses and the reason, dulled and narrowed as they are in this world of eating and money-making, of hunting after pleasure, and honour, and power. And it is his peculiar and highest office to teach men this knowledge, and to keep alive in their hearts the apprehension and love of spiritual things. And now an important difference between the parts of a poem to which the word obscure can be applied, is laid open. The obscurity may lie either in the words or in the matter. Verbal obscurity is entirely to be condemned as the genuine mark of imperfect knowledge, unearnestness, or affectation. But very different is the case with obscurity of matter. Here the author is writing down to his reader, and the very nature of the case necessitates obscurity, but mark, obscurity only in the sentiments. The language itself may be accurate and clear at the first glance to one who understands the subject. Of this the best instance that occurs to me is a book recently published, but probably already well known, The Institutes of Metaphysics, by Ferrier, wherein that vexed question, the very cross of philosophers, is treated with a verbal clearness which shines out in most grateful contrast and relief to the darkness of the subject. And this is the case with The Two Voices, The Vision of Sin, the chapters of In Memoriam which are called obscure, and other poems or passages of Tennyson, against which that charge is brought. For his language, so far from being dark and vague, is remarkable for its precision and perspicuity. Ideas, which must have passed across the minds of many men many times, but impalpably and transiently, apparently impossible to be fixed in language, he has put out into plain exact words. Instances of

this occur everywhere in his poems, perhaps most of all in The Two Voices, but I will make a single quotation, and that from A Dream of Fair Women.

"No memory labours longer from the deep [ore
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

"Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain [strike
Compassed, how eagerly I sought to
Into that wondrous track of dreams again!
But no two dreams are like."

If, then, any one is inclined to call Tennyson obscure and affected, let him question himself whether he is acquainted with the subject of the poem; and, if he finds that he is not, let him try to master it; and, when he has mastered it, I confidently predict that he will be even amazed to discover how felicitously it is treated, just at the proper length, and in the most forcible and precise language.—I will now give the promised explanation of The Vision of Sin. It is an Allegory, with a high moral purpose, to set forth the punishment of sensuality and pleasure-seeking.

"A youth came riding toward a palace-gate; [have flown,
He rode a horse with wings, that would
But that his heavy rider kept him down."

Such of my readers as are acquainted with the Phædrus of Plato, will at once call to mind the myth of the two winged steeds and the charioteer, by which Plato represents the human soul, and will easily interpret the modern poet. For the information of such as are unacquainted with that dialogue I translate the following passage.

"Let the soul be likened to a nature
"composed of a pair of winged horses and
"a charioteer. Now all the horses and
"the charioteers of the gods are both
"themselves good and of good descent, but
"the rest are of a mixed quality. And
"in the first place with respect to us, it is
"our guiding principle that drives the
"pair of horses; in the second place, of
"these horses, the one is good and noble,
"and of like descent, the other is the op-
"posite and of the opposite descent."

I need now scarcely say, that these horses represent severally the good and the bad inclinations of our nature, while the charioteer is the guiding principle, which Plato would have called reason, but which perhaps we should rather call conscience. In the passage in The Vision of Sin there is but one horse, the spiritual part of man, "with wings, "that would have flown, But that his "heavy rider," by which we are to understand the carnal desires, the body, "kept him down." "And from the "palace came a child of sin"—a temptation or a tempter,

"Who took him by the curls, and led him in,
Where sat a company with heated eyes,
Expecting when a fountain should arise.
A sleepy light upon their brows and lips—
Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes, [piles of grapes."
By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and

A sated party of pleasure, waiting for the feeling of satiety to pass away; for it is that which is signified by the rising of the fountain. Then follows a scene of voluptuousness, which I doubt not every reader will now easily make out for himself, and in which I will draw attention to one thing only, the exquisite description of the music, partly under the terms of form and colour, asking him to bear in mind what I said before about the union of the arts.

But now a change comes over the dream:

"And then I look'd up toward a mountain tract,
That girt the region with high cliff and lawn;
I saw that every morning, far withdrawn
Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn
Unheeded."

This last line is perhaps the most strange and difficult in Tennyson; but I propose the following interpretation with little hesitation. The "awful "rose of dawn" signifies primarily the red morning; in an extended sense

the course of external nature, which goes on the same, day after day, despite of the wickedness of men, bearing silent testimony against them, but unheeded. And, indeed, it is one of the strangest things in this strange world how the universe silently fulfils its course, for a time, and that often no short one, taking little or no heed of man, neither of his good nor his evil deeds, neither of his joys nor his sorrows, so that patience is the virtue most required of the good, audacity the sin most to be feared by the bad. For a long time—for long, long years, sometimes, but not for ever,—"Though the mills of God grind slow-"ly, yet they grind exceeding small." And, meanwhile, "A vapour, heavy, "hueless, formless, cold, Comes float-"ing on for many a month and year, "Unheeded," as the unspoken witness of the red dawn. This is the gradual coming on of old age, unnoticed amid the pleasures of youth. The dream is broken—and linked again. "A grey and gap-toothed man, as lean "as death," the youth of the former part of the poem, "rides slowly across "a withered heath," and no longer to a palace, but to "a ruined ruin." I earnestly wish that I had space to examine minutely the speech of the old man; I can particularize one characteristic only, its bitter, intense misanthropy, and must entreat the reader to study it most carefully for himself. For the present, I content myself with saying, that the soul,—that soul, which in the young man was winged, "and "would have flown," is now in the old man utterly debased,—even its faculties of enjoyment are lost, except the very lowest,—it can comfort itself with only this, "Eat and drink, for to-mor-"row thou diest," and with hating and cursing its fellows. Then comes "a fur-"ther change; Once more uprose the "mystic mountain range," and below is beheld the spectacle of the unceasing work of life and death, and the old man has passed through death from the life of time to the life of eternity, and stands for judgment. Three voices plead, two for, one against, him. The first says, "Behold it was a crime "Of sense avenged by sense that wore "with time." His wickedness was a sensuality that wrought its own punishment, by destroying, as time went on, the faculties of sensual pleasure. But another, a sterner, voice replies, "The crime of sense became The crime "of malice, and is equal blame." Sensuality became deliberate hatred of his fellow men, and is worthy of equal punishment. Then the third speaks, "He had not wholly quenched his "power; A little grain of conscience "made him sour." He had not quite destroyed the spiritual life within him, and what is not destroyed may yet spring up and flourish; and it was even this remnant of conscience that made him hate himself and his fellows for their wickedness. What shall be his sentence? "Is there any hope?" And from that high land pealed an answer, but in a tongue no man could understand,

"And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

Judgment had been given, but what it was no man knew, neither would the calm and silent universe, bearing, as of old, its unheeded testimony, reveal aught.

Such is the interpretation I venture to offer of this mysterious poem; a poem which, if I understand it rightly, I do not hesitate to call one of the very finest ever written. If my explanation is incorrect, I have but to beg the reader's indulgence on account of its acknowledged difficulty.

The quality which I proceed to notice may not improbably have escaped many readers. In grace, in softness, in tenderness, Tennyson has never been surpassed. This would be very generally admitted; but his capacity for satire appears to have attracted little attention. This is strange; for

it is exhibited most prominently in several poems,—passionate and fiery in Locksley Hall,—light and playful in The Princess, where the Prince describes their half-day's round among the female professors, from which they "issued gorged with knowledge,"—as also in "The Brook," where old Philip praises "his plough, his cows, his hogs, his dogs," "his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens," and, after telling a tale about nothing, full of "hows," concludes with the whole "coltish chro-"nicle,"—strong and bitter, and with a one-sided truth, in Maud. But it is in the speech of the old man in The Vision of Sin,—though not itself properly satirical,—that this satirical capacity is displayed most strikingly. It is the very utmost concentration of hatred of God, mankind, and self;—a very revelling in self-degradation, joined with contempt and mockery of others—fearful to read, and, as a composition, unsurpassable. It seems to have promised its author the very highest place among satirists, a mournful and doubtful, if not absolutely a bad, eminence; and most happy ought we to regard it that Tennyson was not tempted by that ambition, but beside the poem just analysed, wrote The Princess, and In Memoriam, and a host of shorter poems, which have more than womanly tenderness.

If my criticism has been necessarily fragmentary even upon these three short poems, much more must it be such upon The Princess—longer than all three of them together. I shall first direct attention to the songs, which could on no account be passed over, but shall not attempt, by reason of the small space left me, any comparison of Tennyson with other song writers—only stating my opinion that he has written the most beautiful songs in the language, and pointing out those I consider the most beautiful of his. Three seem to me to stand out above the rest—all in The Princess, and coming close together, a most lovely trio: "The splendour falls," "Tears, idle tears," and "O swallow, "swallow, flying, flying south;" the second the most beautiful of all. The rhythm is wonderful, especially as two of them are without rhyme. As Mendelssohn has written Songs without Words, so these may be called Songs without Notes. All attempt to set them to worthy music seems hopeless—though another, only less exquisite than these, "Sweet and low," has by a rare good fortune been joined to an air which exactly suits it, seeming its very other half. And equally lovely with this last are the two, "Home "they brought her warrior dead," and "Ask me no more." And going out of The Princess, surely nothing more is needed than merely to mention a few lyrics, to which the name song may be given: "A Farewell," "Break, "break, break," "Come not when I "am dead," "The Poet's Song."

Farther than this I can comment only upon three points, all connected with and illustrating one another, and all, to a great degree, meeting in one centre, Ida—the poetical aim of The Princess, Tennyson's treatment of love, and his delineation of character.

Many men, if not the generality, seem to be fond of calling the poet an idealist, somewhat as a term of reproach, and of contrasting him, somewhat to his disadvantage, with practical men. And practical men, according to such, are politicians, generals, lawyers, men of business,—men who can secure the interest, in some cases of others, but if not that, then of themselves. And by interests they understand power, reputation, wealth. And in this sense such men are practical. But there is another sense of the word, a higher, and so a truer sense, in which these men may or may not deserve this epithet—which has then become a very honourable one, a more honourable than which cannot be accorded. For what is the strict meaning of practical? not only its etymological, but

its original, and still best and true meaning. Πρᾶξις is moral action, and a practical man is he who performs moral actions. And here for moral, to adapt a phrase translated from Greek to a Christian age and country, we may fairly substitute spiritual or religious. Who then are the practical men in this sense of the word? Men who can buy cheap and sell dear, gain fortunes, high rank, popularity? clearly not necessarily so; certainly not, if these have been gained at the expense of truth, honour, benevolence—any part of virtue. No, not such men, but men very different; in the highest sense such as St. Paul and St. Augustine—men who discover to their fellows the comparative worth of heaven and earth, and the impolicy—to take a low ground, because worldly men prize themselves for their policy—of sacrificing the former for the latter. These have not all been powerful, honoured or wealthy; but, on the contrary, have been in penury, in disgrace often—sometimes have seemed to find their reward in imprisonment, and scourging, and death. They seem to have taken poor care of themselves; yet were they none the less the most practical men of the earth. And below these, but in a very high, almost the first rank, are poets and their brethren in art, who strive to refine and spiritualize mankind by the love of beauty. They may have their impracticalities; but so far as they aim at raising and ennobling first themselves, and then the rest of the world, so far they are practical. Accordingly we must not be surprised to find a practical end in poems. Indeed I should be inclined to refuse the name of a great poem to any that had not a distinct and well sustained moral purpose. And such a purpose, and that, in the present day, one of the most important, is to be found in The Princess. His object, is the education and position of women, whose salvation, no less than men's, is to be wrought out not only by the feelings but in part by the intellect also. I use the terms "feeling" and "intellect" in accordance with a division universally made, and very convenient; though I am prepared to regard them as only two sides of the same, or at least, (and this I positively assert,) as so intimately combined, that in general they both rise and fall together. None knows this better than Tennyson; he has expressed it over and over again—and in The Princess it may be said that he has devoted almost his longest poem to it. Not that he sets forth the mode followed by Ida as the right one; as I have before observed, he manifestly satirizes it as pedantic and superficial—width without depth; but, as is clearly laid down in the last chapter, it is the method only which is to be altered, the principle of extended education is retained. That chapter I most earnestly commend to the reader, as containing the most beautiful, which is also the true, idea of woman—which, when she shall have realized, then will she be that which God created her at the first—the glory of the man, the beauty of the universe.

The number of love poems is legion. "Old song which poet ever singeth, Of "which the listening world is never "weary," as Alexander Smith says, whose own poetry is almost solely upon this one subject. And he speaks truly too, as a little consideration will show, with the reasons thereof. And of all poets, I know none whose treatment of love combines so much tenderness, purity, passion, and intellectuality as Tennyson's. One at least of these qualities shines out in all his delineations,—intellectuality and passion are predominant in Locksley Hall, purity and tenderness in The Miller's Daughter; these, together with intellectuality in The Day Dream, while the intensest passion burns in Fatima: and so I might go on throughout his poems; but the crowning delineation is in The Princess, which unites them all in a

makes its author, before all others, the Poet of Love.

This, together with the third point, will be made plain, if we examine at some length the character of Ida, who is at once the chief figure and the centre of the love poetry in The Princess. All Tennyson's persons are brought before us with the true dramatic art which makes us feel and think of them as actual men and women. To select a few out of a vast number in his Miscellaneous Poems, I would instance the hero in Locksley Hall, the speaker and the first voice in The Two Voices, and the old man in The Vision of Sin. Whatever portrayal of character the plan of In Memoriam allows is exact. In the third part of this essay I shall analyze the hero in Maud, and I may now suggest in passing, the persons in The Brook, especially old Philip. But, as might have been expected, it is in The Princess that his dramatic power is best displayed. I proceed to comment upon Ida, merely observing of the others, that they are all drawn, or rather sketched, with the hand of a master. I have before said that Tennyson's characters are felt as actual men and women; yet I now allow that Ida is an ideal. She is an ideal of woman, as woman was created, as she may yet be in the time of "the world's "great bridal"—the half "of that great "race which is to be." But, though an ideal, she is no abstraction, and is felt to be real and personal as much as any of the many male ideals which have been drawn from time immemorial: the Trojan, or rather Greek, and I might almost say English, Hector, the Scandinavian Odin, the Mediæval Sir Galahad—these are not the less human because no man has hitherto reached their standard; in the long, let us hope great, future, who knows but that equal heroes may arise? And so Ida is a woman, yes, as woman may yet become, with all the purity, softness, and loving tenderness which men assign to woman as her crowning and distinctive, though not her exclusive, attribute. Woman she is from the very first; not less when lecturing to her female scholars and disdainfully thrusting the male intruders from her college, than when nursing the wounded Prince, and yielding to his love. Her courage and her devotion to her great cause make her at first reject his love and brave the anger of his father and her own, and the war that ensued; but her gratitude and her gentleness, or perhaps something greater even than these, something that already "killed her with "herself"—for he had mixed with her girlhood's dreams made her write, "Still "take not his life; he risked it for my "own: His mother lives." With womanly indignation she takes her babe from the friend who seemed so deeply to have wronged her and her cause, "false, false, false;" but with womanly tenderness she cherishes it, and with womanly longing feels it a "pledge of "a love not to be hers," very soon restoring it to the mother. What sisterly affection mingles with her anger and resolution in her letter to her brother! With what feminine pride she promises him immortal renown as the champion of woman! How readily and gladly she opens her college to her wounded brothers and to her wounded lover, who alas! had been the foe that had "bred all this change!" Small praise, it may be said; but soon, almost as readily, though with deep sorrow and the darkest forebodings, with all her "world in secret blackened, seem-"ing blank and waste, and vain," she flings her doors wide, that all the wounded enemies not less than friends may enter, though all her maidens must be sent home, except those who may nurse the sick! And now, while she herself nurses the Prince and returns his love, surely all can see her woman,—devoted, dependent, loving, —looking to him who is to be her husband for aid and guidance in her great work of reforming half the world. She is the noblest, the sweetest, the most

beautiful female character I know in fiction; the very flower of that pure, delicate mind which had already created the Marianas, Eleanore, Lady Flora, and Lady Clare.

THE COUSINS.

THE dancers swept merrily by me on that night of Lady Lacy's ball eleven years ago, and fanned me pleasantly as they bounded past to the tune of instruments, and there was nothing in all this to make me peevish, and fretful, and morose; yet I stood aside moodily, taking no part in the dancing, nor the talk—and though I asked myself often how it was that I felt so evil-minded on that night, yet I needed no answer, knowing well the reason, that it was because of my cousin Gertrude, and her troop of flatterers, and because she slighted me openly, putting me to shame before all who knew our betrothal; and because I could not help thinking that somehow her love had grown cold of late. And some there were who rated me for my gloomy looks, and pestered me with silly questionings, to which I lent little heed or answer. And all the while Gertrude was hidden from me by a ring of satellites, [illegible] her silver laugh and jesting troubled me heavily. "To-morrow," said I, "I will "speak to her kindly and firmly, and if "it must be so, release her whatever "comes to me." I had fancied moreover that her father's manner was shy and altered to me when I crossed him in the Hall; for he passed by me with unwonted coldness, and left the house immediately. Two gentlemen were talking in a low tone to one another, close at hand, but, though I moved to be out of overhearing, I had unconsciously caught the substance of their conversation, earnest and grave—some great failures in the north had followed the strikes, and certain great city houses were said to be deeply involved in the loss. Why should I, with unreasoning, overleaping thought, so swiftly couple this with that strange meeting in the hall? I cannot tell, only a fear not wholly indefinite fell upon me.

I would leave now; where was the hostess, my firm, most constant protector in all boyish scrapes? in the glance I gave round the room I saw that Gertrude was not there: I was at her ladyship's side presently, and held out my hand. "So soon, Charlie, you must be ill; upon my word you look so, let me"—"No, dear Lady Lacy, there is positively nothing the matter with me, a slight headache perhaps;" and as I urged this it came upon me indeed quick and throbbing—"my father said he should want me at a very early hour in the morning, and I cannot fail him." "It is not much past twelve," she said; "you are not generally so particular about sleep. Poor boy!" I saw she was aware of more than she expressed. A kind look and kinder pressure. "I am sorry I prepared such an entertainment for you, Charlie; good bye."

Yet I could not go without saying "good-night" to my beautiful cousin, who caused me such secret sorrow, but knew it not. Passing the refreshment room I saw her, as I thought, sitting in the cool, for her face was scarlet with the flush of dancing, and slightly bent, but another step discovered that she was not alone, and what I saw besides I say not: then I passed out straightway into the night, where the snow lay deep upon the ground on that February morning, feeling not heart-broken and crushed as I used to think I should feel, if any

animal spirit and strange excitement. There was not a star in all the sky: I was glad there were none to look down with their far-off, cold and restless eyes upon me; but a thick covering of snow-cloud was wrapped about the earth and shrouded it all night long. As I stepped upon the pavement the half-clothed, shivering form of a woman came and cried to me. "Pity, oh! pity, it is so cold, and my child is starving, Sir—no home, nor food for it all this day long;" and all her voice was broken by the chattering of her set teeth in the frozen jaws. Surely, surely it was the good Lord sent this encounter, at the moment when my selfish heart was thinking only of its grief; for when the woman was gone, a deep shame and inward silence came upon me, such, only stronger according to the growth of years, as in younger days had smitten me with cruel contrast when a lean starved face pressed itself into silly flatness against a pastry-cook's window, when I was within. Contrast, why contrast then? did I not indeed know that every day misery walked the gay streets with opulence, and squalor shared the houses with fashion? Ah! but man is very brave in the sunlight—did one ever behold a wraith in the noonday, or see meridian glamour? but the hour and waste of darkness, how are they not phantomed with infinite spirits!

"No home, no food all the day long," and yet our dogs are housed and fed! Oh! there should be echo of these words, reverberation deep and hollow, through every happy home at midnight, when the lights are out, and all men are at once alone,—"No home;" "no food." Is it true? Question the winds that blow over cities at night-time, what voices they bear along with them. Is it enough, oh! good people, to thank God night and morning for home and life?—will it be asked ever at any time, chiefly at one great time, "Where is thy brother?"—will it be an-

Alas! poor heart of mine, how should I ever comfort it again! already I was changed, even in this brief time. I said within myself, "Since no good sleep "can come to me this night, I will walk "among the streets till morning, and "see the woe of the great city"—and while the words were yet within my mind, I struck upon it unawares.

"Oh! Richard—Dickey, doan't—mercy! you'll hurt the child—oh!"—God! the cry that went up shrieking to thy heaven—oh! didst Thou hear it? yet there came down no thunder nor fire, nor did the ground beneath open and consume. She had gone down before that fearful blow, her poor head striking, as it fell, against the projecting window-frame—surely she is dead: three or four men came out of the tap-room at the cry, for it was keen and piercing. I saw that they were drunk, all of them, like the monster who had done this evil deed; he stood leaning against the wall, all unconscious, muttering curses. I was kneeling upon the snow beside her now; it was a cruel sight beneath the wretched glimmer of the lamp-light—her cheek and mouth were full of blood; as I raised her head it flowed over me; presently I think she would have choked in the swoon: her bonnet fell from her to the ground as I lifted her, and her hair, wet with the trampled snow, was long and raven black. I took no heed to the inarticulate gabble round me; I knew the wretch had staggered towards me, making the dark air black with oaths, that his silly, half-witted comrades were doing their feeble best to lead him back, and once my arm received a kick meant for the helpless form it shielded:—but my eyes were upon her countenance trying to trace below the signs of want and famine, the lines of what must once have been tender, well-nigh beautiful.

The noise of the sliding and staggering of their feet was stopped by the swinging to of the door. I followed

pulse; the hand was very firmly clasping something — both hands; surely not a child, not a child?

"Wot's up 'ere, Sir?—a woman drunk I 'spose."

"Oh! policeman, look down here—look at this child." He stooped and disengaged it tenderly enough for the man. "Why it's dead, sir, stone dead—but not cold yet; may be she killed it herself a-fallin." "No, no, no; the man's in there, in there, her husband, who struck her down." There was horror upon my face I know, and pride of experience in his voice as he answered, "Why, bless yer, sir, these things 'appens plenty enough; every night pretty nigh." "See her looked to and sheltered for the night, and from the brute in there." Then I left money with him, and hurried away.

It began again to snow thickly, coming slantwise against the cheek, so that I was fain lower my head awhile, and let the storm pass by. A dull and heavy sound of the quarters came from time to time from the churches, and at long intervals a traveller would pass rapidly, and, saving this, I seemed already alone in the great streets, yet I knew this could not be; somewhere in desolate bye-lanes I knew there was homeless woe, but a terror of the unknown evil chained me to the great thoroughfares, and I never left them.

An hour more and I was leaning against the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, where I have often stood since then, in dreams; as I have stood once in reality, by another river in another city, watching not the river nor the rush of the rough water, which lay indeed viewless far below, known only by reflection from dim lamps on bridges beyond, but watching the flow of silence and the darkness, as I could not from the narrow streets—darkness and silence infinite, most unlike that we meet on trackless moors, and on high mountain tops, but laden with the pestilence of huddled crowds, and all the untold horrors of cities. I know not what unnameable horror is borne upon this nightly silence upon bridges—some dreadful dolour, ineffable, mysterious there is in it, which makes the great bridges at that hour, to my thinking, more awful than any place on earth. Where lies the horror? have I read somewhere, years ago, when my little store of reading made fancy doubly dear, and a legend was a thing remembered, did I read a story of self-inflicted death and murder underneath the arches? Only this I know, that all weird perplexity, and strange uncertain horror, and ghastly trooping of multitudinous forms, that crowd and sway and palpitate in shifting gloom, are all, all gathered together here, so that in evil dreams, which kept me nightly company many a long year afterwards, there was, chief of all, an oppressive haunting of my confused sense by a dark swift river, cold and rough and treacherous, far below me, banked on both sides of its limitless shores by a multitude of human beings, who cast forth arms of supplication across the water, while they wept and watched and waited, looking for some deliverance that never came nor would come till the end.

So standing trancedly, gathering in great store of fearful imagination for dreams to come, there fell upon my ear a sound of confused voices from the south side as of people quarrelling, which at times grew shrill and then ceased again, and recommenced. I hurried across the bridge as fast as my feet would bear me, in the snow, towards the direction of the noise, for the intervening space could not be great: turning the corner of the second street, the cries were again distinct, as if a door had suddenly opened, close at hand now; the cries of a young girl uppermost in wild supplication. "Oh! mother, mother, loose me, let me go—I can't go home, loose me, let me go;" and they were answered by curses and reproaches, and names,

hard and bitter. I heard them—the most stained and spotted names that women bear did her mother call her; and the soiled and sullied gaiety of her dress, and the rent and shattered comeliness of her face told a tale, not unheard before: for a moment the girl freed herself from the clenched and tightened hold of the other, and fled down the street. I saw the mother's face then under the glimmer of the misty lamp,—saw the fruitless outstretching of her bare thin arms, and the totter forward, and the fall. I stayed not a moment, but was in pursuit, quickly overtaking and bringing back my poor prisoner, crying and sobbing, "Let me go, sir, for God's sake; don't take me back again to mother." Her sobbing was so violent that she was powerless now, and I led her gently to the place where her mother sat, for she had risen and was sitting on a step, moaning in a low voice, and rocking with the anguish of her soul. And in that hour, standing with those lonely ones on the winter morning, I was suddenly aware of a change come over me; knew that all the joy and pleasure of life had passed in a moment, and a new order had begun; felt a shiver pass through every limb that the night wind had not caused; knew afterwards it was the unsheathing of the sword for battle by the angel of my life; and while the chill was yet upon me, the bells rang out the hour of four, and I said within myself, "I shall never laugh again "until I die." The moment of the crisis had passed, and I was awake again. I touched the woman on the shoulder, holding her daughter by the hand. "She is come back to you," I said, "she will never leave you any more; come, look up, she is waiting to be forgiven;" but the mother never ceased to rock and sway to and fro, muttering indistinctly, "I guessed it above a month ago, when it kep' me awake night after night—her'd better ha' died, like Jenny, though her was clemmed, nor come to this—hers the last of 'em a'—her'd better ha' died, like Jenny, though I seed her starving." There upon the snow, at the feet of her wasted mother, did she throw herself, crying, "Mother, forgive me, I'm going home, mother; I am, indeed; I shall never leave you any more—look up, look up—there, there, now take me, hold me, mother, so, so—hush, we'll beg our way from this London to-morrow; we'll stop no more—hush—oh! my God!" A storm of sobs and broken cries, as from hearts nigh rending—then a lull of quiet weeping, face to face. I left all the contents of my purse in the daughter's hand, and drew away, lest I should break the holy peace that had not been with them since innocency fled.

Two acts of the great city tragedy that is played every night; but "enough," I said, "enough, I can bear no more horrors, for surely the worst misery is not simple homelessness, nor cold nor hunger, but something worse than all these together; oh! far worse." And remorse came upon me for all the years of my life, spent in thoughtless indifference to misery so near me, and a cowardly dread lest I should not go unpunished. I was very cold, and eyesore with the bitter wind, as I retraced my steps towards the abbey. As I passed the house which I had left five hours before, the upper windows were still a-light, and upon the drawn blinds great shadows fell at intervals. The dancing went on still: how well I knew the life that was passing there! at another time I could have laughed, fancying the little tumult of pride and passion there enacting, how little! Yet there was present to my mind then only a sense of injustice and wrong, of happiness unmerited and misery undeserved, a feeling of monstrous hard inequality that, coming with the vividness of a new emotion on my overstrained sympathy, sent me for the moment reeling down precipitate gulfs of thought, leading I knew

not whither. God forgive me; yet between those walls of feasting and the outer misery was not the distance very short? even as brief, I think, as between the turf we walk upon to-day, and the coffin that shall lie below presently.

In the deep darkness of the fog I saw a carriage drive up, and by and by the form of one I knew stept out of the wide doorway, shawled close against the night air, but not to be mistaken by me; an officer, whom I also knew, discharged my duty, more gallantly, I confessed, and gracefully, than I had ever done it, bowed low, and so returned.

The morning came at length, gloomy and bringing a fall of frozen sleet, but I was glad of its coming in any form, however wretched. One by one the gas-lights were put out, and at street corners were little gatherings of men and boys, making their spare, comfortless breakfast, before the day's labour: the growth of the new morning was marked more by the increase of passing feet than of light. Rapidly I made my way homewards now; my father wanted me early, and I had never failed him; it was yet good time when I reached home, for the window-blinds were down, and the shutters still unclosed. I knocked, and as if some one were that moment at the door, it opened immediately, even before I had ceased to rap. "Why John," I said, "you have'nt been sitting up and watching for me, have you?" for the old man looked ill, and shivered violently, I thought, with cold, but it was not so. "Is my father up?" Before he answered, the door of the first room in the hall opened, and our physician came forward and took me by the hand. I was speechless, because of the old man's trembling and the presence of our physician; the latter led me into the room, closed the door, and caught me by both hands. "I have melancholy news for you, Mister Charles; can you bear it? rest upon this chair a moment—your poor father is no more; he was called suddenly, very suddenly away at four this morning." I heard every word distinctly, never were my ears more wakeful; at four o'clock too. I struggled for a moment to free myself, and go to him lying dead, but my knees smote together and failed me, and I fell against the table; there followed a dizziness and confused reeling of all objects in the room, which by and by passed away, and left me weak, but not speechless. "I will go and see him now, Sir; I am strong again." A look of unutterable pity fell upon me for a moment, and from its strangeness a fearful and horrible suspicion linked itself with that foreshadowed fear of seven hours back, so that I shouted and passed out, and along the hall to the staircase foot, and fell there swooning.

When I was again conscious I found myself in my own room upon my bed, where I remained two days and nights in deep oblivion of all things. Neither in all that time did I undress or partake of any food, but lay quiet and still as they laid me, sleeping deeply nearly all the time; but in the morning of the third day, so soon as the gloming had melted into fuller daylight through the windows, I rose and passed into my father's presence—he bade me be there early, and I came. Now ever since the Lord Christ rose from the grave upon the third day, it has not ceased to happen with the dead that all the beauty of their former days should be renewed for a little space in their countenance, more purified and cleansed than it had ever been in youth and life, and all the sin and evil passed away utterly, and after that the change, and the corruptible given to corruption. And it was so with him; for as I stood bending above his face, white as the whitest marble, I saw the features crowned with a greater beauty than they had ever had in life. There a full hour afterwards they found me, and led me away unresistingly; but in

the longing and the yearning of my heart to be with him during that mysterious hour, I think I reached the limits of life and death, and was not far from overpassing. I saw him no more again. They took him from his own room, the chamber of his little hopes and schemes for me—oh! not for himself, but me—his child, who lay deeply sleeping in the chamber above his head, while he kept vigil. They took him beyond his old familiar doors once more, and down the street once more, and a silly pageant with him of black draped mockeries, and plumes that shook mournfully to one refrain of "nevermore," making my heart stone, and my head sick with close air and desolation. And I returned to the great house where we had all lived once, my mother, and my little sister, and my father. Many came and went, and held committees, and examined ledgers and safes, and papers and desks, and drew up forms, and signed signatures, and wound up affairs, never heeding or asking for me till all was over; and I was invited to meet them, and hear that my father was ruined, and everything must be sold to meet the creditors. Very kindly, on the whole, did these men of business deal with me, in spite of their hard looks. I had been quite prepared for all that had come to pass; somehow I had been put unconsciously in knowledge of all these things. One old man, whom I had remembered at my father's table, came forward, and speaking even tenderly and delicately, offered his home to me while the sale went on at least, and for so long a time as I should afterwards need, but I declined. So this last week ended, and brought at its close the last Sunday I should ever spend in the old house. I wondered that Gertrude had not been to see me, had not even written to me; a short note of condolence came from her father, he was away from town, and could not attend the funeral. "I wish "she had written me a line," I kept saying; but I resolved that no evil dreams should break this last Sabbath at home. "Let no unfaithfulness be in "me to-day," I said,—"the last, the last."

Yet beneath the surface of my tranquillity there ran an undercurrent of turbulent doubtings, so that oftentimes I caught myself longing for the morrow, that I might see Gertrude, and tell her all that I had resolved upon, and release her from our childish engagement. How I loved her, yet the close presence of that other grief nerved me to support this also. At night I was sore troubled with dreams, more than I had ever been before; kept awaking from them, and then sleeping on again, and continuing the vision that had startled me; they changed and glided from one to another form with that mocking semblance of reason that makes them so real; towards morning came one that I remembered afterwards, because of what followed. I had gone down the street in which we lived, and passed immediately into a strange country I had never seen before; for miles away it was overgrown with a forest of funeral plumes instead of trees; suddenly some one was laughing above me, and the laugh, I thought, was Gertrude's, and looking up, I saw her standing on a platform that was near me; and while I yet looked there was another had come beside her, and they were both laughing together, I thought, at me. Whereat I grew angry, and an inexpressibly painful sensation came over me, while quickly, quite imperceptibly, I was struggling in water, and they still above me, leaning over the parapet of a bridge and laughing. I caught a rope that hung from the summit to within a foot above my head, and while my hand closed upon it, it became suddenly, I thought, a pistol, and with a quick, sharp clapping at my ear, shot me through; and the laughter died away upon the parapet far above me. I woke with the pain in my head as if I had been really shot, while my heart

beat audibly, and heard a sharp rapping at my door. "It's eight o'clock, sir; you told me to call you at seven, but I could'nt this last morning, sir."

Poor old John, the oldest servant of our house, who had known my father from a child. I bade him enter; I scarcely think he could have slept all night. Then I dressed carefully, breakfasted, and bade all the servants God speed. I would have given them some memorials of my father and of me, but could not honestly, for everything was to be sold, everything, so completely ruined were we. So I spoke to them and talked about their future prospects, and wept as they sobbed again to part with me; for my father was gentle to his servants, and spoke ever kindly to them, and they had remained, all of them, many years in our house.

The last two or three hours were busily spent in gathering together and destroying whatever papers or letters I had, whose use or pleasure had gone, and this had left me little time for thinking; but once in the street, no longer face to face with bitter memories, the perplexities of my future came upon me with the fury of a whirlwind. I had determined to see Gertrude that morning, to release her from her early promise, made when the world was all beyond her and unknown, and in days when I was her hero all unrivalled. I could not blame her, not much at least, that she found many more brilliant than I had ever been; no, I would act as bravely and manfully that morning as became my father's son: yet my resolution nearly choked my life. I tried to think of her father's moneyed pride, and my own ruin, but could not; now that I was going to give up my treasure I felt only how I loved it, yet I had not come without counting the cost. Through the long week that followed my father's burial I had come through bitter tribulation and searing of the heart to what I had determined. Yet as I neared the street in which she lived, the quick pulsation of my heart would catch my breath, and send me staggering along. So clear it seemed to me before, all the words that I should say; but now they all melted away from my hold, and I walked on as one blinded by some fearful sight. Oh! it was much to lose; how much, who shall ever say? who shall make a reckoning of woe like this? but so short time past how smoothly went my life. Six months back I had gone to meet her at the port where she landed, and my future years were then coloured with the colour of the golden sunset that we walked in together on the close of that summer day. And now how was it with me, and with him who had given me life, and her who had made it dear?

I walked through many needless streets, because of the violent beating at my heart; and when it had somewhat ceased, I began to near the house of my doom. I had reached it soon, and was at the door; it opened to let some one pass out. "Is Miss Aymas at home?" "Yes, sir." "I wish to see her alone, you need not give my name, say a gentleman wishes to see her for a few moments." The servant led me into the drawing-room. I entered, and was quite alone. As I crossed the room the reflection of my mourning dress, in a full length mirror, quite startled me; a foolish fright, but my heart stood ready to leap at everything. There was the water-colour I had commissioned a young artist friend of mine to paint for her, hanging in the room. I had never seen it, and now approached it, if by any means it could divert my overstrained expectation. There was drawn the figure of a lonely man standing before a city, iron-walled and turretted, and garrisoned with a multitude that stood above the gates; but the background of the city was fire, and those thousand or more who kept the gates stood black against the yellow light, and the fire,

which was the atmosphere of the city, glowed through the iron grating that barred the going in, and fell upon the dead water of the moat round about, heavily and dull, and upon the pale face of the man who stood there, "at "war 'twixt will and will not in his "mind;" and I knew it for Dante, and his vision of the city of hell. The picture was wrought wonderfully, as I knew it would be, knowing the artist, and his soul, from boyhood. There was neither play nor forked struggling in that fire, but only glow—the quietness of omnipotent strength. Strange that it held me so—came upon me like a thought, long lost and forgotten, newly found; the visage of the man too, it seemed scarcely definite, else the great heart of the painter beat too stormily when he came to that, and his hand refused obedience; for, assuredly, the face was not at all unlike my own, but older, many years older. I clung fixedly upon the pictured prophecy with the eyes of a drowning man when they fasten piteously upon the white clouds that drift across his face, so near they seem to him looking upwards. My heart had so died within me, that, for a while, I saw as one who sees not, to whom all things are alike unreal; for the room, and all within it, shrunk into unreality, seemed as unreal as the picture, and in the lapsing of my soul into the dream of the picture, the action seemed reversed, and I appeared awakening from a sleep of troubles and dilemmas. A footstep descending to the level of the room convulsed me for a moment—the dream of unreality was gone; the door opened and I was face to face, with Gertrude: she was pale, in her black dress, I thought she trembled slightly as I took her hand. "You have received Papa's note," she asked, "this morning?" I shook my head in answer. "She seemed strangely confused, and a painful suspense of silence followed. "Do you stay long in town?" she asked presently. I answered that my plans were unsettled, wondering at the strangeness of the question, and the nervous manner of her speech. Finding I did not even speak now, she went on: "We go to-day to Scotland." I looked up as soon as this was said, and fixed my eyes upon her. "And you were going away without seeing me, cousin, or even writing to me?"

How hotly the fire was burning there behind the walls, in the city of Dis, upon the brows of that solitary man it struck hotly, but upon my brows how cold drops of moisture hung! But I gathered breath and spoke passionately. "Oh, Gertrude, you have been very cruel to me in my bitterness." For a moment a cataract of tears stood ready to fall, and I could not see for them. She laid her hand convulsively upon my arm, and said, "I must stop no more; I cannot bear to see you after all that I have done; we ought not to have met in this way, you will see why, when you read my father's letter; try to forgive me sometime." And when I looked again she was gone.

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The seasons came and went continually, as in the former days. I saw the changing of the moon, and the rising and falling of old constellations, as in the beginning of years; and round about the land the ancient winds were blowing and the old sea waves beating, when I left my country, for my great woe had not fallen upon them, nor caused that that dark river should cease to flow for other men as it had ceased for me. There was not anything in all the earth to comprehend my woe.

Away, and across the sea to France, flying from that city of homeless streets weak and sick, and going mad, for I did not mistake the signs that visited me too surely, a startling crushing sense of memory leaving me altogether—and one fixed thought that never left me, but came soothing me at all hours of the day and night—a prophetical

foresight of speedy death—onwards, ever onwards, travelling southward, losing memory, growing strange and unknown to my ownself. And, as I journeyed on, from day to day, for long weeks, it seemed in some weird trance, all the land before me ripened slowly into corn-fields, flowered into infinite sweet gardens, stretching seaward, stretching sunward, miles away. But, somehow, human faces grew ever vague and indistinct and shadowy, passed close beside me, but yet seemed far off and out of hearing. But I took comfort from the corn-flowers and the deep scarlet poppies; for I lay among them in the quiet morning, all my length among them, waiting, waiting for some fulfilment, I could not remember what, but thought it would surely come at last when they cut away the corn, and the blue and purple flowers, and darkened the sweet skies with rain and wind and cloud, and drove me from them. But, though I travelled ever ceaselessly, I came upon no more flower-lands; but, one night, instead, I came within sight—oh! my poor head—of home again;—saw surely the red fires of London divide the earth and sky, with a long chain of broken lights; knew that the time was come at length—that when I reached the river-side, all would be forgotten, no more cold and hunger, and homelessness for me, no more rain and wind—but a land of corn and corn-flowers, and the blue sky above.

By the river bank at length, changed from when I stood there last, but that was long, long ago: there was a moving in the chimes, and they rang out the hour of four, and a quick, immemorial pang shot through me, and I was falling—falling—falling.

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The fragrance of freshly-gathered flowers was about me as I lay softly somewhere when life returned to me; my eyes rested on unfamiliar objects. I was lying on a bed in some strange room; it seemed my waking had been looked for, watched for: I was not alone. Slowly, very slowly, my vision took in the figures of the two who stood beside my bed; a lady, oh! so wonderfully beautiful to look upon, and a man, who might be her father, tall and bronzed and gray with years. My eyes rested upon them both tranquilly, with no painful feeling of strangeness nor sense of curiosity; so filled I was with their beauty, that when the father spoke to me, his words came strange; I could not understand them; and all the while, with wide, deep eyes, the lady looked at me, and there was pity in her stedfast look; then the man spoke again, in a gentle and low voice, and again I felt the pain of uncomprehended speech; he must have seen my perplexity: gradually, very gradually, all that I had suffered came upon me; one by one all the broken links were gathered up, and I remembered my journey, and knew that I was in France, away from my country. Perhaps he saw the gleam of re-born intelligence lighten up my forehead, for he spoke to the lady, and she passed away from the room. He spoke again,—I could hear him now,—kindly and soothingly, felt my hand and my forehead, bathed it till it gathered coolness, and gave me to drink, for my lips were parched; then I slept again, dreamfully, and woke about the time of sunset; the man was no longer in the room, but beside my bed she sat working, and I lay looking at her beauty, regarding her long before she raised her eyes and met my upward gaze. For a moment she was startled, then came near and bent over me: "Hush! you must be quite still; you must not speak yet." She spoke English to me, yet, in spite of her anxious looks and uplifted finger, I asked where I was. "In Paris; you have been very ill—near to death; but hush! presently you shall know all: sleep again!" so I looked at her till my eyelids closed, and slept and woke again, ever to find her working steadily close beside me, ever to be

gently chidden when I spoke; and the sweet incense of flowers ceased not to hang about the room. Day increased and sunk again, and found her always keeping vigil; and at midnight also she was not wanting, for after quiet days came nights of feverous dreaming, tumultuous, tempestuous, out of which I started with a loud cry at some unutterable horror and perplexity, saw the dim light burning in a corner of the room, and the large shadow of the watcher on the wall, with her head bowed above me, and, raising lifeless eyes, met ever that one sweet face, that mingled not with my dreams nor ever sanctified them. Ah! those dreams of mine—of unutterable woe, of frightful forms and horrible,—faces all inhuman, but with human meaning,—leering, writhing, swelling, expanding, ever pursuing; of rooted footsteps in high desolate landings, when a tread is close behind, and a loud ringing noise, like the sound that lives in shells, comes booming up, increasing and growing louder from that chamber there, which no man ever enters, because of the fearful thing that is and is not therein.

But, as days and weeks went on, these also passed away, and I lay weak indeed, and not far from the limits of life and death, but my understanding darkened no more. So about the end of summer, I sat upright near the window of the room, and Onore was with me, for she seldom left her place beside me, and quietly I drew from her all that had happened, and how it had come to pass that I was there: then she told me how in the last winter, on a February morning early, at the end of the month, the 28th—she should never forget the day—her father was called up (he was a physician) to see the body of a young man, an Englishman they said, who had been rescued from the river an hour before, and lay at the station close at hand, and, as they thought, dead. And because he pitied me so deeply for my woe-worn face, and desolation, and because the face was like some one he remembered, and because I was a stranger, and from the land where he had lived and loved and wedded, he took me to his home, and nursed and tended me; but I saw, or thought I saw, a paleness in the beautiful face of my nurse; and I thought, "If I have caused this, it "will be worse than all the evil that "has befallen me."

Every day we sat together, and spoke of many things, not any longer of past sorrow; and she told me of her hitherto life, which I most longed to hear, and of her father's goodness and his noble acts; and here she blushed and her sweet voice trembled; never voice of singing bird, or wind among the trees was more musical than hers. I thought of her as of the King's daughter in the Song of songs, "Her lips are like a "thread of scarlet, and her speech is "comely." She looked most queenly from her dark and regal eyes.

One day towards the end of the year, she took out of her writing-desk some letters of her mother's, and read them to me, for she loved to talk of her mother, and to dwell upon the fact that she was an Englishwoman; from her she had learnt to speak so easily, and as she read on, with her voice ringing clear, events, and names, and dates caused me to bend all my listening to their purport, and forget the voice for a little while; they were all familiar to me, nay, my own name came over and over again, I wondered if I were really sane, and whether my madness had indeed quite passed away. How I was listening now, trembling lest it should not be true, and I be cheated and fooled with accidents; but as she read on I was more confirmed, and laughed with a laugh of triumph, and held her fast, crying, "Onore, it was your cousin that you saved." No more, for a faint feeling passed through me and rapidly left me. Then I told her all my life past for the first time, omitting nothing; and there, in the morning of the New Year, I spoke also of my love for her,

deep, intense, enduring; and whether she sorrowed for my sorrows, and pitied me for my griefs, so many and so cruel; or whether she really loved the thing she had saved I know well; but there in the golden winter morning, by the fireside, bright and warm, did she hold my hand in hers, and kiss my forehead, saying, "Dost thou indeed love me as I have loved thee?"

* * * * *

It is a morning in May upon the hill of Canteleu; we are walking, my wife and I, talking lowly from the depth of happiness, upon the brow of the winding road. And below us is the valley and the river, and the city of the towers, and all above the heavens are overlaid with happy blue. A wind is somewhere passing in the upper air, driving the thin white clouds in furious whirls across the sky, and causing it to descend as it were in a quivering rain of blue, but where we stand no wind stirs the grasses. It is our marriage day. I am happy now, quite happy, for a sweet plant is growing in the garden of my soul, and my spirit walks there, desolate no more, nor wounded with its ancient grief. Only sometimes, very rarely for a flash of time, there is a sudden unlocking and unsealing of folded memories, and for a moment I walk again by dark waters, in some lone forest upon windy hills, and hear voices inarticulate like something heard before; smell a savour of flowers as if I had lived the life of flowers in incorporeal existence, and at such times I gather hints and traces of an unrecorded time, for in the reckoning of my life there is a missing year.

THE STORY OF THE UNKNOWN CHURCH.

IT WAS the master-mason of a church that was built more than six hundred years ago; it is now two hundred years since that church vanished from the face of the earth; it was destroyed utterly,—no fragment of it was left; not even the great pillars that bore up the tower at the cross, where the choir used to join the nave. No one knows now even where it stood, only in this very autumn-tide, if you knew the place, you would see the heaps made by the earth-covered ruins heaving the yellow corn into glorious waves, so that the place where my church used to be is as beautiful now as when it stood in all its splendour. I do not remember very much about the land where my church was; I have quite forgotten the name of it, but I know it was very beautiful, and even now, while I am thinking of it, comes a flood of old memories, and I almost seem to see it dimly do I see it in spring and summer and winter, but I see it in autumn-tide clearly now; yes, clearer, clearer, oh! so bright and glorious! yet it was beautiful too in spring, when the brown earth began to grow green: beautiful in summer, when the blue sky looked so much bluer, if you could hem a piece of it in between the new white carving; beautiful in the solemn starry nights, so solemn that it almost reached agony—the awe and joy one had in their great beauty. But of all these beautiful times, I remember the whole only of autumn-tide; the others come in bits to me; I can think only of parts of them, but all of autumn; and of all days and nights in autumn, I remember one more particularly. That autumn day the church was nearly finished, and the monks, for whom we were building the church, and the people, who lived in the town hard by, crowded round us oftentimes to watch us carving.

buildings of the Abbey where the monks lived, were about three miles from the town, and the town stood on a hill overlooking the rich autumn country: it was girt about with great walls that had overhanging battlements, and towers at certain places all along the walls, and often we could see from the churchyard or the Abbey garden, the flash of helmets and spears, and the dim shadowy waving of banners, as the knights and lords and men-at-arms passed to and fro along the battlements; and we could see too in the town the three spires of the three churches; and the spire of the Cathedral, which was the tallest of the three, was gilt all over with gold, and always at night-time a great lamp shone from it that hung in the spire midway between the roof of the church and the cross at the top of the spire. The Abbey where we built the Church was not girt by stone walls, but by a circle of poplar trees, and whenever a wind passed over them, were it ever so little a breath, it set them all a-ripple; and when the wind was high, they bowed and swayed very low, and the wind, as it lifted the leaves, and showed their silvery white sides, or as again in the lulls of it, it let them drop, kept on changing the trees from green to white, and white to green; moreover, through the boughs and trunks of the poplars, we caught glimpses of the great golden corn sea, waving, waving, waving for leagues and leagues; and among the corn grew burning scarlet poppies, and blue corn-flowers; and the corn-flowers were so blue, that they gleamed, and seemed to burn with a steady light, as they grew beside the poppies among the gold of the wheat. Through the corn sea ran a blue river, and always green meadows and lines of tall poplars followed its windings. The old Church had been burned, and that was the reason why the monks caused me to build the new one; the buildings of the Abbey were built at the same time as the burned-down Church, more than a hundred years before I was born, and they were on the north side of the Church, and joined to it by a cloister of round arches, and in the midst of the cloister was a lawn, and in the midst of that lawn, a fountain of marble, carved round about with flowers and strange beasts; and at the edge of the lawn, near the round arches, were a great many sun-flowers that were all in blossom on that autumn day; and up many of the pillars of the cloister crept passion-flowers and roses. Then farther from the Church, and past the cloister and its buildings, were many detached buildings, and a great garden round them, all within the circle of the poplar trees; in the garden were trellises covered over with roses, and convolvolus, and the great-leaved fiery nasturtium; and specially all along by the poplar trees were there trellises, but on these grew nothing but deep crimson roses; the hollyhocks too were all out in blossom at that time, great spires of pink, and orange, and red, and white, with their soft, downy leaves. I said that nothing grew on the trellises by the poplars but crimson roses, but I was not quite right, for in many places the wild flowers had crept into the garden from without; lush green briony, with green-white blossoms, that grows so fast, one could almost think that we see it grow, and deadly nightshade, La bella donna, O! so beautiful; red berry, and purple, yellow-spiked flower, and deadly, cruel-looking, dark green leaf, all growing together in the glorious days of early autumn. And in the midst of the great garden was a conduit, with its sides carved with histories from the Bible, and there was on it too, as on the fountain in the cloister, much carving of flowers and strange beasts. Now the Church itself was surrounded on every side but the north by the cemetery, and there were many graves there, both of monks and of laymen, and often the friends of those, whose

bodies lay there, had planted flowers about the graves of those they loved. I remember one such particularly, for at the head of it was a cross of carved wood, and at the foot of it, facing the cross, three tall sun-flowers; then in the midst of the cemetery was a cross of stone, carved on one side with the Crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on the other with Our Lady holding the Divine Child. So that day, that I specially remember, in Autumn-tide, when the church was nearly finished, I was carving in the central porch of the west front; (for I carved all those bas-reliefs in the west front with my own hand;) beneath me my sister Margaret was carving at the flower-work, and the little quatrefoils that carry the signs of the zodiac and emblems of the months: now my sister Margaret was rather more than twenty years old at that time, and she was very beautiful, with dark brown hair and deep calm violet eyes. I had lived with her all my life, lived with her almost alone latterly, for our father and mother died when she was quite young, and I loved her very much, though I was not thinking of her just then, as she stood beneath me carving. Now the central porch was carved with a bas-relief of the Last Judgment, and it was divided into three parts by horizontal bands of deep flower-work. In the lowest division, just over the doors, was carved The Rising of the Dead; above were angels blowing long trumpets, and Michael the Archangel weighing the souls, and the blessed led into heaven by angels, and the lost into hell by the devil; and in the topmost division was the Judge of the world.

All the figures in the porch were finished except one, and I remember when I woke that morning my exultation at the thought of my Church being so nearly finished; I remember, too, how a kind of misgiving mingled with the exultation, which, try all I could, I was unable to shake off; I thought then it was a rebuke for my pride, well, perhaps it was. The figure I had to carve was Abraham, sitting with a blossoming tree on each side of him, holding in his two hands the corners of his great robe, so that it made a mighty fold, wherein, with their hands crossed over their breasts, were the souls of the faithful, of whom he was called Father: I stood on the scaffolding for some time, while Margaret's chisel worked on bravely down below. I took mine in my hand, and stood so, listening to the noise of the masons inside, and two monks of the Abbey came and stood below me, and a knight, holding his little daughter by the hand, who every now and then looked up at him, and asked him strange questions. I did not think of these long, but began to think of Abraham, yet I could not think of him sitting there, quiet and solemn, while the Judgment-Trumpet was being blown; I rather thought of him as he looked when he chased those kings so far; riding far ahead of any of his company, with his mail-hood off his head, and lying in grim folds down his back, with the strong west wind blowing his wild black hair far out behind him, with the wind rippling the long scarlet pennon of his lance; riding there amid the rocks and the sands alone; with the last gleam of the armour of the beaten kings disappearing behind the winding of the pass; with his company a long, long way behind, quite out of sight, though their trumpets sounded faintly among the clefts of the rocks; and so I thought I saw him, till in his fierce chase he leapt, horse and man, into a deep river, quiet, swift, and smooth; and there was something in the moving of the water-lilies as the breast of the horse swept them aside, that suddenly took away the thought of Abraham and brought a strange dream of lands I had never seen; and the first was of a place where I was quite alone, standing by the side of a river, and there was the sound of singing a very long way off, but no living thing

of any kind could be seen, and the land was quite flat, quite without hills, and quite without trees too, and the river wound very much, making all kinds of quaint curves, and on the side where I stood there grew nothing but long grass, but on the other side grew, quite on to the horizon, a great sea of red corn-poppies, only paths of white lilies wound all among them, with here and there a great golden sun-flower. So I looked down at the river by my feet, and saw how blue it was, and how, as the stream went swiftly by, it swayed to and fro the long green weeds, and I stood and looked at the river for long, till at last I felt some one touch me on the shoulder, and, looking round, I saw standing by me my friend Amyot, whom I love better than any one else in the world, but I thought in my dream that I was frightened when I saw him, for his face had changed so, it was so bright and almost transparent, and his eyes gleamed and shone as I had never seen them do before. Oh! he was so wondrously beautiful, so fearfully beautiful! and as I looked at him the distant music swelled, and seemed to come close up to me, and then swept by us, and fainted away, at last died off entirely; and then I felt sick at heart, and faint, and parched, and I stooped to drink of the water of the river, and as soon as the water touched my lips, lo! the river vanished, and the flat country with its poppies and lilies, and I dreamed that I was in a boat by myself again, floating in an almost land-locked bay of the northern sea, under a cliff of dark basalt. I was lying on my back in the boat, looking up at the intensely blue sky, and a long low swell from the outer sea lifted the boat up and let it fall again and carried it gradually nearer and nearer towards the dark cliff; and as I moved on, I saw at last, on the top of the cliff, a castle, with many towers, and on the highest tower of the castle there was a great white banner floating, with a red chevron on it, and three golden stars on the chevron; presently I saw too on one of the towers, growing in a cranny of the worn stones, a great bunch of golden and blood-red wall-flowers, and I watched the wall-flowers and banner for long; when suddenly I heard a trumpet blow from the castle, and saw a rush of armed men on to the battlements, and there was a fierce fight, till at last it was ended, and one went to the banner and pulled it down, and cast it over the cliff into the sea, and it came down in long sweeps, with the wind making little ripples in it;—slowly, slowly it came, till at last it fell over me and covered me from my feet till over my breast, and I let it stay there and looked again at the castle, and then I saw that there was an amber-coloured banner floating over the castle in place of the red chevron, and it was much larger than the other: also now, a man stood on the battlements, looking towards me; he had a tilting helmet on, with the visor down, and an amber-coloured surcoat over his armour: his right hand was ungauntletted, and he held it high above his head, and in his hand was the bunch of wall-flowers that I had seen growing on the wall; and his hand was white and small, like a woman's, for in my dream I could see even very far off things much clearer than we see real material things on the earth: presently he threw the wall-flowers over the cliff, and they fell in the boat just behind my head, and then I saw, looking down from the battlements of the castle, Amyot. He looked down towards me very sorrowfully, I thought, but, even as in the other dream, said nothing; so I thought in my dream that I wept for very pity, and for love of him, for he looked as a man just risen from a long illness, and who will carry till he dies a dull pain about with him. He was very thin, and his long black hair drooped all about his face, as he leaned over the battlements looking at me: he was quite pale, and his cheeks were hollow, but

his eyes large, and soft, and sad. So I reached out my arms to him, and suddenly I was walking with him in a lovely garden, and we said nothing, for the music which I had heard at first was sounding close to us now, and there were many birds in the boughs of the trees: oh, such birds! gold and ruby, and emerald, but they sung not at all, but were quite silent, as though they too were listening to the music. Now all this time Amyot and I had been looking at each other, but just then I turned my head away from him, and as soon as I did so, the music ended with a long wail, and when I turned again Amyot was gone; then I felt even more sad and sick at heart than I had before when I was by the river, and I leaned against a tree, and put my hands before my eyes. When I looked again the garden was gone, and I knew not where I was, and presently all my dreams were gone. The chips were flying bravely from the stone under my chisel at last, and all my thoughts now were in my carving, when I heard my name, "Walter," called, and when I looked down I saw one standing below me, whom I had seen in my dreams just before—Amyot. I had no hopes of seeing him for a long time, perhaps I might never see him again, I thought, for he was away (as I thought) fighting in the holy wars, and it made me almost beside myself to see him standing close by me in the flesh. I got down from my scaffolding as soon as I could, and all thoughts else were soon drowned in the joy of having him by me; Margaret, too, how glad she must have been, for she had been betrothed to him for some time before he went to the wars, and he had been five years away; five years! and how we had thought of him through those many weary days! how often his face had come before me! his brave, honest face, the most beautiful among all the faces of men and women I have ever seen. Yes, I remember how five years ago I held his hand as we came together out of the cathedral of that great, far-off city, whose name I forget now; and then I remember the stamping of the horses' feet; I remember how his hand left mine at last, and then, some one looking back at me earnestly as they all rode on together—looking back, with his hand on the saddle behind him, while the trumpets sang in long solemn peals as they all rode on together, with the glimmer of arms and the fluttering of banners, and the clinking of the rings of the mail, that sounded like the falling of many drops of water into the deep, still waters of some pool that the rocks nearly meet over; and the gleam and flash of the swords, and the glimmer of the lance-heads and the flutter of the rippled banners, that streamed out from them, swept pass me, and were gone, and they seemed like a pageant in a dream, whose meaning we know not; and those sounds too, the trumpets, and the clink of the mail, and the thunder of the horse-hoofs, they seemed dream-like too—and it was all like a dream that he should leave me, for we had said that we should always be together; but he went away, and now he is come back again.

We were by his bed-side, Margaret and I; I stood and leaned over him, and my hair fell sideways over my face and touched his face; Margaret kneeled beside me, quivering in every limb, not with pain, I think, but rather shaken by a passion of earnest prayer. After some time (I know not how long), I looked up from his face to the window underneath which he lay; I do not know what time of the day it was, but I know that it was a glorious autumn day, a day soft with melting, golden haze: a vine and a rose grew together, and trailed half across the window, so that I could not see much of the beautiful blue sky, and nothing of town or country beyond; the vine leaves were touched with red here and there, and three over-blown roses,

light pink roses, hung amongst them. I remember dwelling on the strange lines the autumn had made in red on one of the gold-green vine leaves, and watching one leaf of one of the overblown roses, expecting it to fall every minute; but as I gazed, and felt disappointed that the rose leaf had not fallen yet, I felt my pain suddenly shoot through me, and I remembered what I had lost; and then came bitter, bitter dreams,—dreams which had once made me happy,—dreams of the things I had hoped would be, of the things that would never be now; they came between the fair vine leaves and rose blossoms, and that which lay before the window; they came as before, perfect in colour and form, sweet sounds and shapes. But now in every one was something unutterably miserable; they would not go away, they put out the steady glow of the golden haze, the sweet light of the sun through the vine leaves, the soft leaning of the full blown roses. I wandered in them for a long time; at last I felt a hand put me aside gently, for I was standing at the head of—of the bed; then some one kissed my forehead, and words were spoken—I know not what words. The bitter dreams left me for the bitterer reality at last; for I had found him that morning lying dead, only the morning after I had seen him when he had come back from his long absence —I had found him lying dead, with his hands crossed downwards, with his eyes closed, as though the angels had done that for him; and now when I looked at him he still lay there, and Margaret knelt by him with her face touching his: she was not quivering now, her lips moved not at all as they had done just before; and so, suddenly those words came to my mind which she had spoken when she kissed me, and which at the time I had only heard with my outward hearing, for she had said, "Walter, farewell, and Christ keep you; but for me, I must be with him, for so I promised him last night that I would never leave him any more, and God will let me go." And verily Margaret and Amyot did go, and left me very lonely and sad.

It was just beneath the westernmost arch of the nave, there I carved their tomb: I was a long time carving it; I did not think I should be so long at first, and I said, "I shall die when "I have finished carving it," thinking that would be a very short time. But so it happened after I had carved those two whom I loved, lying with clasped hands like husband and wife above their tomb, that I could not yet leave carving it; and so that I might be near them I became a monk, and used to sit in the choir and sing, thinking of the time when we should all be together again. And as I had time I used to go to the westernmost arch of the nave and work at the tomb that was there under the great, sweeping arch; and in process of time I raised a marble canopy that reached quite up to the top of the arch, and I painted it too as fair as I could, and carved it all about with many flowers and histories, and in them I carved the faces of those I had known on earth (for I was not as one on earth now, but seemed quite away out of the world). And as I carved, sometimes the monks and other people too would come and gaze, and watch how the flowers grew; and sometimes too as they gazed, they would weep for pity, knowing how all had been. So my life passed, and I lived in that abbey for twenty years after he died, till one morning, quite early, when they came into the church for matins, they found me lying dead, with my chisel in my hand, underneath the last lily of the tomb.

THE RIVALS.

I HAVE a wish to record the master-facts of my life—facts not the less real and important, to myself at least, because the joys and sorrows of which they are composed are difficult to be set forth in words, to be separated from the unformed quarry of feelings and half-thoughts. They are what has given me, who am poor and unknown, memories for the sake of which I would not change my identity with that of the brightest genius, and hopes which are full of the life which is "the life indeed"—the life of revived death. Oh the malignity of that first devil's lie —"Ye shall not surely die!" Surely, surely everything here points to death as the path of life. They who have slain their ambition, their selfish hopes, their passions, these are the conquerors who are "dead," and whose life is "hid with Christ in God." But let me go on to say how a nature strong and passionate, while scorning what is false and base, was yet long in attaining aught that is true and pure.

I am not particularly remarkable for anything. The prevailing quality which I have observed in myself being a very great degree (so I consider it) of *impressibleness*, which has had the effect of making me very shy and reserved. My observation during the first part of my life fell upon men rather than upon nature, owing to a peculiar education. For I am constitutionally very delicate; was sent to school late, and passed all my school-days in my native place, one of the largest manufacturing towns in England. True it is that I have watched many times the smoke-drifts rushing swiftly across the streets, pursuing and pursued, with shapes more quickly changing, fiercer and more fantastic than those of the slow white clouds above them; true that I have seen the half-filled pools of the brick-field, which, poor and contemptible though they are, bear often upon them the floating moon, their one white flower, swell and brim into vast and boundless lakes, point after point receding into lofty mountains, clothed with woods and based with half-seen towers: true that I have seen the great sun sink over the town into a bank of vapours, above which curled and writhed and flew the everlasting smoke, so that I have thought of many things to which that sunset might be likened: true that I have fancied the long rows of poplars and aspens which I sometimes visited outside the town, beyond the brick-field, and which seemed stiff with for ever twisting themselves from the killing smoke, and which rattled when the wind was upon them; true, I say, that I have fancied these beloved suffering trees to be swaying white and green, with a million bright glancings, in some golden country where the sun should shine always, and the wind blow always warm and soft. All this, and more of the same sort, is true; but I got no further. I had but little opportunity for any accurate knowledge of nature, and but few of the now familiar changes and sounds, in which I have since found my purest delight, fell upon my senses in boyhood. The dragons in the smoke, the mountains, woods and castles of the brick-pools, the images of sun and sunset, the waving trees, and happy country, were stored safely up in my imagination among its chief treasures, to be recurred to again and again. There they were, and to me were an unfailing possession, along with a golden harp which I had seen when very young, and the head of an angel, beheld once in a picture and never forgotten. But men became my chief study, and it was my great delight to watch the faces that passed me

in the street, framing for each a history and character suited to what I fancied was their expression. Among my school-fellows I was liked, being considered, though very shy, yet anxious to please. This was indeed true, and the worse for me. Speculation upon others implied, of course, a continual comparison of others with myself; and, being joined with a natural timidity, or, as I have called it, impressibility, whilst it gave me considerable insight into character, rendered me, above all things, desirous to adapt myself to the different people into whose society I was thrown. Thus was formed in me, almost from the beginning, a dangerous habit of self-introspection, and a nervous wish to give pleasure at any cost; wherein was involved a want of moral courage, and a positive selfishness, which might easily turn the first calamity into morose despairing, or sully the first love with turbid passion.

Being then such an one, reserved, timid, and, though I knew it not, selfish, I removed, at the usual age, to the University. It should be added, that at this time I was fond of poetry, a poet, and cherishing an almost insane pride in my art and confidence in my power. This contributed to my shyness and taciturnity, and I fear to my selfishness. At the University I renewed my acquaintance with Arnetage, a young man whom I had known at school, and who had quitted school a year before myself. Arnetage is dead now, and so is *she;* and it is well, for death alone could measure the love wherewith I loved them both.

In no long time my acquaintance with Arnetage deepened into true and lasting love. I loved him for his beauty, his intellect, his splendid temper, his everlasting cheerfulness. He loved me too, I know not why; but so it was, that surrounded by the brilliant and the gay, himself the most brilliant and the gayest, he turned to quiet timid me, and sought to make me his friend. We read together Keats and Tennyson, to the latter of whom he introduced me. I remember thinking that his admiration for Tennyson savoured rather of dilettanteism, that he was rather taken by the melody of the verse, than possessed by the power and glory of the divine poet. He used to express his rapture in words; I sat in silence and enjoyed; and I thought that, because he could only express a little of what I felt within myself, that his appreciation was less deep and fine than my own. It did not occur to me, so enthusiastic did he seem in what he was saying, that perhaps he also felt something which he did not express, because it was beyond the power of expression. I was slow in finding out that his soul was infinitely deeper, truer, and tenderer than my own. He could have done unfalteringly what I should have failed to do in repeated and bitter struggles.

But there was friendship, and more than friendship between us. He told me the history of his whole life, a tale of heroic habitudes, gentle and self-forgetful; told in such an unconscious way, that I also forgot while listening to mark its nobleness, feeling as if he were myself. Amongst other things, he related how he had been from a boy betrothed to his cousin Margaret, who lived in our town with her widowed father and a maiden aunt: how he had rebelled against this betrothal with his whole soul, had seen Margaret for a long time only to dislike her, but at length had been so won upon by her beauty and her perfect mind, that his dislike had changed to love: how, a few months before I knew him at college, he had declared to Margaret his scruples and his love: how Margaret had owned at once the same scruples, ending in the same love. All this did he pour into my wondering ear, so that I listened as to a revelation, eagerly longing to experience the same blessedness. For then I knew not love—that mightiest magician, who can lift

man to heaven or sink him into hell. At the end of three years Arnetage left the University, and I saw no more of him for a long time. The only fault, if fault it can be called, which I had seen in him was an extreme delicacy, a haughty and absolute withdrawal into himself at the slightest symptom of neglect or misapprehension.

At the end of my own career at the University I returned to my native town, which was, as I have said, one of the largest in England. And now comes the grand incident of my life. I was walking one day in one of the suburbs, where I had not often been, for it was divided by the greatest extent of the town from the part where I lived myself. It was an uncertain day, towards the close of autumn; there seemed a mist of light about the clouds; it was raining in the distance, but sometimes the sun broke forth irregularly, drawing northward across the fields long shadows of chestnut and poplar, and striking the red bricks of the nearer houses into vivid light. A large house, with its garden in front, at the end of a short street into which I turned, was thus struck by the sunlight as I began to approach it. In the midst of the sudden brightness, the flower shrubs and glittering trees of the garden, my eyes fell upon a form which instantly fascinated their gaze: it was the form of a lady—a face perfectly beautiful, the eyes uplifted in joyful surprise towards the sudden light, the rich dark hair glowing a purple beneath the sun, the white dress radiant. The look was of surprise and pleasure, but did not dissipate the tokens of tranquil power and dignity which I immediately understood would be the usual expression. I approached in breathless eagerness. No one else was in the street, and I longed, I knew not why, to be nearer. I wished my footsteps were noiseless as I went crashing along the wet gravel; but, as I reached nearly opposite, without apparently perceiving me, the beautiful vision slowly withdrew, and at the same instant the sunlight suddenly was swept away.

It did not strike me then, nor for many months after, that the quarter of the town where this circumstance occurred was the same in which Arnetage had told me that his cousin lived. But I found that the angel's face, which was even yet among the most cherished possessions of my imagination, had faded, or changed, and become identified with beautiful presence in the garden. I found myself indescribably affected by that face. I thought of nothing else. I talked to that image in murmurous words. I fancied the beautiful unknown in various situations of peril and difficulty, in which I was to appear the rescuer. I was, and am, poor; and at the time in question, was very proud, indeed morbidly sensitive on the subject of money. She, I concluded, from what I had seen, must be comparatively wealthy. I am ashamed to have to say that it cost me a struggle to imagine myself even in that poor way dependent upon her, whom I now felt that I loved with all the passion of my nature, and to whom I hoped one day to owe all the happiness of my life. Never did lover feel more hopelessly the curse of poverty than I did. I summoned round her in imagination, trembling the while with apprehension, whole troops of wealthy and fortunate suitors, legions of tempters, matchmakers and formalists,—round her, who, as I found it hard to realize, was ignorant of my very existence; while the only consolation for my mingled pride and terror was to see her imaginarily cast down from wealth, deserted by the world, and discovering me the only faithful. I mention this that you may perceive to what I was reduced by passion, which could find no issue, self-corroding and hopeless.

I can well recall the second visit I paid to that neighbourhood. The interval between that and the first

was brief, if measured by time—but how long measured by what I had felt. The day was just such another as before; bursts of sunshine, alternated with slender rain, each seemingly wafted from the silken sulky clouds in joyous contradiction by the same wind. How I approached the house, expecting to see the same transfiguring light, the same sweet happy face, and head "sunning over with curls." How I was disappointed, as matter of course, seeing nothing but the house-roof shining with rain, the wet trees and garden railing, and the blank windows! How I slunk away, wondering whether any one had been watching me from those same windows, and whether this any one (who took form in my mind as a violently timid aunt) would not take me for an inspectant housebreaker. Throughout that winter I found myself doing the same thing. It was the only course my passion could shape for itself. Night and day, in sunshine and rain, but oftenest when evening had set in, and the gas-lights of the suburb glimmered few and far between, each in its halo of fog, and the lights of the houses shone behind the blinds, and so, until these lights disappeared and re-appearing above, were finally extinguished, was I to be seen, pacing about and about, with a fire at my heart, an anguish, and a longing irrepressible, that sometimes amounted to positive physical pain. This was my great time, for, during the day, I felt conscious, and guilty, and ashamed; and, after walking the whole town's length, through mire and thawing snow, for the sole purpose of getting a glimpse of the place where she might be, I would pass meekly by, scarcely raising my eyes, and feeling more than ever like a housebreaker—a fancy which I could not get out of my head. I had no means of getting an introduction to the family, though I attempted it repeatedly. My sole reward for my walks and vigils was a very occasional glance of her face at window or door, and once I was nearly in time to see her enter the gate; and once I met her in the town, and once saw her in a carriage driving along a road leading into the country, which road was forthwith added to my dreary beat. These were rare intervals of brightness, and served to urge into fiercer heat the fire which was consuming my life. When I reflected on what I was enduring, I sometimes thought myself actually mad, and, in fact, my strange self-tortures may have had insanity in them.

Thus the winter wore lingeringly away. In the spring, Arnetage returned from a tour on the Continent, in which he had been engaged ever since I left college. A little time before his return, I had grown desperate, and had concocted a notable scheme for gaining access to the abode of the unknown. From the door-plate, I had long ago ascertained that the family name was Stuart, and heard one day accidentally, from a picture-dealer, that Mr. Stuart possessed a picture that was the pride of the town. Now, I had some skill in judging of pictures, and my opinion was held of value. Could I not call with my friend the picture-dealer, for the purpose of inspecting the picture? Perhaps he did not know Mr. Stuart; perhaps his Mr. Stuart and mine were different individuals; perhaps, as had already been the case with many such a scheme of mine, I should not venture to propose it at all. But just then I was full of it, meditating and resolving, when Arnetage stood before me.

He expressed himself shocked at my pale and altered looks, but soon seemed to forget them in an account of his travels and adventures, which he gave with delightful animation and humour. It was late when he rose to depart.

"Well," said he, giving me his hand, "I have cheered you up a little to-night; and to-morrow, to complete the healing process, I mean to introduce

you to my beautiful betrothed, Margaret Stuart."

He had never mentioned her name before.

"Margaret Stuart," said I, "why I thought her name was Arnetage."

It was all over. A dulness, a torpor, almost a swoon, had fallen upon me, after Arnetage's departure, during the time when my mind refused to contemplate the greatness of my misfortune. I had found that my best beloved friend was my rival, that was all that I could realize; but this dull torpor was penetrated, shot through by sharpest pangs, and these gradually increased in intensity and frequency until I awoke to my situation, as I have often been awaked from an actual sleep by bodily pain. And now began a long and terrible struggle of love, pride, jealousy, and friendship, which lasted throughout the hours of darkness. As the sun's rim appeared, I at length slept, thinking that I had conquered myself by coming to the following resolution; that no one should ever know of my love; that I would not even attempt to forget Margaret, but would love her still, and love her fervently and purely, even as I loved Arnetage; and that I would strive to find my happiness in witnessing the happiness of the two whom best I loved on earth, accustoming myself to love them for their love of one another. I awoke next morning from a heavy and troubled sleep, full of brave resolutions, and prayed fervently, as I had need. In those fiery hours of the preceding night, my old agonized love, in which I had writhed as in fire, seemed finally to have burned itself out. I shuddered at myself, when I thought of the past—of my mad self-torments. It seemed, indeed, like an evil, yet irresistibly fascinating dream. So, when Arnetage came to conduct me to the presence of his Margaret, I found myself full of virtue and self-pity; and, as it were, above him, on a little moral hill, wherefrom calmly to survey him, my unconscious rival, as he stood before me in his brightness, beauty, and strength. It was not very well, but it was all I could do, for my nature is feeble and passionate.

I went then, and stood face to face with the magnificent beauty, which I thought I knew so well. I saw the noble opulence of face and form, the commanding tranquillity, which I had pictured but too well; I heard the full measured tones of that sweet rich voice, and met the gaze of those large meditating eyes. I marked too the quiet love that was between them; how noble they both were, how calmly regardful of one another. Love, that had burst like an angry wave into my poor breast, had flowed without agitation into those vast and gulf-like hearts. I felt myself inconceivably insignificant. I looked at Arnetage serenely smiling, and found it hard to love him. In spite of everything, the old sore was reopening, the old wasting miserable agony was coming back. I took dim note of other things. There was furniture lavish and gorgeous; there was the picture—a portrait whose eyes followed me everywhere. There were also some other people in the room. A good-natured nervous old gentleman tried to talk to me. He was Margaret's father. An oldish, vixenish, foolishly acute-looking lady thought she was scrutinizing me closely. She was Margaret's aunt, and of her more hereafter.

On our way back, Arnetage asked me with anxious confidence what I thought of his cousin.

"Perfectly beautiful, and you ought to be very happy." I spoke bitterly and foolishly, for did not his broad-beaming smile speak of love, trust, and full happiness?

However, after a while I succeeded in recovering something of the resolutions of the morning. It was impossible to look upon the glorious being before me, so thoroughly possessed by his own love, and yet so delicately kind and affectionate to me, and regard him

with an eye of spleen or envy. And I thought, improbable as it seemed, that something might occur to cloud that sunny heaven of love. The thought was born of baseness; let me confess it, for I somehow drew from it consolation for my own despair; but oh! love so faultily passionate as mine is very dangerous when brought suddenly to hopelessness. The thought did good by arousing at once all my friendship for Arnetage. I recollected the one weakness of his character, which seemed strangely inconsistent with the rest of it; the shrinking haughtiness which scorned vindication by words, and caused him to retire for ever on the slightest appearance of misapprehension or unworthy suspicion. And I disliked that old vixenish aunt, who, I felt, was totally incapable of comprehending the character either of Arnetage or of her niece, and who seemed to have great influence over her more quiet but equally short-sighted brother.

After this, I saw Arnetage daily. We renewed as much as possible our old college life. We read together, we walked together, we talked together. Arnetage, as I had discovered at college, was a poet, and had now produced a great number of pieces more or less finished, and we spent many happy hours in criticising and correcting these, deciding between various readings, amending rhymes, and reconstructing stanzas; occasionally engaged in eager debate. I had long since given up the dream of being a poet myself, but it gave me no pang of envy to see my friend nearing the goal which I could only behold afar off. Arnetage introduced me to his father —his mother was dead years ago—a fine specimen of the English merchant, frank and honourable, like his son; a keen judge of character, inured to the most vigorous and responsible exertions, full of benevolence and hospitality. He had raised himself to great opulence, and was enabled to achieve successfully, by dint of his own intuitive sagacity, the most hazardous speculations. His danger lay, in my opinion, in over confidence in his own resources: he was in the habit of risking everything on a die hitherto thrown with unerring skill. He was still actively engaged in commerce, and no one stood higher in the estimation of all men. I also now frequently saw Margaret, alone and with Arnetage, and at each interview felt a relapse, though fainter and fainter, into my old mad whirl of passion. Ah! it cost many bitter struggles with myself, with what I had exalted as the better, the saving part of my nature, many despairing cries to God, before I could completely master the old besetment, and love her not for myself but for him. But by degrees I conquered, and learned to love them both at once for their love to one another, even as I marked the still growth of that love of theirs, so frank, so utterly above caprice or concealment, or common passion. These things continued for a year, until Arnetage's book came out, bearing his name boldly on the title-page. And indeed I thought there was nothing in it to be ashamed of.

Now it came to pass that a certain great reviewer happened to be in want of a victim whose dissection should add a zest to his forthcoming number. What could be fairer game than the first book of a young poet, particularly of one who presumptuously dared to put his name upon his work, thereby doing despiteful defiance to the critical might, and offering the better mark for the critical arrows. Besides, the upstart pretended to high aspirations and imaginings, and, as the great reviewer had it, "manifested the usual "spirit of restless discontent with the "things that be," meaning to signify a certain unreasonable dislike to cant and tyranny and hypocrisy. So the great reviewer first attempted to classify, to catalogue, the book, and failing in that, perhaps even to his own dis-

satisfaction, fell upon it and rated it in good set terms, misunderstanding, misrepresenting—all but misquoting; and in this process gratuitously and scandalously insulting the author. The affair made me very indignant, and at first aroused the wrath of Arnetage, but after a time he forgave it, because, as he said, "pity was akin to forgive-"ness," and he even laughingly showed the article to Margaret, who had the poems by heart, and reverenced their author. About the time that this article appeared, a much more serious embarrassment befel Arnetage. The failure of a bank and the ill success of a great speculation, greatly involved the affairs, and even compromised considerably the commercial character of his father. Arnetage was obliged to apply himself vigorously to relieve the pressure of labour and anxiety which fell upon the old man.

The news that the great merchant's credit was tottering spread all over the town, and at length reached the ears of Mr. Stuart, to whom it occasioned no small disquiet. For the father of my friend had always been to Mr. Stuart an oracle and lode-star, and he had been wont to look with pride upon his future alliance with the Arnetages. To hear that he was falling shocked Mr. Stuart very greatly. He was however reassured after a personal interview with Mr. Arnetage. But the aunt, who had him very much under control, being perfectly incompetent to form a notion of the real state of things, and being a person of some imagination of a kind, immediately upon hearing the rumours in circulation, had a vision of Mr. Arnetage in the Court of Insolvency. How was this mental fact to bear upon the destinies of Margaret and my friend? The good lady might have become reconciled even to the dismal result she had conjured up, for she had discernment enough to see that Arnetage was vigorous and alert, and might raise a goodly structure of

father. And she had moreover a great veneration for literature, and had not Arnetage written a book? So she was not at all sure whether, considering the attachment which existed between her niece and Arnetage, it were not as well to let things take their present course, even in such dismal contingency as bankruptcy. But at this critical point of her speculations, the review left at the house by my unlucky friend fell into her hands, and worked an instantaneous revolution. Behold what was thought of the provincial pretender in the orthodox capital of letters! Was not Arnetage a fool, an ignoramus, even as the great reviewer described him? She felt half shocked at having, as she thought, admired his poems, and remembered with comfort that it had cost her an effort to do so. And she rapidly proceeded to discover that she never had liked that young man, she always felt strange with him; there was something about him she never could get accustomed to. Finally she went forthwith to announce her impressions to Mr. Stuart, carrying the review with her.

Mr. Stuart was a good deal staggered, especially at the considerate estimate of his intended son-in-law in the Review, for he, too, entertained the most unbounded reverence for printed words. He could not, however, all at once divest himself of the long habit of looking forward to the future alliance as a desirable thing; but his sister's incessant remonstrances so far succeeded in counterbalancing his usual good nature, that he managed the next time Arnetage came to give him a tolerably cool reception. This was enough for Arnetage, whose pride was then in an unusually active condition; he kept himself away from visiting the Stuarts for more than a fortnight, and then suddenly returned, and abruptly demanded that a day should be fixed for his union with Margaret. The reply from her father was courteous, to the effect that the

present affairs were cleared up, and Arnetage was in some settled occupation. Margaret's heart flowed out towards her lover; she had been daily pestered about the review and the sinister reports afloat, and she fully understood and forgave his absence. He should marry her, she said, whenever he pleased, and even if the rumoured ruin of his father were true, still she had enough for both, and had confidence in his honour and industry. But when Arnetage decided otherwise, she obeyed. "It is better," he said, "for both of us that our marriage should be delayed; we can trust one another, for if not, let us never be married at all; it does not become us that anything should be done hastily. Your father's hint about my desultory mode of life may be true, and I will reform. My father's affairs require that a trusty agent should be sent into the Mediterranean, to examine the proceedings of certain rascally Italian and Levantine traders. I will go, and doubt not that in good time I shall return to claim you as mine by right of conquest."

So he went, I accompanying him to the water-side. We paced together the small and unfrequented pier, pending the arrival of the steamer, the sea-weed bulbs cracking beneath our feet; for it was his whim to embark not at Liverpool, but at one of the numerous villages further out towards the sea. Here I told him of my resolution to abide in Liverpool until he returned, adding, that I had already secured lodgings. He seemed surprised, and said, that he hoped nevertheless I should see Margaret often, and write to him all particulars about her. I promised this with eagerness; though alas, my real object in removing to Liverpool was to get away from the place where she was, for I mistrusted myself in his absence. I longed, for a moment, to tell him all that lay concealed within me, but now the mighty steamer was rapidly sweeping down running out. Arnetage and I sprang into our boat, and were soon alongside: another moment, and he was waving his hand to me from the steamer's deck, and I was sadly pulling back.

I found that not without reason had I mistrusted myself; even when Arnetage was with me, keeping alive by word and look my love for him, even then the selfishness in my breast had arisen again and again in opposition to the honourable course I strove to keep before me. And now he was gone, and I could see my soul's idol alone; alone I could behold those large and humid eyes, that to him used to kindle or to dissolve, raining, as it were, tears of light and love: and those lips that grew richer in pathos, with the answer that hung upon them when he spoke: I could listen alone to that voice which to him would vibrate with pride and tenderness. What if they should beam and melt, and vibrate to me at the mention of him? How could I dare, then, to see her? I saw her once, once only, and the consequences to me were awful. To avoid committing folly, I was compelled to leave her suddenly, and fling myself into the first railway train for Liverpool. And there I sat sad, depressed and trembling with the violent effort it had cost me to leave her presence. Every soaring bird, every tree and field, every house and church, which I thanked heaven that we rushed so quickly by, seemed to bear a message and remembrance from Margaret. In Liverpool my only comfort was to pace the little pier where Arnetage and I had stood, hearing the sea-weed burst beneath my feet, looking toward the sea and cloud, calling upon his name. Arnetage, Arnetage! Oh wild, wide, lone, and barren sea, and shadows untasted by the sun! were not ye even as the darkness over me, in which I struggled with cries and tears, stretching abroad blind hands of supplication.

I wrote to Arnetage twice, and heard from him once; he wrote from Greece,

Italy. Margaret was well the second time I wrote.

A hasty message came to me that Margaret was suddenly and seriously ill. None knew what ailed her; some said she pined for Arnetage. I knew that she did not. Hers was not the love that had to do with pining and common regrets for absence. Did not her eye that one day kindle with joy and love to me at the mention of his name, as if he had been with her? But she grew thin, and weakened day by day. Perhaps the vessel was too full of love and happiness, and holy faith. But she weakened very swiftly, and the best thing people said of it was, that she was too good for this world. Indeed, she vanished more than died. As for me, it was enough, and too much, to pace the street in front of the house, as I used to do of old, looking constantly at the candle that burned all night behind the blind of her room; now bright, now dimmer, and again brighter. I paced about sternly and mechanically, thinking only of her, and of the loss to me; thinking of Arnetage only, with a dull sort of speculation as to the manner in which he would receive the news. The people of the house knew that I was there, and humoured me; sometimes coming out to tell me that she was better. At length some one came, and said that she wished to speak to me. In an instant the thought of Arnetage came upon my mind with full force, and I shuddered, actually dreading, lest I should profane that angel's death-bed with an outbreak of passion. I went, as if walking in a dream, into the parlour, where was the aunt weeping, and the father.

"Do you think," I began vacantly, "that she wishes to see me?"

"To be sure, that is what you have just been told," began the old man testily, hurriedly adding, "why good heavens, how ill you look!"

The next moment I had fallen heavily upon the floor. I came to my senses in a week, and found myself on my own bed, attended by my own old servant. I felt thankful for this, for if I had raved, perhaps no one had heard me. I have never asked. But the end had been reached; I found Margaret had expired the day before.

I visited her grave once, once only for many years. I dared not go again until long years had passed away. And this was the reason. I said to myself one morning, the first on which I found myself able to walk—this day I will go to the grave, but not yet. So I waited all that day, feeling horrible, and full of earthy power. I was obliged to see several people, and had often to put the strongest restraint upon myself lest I should scream and sob aloud. In the evening I went to the grave. It was in the suburb, not very far from my house, on the other side of the hill, whereon stood the long row of poplars turned in sickness from the reeking smoke that was withering them. The sun was setting on the other side of the town, as I had often watched him in my early days: the sun, I say, was setting, slipping down sadly into the dense smoke of the horizon, and casting sheets of pale yellow over the higher parts of the western sky. There was scarce another colour, until this sank into a bloody, ghastly, smoke-traversed region, wherein was the dying king of heaven himself. The cold grave-stone was bathed in this pale yellow light, the freshly turned soil about was yellow and clayey, and mixed with trodden grass: it was autumn again, and the trees and paths were filled with yellow leaves. I moved about mournfully, mournfully; read the epitaph, looked long and sadly at the grave, thinking how much love she that lay below had awakened in me, and how she had died without knowing it. I came away resolved never to return, "for the sky will never be blue, "nor the earth be happy, while I am "by, and she will be troubled among "the dead. She cannot be mine even

" in the grave. I will return no more."

I have said that Arnetage was to go to Italy, from his last letter. I had written to him since, both when Margaret's illness came on, and when she grew worse and after her death. But no answer came. About three weeks after the funeral, I was sitting alone in my room, in Liverpool, reading the exquisite narrative of the death of Guy, in the Heir of Redcliffe. My tears were dropping fast, and I was half praying at times for peace and patience like Amy's. Suddenly I heard a step ascending to my room—a step which caused me, I knew not why, with trepidation to hide the volume I was reading. A knock, and the door was opened ere I could reply. Arnetage entered, as I half expected, yet most feared, thinking it impossible. He sat himself heavily down, and I observed that his face was stern and rigid, the noble features having an exaggerated appearance, as if carved in marble; he was worn to a shadow and looked shockingly ill. His first word was—

" Margaret?"

" She is well," said I, with such nervous eagerness that I seemed to make of the words but one syllable. I had with unconsciousness, and by some instinct, spoken as if he had not read, and I had not written, the letters of her illness and death. The next moment I recollected them, and this added excessive confusion to my manner. He looked at me as if I were very far off, his brow deepened in sternness, and he broke a long silence in a deep measured tone:—

" I half guess how it is; so will ask no more now, but tell you at once why you see me, and why you see me thus. My last letter told you that I was about to sail for Italy. Since then, if you have written, I have received no letters, and no wonder, for I never reached the destination I pointed out to you. To Italy I went, but it seems that I carried with me the seeds of the plague proceeding inland at once, I was forced to wait for some weeks ill of a terrible fever. I found myself dreadfully weakened when the fever left me; and the physicians said that the most speedy way to recover a degree of strength would be to remain quiet by the sea-side. So in a small and most glossy vale, on the Adriatic coast, I took a cottage wherein to live in quiet. I must be particular in describing this place. It had one chief room, which I converted into a bedroom, with two windows, almost opposite each other, and opening east and west, as the cottage itself fronted seaward and shoreward. In this room weakness compelled me to lie during great part of the day, gazing sadly and impotently from these two windows. From the west window I could behold one of the most beautiful of Italian landscapes—a long level tract rising inland, cornfield and pasture and vineyard, islanded by huge rocks and dark-stemmed, dark-tufted trees, rising slowly beyond and beyond one another until they ceased in scarcely seen mountains. Before this window and close at hand were two large twin beech trees, whose shadows at sunset and moonset fell forwards across my room and across my bed. From the east window I could see the clear Adriatic rising and sinking in its tides without a ripple: yet this sea too, could look wan and ghostly beneath the moon.

" Here then I remained until I had mustered strength to walk along the beach, upon the sand beneath the high pile of rounded stones stretching far away leagues long, curving with the curved shore, which even this calm sea had been heaping up during the ages of its being. I had also penetrated inland for some distance among the vines and olives, and might have prolonged my stay until recovered health made me really fit for departure, but it was not to be so.

" One evening I had been watching

sunset upon the rows of vines that ran down towards the shore, how the light caught the heads of the branches and flung them in shadow upon one another, and how the strong shore-grass danced and glanced almost like steel for brightness. These and other things now forgotten had I been watching, and thought sweetly the while of Margaret, of you, and of home. It was an evening of unusual peace and blessedness, and I thought of it again when I went to bed, and again was happy.

"But that night I dreamt that the moon was rising over the waters in great lustre, so that the whole sea was living, and defined with rolling golden light, all except one tract far, far to the east, behind the moon, where there seemed to be a residue of mist and infinite space. Out of this there emerged, suddenly, and with great swiftness, coming towards me,—I was standing on the shore, above that ridge of smooth round boulders, a large dark object, which I could not at first make out. It neared and neared, however, with inconceivable rapidity, until I was able to discover what it was. It was a large two-masted vessel, but with only the stumps of its masts remaining, and without a scrap of canvass, or rigging, or gear of any sort to be seen about it. Without any visible propulsion it was moving straight and swift for the shore just where I stood. Close above it, and exactly accompanying it, flew a black cloud, sending forth rain in long undiminishing streams, until the deck-planking was soaked, and torrents were pouring from the ports. The sky above was cloudless and serene. Upon the deck of this strange ship appeared two figures—a man at the helm deeply muffled, and in the bows a lady kneeling, whose features I somehow could not discern, although her face was uncovered, and her hair thrown back lank and dripping. I made out, however, that she wore an aspect of deadly palor, and I remember that I thought she was sea-sick. All this I had time to make out; for, though the whole thing came on without abating an instant of its fearful speed, yet there was an enormous interval of time between my first recognizing what it was and its approaching very nearly. But, suddenly it seemed only a few yards distant, steadily holding on its course. I shouted to the helmsman to beware, but my voice only muttered in my own ears. I saw the water between it and the shore slightly agitated; the next moment the huge black bows had lifted against the ridge of boulders, and were grinding and groaning upon it. I rushed down to aid the lady; but at my first step she vanished flutteringly towards the sea, like the spray of a fountain caught and drifted by the wind. The steersman lingered a little, standing on one leg; then, with contortions altogether unusual, he jerked himself over the side of the vessel. I awoke struggling to scale the ship, which yielded to my weight.

"I awoke startled, and saw the moon sinking, and the two beech trees, with the moon behind them, tossing and nodding towards me with huge plumes, and many a ghastly chasm among their leaves, through which lolled long inane faces, open-mouthed, mocking me. Then I saw that the fantastic shadow dance of their leaves was flickering on the floor, and up to my bed. And it came upon me that she whom I had seen was, could be, no other than Margaret, and that I had indeed seen a vision, a portent summoning me away. The impression remained strong in the morning, though I had slept again; and I did not try to reason it away, but set forth straightway homewards, obeying destiny; and am here, expecting anything, fully able to bear anything, should it be that Margaret is dead."

Thus a dream had power to work upon the habitually, though calmly, enthusiastic temperament of my friend.

"My brother, my brother," I cried,

as Arnetage paused, "it is so: let it be for both of us."

He took the announcement calmly, as if he had been long nerved to it, and patiently inquired into the circumstances of her illness and death. We sat very late that night, and next morning he was to go on to our native town. And that night, partly to divert his sorrow, partly to relieve myself of an intolerable burden, I told him the story of my own love for Margaret, concealing nothing. I knew that it was selfish to obtrude my own miseries upon him then; but he was so calm, so majestic in his self-control, and the weight hung so heavy upon me that I could not refrain; and I was afterwards glad that I obeyed the impulse. He wept at my tale,—he who had shed no tear for himself; and I felt, as I concluded, that the old hysterical agony had ceased within me, never to revive, and that I could henceforth hold converse with the memory of Margaret in unsullied and abiding love. We ascertained that the day and hour of the vision corresponded closely with the time of Margaret's decease.

Arnetage went into the world, sternly and uncompromisingly fulfilling every duty. We were inseparable; we often talked unreservedly of Margaret, and imperceptibly my soul grew more and more attuned to his heroic pitch. But ever he grew paler and thinner; and one word of solemn prophecy was ever on his unmoved lips. "He who hath "seen a spirit, a spirit shall soon be-"come." True, for within the year he was lying by the side of Margaret.

I am now alone upon earth—alone in the midst of men, alone in converse with those two blessed ones, whom I see in heaven; but whether my time here be long or short, matters nothing.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

LET a man's heart be never so steeled against didactic, philosophical, or descriptive poetry; nay, let him even profess to consider all love-poetry as a thing which it is contemptible to read, and shameful to write: it will still go hard, but you shall find such a man accessible to the simple narrative of the heroic ballad. With what delight will even your real lover of poetry, your critical appreciator of its various provinces, your faithful student of it, turn in days like these to the national songs of his fatherland, and the early unskilled numbers of those true poets of the people, whose names are countless and unknown; to those legends, so old and yet so young, which tell of the cradling of the nations, and how their infant feet began to go, when as yet there was but little strength and little foresight in the people. We love to be told again how the lusty child strangled great serpents, and how with its growth, grew also its wants and powers, till it learned to choose Virtue for a companion, and to perform those mighty labours "for advantage of the "nations."

So we think that Professor Longfellow's new poem has come out at a fortunate conjuncture, and the Song of Hiawatha is to us welcome as flowers in spring. The volume consists of a number of Ojibway legends concerning the divine man who moulded the ideas of their race, and was a messenger chosen by the Master of Life to impart to them such benefits as His wisdom decreed. The stories are told

with variations among all the Indian tribes of North America; the name of the hero also varying, but his character being unaltered. Mr. Longfellow says they stand here as they came "from "the lips of Nawadaha, the musician, "the sweet singer," who in his turn was taught them in the pleasant vale of Tawasentha, by the birds of the air and by the beasts of the field. The poet addresses all those who love the haunts and glories of nature; those who love the childlike tones of a nation's legends; those "who have faith "in God and nature," and believe that savages have like struggles and passions with ourselves, and that groping for the unseen good they are raised and strengthened by the right hand of God; and those, too, who can feel the homely pathos of a half-effaced inscription in a neglected churchyard, and perceive that the unskilful verse does yet speak to the heart; all such the poet bids, and with good reason, to

"Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!"

We will try to give a brief outline of the poem, interspersed with a few quotations, hoping by this means to induce our readers to take up the book itself. As Master of the Ceremonies, we introduce you to the latest production of an eminently healthy poet, and advise you to cultivate its acquaintance. Read the book once, and you will like it; read it again, and it will grow upon you.

The Song of Hiawatha begins by telling of the occasion on which the Master of Life, the Great Spirit, came down from heaven, and smoked the Peace-pipe as a signal to the nations to assemble. All the Indian tribes came at the call, full of hatred and envy of each other. The Great Spirit compassionately laid the shadow of his hand upon them to calm their souls, and, speaking with a voice like the sound of far off waters, bade them be content with the good provision he had

wars and bloodshed, as their strength lay in their living peacefully together as brothers. He promised them a Deliverer and Prophet, to whose voice, if they hearkened, they would prosper; but if they slighted his words they must fade away and perish. Finally, he bade them wash off their war-paint and bloodstains, and smoke the Calumet together, and live as brothers. The warriors obeyed; they washed and buried their weapons, sought their pipes, and departed. "The Creator "smiled upon his helpless children, and "vanished in the smoke of his own "Peace-pipe through the doorways of "heaven."

This promised Deliverer was no other than Hiawatha, the son of Mudjekeewis the West Wind, and Wenonah, the first-born child of Nokomis, who bore her among the Prairie lilies, after falling from the full moon upon the meadow. The West Wind proved faithless, as Nokomis had warned her daughter, so that Wenonah brought forth her son in sorrow, and died in anguish. Hiawatha was thus left to the care of his grandmother, who instructed him in the history of his parentage, and all else connected with the false West Wind. So when Hiawatha grew to manhood his heart was hot, like a living coal, against his cruel father; and having equipped himself in his magic mittens and moccasons, he strode fiercely westward. Earth and sky seemed full of burnings and lurid vapour as he went on his way, outstripping the deer and the bison, till he found his father. Many days he talked with him, and listened to his boastings, and at last he demanded vengeance for the wrong done to his mother; and after a hard contest of three days, Mudjekeewis ceased retreating, and made peace with his son. Cheerfully did the young warrior return, his spirit now at rest, and all nature seeming pleasant round him. On his way home he bought arrows of

tahs, possibly, that he might see the old man's daughter, Minnehaha, Laughing Water. At any rate, he said nothing of arrows or of maiden on his return, but spoke only of his interview and contest with the mighty West Wind. Then for seven days the youth fasted, and prayed for the good of the nations, and not for his own greater skill and glory. Therefore the friend of man, Mondamin, was sent to tell him that his prayers were heard, and to wrestle with him till it should please the Master of Life that Mondamin should be killed. On the last day of his fasting, and in the fourth contest, Hiawatha slew the stranger, and buried him as he had been bidden, and tended his grave, scaring away the ravens. Slowly from the grave came up the maize, clad in green and yellow, as the young stranger had been; and Hiawatha recognized it as the friend of man, "and made known unto the people "this new gift of the Great Spirit."

Now Hiawatha's chief friends were the sweet singer Chibiabos, a man both brave and tender, pliant and stately, and the very strong man Kwasind, who in his youth was a lonely child, and spent much time in prayer and fasting. The musician sang so sweetly that all sounds of nature borrowed sweetness from his singing, and all men were melted with his pathos;

> "For he sang of peace and freedom,
> Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
> Sang of death, and life undying
> In the Islands of the blessed,
> In the Kingdom of Ponemah,
> In the land of the Hereafter."

And the strong man Hiawatha loved, for "his strength allied to goodness," so that these three consulted much together "how the tribes of men might "prosper," and the first exploit of the Deliverer and the very strong man was to clear the river of all obstacles, so that they made the passage of it safe for the people. Then we have Hiawatha's fishing, and how he overcame the King of the Fishes, the great

fight with the mightiest magician, the Pearl Feather, who slew Nokomis' Father, and sent fog, disease, and death among the people. Him he slew, having learnt that his only vulnerable point was in the roots of his long black hair: there he shot him. The woodpecker who gave him the information did not go unrewarded, and the people were made happy with the victory and spoil. Then Hiawatha woos and wins in simple guise the daughter of the arrow maker, "loveliest of Dacotah women." Hand in hand go the pair, leaving the old man lonely, and moralising on the way in which daughters leave their parents, though he is very proud of Hiawatha. In their pleasant journey they are met with congratulations by the blue bird and the robin, while the sun recommends the rule of love to Hiawatha, and the moon whispers of the sway of patience to the lovely Laughing Water. So they have a magnificent wedding feast, enlivened by the dancing of the idle and graceful Paupuk Keewis, sweetened by the singing of Chibiabos, and by the stories of the "measureless liar" Iagoo. This Iagoo was old and ugly, a capital story teller, and proverbial for his boasting. He entertained the guests with the story of the Son of the Evening Star; a beautiful story of which nothing but the whole can give anything like an idea, and unfortunately we cannot find room for it entire.

Then comes the blessing of the cornfields, performed by Minnehaha in the darkness of night, alone, without garments, going round the enclosure. The husking of the maize too is described, "the gamesome labour of the "young men and the women," at which they work with much merriment, watched by the old men and warriors who sit smoking under the pine trees. In those days Hiawatha drew the attention of the people to notice how the old traditions and the very names of the dead fade away, together with

written record. So he communicated to them a system of picture-writing, rude and elementary, but efficient for historical purposes, and for expressing the words of an absent friend. Thus they wrote on the smooth birch-bark and white reindeer skin, and also on the graveposts of the village. Meanwhile sorrow comes on Hiawatha, who loses his brother Chibiabos, drowned in the Big Sea Water of Lake Superior. For seven weeks he mourns him thus:

"'He is dead, the sweet musician!
He, the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us for ever:
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O, my brother, Chibiabos!'"

With strong magic the medicine-men raise Chibiabos from the bottom of the lake, and set him on the four days' journey of the dead men, at the end of which he reached the land of ghosts and shadows. And at this time Hiawatha taught men the medicinal powers of herbs, and the cure of all diseases. He has fresh trouble now with the idle Paupuk Keewis, who introduces hazard, and causes such mischief with gambling, and insults Hiawatha so grievously, that he resolves to put him to death. After a long chase, and after the gambler has many times changed his form, Hiawatha kills him, and restores order to the village. Next the strong man meets his death, being killed by the pigmies, who hated him for his strength, and managed to hit him on the crown of the head, his only vulnerable point, as he floats sleeping down the river.

And now comes the beginning of the end. How the ghosts come, uninvited, to the wigwam of Hiawatha, crouch in the shadows, and snatch the choicest portions of the evening meal, returning to the shadows in unbroken silence. Long they stay there, silent always, never moving by day, but fetching fuel every night; till at last, on hearing them sob grievously, Hiawatha inquires if any want of hospitality has made them weep; and they reply that they are ghosts, and see what a useless burden they should be if they returned to their friends, for "the "departed have no place among the "living." They depart; a famine comes upon the land, and two guests come to the wigwam, and looked, with haggard eyes and hollow,—

"At the face of Laughing Water,
And the foremost said, 'Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!'
And the other said, 'Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!'"

Hiawatha rushes into the empty forest for wood:

"In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stormy firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
'Gitche Manito, the Mighty!'
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
'Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!'"

But there was no other answer
"Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodland,
'Minnehaha! Minnehaha!'"

Her dying thoughts revert to her father's home; she hears the falling water of Minnehaha, from which she was named, and sees her father standing lonely at his doorway; Nokomis nursing her hears but the night wind, sees but the smoke. Then said Minnehaha,

"'The eyes of death
Glare upon me in the darkness!
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'"

Far off he hears this agonizing death-cry, and returns to mourn her loss. "Farewell," said he, "Minnehaha!

"'All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labour,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,

With such noble devotion does Hiawatha mourn his wife.

Meantime the white men approach, heralded by reports of Iagoo, who gets no credit for them, owing to his well-known character. Nevertheless, he speaks truly, and Hiawatha confirms his statements, who says that he has seen in a vision the westward marches

" Of the unknown, crowded nations.
* * * * * *
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rush'd their great canoes of thunder."

But his own people he saw forgetful of his counsels,—

" Saw the remnants of his people
Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the wither'd leaves of autumn."

The white men came amicably, and were well received and hospitably entertained.

" 'It is well,' they said, 'O brothers,
That you come so far to see us.'"

Hiawatha confirms the message of the white prophet, the Black-robed Chief, and bids farewell to his people. He launches his canoe, and, bidding it speed westward, leaves the land of his lifetime, the place of his labours and teaching. And all the people said " Farewell for ever!"

" Said, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!' "

And the forests sighed, and the waves sobbed, and the heron screamed, and their voice was—

" 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'"

" Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the north-west wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

So ends one of the noblest pieces of legend it has ever been our lot to read or hear. We take it for granted that Mr. Longfellow has Indian authority for all the incidents, but the narration must be his own. And how beautiful the narration is! The metre also, now for the first time, if we mistake not, used for narrative, being indeed scarcely naturalized in the language, suits the story admirably. Simple and yet rare, like the legends of which it is made the vehicle, it has a force and dignity scarcely to have been expected from its rocking rhythm. Rhymed in pairs of lines, and so put into quatrains, it occurs in German, (in Uhland's poem of The Ferry, for example,) and is beautifully tender there; here there is still the same character attached to it, and the absence of rhyme is a great help to its powers. The jingling of a double rhyme, page after page, would have been intolerable. Capable of great plaintiveness, as in the songs of Chibiabos, and in some of our extracts, it is also equal to vigorous description, and many a time in the volume does such description occur. Witness the fasting of Hiawatha, his encounters, and above all that scene of the famine, and the vain search for food in the empty forest.

There seems to us an increase of power in this poem over any hitherto displayed by Mr. Longfellow. We had seen his great success in short lyrics, his moderate power in the drama, and his exquisite versification in Evangeline, which presents perhaps the only specimen of English hexameter not looking as awkward as French blank verse, but comporting itself almost like a native. We had seen too his narrative power in the same poem, that touching tale of Acadie; but we were not prepared for so much of it as is shown in the Song of Hiawatha. Thoroughly has he caught the spirit of the legend, and well performed his labour of love. Henceforth the Ojibway and the Dacotah are to us realities, men of like passions with ourselves. In our own dear mother-tongue their sweet singer Nawadaha has spoken to us, and the voice has gone direct from his heart to ours.

ESSAY ON THE NEWCOMES.

THIS last and greatest work of Mr. Thackeray has been completed now some six months, and, in the meantime, has been subjected to both public and private criticism with, I believe, one unvarying judgment of commendation, that he has indeed performed his labour excellently, and done a good work for society in giving us this story of our manner of life so faithfully and tenderly. One looks now, at last, for an escape from that old imputed charge of bitterness and wayward choosing of the evil only in his delineation of life; it was fast becoming meaningless from its very frequency, and I fear also an occasion sometimes for the most pitiful twaddle and conversational hypocrisy. Alas, those brilliant formulas in which we sometimes fold our criticisms and condemnations, and suffer them to pass from mouth to mouth, without question or gainsay, how are they not the cause of infinite injustice to others, and to ourselves of loss irreparable? It is but a little time ago that the name of Thackeray seemed an accepted text *in perpetuum* for gravest homilies upon evil speaking, satire, and slander; and, as if to counteract any latent consciousness of truth, that would be present sometimes, there would follow much self-complacency and congratulation upon our many social virtues and national character; for it is observable that men who will volunteer the most abject confessions of their own shortcomings,—and if self-depreciation were only humility, would afford an example of grace, edifying to all Christendom,—yet do nevertheless betray a strange impatience if their confessions are believed by others and accepted against them; do become, after a marvellous fashion, indignant when their Church confessions of unworthiness are granted by their neighbours as not improbable. Yet, verily, if this our daily humiliation, is not the veriest hypocrisy and climax of our iniquity; if we are not altogether committed to a sham worship, how comes this inconsistency of ours, that we reject our own testimony against ourselves in the mouth of a brother; that we do perseveringly seek to turn into a charge of spleen and sneering against a writer his faithful picturing of an evil we cannot deny, and a life of broken promises we are ever confessing. It is time now to have done with this silly, because untrue assertion that Thackeray gives only the evil that he sees, and gives that bitterly, for now at least he has vindicated for himself a name of truthfulness and widest sympathy unsurpassable; and it is time also for the critic altogether to take up a new position, descend from his seat of judgment to one of testimony; for, although it be well for him at the first appearance of a teacher among men, to prove and examine the spirit from whence it is, administering counsel, and at times correction, blaming gently and not unwisely, remembering that so God has tempered our hearts and intellects together, that wheresoever we render praise it will never be wholly undeserved, but in our condemnation it may be we were ourselves wanting in knowledge and comprehending sympathy. I say, though it is good for the critic to take his allotted place then, to try every beginning and prove it; yet, when once this is done, and a great creative spirit has become manifest from the trial, then our place also is with the many that look on and listen, our duty to proclaim its honour, rejoice in its light unselfishly; so only may we hope to understand its teaching, and the symbol of understanding in neither the

unbridled tongue nor the supercilious lip, nor the mocking jest, but the hand closed upon the mouth.

Finding, therefore, in this story a wonderfully faithful picture of the great world as it passes daily before us, many-sided, deeply intricate; finding so much mystery of our manifold human life unfolded, and the veil of its complexity drawn aside, not without deepest awe and veneration; how should we do other than listen reverently, and be thankful for the gift, and speak unlimited praise of it, heeding neither charge of extravagance, nor custom of detraction.

Regarding then, this masterpiece of all novel writing, in which is fulfilled, not indeed for the first time, but to an hitherto unreached limit, all that one looked to see this literature set before it for an aim, one is impelled, by associations connected with its very completeness to a retrospect of the first beginnings of fiction, and the need that gave occasion to its birth full half a century ago. For it was then, while as our fathers were sorely troubled and perplexed with the problem of this strange universe, that by a mighty reaction this new literature came into being. Sorely tired were they, even as we are sometimes to this very day, only more sadly, hopelessly, for they were now jaded and weary, and sick to death of unbelief, and doubtings of their unbelief, and questionings, if at length, at any time, "the riddle of "the painful earth" would solve itself, suffering greatly in a fire of tribulation more than we, their children, have ever seen, revolutions and rebellions, and the overthrow of ancient ways and uprooting of many dead forms, out of which life and vitality had departed long ago; till, from universal gloom and darkness of the understanding there grew up hardness of heart and isolation, selfish and untender. Therefore, they began to look for comfort and tranquillity otherwhere than in the outward relations of the world, to find in fiction and recital of imagined griefs a sympathy they vainly sought for, and alas! had altogether ceased to find in reality; and it was a good and happy change,—spite of its sickly and distempered form, a happy change,—when men believing nothing else, yet believed they felt, knew they were unhappy, began to speak about their feelings, and speaking, to believe and trust them: yes, with all its melancholy sentiment and outward misanthropy, it was a very happy thing for men when they thus began to confide their sorrows to each other. Be sure the evil is already past, and the grief nigh being overcome, when we speak of our sorrows and aspirations one to another.

The world of half a century back was filled with Werthers, speechless, voiceless, suffering in mute agony until Goëthe came, a heaven-sent interpreter, who set their discordant voices to a tune, and fashioned their murmurings into articulate speech; the fame of that first utterance of his shall testify how truly he had comprehended, and spoken for them; and from that time to this, through truthful yearnings and desire for sympathy, through fashion, which is the curse of all things good; through dilettantism, the latest born of an evil brood in an evil time; through puerilities, senilities, imbecilities, there has not ceased one perpetual flow of novels and romances to that degree that one would think all conceivable combinations of plot and counterplot had been exhausted at length; and yet they go on multiplying, representing nearly half the literature of the people, and all the literature of many, till in this year of grace where can we limit their remote influences, where define their subtle working upon our personal, that is, our real education; for good or evil, directly or indirectly, they share in the education of all, they form all the experience of many: however fashioned at the first, through whatever silly transformations they have

gone, at one time food only for listless dreamers and idlers in the great vineyard, at another sent into the desert like scapegoats, laden with the follies and pitiful absurdities of divided Christendom, they have attained such imperial dominion as well behoves us neither to overlook nor hastily condemn, present definite claims to be listened to now, that are somewhat grown of late, forcing us to the conclusion that leisure hours, as they are charitably named, are no unaccountable atoms of a life, that the mind at least will abide no vacuity, will and must be filled with something, be it of good or evil, must be planted and watered, or suffered to lie waste and breed impurity. Therefore it is above all things needful that those who have the charge of watching the process of the times should keep especial guard upon this, that literature of fiction, since it is imperatively demanded, should at least fulfil as noble a destiny as it is capable of: that, as it needed a great man to bring it forth, it should never be without great men to cherish and support it; that especially the young, whose happy fancy and imagination cannot always be crushed into silence, will sometimes rebel for lack of food, and go seeking it themselves, should run no danger of gathering poison with their fruit.

Now I well know that novels, and what is ignorantly called "light reading," find little favour with many as an acknowledged element in education, that parents and tutors are especially jealous of its influence, cannot be brought to look upon it as not altogether evil, cannot believe that a genius, a great man, a hero in the highest sense, is to be found in its whole history; and perhaps this is not altogether to be blamed or wondered at: seeing what this fiction has hitherto been, in so many instances, it would indeed be strange if any good could come of it. Looking back upon a whole dreary waste of barren, false idealism, I cannot help thinking it called loudly for the doom pronounced upon it by Carlyle, in memorable words: "Day after day, looking at the high destinies which yet await literature, which literature will ere long address herself with more decisiveness than ever to fulfil, it grows clearer to us that the proper task of literature lies in the domain of belief, within which poetic fiction, as it is charitably named, will have to take a quite new figure if allowed a settlement there. Whereby were it not reasonable to prophesy that this exceeding great multitude of novel writers, and such like, must in a new generation gradually do one of two things, either retire into nurseries, and work for children, minors, and semifatuous persons of both sexes, or else, what were far better, sweep their novel fabric into the dust-cart, and betake them, with such faculty as they have, to understand and record what is true, of which surely there is, and for ever will be, a whole infinitude unknown to us, of infinite importance to us. Poetry will more and more come to be understood as nothing but higher knowledge, and the only genuine romance for grown persons Reality." Yes verily,—

> "God Himself is the best Poet,
> And the Real is his Song."

And indeed it was high time to waken to a comprehension of this truth, to leave off for ever dreaming, as if life were a lengthened summer afternoon, and we were meant to cease altogether at its expiring. Oh! life and reality, shall we ever know them as they are? Here at least not wholly, their dark wisdom is far withdrawn from us at the feet of God; but something surely, either by symbol or the darkness of similitude, is yet possible, something whereby we may discern the dream within the dream, and choose the true: thus much may we surely take for granted, that this life

of ours is not altogether *yesterday* nor yet *to-morrow*, but is chiefly and above all a continual *to-day*, whose true expression is present action, present virtue; and this primary fact, this, the essence of what is signified by life, we have strangely forgotten at times, been strangely unfaithful to our post in these "foremost files of time," looking backwards, looking onwards for some golden year, with a world neglected at our feet, forgetting—

> "That unto him who works and feels he works,
> This same grand year is ever at the doors.

Too much life has perished surely on this road to Eldorado; too much precious breath in sighing after days that never come again, in aspirations after others that may never come; it was time to ask—

> "When will the hundred summers die,
> And thought and time be born again,
> And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
> Bring truth that sways the soul of men?"

But now, at last, to all who understand the signals of the future, there is audible upon the winds a gathering cry for life, "more life and fuller;" a great awakening from evil dreams and long deathful slumbers in sepulchres, of things past; a reprieve at length from vigils for a dawn that will not come, a general ascending from the valley of dry bones into the upper air, in a new world, which is the old still, among other faces happy with real laughter, sanctified with real sorrow, beautiful with the crimson flow of life—contemplating which, and all the widening, deepening sympathy and brotherhood involved in it, like a new land to some Columbus, I cannot but feel hopefully, speak hopefully for the present and the coming years and their hidden destiny; cannot, above all, but speak thankfully and with deepest reverence for such great names as Tennyson and Holman Hunt, Ruskin and Carlyle, and Kingsley, and many others who have led on this most godly crusade against falsehood, doubt, and wretched fashion, against hypocrisy and mammon and lack of earnestness, and among them—according to his rare and excellent gift—Thackeray, whom I shall not hesitate to call great and among the greatest. Those who will refuse the title from mere questioning, whether novel writing really affords scope for greatness, can know little of the requisites for its construction, little of the keen, piercing analysis, the long observance, and the sympathy which are needed for its perfection; and upon this subject of greatness a thought occurs to me which may be best developed here.

When we think upon heroic men, conquerors, prophets, poets, painters, musicians, it is for the most part in the *light of difference*, as being specially conquerors, prophets, or any other, that we dwell upon them, seldom if ever in the *light of unity*, as being all of them comprehended under the one idea of *greatness;* and herein I believe we are unconscious of a certain oversight and imperfectness of conception; for it seems that the foundation and root of difference lies not so much in the kind or quality of their genius as in the form of it—the mode or manner in which it shall be manifested; that like as one same Spirit informs the diverse personalities of men, so also does one same stream of inspiration, visible in no two souls alike, inhabit the great amongst us; which mode and manner of their appearance are governed and fashioned by the wants of the age in which they live, the spaciousness or narrowness of the circle in which they revolve, and the great idea in their time growing into fact among men: from which it would follow, that in so far as any genius nears to perfection in its finite and particular developement, so far might we justly reason that it nears to universality, so that if such and such things were not to happen and such again to intervene, it would not be lost nor darkened but

assume a new form; that the accident of prophet, poet, warrior, would change and interchange, but the substratum of greatness, the idea, the essence and efficient cause of all, would not change but be abiding. I would not be understood to speak without limitation, as not regarding the evident appointments of nature; it is the misfortune of advocating a neglected or forgotten side of any question, that one is chargeable with an implied denial of any other point of view—the gifts and appointments of nature shall go very far, but accident of time and place even farther to the making of a man. We have seen at once in the world's history the most surpassing faculties of many centred in one. Have there not gone before us Æschylus and Leonardo, Dante and Michael Angelo and Raffaelle: there have not been wanting poets whose songs were battles and heroic actions, and their life a mighty epic like St. Louis, and warriors whose battles were sharpsworded words, who sang the pæan of their own victory over the Dragon, and their own deathsong that followed close after like that lean Dante—and Shakespeare also with his great human heart and worldwide sympathy, he the most human among men, the very crown of humanity, can we think at all what he had been in other far different times to those wherein he lived: a conqueror and leader of armies, discoverer of new worlds, I think, in the old heroic days when the land lay all unknown before him and unpeopled; or a prophet in the childhood of a growing nation, when somehow the heaven seemed nearer, and voices from its deep infinity were not heard so faintly nor far between: or a Socrates when men were first mazed at the juggles of the brain and lost in more than Cretan labyrinth; or a builder of churches in the aftertime, a carver of the human countenance in its hitherto untold mystery, out of the hewn rock and the quarry, even as in his own generation he sang the round of human love and action and passion. Holding it then inseparable to the idea of genius that it be thus plastic, shapeable into any form, fit for all uses, embracing all height and depth; and of great men in like manner as having their work ever within the innermost circle of their age; comprehending, interpreting, supporting, advancing it,—central men among their contemporaries; and seeing, moreover, that the channels through which any such might hope to reach the heart and pulsation of living men and work most effectually upon them, lie especially through the domain of this new literature, one would, I think, naturally look in this direction for the manifestation of genius, and so looking would, I doubt not, find it, in more representatives than one, and in Thackeray, very near a consummation.

What a change it is to be brought face to face with human character, to bid farewell, as we surely shall now do, to idealities, to be cheated no longer with far-off abstractions. I protest that in the Waverley Novels and whole historical romance school that followed them, one looks in vain for anything to sympathize with; one cannot love these attributes, "icily, regular, splendidly "null," that are invested with a temporary personality; this is not character—to sum up human life by epithet on epithet, after the fashion of our history-writers, is but to dwell upon the very surface of things, and remain there, catalogue-making, after all. We, my brothers, are not sheaves of well-assorted attributes, but inconsistent half-formed wills not to be so measured nor described: sometimes brave, I think, we all are, sometimes cowardly too, generous and illiberal, merciful and tyrannous, by turn and turn about in the self-same day, and we have no brotherhood with these embodied attributes, we desire a biographer for our own poor mazed life, one who shall hold up a mirror to ourselves, mingling the sweet and bitter, the light

and darkness, as they are most truly mingled in life.

Strange that the world has grown so old maturing systems of religion and philosophy that have not taught us wisdom: it seems we are yet at the beginning of years; what know we of our nearest neighbour? appearance only and outward seeming, nothing more; we have known him, it may be twoscore years, have seen him always calm, grave, and business-like, the last man in all the world to be accused of sentiment, and romance; and his likeness hanging there, the very image of his hard unmoved face, we call successful, a happy effort of the painter: yet, it may be, the curtain and the pillar and the cushioned chair are as much belonging to him as that cold face. The painter saw him not, nor we either, as he looked once, for a single moment it may be, when his divinity was revealed through clouds and darkness, in passionate working of his features at an outrage offered, or a love flung back unrequited, or a friend turned false to him. Behold we know nothing of him for ever; that hour revealed him in silence, henceforward he is locked up and sealed against a time to come.

I shall abstain altogether from quotation or digest of the history in *the Newcomes*, both from want of space, and chiefly because of the unsatisfactory nature of such custom: for the many who have read the book, what has been or shall be said of it, will find at least ready understanding, if not assent; for those who have not such quotations, however selected and voluminous, would convey little idea of my meaning; for those again who read reviews only for the sake of their quotations, (and there are confessedly many such,) I shall warn at once; and for those still more unfortunate knowledge hunters who are satisfied to claim acquaintance with an author through his reviewers and such selections as they may of their bounty give, I extend the same warning—that they must seek elsewhere: even as it is I shall be unable to do more than merely point out the chief moral design of the book, as it seems to me, and even this cursorily; leaving all collateral and minor aims which are manifest throughout, to the reader's own suggestions.

And first of the central purpose of the book for which I imagine it was mainly written, reaching to the very heart and core of social disease, unhappy wedded life—the marriages that are not made in heaven, but if anywhere out of this strange world, why least of all in Heaven. Of all marvels in this same universe that pass our poor philosophy I doubt not this of marriage is the very strangest, seeing to what end it has arrived at last, and from what beginning! Were one to ask the sober question now at this late hour, why was it first ordained, how would he be answered? would it solve the problem we see before us daily? Suppose he should answer to this result—

"It was ordained to bear the burden
"of a great mystery, the secret of the
"marriage of the Lamb, that we might
"not be without a continual symbol
"whereby to comprehend that holy
"union, that when the Bridegroom
"came we might know him and receive
"him worthily." Mysticism! say you: not so, but forgotten truth. What if it should indeed be found at last that not mere palpable finite evil is the harvest of godless marriages, not broken hearts nor spotted life nor dishonoured children only, but that we have done infinite dishonour and despite to the holy thing it signified? How will it be then? Who shall lay damages and plead and give sentence then? Does that story of Christ's marriage with his people come home to us pure and holy? is there no darkness in our comprehension of the type? If men would learn to believe of all things here that they are but dim revelations of a hidden glory, that every finite thing in this vast universe is linked by ultimate

relation to some eternity, is bound indissolubly to the feet of God; that not an act nor law nor visible thing whatever but has its greater counterpart out of space and Time—there would be less mockery and jesting in the world and more earnestness, less doing for fashion's sake and more for Christ's.

The plot of the story teems with marriages that should never have been made, differing in extent of subsequent misery, according to the degree of good or evil natures brought together. There is Madame de Florac, holy, prayerful, self-sacrificing—her life has been a painful vigil; she has been dying daily; hardly after forty years can she say tranquilly, "when the end comes with "its great absolution I shall not be "sorry." How then shall it be with Clive, paired, but not matched with his foolish little wife? she cannot understand him, has no companionship for him; after all our indignation she is perhaps thoughtless more than selfish, or if selfish, capable of transformation; she deserved at least a better fate; yet they might have lived not unhappily, spite of all this. But Clive was not in love with her—loved some one else too surely, and, knowing this, it was an evil step to take—thoughtlessly, carelessly cruel; in the sight of their elders it seemed an excellent match—money and youth, and beauty and amiable indifference—and behold the end! But what shall be said of the marriage in high life? what of the domestic hearth and family bosom of Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart. of Newcome? if the last was sufficiently heart-rending, what shall be said of this? Too truly it is an old story; we have seen it elsewhere also: above all others, one is before me in all the memory of its painted horrors—Hogarth's Marriage à la Mode, which seems its painted counterpart.

It is a subject of regret that the narrow limits of a single essay do not admit of a fuller investigation into these social questions; so shallow and void it seems to name them only and pass on, but it must be so. There is one more great social problem, however, set forth and answered in the lives of the actors of the book, which must share in this hasty sketch—a wofully neglected subject of thought, to the evil results of which oblivion one can place no definite bounds; but in this case I the less regret the brevity of what must be said, because the question, and much more that appertains to it, is embodied in a pamphlet on pre-Raphaelitism, by Ruskin, and continually in other portions of his works, to be hereafter commented on in these pages.

I refer principally to that episode in Clive's life where he makes known to his father the desire of his heart to become a painter, and dedicate his life to that end; and the good Colonel loving his son so that he would gladly die for him, cannot be brought to see it with the eyes of his son. Can understand him adopting it for amusement's sake, refined *dilettantism;* but to be a painter by profession—to live by the labour of his hands so, this he cannot comprehend, this society and immaculate respectability cannot endure. So poor Clive has a hard battle to fight; even Ethel can give him no sympathy, views his dreamland through a London fog. After all our rhapsodies about soul, what do we really sacrifice for it? We, men who have written so many volumes upon it and its immortal nature, who have called it by such high-sounding names for the sake of naming it, though none should ever express it worthily save with lips covered and deep silence, calling it Shekinah, and the articulate voice of God, heard louder than thunder and the voice of waters; sweeter than any wind. And yet for that evil genius Fashion, we could darken this Shekinah, close our ears against that clear-sounding voice for ever. Respectability? When shall we waken from this nightmare and dream of phantoms

to a knowledge of the true dignity of work in any kind; to a confession of the majesty of soul in any form? I wish that the primal question at the setting out of life were not *what* is the best thing to do, and the most thought of, but rather *how* and in what manner and degree of excellence it is to be done. I claim at once an express assent to the position, that the work we do we do not for ourselves, nor our own pleasure nor advancement, but in the name of Christ, according to his commandment; and then for our children's sake, that we may make them better, happier; and then for the sake of all who have gone before us, that the travail and sorrow of their hard battle may not be unfruitful, may not become the desolation of wasted energy. It is the only premise upon which I can worthily found the conclusion that our work, whatsoever it be, must be the best of its kind, the noblest we can offer. So the former question frames itself anew: "What "is the best that any man can give?" And God has given us an answer, "that in which he finds most happi- "ness," for this testimony he has sealed with truth.

And is this the question, O fathers, that you ask your children, and teach them to ask themselves, "what they "have most happiness in?"—not transitory, idle pleasure, but enduring happiness; hence what they are most fitted for, what they can do best, what they can honour God most by doing. If this were the first inquiry, and were made the law and final cause in all our choice of action, I think we should meet less and less with those palpable signs of hurry and indifference, and listlessness and utter weariness, which face us at every turn, and paralyse alike art and government, and social relations,—a wide and fruitful subject for after development. Here, unhappily, is room only for hasty notice, and a promise that the question shall be taken up at some future time.

Of Thackeray's manner and style of writing a few words, the characteristics, I conceive, to be principally two, Humour and Pathos, most noble in combination: and first, of his humour, we meet it continually in gentle irony and glancing satire, as well as more directly in his open, laughing cheerfulness: it is for this, chiefly, that he is no favourite with religious parties; being such as they are, we will not regret it too severely: thus at least one agrees with them that it is a hard thing to be laughed at, and thus far with him also, that it is a hard thing not to laugh. Perhaps people differ more about jesting, and its proper conditions of object, manner and place, than about really serious things: this Babel of laughter sadly wants a music-master—one to strike the key-note and lead off the noisy chorus; for people will laugh, and who shall refuse them? "Laughter is like sunshine," says Carlyle; only let us keep in memory that story of the Apes by the Dead Sea. Like all else in Babel it lacks a reasonable soul at times, and in want of this will have to be taught roughly its proper whereabouts, lest it trespass upon holy ground; for laughter is not first nor best: love and faith, and hope and long-suffering, and self-sacrifice are raised high above its inarticulate din. For the sake of Him who gave them we will never laugh at these, and because we read not ever that He laughed while dwelling among men; but at whatsoever is mean and proud, and selfish and over-reaching, and hypocritical, laughter long and loud that shall strike the stars.

Sin truly is very foul and fearful; in its effects terrible, crushing the heart of man with overwhelming hopelessness, and oftentimes the terror of wickedness cannot but be uppermost in thought; yet it were a good thing also, and a sign of greater constancy and stronger faith, to feel how utterly contemptible it is, how laughable and ridiculous its miserable existence, and

it is here that I imagine Thackeray has done good service to truth of morality and fact:—of morality, because he sets up crime in a kind of pillory for universal laughter and derision: no catastrophe and fearful overtaking of punishment to make his villains martyrs after all; loud laughter only and utter scorn, such as becomes men to feel, for who can calculate the folly of sin? and truth of fact in his account of retributive justice and fidelity to its general fate. His is not that fair land of romance and faërie, where the good are rewarded after sorrows, and the evil punished after short success, but rather the life we live, a fretful, sore, and envious life for many who behold the wicked in high places, and the throne of iniquity set up, and themselves cast out.

Of his pathos what shall I say? so true, so musical, one would not think that human speech were so very musical; it exalts him everywhere into highest poetry; as colour glorifies everything it overlays, so does the great sympathising heart everything it comes near and dwells with. In those scenes between the Colonel and his son, chiefly in that one after Clive knows of Ethel's betrothal, and his father's noble offer of sacrifice, and again in the reconciliation at the close of the book; they speak like man to man, in the very simplest words, because of the agony of the hour, but there is sweetest music in every word. And those letters of Madame de Florac, so full of the memory of an ancient sorrow, and a life that has been dying daily, "One supports the combats of life, but they are long, and one comes from them very wounded: ah! when shall they be over?" Alas! for ill-fated, unforgotten love, colouring all the background of their lives with a melancholy twilight gloom, beautiful, profound: in all story I remember not anywhere the like, from that first parting for life to that last shriek, Léonore, how full is it of the anguish of enduring memory! "Did it not seem once as if two hands never could unlock, so closely were they enlaced together? ah! mine are old and feeble now; forty years have passed since the time when you used to say that they were young and fair. How well I remember me of every one of those days, though there is a death between me and them, and it is across a grave I review them." This is like the melody of an old song we have not heard for years, like that burden of the song of tears, "O death in life! the days that are no more!" Some time we shall meet Clive and Ethel again, and J. J. also, when all the letters and life-passages about him have been collected, and then we shall be admitted to his dream-land; weak, deformed, and silent, he is the genius of them all, the most inspired amongst them; *au revoir*, J. J., it is not for long.

So let us end, not as having completed the half of our task, nor spoken that half well, as became the subject, but withal faithfully. This book has gone forth now upon a great embassy, gone forth from us into the future, bearing with it the seal and signature of truth; for even while the memory of its sweet pages is yet abiding, and we think upon all these things, the gain, the suffering, and the loss, and all the tumult of our life, even now the days are gathering in and closing upon us, and presently, very shortly, we shall be called the past, and our deeds good or evil will be judged of men in other years. This book also will be a record of us; flesh of our flesh will read it, and see what manner of men their fathers were. Will they speak lovingly, kindly of us, remembering the good to our account, the evil to their own? Will they stretch forth hands of blessing, not remembering the sorrow nor the curse we have handed down to them, so much heavier than we received ourselves, by the weight of all our evil days? Will they forgive us all these things? Is it also our wont so to deal with our

fathers' memory, to speak mercifully, gratefully of them? too truly this lack of reverence must go down also in the catalogue of our great sins.

Thackeray will, I doubt not, one day be numbered with the great naturalists in all time, a lesser Shakespeare in golden and coloured chronicles, in a goodly company of painters, poets, and musicians, all who have ever burned with consuming love for men, or struck the key-note of human triumph and lamentation into loud pæans and enduring song.

A few words concerning Mr. Doyle's illustrations. I have something also to say previously upon the entire subject of illustrations, which may be fairly spoken here. Engravings have of late become a very essential feature in book-making, so that their very frequency alone, as testifying the direction of public taste, requires that this long silence and oblivion of their merits should be broken, and they should be forthwith acknowledged as a subject of criticism. I fear almost we have too many of them, being such as they for the most part are; that generally there is too much work for the engraver, too little thought from the artist: any drawings are good for children, only certain ones for men; dogs and cows and houses and trees, the more generalized the better for spelling-books; but not such as these, something widely different from these, for men. In looking over a vast majority of book engravings, one is struck with the same want of purpose and absence of interest and particular truth which attaches to that dreary mountain of fiction and false romance we were just now condemning; about as separably interesting they seem as the stones in a pyramid; alas! one grieves to say, but for such as these the desert and illimitable sand-sea is the place of their ultimate abiding, the inevitable destiny of labour without thought. More than enough truly have we of these useless illustrations that can tell us no new thing, nor give palpable embodiment to our confused thoughts, and so perpetuate them. When shall we learn to read a picture as we would a poem, to find some story from it, some little atom of human interest that may feed our hearts withal, lest the outer influences of the day crush them from good thoughts? when will men look for these things, and the artist satisfy them? We desire to hear these artists, so many and so good, speak to us as they can do in their own sweet language, not a strange one altogether, easily to be learned even by listening only, and once learnt, universal, wide as the great world; a wonderful language, such as no other is, save music and sculpture; but let us not be for ever put off with husks till we cease to look for any good. We are not forced to have illustrations to our books, not forced to have books themselves; nay, if we will think of it, not forced to have many things we count essential. Men lived and suffered, thought, and died, long before they painted or wrote; but we are forced to have them good if at all: this we do need. It is an everlasting truth that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well; I say not *perfectly*, that is quite a different matter, unattainable, a proud word, ever doomed for mockery and defeat, but that it should be the best we can give, the fruit of the travail of our soul; and this we look for vainly. I think if we all understood the kind of labour it necessitates to produce a slight engraving, we should be less tolerant of this thoughtless multiplication of purposeless designs. No happy or wholesome work, nay, in steel engraving positively injurious, is the condition of our having them; and then moreover, to let pass the matter of bodily injury, which no man may do with impunity, and consider it upon higher ground, it becomes at once a simple and palpable choice of good or evil: no spiritual or imaginative work this copying of other men's thoughts, nothing here satisfying

and developing, altogether a sacrifice and slavish self-abnegation. It should at least be something good or needful that we make the subject of such sacrifice, not indifferent or unnecessary, such as we can easily do without, no mere question of book-making on the handsome page principle: for every line so perpetuated in engraving, let us remember some human soul has foregone its freedom and invention and creative energy, which is the soul of art, for our good. One day too surely shall we need a reason for every time we trifled with the labour of the meanest man, and it will be no answer that we did not know these things.

Some few years ago a monthly periodical was published upon the subject of art and poetry; it appears to have ceased after a few numbers, not without having spoken something that will live in echoes yet. As the frontispiece of one number was an etching by Holman Hunt, an illustration indeed to a poem, but the latter having so little reference to it, that it may well stand for an independent picture, truly a song without words, and yet not wholly speechless, for out of its golden silence came voices for all who would hearken, telling a tale of love. Two lovers are together in a meadow, by a pool of standing water, and behind them a circle of trees is throwing morning shadows on the grass; she is kneeling, stooping forwards to gather wild flowers growing on the bank, clasped and circled by the arm of him who loves her and shall be her future lord, he is bending lovingly over her, shielding her from harm; yet there is no peril in the water, and the space between her and the edge is great, still he clasps her lightly, guarding her from a danger that is not: judge of it, O lovers! how true it is. But below, in another scene, lies a figure flung upon the foreground, lying all his length, and his face pressed deeply into the fresh mould of a grave, for behind him, in the distance, the nuns are passing, singing Dies iræ and Beati mortui, and the bell is sounding close behind him as he lies quiet. Surely he will never rise and come away! wherefore did she die, and how? and was it long after the flower-gathering by the water side on the summer day. I know how it all came to pass, and you would also if you saw the picture: silently, quite silently, has the story taken form. I would not tell the legend as it comes to me, for your version would be altogether otherwise, and yet both most true: something like this we cry for, is it not like a cry for food?

Out of oblivion, for the sake of justice, I have made this memorial of a forgotten picture; not for invidious distinction, or because it is the only articulate voice among so many: it serves to exemplify my meaning about story in pictures. There is one more I cannot help noticing, for its marvellous beauty, a drawing of higher finish and pretension than the last, from the pencil of Rosetti, in "Allingham's Day "and Night Songs," just published; it is I think the most beautiful drawing for an illustration I have ever seen, the weird faces of the maids of Elfinmere, the musical timed movement of their arms together as they sing, the face of the man, above all, are such as only a great artist could conceive. Why is the author of the Blessed Damozel, and the story of Chiaro, so seldom on the lips of men? if only we could hear him oftener, live in the light of his power a little longer.

Now the want I have complained of, a want of purpose, and the power of making the drawing tell its story well, is the very last to be charged against Mr. Doyle; from such a happy combination of author and artist as so rarely occurs much was to be expected, and has accordingly been fulfilled. Yet what does apply in what I have said is this, that a certain kind of mechanical demand (how far necessary to a book published by numbers I

cannot say), for having a determinate quantity of illustration, irrespective of the capabilities of the matter for artistic treatment, cannot but fetter the artist very considerably, and lessen his facility of movement. Many of the scenes chosen perhaps do not really afford a subject for illustration, and we have no right to be disappointed, or our disappointment may be accidental, arising from our preconceived mental pictures not being coincident with the artist's arrangement; and here satisfaction, or the contrary, will be proportionate to the reader's power of realizing the scenes pictorially as he reads on, or supposing him to possess this faculty according to his freedom from or enthralment to them. The main illustrations, however, seem to me far less successful than the rest, not striking or great in conception, nor, if faithfully interpreted in the engraving, always well executed: but in the symbolical drawings, which form round the initial letters of chapters, it is very different; here he is wonderfully successful, and, as an artist should ever be, no faint echo of other men's thoughts, but a voice concurrent or prophetical, full of meaning; they are little sketches apt to be passed over in carelessness, but on examination found to be full of real art and poetical comprehension.

More particularly I would specify the initials to chapters—Vol. I. c. xxvi. xxx. xxxvi. Illustrations to pp. 45, 75, 165, 317. Vol. II. c. iii. iv. vi. xx. xxviii. xxxi. Illustrations pp. 59, 71, 178, 249.

KINGSLEY'S SERMONS FOR THE TIMES.*

THIS book exhibits Mr. Kingsley in no new light. We are accustomed to find him, at every successive appearance, adopting a new mode of expression for the thoughts that are in him, and bringing the same great general truths to bear on a new subject. But from this book we learn nothing more of the author, except that he is still what he was; as full of life, as large-hearted and earnest, as "careful "of the right," as we have known him all along; older, of course, and less impetuous, and more disposed to see the providence of God in the things that are. As a preacher Mr. Kingsley's merit is quite distinct from that of those who are ordinarily regarded as princes in that art. Here is no touch of fine writing, no word of ornament; vigorous, scholarly English, of course, comes native to him, but he speaks in every sentence, as a *living* man to living men; simple village souls, perhaps, but every one of them standing in the confluence of eternities, every one of them redeemed by Christ's death, sought after by the Spirit of God, sought after by the tempting Devil.

Perhaps in this book there is a more sustained opposition to the popular religious sentiment of the day than in Mr. Kingsley's former volumes of sermons. In the first ten sermons that popular sentiment is shown to be contrary to the old formularies of the English Church, particularly to the Church Catechism, the wisest summary of things necessary and useful to be taught which any church can show; wisest in the principles it starts from, in the order of its lessons; wise in what it leaves out, as well as in what it

* "Sermons for the Times," by Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1855.

puts in. For it starts from no other principle than this, that the heart of man, corrupt though it be by nature, is redeemed by the sacrifice of Christ, so that the child is born, not into the Devil's kingdom, but God's kingdom, is from earliest infancy a member of none other than Christ, and in a state of salvation for which he ought to thank God heartily. This is not what children are taught now-a-days. Then what is a child to do? Is he to go through certain experiences, till he becomes *conscious* of God's reconcilement to him? Far from it; God loves him already, and he is to believe *that*, whether conscious of it or no, and to live a godly, righteous and sober life, loving God and his neighbour, as the Catechism tells him how, doing his clear duty with a single heart, and trusting in God that he shall never be confounded. We may see the wisdom of the Catechism, too, in the order of its teaching; in that it "tells him of "the love, before it tells him of the "wrath; of the order, before it tells "him of the disorder; of the right, "before the wrong; of the health, "before the disease; of the freedom, "before the bondage; of the truth, "before the lies; of the light, before "the darkness; in one word, it tells "him first of the eternal and good "God, who was, and is, and shall be "to all eternity, before and above the "evil devil."—P. 44.

This is the chief lesson to be learnt from these ten sermons; but both in these, and in the other twelve, many equally important principles are dwelt upon, which every reader of Mr. Kingsley, and of his guide and friend, Mr. Maurice, is familiar with. That the relations between man and man, between father and child, between husband and wife, between Englishman and England, are sacred, not merely as typical of the highest truths, but as the actual embodiment and copy of those truths; that selfishness and self-wrought isolation are the very root and ground of sin, and of all violation of God's order;* that heaven consists in doing God's will, and hell in doing one's own selfish will; that there is a Light which lighteth every man that is born into the world, and inspires every man with whatever thought of good he has thought, whatever deed of good he has done; that God is as surely present in the history of nations now, as he ever was in the history of the Jews; that the repeated defeats of Russia, and the sad story of our own Crimean mismanagement, are surely punishments for sins,—for those sins of which they are the natural and necessary results, according to the laws by which God governs His universe;—all these truths we may learn from this book, and may be very thankful that there are men who are never weary of teaching them. These are dark days for the Church of England, when its priests and laymen are litigating about altar-cloths and credence tables; when, among high and low, mint and anise and cummin seem to have taken the place of the weightier matters of the law, truth and righteousness; but we need not despair of her, while her Prayer Book lasts, and while there remains, to expound it in its depth and breadth of significance, one such earnest and noble-hearted and manly clergyman as Frederick Maurice, or as Charles Kingsley.

W. L. H.

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* The great lesson of that much misunderstood Poem, "Maud."

WINTER WEATHER.

WE rode together
In the winter weather
To the broad mead under the hill;
Though the skies did shiver
With the cold, the river
Ran, and was never still.

No cloud did darken
The night; we did hearken
The hound's bark far away.
It was solemn midnight
In that dread, dread night,
In the years that have pass'd for aye.

Two rode beside me,
My banner did hide me,
As it droop'd adown from my lance;
With its deep blue trapping,
The mail over-lapping,
My gallant horse did prance.

So ever together
In the sparkling weather
Moved my banner and lance;
And its laurel trapping,
The steel over-lapping,
The stars saw quiver and dance.

We met together
In the winter weather
By the town-walls under the hill;
His mail-rings came clinking,
They broke on my thinking,
For the night was hush'd and still.

Two rode beside him,
His banner did hide him,
As it droop'd down strait from his lance;
With its blood-red trapping,
The mail over-lapping,
His mighty horse did prance.

And ever together
In the solemn weather
Moved his banner and lance;
And the holly trapping,
The steel overlapping,
Did shimmer and shiver, and dance.

Back reined the squires
Till they saw the spires
  Over the city wall;
Ten fathoms between us,
No dames could have seen us,
  Tilt from the city wall.

There we sat upright
Till the full midnight
  Should be told from the city chimes:
Sharp from the towers
Leapt forth the showers
  Of the many clanging rhymes.

'Twas the midnight hour,
Deep from the tower
  Boom'd the following bell;
Down go our lances,
Shout for the lances!
  The last toll was his knell.

There he lay, dying;
He had, for his lying,
  A spear in his traitorous mouth;
A false tale made he
Of my true, true lady;
  But the spear went through his mouth.

In the winter weather
We rode back together
  From the broad mead under the hill;
And the cock sung his warning
As it grew toward morning,
  But the far-off hound was still.

Black grew his tower
As we rode down lower,
  Black from the barren hill;
And our horses strode
Up the winding road
  To the gateway dim and still.

At the gate of his tower,
In the quiet hour,
  We laid his body there;
But his helmet broken,
We took as a token;
  Shout for my lady fair!

We rode back together
In the winter weather
  From the broad mead under the hill;
No cloud did darken
The night; we did hearken
  How the hound bay'd from the hill.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

THE BARRIER KINGDOMS.

THE most important fact developed during the present war unquestionably is the recent treaty which has been entered into between the Western Powers and Sweden. Until this event, it seemed as though the most unscrupulous and open aggression on the part of Russia, and all the assurances of the West, were alike insufficient to arouse into action and life the nationalities most immediately in contact with the gigantic power of the North,—the nations whom, as well as Turkey, the contest most nearly concerns. The brave example of Sardinia was unfollowed; no danger, no encouragement, as it seemed, was capable of rekindling the extinct spirit of patriotism in the races of Europe. This is the less to be wondered at when we recollect the humiliating concessions made by England herself, during the two latest generations of her statesmen, to the power against which she now stands in arms. If England herself, with revenue, resources, and all the essentials of national well-being as ten to one, when compared with Russia, was unable to resist Russian intrigue, cautious of incurring Russian hostility, and timorously eager at explanation and retractation in every case of actual collision, great allowance is to be made for the hesitation of the weaker nations which lie directly within the grasp and design of the Russian system. This Russian system, which has for its object simply the idea of foreign conquest irrespective of any other consideration, without regard to advantaging the subjugated, or any of the other pretexts under which aggression is usually veiled, and which certainly can introduce no element towards the advancement of human happiness, has hitherto worked its way without molestation or opposition. From the time of Peter it (the sacred idea) has descended as an inheritance from Czar to Czar, from Cabinet to Cabinet, from generation to generation. There has been no system of policy to counteract it, no league, no confederation of Europe, as there should have been, with the express object of antagonizing it. Sweden has been deprived of Finland; Poland has been reduced to a province; Germany has been deprived of the command of the Danube; the Russian eagles have

planted themselves within a short march of Vienna and Berlin; while the whole vast German population has become hopelessly Russianized; Georgia has been wrested from the Caucasian district, and the influence of Russia has been suffered to become paramount in the East. We have stood by apathetically watching, where we have not been actively abetting, the interference of Russia in the affairs of Hungary, Greece, Italy, and Armenia and Persia. Yet, notwithstanding these errors, which now stand confessed by the general consent of the nation, it has become evident that Russia has all along marked and prepared against the nations of the West as her ultimate and implacable opposers. The skilful diplomatists who guide the councils of Russia have seen in the active vitality of England and France something beyond the reach of their appliances. All their efforts have been directed to the great end of dividing against one another, of embroiling in foreign quarrel, and so weakening the two nations which they were conscious possessed alone in the earth that national existence unpolluted and perennial, which could serve as a counteracting force to their one idea of conquest and spoliation. England and France have been during the years of peace knitting close the bonds which make them one—bonds which have been felt to exist, and have been acknowledged as interrupted during the years of bitterest hostility. During the forty years of peace, the two nations have been undergoing the same modifying revolutions, even where the process has been most different. Each has been striving after the highest form of social good, each has had a circulation and system independent and its own; the power of revolution, whether revolution has been armed or unarmed, has been to each a renovating power, preventing the necessity of renovation from without. With this integrity defying the efforts of Russian intrigue, and invulnerable in reality, even when most vacillating and uncertain in foreign policy, it has caused profound astonishment to the Western nations to witness the wilful lethargy or active subserviency of the rest of Europe, Sardinia excepted, since the time when the proclamation of war, so long and studiously avoided, declared the imminent danger of the world from the encroachments of Russia. It is only very slowly and unwillingly that France and England are becoming conscious that they alone are the real champions of law and order against the Autocratic doer of wrong, inasmuch as they alone have been zealous and successful in their endeavours to attain to law and order among themselves.* We must learn as the great fact to regulate our present conduct that we have no one to depend upon but ourselves; that this mighty contest must be conducted on our part without external aid; that we have to create nationalities, and must not expect to find any material of public spirit or patriotism ready to our hands, and that our great triumph will be at the end of the war to present to the nations of Europe the liberty which we shall have won for them.

But in the meantime it is encouraging to find that the exertions which we have already made are beginning to produce good fruits. We shall have something to say on all the nations above mentioned, which are mostly conterminous with Russia, and without exception peculiarly exposed to her menaces and overpowering pressure. It will rejoice the heart of every Englishman that of these nations the first to assert its right to independent national action has been Sweden. Since the time of the establishment of St. Petersburgh on the Neva, the growth of Russia and the decay of Sweden have been almost fabulous. At that time Sweden, "heroic Sweden," was

* Of America, which stands aloof from European politics, nothing is said here.

one of the greatest of European powers. Her population was that most heroic Norseman race which spread itself with irresistible valour over Europe, and from which it is our pride to have descended. Her armies were the most efficient in Europe, and boasted a long succession of unparalleled achievement. She had the entire command of the Baltic Sea, and her hardy Finns were among the best seamen in the world. From the battle of Pultowa down to 1809, when she was compelled by the treaty of Frederickshamn to cede the whole of Finland, East Bothnia, and Aland, Sweden has been constantly diminishing, while Russia has been as constantly increasing at her expense. And from the commencement of the present war we have seen with deep grief that it appeared as though the ancient Scandinavian spirit was extinct, had succumbed to the Sclavonic despotism which was oppressing it. Finland, once the nurse of a race of heroes, was known to be alienated from its mother state, and it was feared that the hardy and daring patriotism of the Swede had finally yielded to the corrupting influences brought lavishly to bear upon it. The Swedish treaty has made it appear that these suspicions were ill-founded; Sweden only awaited due encouragement and assurance of the sincerity of the Western Powers, to declare herself in a decisive manner. There cannot be the smallest doubt but that this treaty is the prelude to an open rupture with Russia on the part of Sweden. The conduct of Sweden, we are informed, is looked upon by the Russians with scornful astonishment, so entirely had they come to regard this noble and mighty nation as their subservient tool and vassal. There is every expectation that this accession of Sweden will be the foundation of a union of the Scandinavian nations against Russia. It would be impossible for the latter power to make head against such a union, and its most probable consequence would be the recovery of the Baltic. The idea is said to be viewed with greater favour in Denmark than even in Sweden and Norway, if indeed it did not originate in that country. To realize such an alliance would be consistent with the soundest policy which the Western Powers can adopt, and herein France and England would have the glory of rekindling the life and greatness which they themselves once received from the North.

The Scandinavian Union, again, is of paramount importance as regards the great question of the Danish Succession. On this point we quote the letter of "A Norwegian," written to "The Times," Dec. 31, 1855.

"In the treaty that was concluded in "1852, under the auspices of England, "France, and Russia, a relation of the "Czar was made successor to the throne "of Denmark, and thus the Russian Em"peror has not only paved the way for "exercising a powerful influence on the "government of Denmark, but may by a "no means impossible concurrence of "events become himself the heir to a por"tion of the territory. This treaty, which "was the last but most dangerous in which "the Western statesmen allowed them"selves to be circumvented by Russian "diplomacy, has already been deeply de"plored, and not the least by its originators. "The Danish people received it with dis"gust, and it was only acknowledged by "the Diet because they did not feel them"selves strong enough to oppose the de"termination of Europe. Let Europe "now avail herself of the opportunity that "offers of correcting an error into which "it was led by Russian cunning, by a free "union of the three kingdoms of Sweden, "Norway, and Denmark, under the flou"rishing dynasty of Bernadotte. With "the possession of the Sound, and the "Belts thus secured, the work will be "complete. On the decease of King Fre"derick VII. and his aged uncle, Prince "Ferdinand, the male line of the royal "house of Denmark will be extinct. It "has been rumoured that the King once "offered to sacrifice his crown for the "welfare of his people, and it is not im"possible or inconsistent with the cha"racter of this noble and patriotic Prince "to anticipate that if he believed that the "fitting time had arrived, he would now "carry his resolution into effect. Such a

" step is however by no means necessary
" to the object proposed."

This extract will show the form and consistence to which the Scandinavian idea has attained. It is no novelty, and requires no coercion in order to its realization; but is deeply seated in the imagination and associations of the Northern people themselves.

It would be well if there were any prospect of Germany following the noble example of Sweden; but such a contingency can have no place in the reckoning of the allies. The most melancholy fact of the war is the entire prostration of public spirit in Germany. In that king-ridden and priest-ridden land, the finesse and chicanery of diplomacy have been exalted into a perfect science, so that it seems impossible for any one to move except in a well-worn groove of idle ceremony and refinement. All clear and sound views of policy are lost, and anything like real statesmanship is looked for in vain. We regard the keen and subtle diplomatists of Germany as exquisitely skilful manœuvrers at a game, only anxious that the existing mesh of complication may last as long as possible, intent, if possible, upon duping the rest of the world, and regarding the present great struggle as a kind of delicious element, in which they may display their mazy evolutions and disport themselves in strenuous idleness. If any real sense of the danger of their position has been awakened in them by the serious warnings which have been given them, it is in vain to expect any vigour or action whatever from them. The partition of Poland has joined the frontiers of Austria and Prussia with the frontier of Russia, and the two German kingdoms are menaced through the whole line of boundary by a cordon of formidable fortresses. This is alone sufficient to deter these timid powers from adventuring a contest with Russia. But, moreover, there can be little inclination for such a contest from the nature of the case. If Russia is an arbitrary power, despotic, and given to foreign aggression, Austria is no less so, though on a minor scale. To say nothing of her Italian and Hungarian conquests, or of her growth from a duchy to an empire, attained by unprincipled spoliation of her neighbours, she is deeply implicated in the affair of Poland, she has aided to destroy the barrier which separated her from Russia, and is a sharer in the questionable gains of the transaction. The same thing is true of Prussia; the two are inextricably blended with Russia in the lust and guilt of conquest. Their forms of government are substantially the same, the principles of their foreign policy are identical. The reigning houses, moreover, of Germany, which supply alliances to the royal families of the whole earth, have not, we may be sure, failed to connect themselves most closely by intermarriage with the so-called house of Romanoff, and, as in policy, so in consanguinity, the rulers of Germany are nearly related to Russia. Under these circumstances, and having already had a fair taste of German spirit and policy, it is much to be regretted that the Western powers are permitting themselves to be again made the subjects of a display of German statescraft. What is to be expected from the humble petition of Count Esterhazy at St. Petersburgh? No one in France or England expects anything; it is understood to be a mere farcical exhibition of diplomatic gymnastics, originating, if in nothing worse, at any rate in the timid desire of Austria to appear to be doing something; and it is to be backed by a similar mission from Prussia. Of the value of German mediation we have just had a lesson from our enemy. Russia has declared to us, through Count Buol, that she is no longer averse to the neutralization of the Black Sea, meaning by the term, the withdrawal of our fleets, and the maintenance of a number of Turkish and Russian vessels in

those waters; the conditions to be settled between Turkey and Russia herself, without the intervention of any other power. This, which is a deliberate insult, and a fresh provocation to us, is not devoid of a satirical reflection upon German diplomacy. Russia can scarcely be serious in her proposal. Is this the sort of answer which she makes to the timid importunities and proffered good offices of her German cousins?

There is at present no likelihood of a Prussian or Austrian alliance. If in either of those countries there should arise a philosopher statesman, such as Plato has described, one fully acquainted with the particulars of the case, and skilful in the management of business, but at the same time one who has been much in contact with the immutably and eternally true, and is able constantly to refer to the paradigm of truth and righteousness in his own soul as the standard of his actions—if such a man were to arise as administrator of the German powers, then the alliance with Austria and Prussia would be the complement of the great Anti-Russian confederation. The foreign policy of those powers would be altered in principle; and they would consent to the restoration of Poland as a return to a normal state of things. But, as at present constituted, they cannot join us without making war upon their own species, and we must be content to maintain our position unaided by them. This is deeply to be regretted, inasmuch as their co-operation would be a material aid; and, if they could be induced to act, the change in policy to which we have alluded would necessitate itself. Great national changes do not take place at once and suddenly. We ourselves have drifted gradually into the war with Russia, and are perhaps scarcely yet aware of our real position. We represent the principle of restitution, in opposition to the Russian principle of aggression. These are the two leading antagonistic principles, and this is what is meant in reality, when we call ourselves the champions of civilization. Now, if Austria and Prussia finally proclaim themselves on the side of Russia, they will do no more than openly assert the principle which history declares to have been throughout their spring of action. If, on the contrary, they range themselves with us, they cannot fail to become, by degrees, and in the course of events, assimilated in policy to the other extreme, that is, to what we have called the principle of restitution.

But France and England are not to surrender or abate the idea which animates them in order to secure the evident strategical advantages which the accession of the German states would confer. The question has been asked, querulously, "What are we at war for?" and it has been thought difficult to find an answer. The answer is easy. We are at war for the express purpose of undoing whatever Russia has been doing in Europe and Asia for the last fifty years; and we are at war because we, the allies, are the only powers of Europe free from the scandal of despoiling our neighbours; and in this are evidently fulfilling our destiny. England has always been employed by Providence as the means of overthrowing whatever power has become predominant in Europe, so as to threaten the liberties of other nations. The Spanish Armada, the domination of the grand Monarque, the legions of the first Napoleon, alike found defeat and annihilation at the hands of Englishmen. It will be seen, if we are faithful to our work, that Russian despotism will share the fate of the tyrannies which have perished before. Meanwhile, we may well congratulate ourselves on the noble and worthy allies who are found fighting by our side. France has at length attained, to all appearance, the true and normal position for which she has been struggling ever since her first revolution. The

first Napoleon, to whom she then confided her hard-won freedom, betrayed his trust. The revolutionary ardour of France compelled him to launch himself against the ancient despotisms of Europe; but he did so as a conqueror, not as a redresser. Thus it was that he found the power of England arrayed against him, and fell in the shock which ensued. The present Emperor, on the other hand, is found fighting in alliance with England for the protection of the nationalities oppressed by Russia. The method of performing most efficiently the task allotted to the allies indisputably will be to reverse, as far as possible, the process which Russia has observed in her aggressions. A definitive barrier must be erected on every point towards which she has directed her approaches. Finland, and the Gulf of Bothnia must be restored to Sweden, and the Scandinavian nations joined together in a permanent attitude of watchfulness against Russia. Poland, if we are to carry out the principle which we profess to have adopted, must be reconstituted on a lasting basis. The Danubian principalities must be assigned to a sufficient government; Turkey must be reorganized; Georgia must be restored to Circassia, and Circassia secured. Of the difficulties connected with some of these proposed changes, we hope to speak more fully upon a future occasion; but at present, we observe, that less than these would be incomplete work, and a compromise. The world ought to have learnt a sufficient lesson already from the insidious advances of Russia towards any object exciting her cupidity. Give Russia a footing anywhere, and you give her everything. Give Russia Finland, and you give her Sweden; give Russia Poland, and you give her Germany; give Russia Georgia, and you give her Persia. The soundest policy is that which excites the most universal opposition to Russia, and leads to the establishment of the most decisive checks upon her.

The claims of Circassia upon the protection of the West are not less valid and imperative than the claims of the oppressed nations of Europe, and as a campaign for the ensuing year in the regions of the Caucasus and Asia Minor is contemplated as the possible direction of the allied armies, a word or two on this important point will be pardoned. If ever a people earned a right to freedom by heroic exploits, it is the mountain tribes of the Caucasus. For two generations these tribes, under the chieftain and prophet, Mansour, and under his successor, the chieftain and prophet, Schamyl, have combated successfully the undivided military force of the Russian empire. The Georgian Caucasus has been included in the frontier of Russia, but has never been subdued. Year after year has the Russian army gone up to the attack of the strongholds of the mountaineers, and year after year has it returned to its forts baffled, defeated, and diminished. The amount of blood and treasure which the stubborn resistance of these petty tribes, clinging with invincible tenacity to their native rocks, has cost Russia, is incalculable, and will never be guessed at. The Russians themselves own that the Caucasus war has consumed annually twenty thousand of their best soldiers. But they have latterly adopted another system. Instead of marching in force into the interior, they have been content to cut off the Circassians from the sea by a chain of forts, and at the same time to attempt to seduce the fidelity of the tribes, by establishing depôts, at which salt, a necessary of life which is scarce in the Caucasus, and other things, can be conditionally obtained. All this has been of no avail in breaking the *morale* or the organization of the resistance. The Russians may have succeeded in alluring some of the outlying tribes, and have doubtless caused distress to

the rest, but the Anti-Muscovite enthusiasm continues to burn as fiercely as before. In the summer of the year before last Schamyl descended in great strength from his fastnesses, threatened Tiflis, the Russian base of operations, and compelled the Russians to abandon their expedition into Armenia. Here then, in this resistance of the Caucasus, is a fact worthy of the notice of the world. Secluded from the observation of other nations, with no one to witness and chronicle the struggle, without sympathy, encouragement, or assistance, the sea that washes their shores traversed by no keels except those of their enemy; in want of the necessaries of life, without ammunition, exposed to the terrible artillery of Russia, these tribes have for thirty years defied the utmost efforts of the Czar, flung themselves, armed only with the sabre, upon the serried bayonets and devastating grape-shot of the Muscovite infantry; and in this condition have again and again routed, in open fight, the overwhelming numbers brought against them. The whole history of these campaigns will, in all probability, never be known; the few details which have reached us in the narratives of such travellers as Mr. Bell, equal in marvellous and successful heroism whatever has been attributed by romance to the choicest Paladins and Princes of chivalry. For thirty years the struggle of Russia for the Caucasus has been watched with placid ignorance and indifference, without an effort to relieve these unaided heroes. We have left the battle of the world to be fought by the tribes of Circassia, and have not so much as supplied them with powder and shot! Here then is an important point of defence to be secured against Russia, as is instantly proved by the desperate nature of the efforts of Russia to gain it. If Russia were once seated upon the Caucasus, the whole of the East would lie at her feet. Persia would, in no long time, be added to the territory of the Czar, and thus at one point the Russian frontier would touch India. The safety of our Indian empire, from at least the attempts of Russia, is by no means so certain as we are willing to believe. The reduction of Georgia, which was perhaps in the process of accomplishment under the masterly plans of Woronzoff, when the war broke out, would bring Russia really, as she is nominally, nearly a thousand miles nearer India than she was at the beginning of the century; and the history of the Russian empire proves that no undertaking is so vast or so remote as to be impossible to her. India is the tendency of her progress southward in this direction, and would it not be as well to stop that progress whilst we can do so cheaply, and before it become troublesome to our Eastern dominions, by rendering the natural barrier of the Caucasus, which has been impassable, even when guarded by its handful of heroes, absolutely and for ever impassable to Russia?

We venture on these grounds to advocate the idea of a campaign, in 1856, in Asia Minor, Mingrelia, and Georgia. There are other considerations, moreover, which favour immediate action in this area of country. On this point, at any rate, we can work effectually and uncompromisingly at our great task of restoring the ravages caused by Russia, without fear of offending anybody. Here are no Austria and Prussia to embarrass us with mediation, which is nothing more than a baffling attempt to hide from us the real object at which we ought to aim. Georgia is, in one respect, unlike Poland. Georgia is the destined prey of Russia alone, and we can wrest the prey from the spoiler without fear of involving ourselves with any confederates. Let us then go to work zealously, and with the sternest purpose of leaving no incomplete result behind us, on the field which lies open to us. If we succeed in expelling the Russians from Georgia, and permanently

securing the independence of the whole Caucasian district, one great object of the war will have been accomplished, and we might make peace with the satisfaction of knowing that, even if nothing else had been done, yet all the blood and treasure expended by the allies would not have been wasted. The fall of Kars, however great the misfortune in itself, has occurred opportunely to direct the serious attention of the allies to this quarter; and it is trusted that such a catastrophe will have the effect of arousing the energies of the English nation by that sort of teaching by which it seems to be the fate of England to learn.

Of the other great points, at which it is plain that we must aim in this war, the formation of a Scandinavian union, above alluded to, is the most immediately feasible. The Polish question may perhaps better be in abeyance at present; perhaps we have enough in the more immediate objects indicated by the course of events, to occupy our power for some time to come; and certainly, we shall, at all events, by the Scandinavian union, and the restoration of the Caucasus, sufficiently indicate that we are not contending blindly, but for understood principles. But it is certain, and the certainty is acknowledged by the present manœuvrers of Austria and Prussia, that if the war is to continue, it will assume proportions more and more gigantic, and the question of the restoration of Poland will ultimately be forced upon the world. Upon no other basis can the security of central Europe against Russia be ensured, than upon the principle of restitution. The first Napoleon attacked Russia, and signally failed, because he attacked Russia as a conqueror, not as a restorer and preserver of other nations. He had no principle to oppose to the Russian principle of conquest. The struggle between Napoleon and Alexander was no more than a struggle between two schemes of universal domination, and was decided by the strength of the combatants. If, then, Napoleon failed against Russia, it is beyond expectation that any other mere conqueror should succeed. If Russia is to be subdued, it must be by the operation of a principle directly antagonistic to the Russian principle; and this, we repeat, can be no other than the principle of restitution, put into operation by the allied powers.

These considerations tend to simplify the true course of Austria and Prussia. So long as the allies are engaged in vindicating their principle elsewhere, Austria and Prussia may be allowed to dabble in negotiation and mediation, fondly persuading themselves that they are throwing dust in our eyes; but when the time arrives, supposing the war to continue, when the principle of the allies is to be applied to the case of Poland, these powers will be necessitated to declare themselves on the one side or the other. We have this hope for them, that they will not be so suicidal as to declare against us, but will secure their own future safety against Russia by the noble method of surrendering their share of the ill-gotten gains of the partition of Poland. Something of the kind seems to be expected in Russia, if we are to trust to the expressions of hatred and malice towards Austria, attributed to the Russian statesmen. Austria has made conquests in Italy and Hungary, with which, whilst she is our ally and Russia our enemy, we can have no concern. But should Austria unite with Russia against us, significant hints have already been thrown out as to what would be the course of the Western Powers with these acquisitions.

ALFRED TENNYSON. An Essay. In Three Parts.

Part II.

In Memoriam.

TO review In Memoriam adequately in a single short article is an impossibility; for nothing less would satisfy me than going carefully and minutely over chapter by chapter and line by line; nothing less could in any degree do justice to it. Indeed I have been advised to analyze the more difficult chapters, as I have analyzed The Vision of Sin; but, in the present case, having once begun, I should not know where to stop; and, besides, that is the part, not of a reviewer, but of a commentator. In this critique, then, there cannot but be faults of omission, and I must all the more diligently endeavour that the reader may find none, or very few, of commission. And if I lightly touch upon questions that require to be discussed at great length, and sometimes indeed give conclusions only without premisses, let him indulgently consider my confined limits, and believe me when I say that I have been forced by them upon a practice which none can condemn more strongly than myself.

I have already stated that I rank philosophical poetry the highest of all. I now place In Memoriam in this highest class, if not the first in it. But let it be distinctly understood what I mean when I call In Memoriam a philosophical poem. I am far from desiring to set it up in any way as a text-book of philosophy,—an attempt deprecated also by its author.

> "If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
> Were taken to be such as closed
> Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
> Then these were such as men might scorn."

All the technical acquisition of philosophy that can be gained from it will be very small; and a very slight previous acquaintance with philosophical systems, in some cases merely historical, is all that is required to understand it. But every man, in the deep of his heart, is and must be more or less a philosopher; every man must have asked himself the questions,—What am I? What are those things I see and hear, those things I think? Why am I here, why am I at all? What am I to do, what am I to look forward to, what to hope or fear? Such questions arise of necessity in every mind that thinks at all, and receive answers, more or less definite and true, elsewhere than in metaphysical treatises. And answers they receive from In Memoriam, uttered with a clearness and force and beauty not to be surpassed. To make plain what I mean, —when Tennyson in the Introduction writes,

> "Our wills are ours, we know not how,
> Our wills are ours, to make them Thine,"

he cannot be said to have philosophically discussed the Freedom of the Will. Such an assertion would be a simple absurdity. But this he has done; he has stated exactly what common men feel, and what I believe philosophers have been compelled to own, that we have free wills, though we cannot define the nature and the extent of that freedom, while the voice of conscience proclaims to all who are not wilfully deaf, that there is yet One Will with which the wills of all men must be brought into accordance, even the will of Him whose service is perfect freedom. Again, many readers may be ignorant of the doctrine alluded to in the lines,

> "That each who seems a separate whole
> Should move his rounds, and fusing all

The skirts of self again, should fall
Re-merging in the general Soul,"

but all must have speculated whether they shall meet and know their friends in the next world, and every heart must have returned the answer so definitely and beautifully enunciated in the next stanza,

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet."

To take one more example. Doubtless to many, if not most, readers, the line

"He, They, One, All; within, without,"

is obscure, merely from want of historical knowledge of systems of philosophy; but the mind of every observant and thinking man must have been struck by the multiplicity of the phænomena of nature, beneath which, nevertheless, there seems to lie one pervading power; every such mind must have recognized something divine, something at least *like* God, both within itself and without; for man was made in the image of his Maker, and external nature is, as it were, the counterpart of the spirit of man. Yes, Tennyson is, not a philosopher, however philosophical he may be, but a poet, embracing in his sympathies the learned and the ignorant, and interpreting between them; for Interpreter is the truest explanation of poet,—interpreting too between men and God; making known to men those wonders which are unveiled to him by that Inspiration which is vouchsafed to modern English poets, not less in kind, however less in degree, than to Job and David and Isaiah. I have been particular in showing that In Memoriam treats philosophical subjects not in a scientific, but in what may be called a popular, manner, in the hope that I may thereby induce some to study it, who might otherwise have been deterred by the supposition that it is a book of philosophy, intended only for such as lay claim to the name of philosophers. But not only this; but a very large portion of it is intelligible at once to every mind, and of universal interest. I will at present enumerate some of the chapters which are the most striking instances of this, begging such of my readers as are still inclined to call Tennyson obscure, to read them, and point out what difficulty there is in them. They are Chapters vi. viii. x. xi. xiv. xviii. xx. xxviii. xxx.; but I will stop here, for I have surely mentioned enough to prove my point. And beside In Memoriam, there are scarcely any poems of Tennyson which ought to have any difficulty to a man of ordinary education, who will bring to them that attention which all knowledge desires, if not requires. But in truth this complaint of obscurity is founded on that contemptible misconception that poetry is a branch of *light* literature, together with that impatience of thought and presumptuous self-conceit which are not unmarked characteristics of the present generation. The fault is wholly in the reader, and the only remedy is that he should at once confess and amend.

I have treated this first point at some length, because there is a prejudice against philosophical poetry,—a prepossession not wholly unmerited; for much that is called by that noble name is altogether unworthy of it, lacking two essentials of poetry, that it should come not from the intellect alone, but also from the heart, and that it should be song flowing in spontaneous and free musical numbers.

I cannot pass over the famous opinion of one so qualified to judge as Plato, that philosophy and poetry are irreconcileable enemies. His chief arguments against poetry are that it does not attain to truth, or at best only to phænomenal truth, and that it excites the feelings, thus disturbing the mind from that calm which is necessary for philosophical contemplation. The second argument I do not think it requisite to reply to, as it is one which can never have much weight with any large portion of mankind, and as little

as any with so genial-minded a people as the English. But the first, however often answered, has still great influence, and not least among us English, who, loving truth dearly, are also for the most part no less matter-of-fact. Now this grave charge that poetry does not deal with truth, is altogether to be denied. The grand creative faculty, Imagination, common to Art and Poetry, as distinctly and forcibly set forth by Ruskin, seeks after truth, after truth no less than Reason, in however different a method. Of this no better example can be taken than the poem before us, in which there is not a line which has not been written with all the heart and all the mind. Indeed, its whole value depends upon its truthfulness. If these are not the actual hopes and griefs of a human soul, throw them aside as elaborate wailings of a sentimental fancy. But of a certainty real grief alone could have taught such sorrowful utterances,—real resignation alone could have prompted those expressions of the very spirit of resignation, at length triumphing

> "In conclusive bliss,
> And that serene result of all."

To bring forward isolated or ill-connected examples of that which I maintain pervades the whole, and which is indeed the foundation of all its excellencies, is altogether unsatisfactory; each must read and judge for himself; yet I hope that this point will be made plain, if the sort of analysis of the poem which I shall presently give be attended to.

There may be some who fancy that In Memoriam is little else than a mere collection of short poems, "like orient "pearls at random strung," with little connection and sequence. And indeed every one of the chapters is so perfect that it might well stand by itself; but a mere collection of short poems would not be a great poem. But the connection of the chapters is not the least admirable part of the book; there is not one that could be spared; the dependence of each upon the rest is I think very easily to be traced, and between many the relation is very close. I can only give the reader a clue, if such he need; I have not space myself to be his guide.

There is a strife still raging, though it ought long ago to have been settled, whether poetry has to do with common or with uncommon things, a question which again may be stated thus, whether the beautiful is the ordinary or the extraordinary. That which is frequently ranked as the highest kind of poetry, epic, undoubtedly acts on the second principle; the Iliad, the Æneid, the Paradise Lost, are about heroes and heroic exploits, angels, and wars in heaven; though the first at least of these treats also of common things, giving minute accounts of sacrificing and feasting. And on this principle, too, proceeds that which many would claim to be the highest, which is acknowledged by all to be a very high form of poetry, pure tragedy. In the Greek tragedies the demigods and heroes of Greece, especially the Homeric heroes—in the great English tragedies, a King of Scotland, a Prince of Denmark, a King of Britain, a General of Venice, are the foremost and best-known characters. And on the whole, even in Shakespeare's tragedies, so much less purely tragic than the Greek, the action, sentiment, and language, are on a level with the high rank of the principal characters. But side by side with these is a vast mass of poetry which has dealt with the ordinary feelings and actions of ordinary men; such as, among our own countrymen, the greater part of the poems of Cowper and Burns. This was carried so far by Wordsworth and others as to provoke a storm of ridicule, which would now be universally acknowledged to be deserved. Yet the existence of these two kinds, springing up so abundantly side by side, points to a ready answer to the question; an answer which we find emphatically given in Tennyson.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, The May Queen, Lord Burleigh, Lady Clare, The Brook—these are simplicity itself. But The Lady of Shalott, St. Simeon Stylites, The Princess—still more The Palace of Art, The Two Voices, A Vision of Sin—these are far removed from common appreciation, and are at least in their full meaning and beauty for comparatively few readers. So it is; the ordinary and the extraordinary are alike subjects for poetry, that girdle of beauty which encircles the universe; and poets may not confine themselves to this or that class of men—to kings, heroes, and philosophers, nor yet to merchants, mechanics, and peasants, but must range through all mankind, the spokesmen of the human race; though true it is that to many has been given only a tongue for common men and common things, while, on the other hand, many can far more easily and eloquently sing heroic deeds, far more readily analyze philosophic thought, than describe the events and emotions of every-day life. The question here considered is no difficult one; it can be answered by a mere attention to facts; but it is a most important one, indeed full of the deepest significance; for it shows us how earth is indissolubly bound to heaven; how men in their most ordinary occupations, in their daily working and playing, are still spiritual creatures; not mere machines, to labour with the hand; nor yet mere brains, machines still, to think; but in one comprehensive, awful, inexplicable word, souls, into which God has breathed the breath of life. And this inseparable union between the high and the low, the far off and the near, the strange and the familiar, no poem sets forth more clearly and strikingly than In Memoriam. To the memory of a college friend, who died a few years ago in Vienna,—the son of a well-known living historian,—that is the groundwork of the story, or occasion of the poem. The illustrations are,

"A happy lover, who has come
To look on her that loves him well,"

a mother praying God will save her sailor son; a girl waiting for her lover, taking a riband or a rose, that she may look well in his eyes, turning to her glass once more to set a ringlet right, while at that very moment he is

"Kill'd in falling from his horse,
Or drown'd in passing through the ford."

In one chapter the poet contrasts the marriage of a girl by which she leaves home, but often from time to time returns, with the death of his friend, gone never to come again. The removal of the poet's family from one house to another is told. The poem is concluded by a minute account of the wedding of his sister. Yes, verily, if In Memoriam is poetry, poetry dwells by the firesides of men, sharing their household joys and griefs and labours; —treats of the common; stoops to the humblest. But behold a marvellous change. The Introduction is a sublime address to God the Son; the final stanzas are of the consummation of all things, when God the Father shall be all in all. The highest object of the poem, I believe, is to show how "the "truths that never can be proved" can yet be believed, through love, love of God grounded on love of man.

"I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:
"If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore,
That tumbled in the Godless deep,
"A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt.'"

I say advisedly the highest object; for a great poem may have many great ends; and accordingly the commemoration of Arthur Hallam I would rather say is closely inwoven with, or merged in, this first and greatest end, than subordinated to it.—Turn now to the chapters,

"That each who seems a separate whole,"

"If sleep and death be truly one,"
"So careful of the type, but no,"
"That which we dare invoke to bless,"

and we are in the highest region of thought; here poetry no longer sits by the household fire, but walks on the high places of the earth, with Death and Morning on the mountains; yea, through the valley of the shadow of death passes to the Land of the Departed, where the dead on earth are alive for evermore.—Of these two kinds I do not hesitate a moment in placing first the higher, more heroic, more philosophical: the opinion that the poetry which speaks most plainly and readily to the greatest number is the best, I hold to be an error, founded on a confusion between a great and a popular poet, which I would endeavour to expose here, but that I hope to examine it at greater length in a future article.

The doctrine that poetry cannot flourish in a civilized age being so manifestly disproved by the existence of such a poet as Tennyson, (to say nothing of others now living,) and seeming to depend chiefly on the presumed hostility of poetry and philosophy,—an hypothesis which I have already been at pains to prove fallacious,—I may be allowed to pass over with this bare mention.

The truthfulness I have claimed for In Memoriam is the foundation of one of its greatest excellencies—tenderness, so striking a characteristic, that it has been called its distinguishing quality. This is certainly a mistake, for several other qualities are quite as prominent, though greater tenderness could not possibly be displayed.

Tenderness and pathos are quite distinct, yet so nearly related that this will be a fit place to make a few observations on the nature of Tennyson's pathos. There is one kind—the simplest of all—which goes straight to the heart, without the intervention of the intellect, and speaks to all, and whose natural expression is tears. Of this kind one of the greatest masters is Dickens, as illustrated in the deaths of Little Nell and Dora, and the conversation between Nell and Mrs. Quilp, in the sixth chapter of The Old Curiosity Shop. In music, I would select Handel, and instance the solos in the Messiah, "Thy rebuke hath broken "his heart," and "He was despised and "rejected of men;" the pathos of which, whether greater or less, is of an entirely different nature from that of the Dies Iræ, of Mozart's Requiem. Many, perhaps most, would hold this to be the highest kind of all, and that it most exactly answers to the name may perhaps be granted. Of this sort there is comparatively little in Tennyson, though it is by no means wholly wanting in him,—as the Lord of Burleigh, passages in the second and third parts of the May Queen, the concluding lines of The Gardener's Daughter, and, perhaps, some chapters of In Memoriam. But, in general, his pathos is much more fused with the intellect, and consequently addresses itself more particularly to the educated, and expresses rather melancholy, as "Break, "break, break," or desolation of heart, as Oriana, or vehement, passionate woe, as Locksley Hall, than simple grief and pity, of which tears would be the natural sign. I cannot explain my conception of his pathos better than by quoting his own words;

"And for a while the knowledge of his
Held me above the subject." [art

Whether this is or is not the highest kind, I will not now enquire; but it may perhaps be of some service merely to point it out. Of this nature I think is most of the pathos of In Memoriam, as in Chapters iii., xvi., xxiii., xxvi., xxxv., xl., xliii., &c., the delineation of the grief of a strong man, strong as his grief—strong in will and strong in mind; a grief which, though recalled by

"Summer on the steaming floods,
And Spring, that swells the narrow brooks,
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,

That gather in the waning woods
And every pulse of wind and wave;"

yet, by that very mingling with, and embodiment in, all things, is modified and lightened; for

"The imaginative woe
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock through all *his* life,
But in the present broke the blow."

How great a beauty is pathos surely I need not urge. Perhaps it is that quality in a composition which most of all wins our love; which, as its very name might seem to imply, comes home most to our hearts. For, of all the intelligent beings of which we know, pathos is peculiar to man—the sweet, sad music of humanity—that nature which was made in the likeness of God, and which has now to regain that likeness through long suffering, drinking of the brook by the way, that thereby its head may be lifted up. I quote a single example of Tennyson's tenderness, the 128th chapter of In Memoriam:

"Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal,
O loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine!
Sweet human hand, and lips, and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die!
Mine, mine for ever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
Loved deeplier, darklier understood,
Behold I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee."

But, however tender In Memoriam is, no greater misconception could be formed than that it is a mournful poem. The misconception is so thorough that it is strange, almost unaccountable, how any who has read it through, could have fallen into it. I say, read it through; for the first chapters, indeed nearly half the poem, might lead to it quite naturally. But, of all poems, the least sorrowful is In Memoriam. True, the sorrow of the commencement is very deep and dark, almost despair. Of twain, who loved each other with more than the love of brothers, one has been taken away, leaving the other, "to "wander on a darkened earth," till "the Shadow, cloaked from head to "foot," shall wrap him in his formless mantle of forgetfulness. Sick at heart, he cannot see the end and know the good; to him the dead is dead indeed, and with that one death all life has ceased to him:

"From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun;
And all the phantom, Nature, stands
A hollow form, with empty hands."

But the days roll on, and "the wild "unrest and calm despair," are cheered by a ray of hope, very faint at first, but gradually it grows brighter, and the sorrow is changed to less, and the love, which, more than all other elements, is the essence of happiness, grows stronger and stronger, till, at the last, it is made perfect,

"No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But, like a statue, solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm."

In Memoriam a mournful poem! Nay, but, on the contrary, its pervading spirit is that calm happiness which we believe to be the bliss of heaven; for it is the record of the endurance of grief by a noble mind, that in its utter woe, was still stayed at peace with God and man; brave and patient, however painful, endurance, till suffering had perfected, and love saw the dead still living, and won the victory over the intellectual doubts that yielded only to it—to love of mankind, firmly rooted in love of one man, and, grounded on love of mankind, love of Him whose name is Love, and who also is a Man like ourselves.

O happy dead, who had such a poet to raise over him this grandest mausoleum! O happy poet, who had a friend worthy to be so commemorated! And, beyond even this, O happy friends, whose love, not even death could divide, but which has already risen again to live for ever, there, where there

shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor any more pain.

Again, to test Tennyson's truthfulness, let us see how he speaks of external nature. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in his description, is, that so much of it is of ordinary, level English scenery—of common flowers, both wild and cultivated, of trees that grow in our own parks, and fields and hedges. Not that he cannot describe grander scenery. The Palace of Art or Morte d'Arthur alone would refute that; but, brought up in the east of England, he has chosen chiefly to describe what he has seen with his own eyes; thereby once more recalling to us that oft-told, but as oft-forgotten, truth, that nature is beautiful everywhere, not only on mountains and on seas, and in forests, but also in meadows, in fens, in gardens, in wayside hedges. His descriptions are minute, and bear unmistakeably the signs of coming from direct sight. Also, they are never merely external, for that would be to describe as a naturalist, a worse fault than analyzing as a philosopher; but the landscape is drawn as it looks to a human eye and affects a human heart; in the phraseology of Ruskin, not by fancy, but by the nobler faculty, imagination. They are short too, and strictly subordinated to, and connected with, the human interest of the poem; which I hold to be the true method, at least that which most powerfully affects the largest class. Not that they need necessarily be short; some of Ruskin's, and of Kingsley's too, are of great length; but this rule must be observed, that they should never obstruct the action, or keep out of sight the actors, since every landscape will, at the very least, have an additional charm, if associated with a human being.

And still more to enforce and illustrate this truthfulness, which I have, to a great extent, made the central point of the critique, a few remarks upon Tennyson's style (to use for the present a phrase, to which I shall by and bye object,) will be necessary, in which it may happen that I shall say again some things which I have already said in the first part of the Essay, though I will endeavour to repeat myself as little as possible. The great peculiarity of it, displayed nowhere more strikingly than in the poem under review, is the rejection of all inversion of words, and the employment of the common language of every-day life, but without anything that is mean and vulgar.

There have been times in the history of English literature when it was thought that there was a poetical grammar and vocabulary, distinct from those of common life, not only of the ignorant and vulgar, but also of the educated and polite. It was considered a merit, or at least a very allowable license, to put objective cases before the verbs or prepositions that governed them, to place adjectives after their substantives, to make adjectives do the work of adverbs. Far be it from me to wish to lessen the poetic liberties; but a poet who writes the grammar which the educated classes of his countrymen ordinarily use, will naturally be more acceptable than one who twists his sentences either to suit his verses or in imitation of a foreign language. But far worse than this was the use of unfamiliar words, the disdain of familiar ones. That there are many words almost entirely appropriated to poetry, and very seldom employed in the conversation even of the best educated and most refined, cannot be denied; but this happens because conversation seldom rises into the poetical, not because there is in such words any essential unfitness for conversation; while to disuse familiar words is to forego one of the most powerful instruments for affecting the heart. Rhene, Danaw, and Sabrina must sound strangely, to our ears at least, and cannot come home to us with

the same force as their popular and well-known names, with their manifold associations, Rhine, Danube, Severn. What should we say now of a poet who thought the words Sebastopol and Crimea too mean for his verse, and edified us by their classical names, and called us Angli, and our brothers in arms Gauls?

And closely connected with this use of common constructions and every-day words, is the fitness and precision of the language of Tennyson. He has himself exactly described this characteristic in the poem reviewed.

> "What practice, howsoe'er expert,
> In *fitting aptest words to things.*"

Throughout the whole of his poems runs the doctrine, not that truth is beauty, as the phrase often goes, for that is needlessly to confound two things essentially different, but that the beautiful is among the true. This doctrine, happily is now e er more and more gaining ground, but we must never rest till it is established beyond all dispute. We, the countrymen of Bacon, have long ago acknowledged with him, that in Physics, Truth and Utility are coincident, ("in idem coincidunt") and behold the marvellous results that have rewarded the acknowledgment. Let us also say, with one no less able to pronounce upon another question, than Bacon upon that,

> "Truest truth is fairest beauty."

The ideas of the divine mind are to be found not only by physical observations and experiments and the inductive method, but by the creations or interpretations of imagination also; for poetry, not less than natural science, is an interpretation of nature, and the poet, as well also the painter and the sculptor, must faithfully render what they find within and without themselves, fully believing that the things which God has created by His word are altogether nobler and more beautiful than any that man may seem to create by his fancy. Of this we have before us an admirable example in the Pre-Raphaelites, between whom and the poets who, like them, follow nature, I would recommend a comparison to any who are competent to institute it.

To make selections of that which runs throughout the whole of Tennyson's poems, which, in fact, is the only peculiarity in them which can be fairly said to constitute a style, is idle; but a few remarks on that common but as usually employed, unmeaning phrase, Tennyson's style, may not be uncalled for. For people talk as if one mode of expression pervaded all his writings, which mode many are bold enough to stigmatize as affected and obscure. Now, it is surely unnecessary to dwell upon the absurdity of applying such epithets to The Lord of Burleigh and Lady Clare, and the very large proportion of his poems, which are as simple as these two. Those to which they can be more speciously applied, I have attempted, I trust not unsuccessfully, to defend. Therefore, it is not with these epithets that I have to do now, but with the phrase, "Tennyson's "style" itself, to which I entirely object, unless by it is meant the use of the exact words required adequately to express the thought. For compare poems not more dissimilar than Locksley Hall and In Memoriam. The expression in the former is abrupt and impetuous; in the latter equally powerful, but calm and measured; that is to say, precisely suitable to the speaker in each case—in the one the eager-hearted youth, maddened by unreturned love, and excited by the contemplation, alternately of the scientific greatness and the moral weaknesses of the present age; in the other the deep feeling, deep thinking man, remembering his friend faithfully for years, and in the course of gaining the victory over scepticism. True, the one style, as the one character, is easily reconcileable with the other; but distinct, and different with a wide

difference, they certainly are. And if, with these two and The Two Voices, and the Vision of Sin, we compare The May Queen, Dora, Edward Gray, the difference becomes more evident, and the only similarity to be found in them is that adaptation of language to thought, which I have already claimed to be the only peculiarity which can rightly be said to form a style in Tennyson.

I seem to myself barely to have grazed the surface of the great poem which I have undertaken to review; but here my remarks must end, for the present at least. It only remains, dear reader, by way of summing up, to consider what decision, however rude and uncritical, we shall pass upon it. I have endeavoured to write about it quite impartially, and, so far, with as much temperance and absence of enthusiasm as I could command. But in truth, many times my heart has been hot within me, and I have longed to speak out plainly what intense love and reverence I feel for it; no hasty and ill-considered liking and admiration, but strong love and deep reverence, which I am sure will last my life through, founded on knowledge, and by greater knowledge continually made greater. And right well shall I be rewarded for that, which indeed being a labour of love, has been its own reward, if this review shall cause any better to understand and appreciate this greatest poem of this great poet; for thus I shall have the consciousness that I have helped to discover to them a treasure that can never be exhausted, a treasure the most precious; even an El Dorado of Love and Wisdom and Beauty. Every time it is read it will be found more beautiful, more tender, more significant, more sublime; a calm retreat of pure happiness from the tumult of the world, but as widely as heaven from hell removed from selfish and misanthropic isolation; a Paradise of high and holy thoughts, which shall refine and elevate them above the meanness of their vulgar thinking, and that not least by showing the spiritual value and dignity of common things. Especially is such a poem needful and a blessing in these days of commerce and science, when men are too busy to think, too wise to learn, too intent on self-advancement to love, too restless for that tranquillity which is the highest, if not the only true, happiness.

[*To be continued.*]

A STORY OF THE NORTH.

Chap. 1.

"What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

I WALKED upon the coast of Denmark that faced the north, all one winter morning, looking at the passing of the ships to and fro upon the deep green sea, as they carried freight of precious merchandise between one land and another; and there was something in the deep purple margin of the sea, and the long white line of breakers, and the flashing of the sunlight upon distant sails, that gleamed for a moment and were gone, and something in the mournful wailing of the old sea-winds as they sung an ancient song among the rocks, that brought up a vision of that sea as it looked many hundred years ago on such a morning to brave and loving eyes that trust and look no more. And I thanked Our Father and blessed Him for the sympathy of sea

and wind and cloud that day. "These," said I, "abide for ever, watching the "work of human life upon the land: "all the earth is changed, and different "in every generation, for where the "pleasant valley was is the tumultuous "city, and where the city, is the bar- "ren waste; but the sea and clouds "looked even thus a thousand years "ago, and some such music made the "sea-winds in the ears of men." On that day, moreover, I was filled with sadness and unquietness of heart, think- ing upon the days that are past, and because so much majesty and glory had clean gone out of sight without a record. "Alas!" I said, "for I could "weep and weep to think of it, so many "noble deeds accomplished, so many "deeds of love and holy sacrifice, so "many, many gentle hearts broken in "far-off times, there in the North, "whereof no memory nor record comes "to us, no answer from the invisible "winds that have seen all and will not "speak." Therefore my heart was very heavy for love of all the silent great ones that are not named among men; "yet," I thought, "surely when "the day comes at last, after long tar- "rying, for the great sea to give up its "dead, it will happen that the Past also "shall render up the keys of its mys- "tery-room, and as it were with stars, "whereof Astronomers tell us that "their light has not reached the earth, "though they shine somewhere glo- "riously evermore, all the heaven will "be a-light with new constellations, "brighter, it may be, some of them "than any seen before, than all we "have honoured heretofore; new he- "roes, greater than the old ones, or all "as great." With this I comforted my heart: "Shall not the Judge of all "the earth do right?" Fitfully there came along the wind a broken carol of the bells in the valley just below. "Ah!" I thought, "for the bitter life "of all who lived before Christ and "hope were born together, and those "bells rang out such happy tunes. "What to them seemed Life and "Death and Hereafter?" Then I re- membered what holy words the poet of my own land—dear country I shall never see again until I dwell there after death—had sung about Yule- time; and I said aloud those hopeful words of his about God's hidden pur- poses in man, in the hearing of the sea-birds saying,

"And he, shall he,
Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

"Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law,—
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed,—

"Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?"

After this, I sat upon the beach, at the foot of a cliff, white as the cliffs of my own country, and took a volume of illuminated writing, and opened at the first page; dark green and purple and melancholy gold lay upon the page and round about the writing; very sad and pensive was the colouring; and in among the flowers and interlacings of delicate branches, long-leaved branches, showed a castle tower grey against a sky of windy blue, and a lady leaned therefrom in the tower- window, resting her white forehead on her right hand, and playing dreamily with her left among the leaves, and an agony of long expectation sealed itself upon her face.

Then so did that pale anguish, that had gnawed upon her bloom of life, hold me tranced, that I read as if in a charmed book, and the mournful colour of the page and the sadness of the lady wrought a vision of the past to this effect.

Chap. 2.

"Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;—
This, all this was in the olden
Time, long ago."

I saw it now, clear as in a picture, that castle on the far-off coast of Norway, as it stood up fair and manfully against the breakers of the Northern Sea; and the sea-winds and mountain-winds met above its towers, and contended there, flouting the ancient banners of the kingly house of Elstein. Travellers in that distant land, going through the mountain-pass and valley where the town lay once, walk down to the beach-line, looking at the furious beating of the sea-waves that have not ceased to flow, are blown upon by the same old winds that sang through the pine-forest ages long ago; for those winds, visiting all lands within the upper zone, returning, finding all things changed from when they left the mountain-gorge years before, are still the same. No man now, passing through the valley, thinks ever of the people that dwelt there, happy and brave; thinks ever of their sorrows and their love, nor their broken lives, nor noble deaths.

And this castle faced the sea westwards and northwards, but behind it and to south of it lay a fair valley, sheltered by the rock on which the castle stood from all the north winds, and by the mountains from the east wind; and in the valley below the castle-hill stood the little town, busy and full of traffic; for though hunters on the mountains, who had pierced the dark pine-forest, brought tidings only of the ranges stretching on every side, like a great frozen sea petrified, with all its waves in act of tossing, yet seawards came traders to the town, with news of other lands and the rise of cities in the South; at times also came a message or a gift from one who had left them long before in quest of adventures, and to whom the memory of his birth-land had not ceased to be beautiful, though he should never return. It was pleasant to talk together at the door of the old armourer's in the morning, while the red fire burned merrily in the furnace, and listen to the ringing of the metal plates, as he fashioned armour for heroes, and proved the good sword-blades for battle; for never morning came but some fresh thing had happened to serve for telling. But it was even pleasanter at night-time, hearing fire-light stories, fit for those large shadows on the ceiling and the walls—tales of generations passed long ago. And this was the custom of Hakon the armourer, to have a gathering of the neighbours every night to hear his stories and drink with him. And there at the feet of Gertha his foster-mother, grew the little Engeltram in fear and wonder, listening to those weird legends that fell from Hakon's mouth with such a stately flow, and learning much about heaven and earth and gods and men. And as he grew up to greater understanding, he loved still to hear those legends, and to think that whether true or not, they yet were true in this, that there lies in life, concealed somewhere, more than can be seen by all men; some better and more excellent thing than drinking in the mead-cup and singing loud wassail-songs in festival. Very loving and tender was he in his life, and Hakon and Gertha loved him as their own child, suffered him in all things, hoped and plotted for his welfare, till he grew to manhood. Now Engeltram was pale and hazel-eyed, and his hair fell about his shoulders long and brown and dark; his eyes, moreover, had the seeming of one who

ever looks at some fair and far-off object, and cannot yet be satisfied with gazing; for both by day and night there stood before him in his vision the Lady Irminhilda, daughter of King Eric, who lived in Elstein. Through long years they had grown together, as a passion-flower and lily in a desolate wind-swept garden; in the spring-time of their years playing on the hills at the game of king and queen, while the sun passed overhead to warm them, laughed and mocked their little royalty with lengthened shadows on the grass. There he made a crown for her of ash-berries and hedge-flowers, and crowned her in the morning of their life; but Vorsimund her kinsman, cruel Vorsimund, he who chased all gentle harmless creatures for his pastime, came between them like a shadow, broke the little crown of ash-tree, and waited ever to torment them with his cruelty and malice. But those years went over, and brought the summer-time of life, warmer suns, and quicker thoughts, and livelier hopes; for Vorsimund had gone for ever and left them, therefore it could not be but long companionship should bring reliance and dependence, and from this a continual want in separation and completeness in communion, till last of all, they seemed divided halves of one same life, that must be joined together lest both should perish. And this was the love that was between them, fast-enduring, and sanctified by many memories, and prepared for suffering and trial in evil days.

But Eric the king, her father, purposed, in his quiet scheming, to add kingdom to kingdom through his daughter, for she was his only child, and to leave behind him a name to be praised and had in honour as the founder of a nation; and this was the sin of Eric, that he had respect to long futurity and what might be said of him in days to come, and counted not the present time as anything, nor the happiness of living men to be compared with this poor fame of his; wherefore all wise men would judge that evil was already threatening, and would not fail to overtake him presently.

Chap. 3.

There was high festival in the castle of Elstein, among lords and elders and strangers, who had come from distant lands to be guests with Eric while the feasting lasted. Now he had proclaimed this festivity in honour of his daughter upon her twentieth birthday; and he looked that some fortunate issue to his proud hopes would follow, and that the fame of her great beauty might be spread abroad wherever the strangers travelled. All his scheming and ambition was known to the lovers, for Engeltram had found but little favour or forbearance from him lately, and judged that this was the reason; but herein he thought wrongly, for Eric, because he was over-reaching, was short-sighted also, and suspected nothing of all that passed so near him; but he hated Engeltram for his strange resemblance to one you shall hear of presently, who had destroyed his plans in other days, and whom he had hated with a very deadly hatred. So upon this night of the festival, before all the lords and chiefs among the people, King Eric made a royal oath, that no man who was not kingly born and dowered with wide dominions, should wed the Lady Irminhilda. And Engeltram when he heard the words, left the banquet straightway, burning with indignation, for he thought they had respect to him chiefly, and that the eyes of all who knew him were set stedfastly upon him.

Now within the castle that stood four-sided, facing the four chief winds, was a court-yard, and upon the eastern side a covered balcony of woodwork looking into it and open towards

it. Many a time had royal children played there in wild weather, and kings walked there looking how it fared at sea, for the balcony was high above the ground, and overlooked the west walls to the sea beyond. There leaned Engeltram when the moon was high. The Lady Irminhilda passed him going to her chamber from the banquet, for the revel and the drinking had begun: pale was she and faltered in her footsteps, only the sight of him forlorn and leaning there, sent the life blood to her cheeks again. He saw her come and stand beside him, looking unchanged, unutterable love from deep blue eyes. "I knew that you would come," he said; "at that moment I was bending all my soul to this one desire that you would come, and it prevailed to draw you here; nevermore shall I have doubt that we are one together for life and death." She looked upwards gently, wonderingly, sad to think how grief had made his musical sweet voice so hoarse and hollow, yet she spoke no word. "Oh! I have seen it, seen it clearly in deep sleep, the beautiful garden westwards and the fourfold river through it, and the tree with crimson fruit; and last night I dreamt of it again, and saw moreover her whom I never saw before, my mother, standing in deep grass and calling; at first I thought that it was you, but it could not be, for you were beside me, looking also. Ah! she was so strangely like you." In the recollection of his dream he stopped awhile to linger; she spoke no word nor interrupted, only looked stedfastly and sadly. "It will be a dark and fearful night, and no man will leave the fireside nor the festival till morning; come, and I will carry you to the home that I have seen in dreams." She saw the moonlight for a moment lying on the water, making a great highway to the west, then a flash of regal disdain lighted up her quiet eyes, but died again at sight of those worn cheeks and sound of that hoarse voice. "I may not so leave my father's house," she answered coldly; "the night is dark, but treacherous heart knows greater darkness; I may not leave him so: could you rob the old man at such an hour, when he cannot follow nor pursue? it would be a brave thing truly." He fretted at the swordless baldric that was slung about him, coldness had no charm to quiet him, and her words fell with a dull and muffled sound upon his ears. She was so grieved that she had spoken so, when the words were past recalling; what was all her queenly right, and a line of ancient kings at such an hour, in such a presence! She would have died with him there, gladly. "Oh! Engeltram, be Engeltram once more before I leave you! Such a one I knew, gentle and good, wearing truest armour of nobility, and I thought him a hidden king, but just now he passed out somewhere, and I shall go and look for him;" poor heart! making merry in its breaking.

At her feet he fell down straightway, kneeling, sobbing out his spirit to her, holding by her folded dress as the dying hold by life. In that hour she was the stronger of the twain. "Hush," she said; "not so, not so, for now art thou indeed my Engeltram once more." In the pauses of the sobbing of his breath you might hear her weeping gently, raining down a summer shower of tears upon his drouth of life; then she raised him, kissed him gaily, bade him lovingly remember all his former gentleness, and use it for her sake. "I shall wait for you, my hero, till you come." It was pitiful to see him stretch out arms of vain beseeching, arms that should never clasp her more: twice she turned and looked upon him, at feud in her divided will, for the outstretching of those dear arms seemed still to draw her in the face of will; but when the door closed with a rough and jarring sound upon his ears then he rose up, cried "Irminhilda" once, with such passionate yearning, and prolongation of the name, that all his soul seemed spent in it. Ever after, in the

solemn midnight a voice went crying with a bitter cry of supplication through all the chambers of her soul, winding with the mournful echo of cavernous depths, " Irminhilda."

Chap. 4.—*Death and Engeltram.*

At midnight he passed out into the thick darkness: from every quarter under heaven did the armies of the winds gather together for battle; the noise of the mustering of their legions came from the outer sea with a long, low, sullen rumbling, like the sound of a multitude of chariots in mountainous lands: it was a night of storm and wind to be remembered even on that fearful coast. The great sea had gone down a little space, and left a narrow band of shore behind it; there he walked till the sea came up again, and his great heart was broken within him, and all his inner life dark and full of tempest like the night. " Ah! when " will it be over? all my strength is de- " parted from me, I am grown un- " timely like a leaf in winter." By the rock of plighted vows he watched the mighty sea, drawn up by unknown influences, flood all the space where he had walked an hour before; somewhere a contest of strength raged among the winds, for they rose and shrieked through the air, fell again and buffetted the waves about, lashing up the white foam, and driving it in sheets across the land. All the dwellers in the town hard by, and the revellers in the castle, and all who lived upon the coast, trembled that night and could not sleep; from the sea and from the forest came strange wailings, cries of men mingled with the sobbing of the waters. In the old armourer's room sat a company who had met for merriment; none dared so much as leave the threshold, for they were feeble with the weight of years, but sat there all night long, and muttered lowly by the fireside, telling sometimes stories of other storms and greater, long ago.

In that hour came Death and strove a fair young hero standing by the water edge; all his face was calm and tranquil, and his armour gleamed upon him whenever the moon looked out through riven spaces in the darkness. No sword nor shield had he, nor any weapon of encounter, and to Engeltram it seemed his helmet blossomed with white star flowers, set about with leaves; but withal there was no hope nor beauty in his eyes to rest on, nor colour of life upon his cheeks, so that looking at him you might not call him either fair or faulty.

" Who art thou, so peaceful and silent, and why hast thou come to me?"

" They that dread me call me Death, but from them my name is secret. I bring rest to weary people, and forgetfulness of sorrow."

" Thy face is very still and quiet, fixed and dreamy; to-day I saw my own face, it was marred with cruel furrows and its former beauty gone: almost I seem to love thee even now, with the love of some remembrance, I know not what."

" Yes, for I came to thee once before, and shall come again, and at that time you shall know me and call me rightly; until then my name is hidden."

All night long they strove together, wrestled by the margin of the sea, by the rock of plighted vows; all the winds rushed out together from the sea-caves and mountain passes, and fought above them till the morning. Once the moon came out full-orbed and lonely, and looked upon them; and for a moment one great shadow of the mortal hero, lay vast and huge along the ground. " Ah!" thought he, " it will be so then, " and I shall lie there presently;" and ever his arms grew fainter, and his knees beneath him shook and trembled,

ened. So they swayed upon the rock to and fro. One looking afar off, and knowing not the fierce encounter, nor the cause, would have thought "it a "a tall and stately tree bending to the "fury of the winds," so closely knit together were they. And when in the close locking of their arms together, Engeltram looked into the other's face, he beheld it calm and peaceful as before, and a dreamy look in those lorn eyes that hinted of some great unexerted strength. "Oh! thou bright "being, I shall fail before thee present-"ly." Yet the purple twilight of the morning came, passed overhead and by them, and with it went the winds to blow about the islands of the outer seas, and far-off countries; still they wrestled on together. And about the hour of morning Engeltram felt that his limbs grew stronger, and the sinews of his great frame stood like cords about his arms, and gathered force; but the power of the other weakened fast, and his grasp grew fainter and fainter: and when next Engeltram looked into his face about the time of sunrise, he wondered greatly, for there was no longer any beauty in him, but ghastly pallor, and in place of that tranquillity had come a slumbrous, dreamy void, expressionless. But when the sun was fully up, and the sweet morning light lay upon the outer edge of castle, hill and tree, and the long, long wings of cloud, rosy-red, that came up with the sun, stretched out further to the north and south, as they would zone all the base of the great firmament with a girdle of crimson and gold, then Engeltram found himself alone, weak but living.

All about him sprang great beauty, everything lay robed in light, lay coloured with the tints of morning, and the summer birds sang overhead a merry song of victory; there was no sign of battle anywhere, in sea or sky or land; they had passed away with the passing of that fearful night; and with the morning came this calm.

Chap. 5.

"O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South!"

Then he arose and went homewards; somehow there was transfiguration in his face and strange radiance upon his forehead as he stepped into the armourer's forge; he looked so like a man who has seen a vision and will not live for long. All that summer's day he laboured at the forge, fashioning for himself a sword; not a moment did he give for resting or looking upwards, though never morning was apparelled in raiment of sweeter colours than was this, that followed on the storm. At the hour when shadows lengthen, he saw the spaces of light upon the floor that came through the doorway and the window darken with the passers by; sometimes they would stay and watch him, yet he never gave them greeting nor looked up. It was as if his pent-up wrath found outward satisfaction in so raising a thunderstorm of iron hailstones on the anvil, and listening to the answer of salute from helmet, shield and spear, as they shook and rattled against the wall. From another part of the armoury old Hakon worked and watched him, never spoke nor asked him question, for it was his custom to be silent in perplexity, nor "dignify an impair "thought with breath;" for he knew well some grievous calamity had fallen on the young man. By night-time he had finished his labour, stood before his foster-father with the sword of his working in his hands; long and wide showed the blade in the gleaming of the furnace-light. "Ah!" laughed Engeltram in triumph, for the fire ran adown the blade like blood; "my fa-

ther's sword lies rusting in his grave upon the barren hill, he left me neither sword nor name to keep; so you see, dear Hakon, I must make them for myself." There was neither wonder nor curiosity in the face of the old man, he seemed to be always looking for some unheard-of deed to spring from the lad; he only answered such words of comfort as came to him. "It is a better thing, my son, to leave behind us a good name, than to receive it." But Gertha asked, "What has happened to thee, my child? come and tell me all, and why thy life is so overcast." And the youth laid his head upon her lap, as he used to do in other days, when he was a child and was weary of play, and told her all his sorrow, while the sunset lingered yet upon the earth, saying, "Thus and thus did the king speak before his lords and men, and swore an oath before them, but as for me I have greatly desired to die and be at rest."

"Listen to a tale, my child, for it seems thou art again my child lying so, and many strange and unheard-of stories I used to tell thee thus." Something in his childlike purity, and simple confidence brought back a vivid memory to her, he looked so like the little Engeltram of twenty years ago. Through a wall of partition, they could hear from time to time the deep voice of Hakon and his companions, talking of the last night's storm, and one that they remembered on the night when the old king died. Then Gertha spoke: "It was in the lifetime of king Asmundur that I served the Lady Hilda, his only daughter, and was first among the maidens that waited on her. She was so like her brother's daughter, whom thou lovest, that I need not say how fair she was, and wonderfully formed; all the people loved her, I too, more than anything in life, though she was ever wayward, and spoke not always gently, but had bitter words and cold ones, even for those she loved."

"Then," said Engeltram, looking up, "she was not like the Lady Irminhilda, and her great beauty did belie her acts; to be ungentle in her beauty would destroy it." "Nay, but she was beautiful, and I loved her for her pride, and would not have it otherwise; but the strangest thing to see was the love that the grim old king her father, bore to her, and in strangewise did it show itself: none, I think, who trembled at the presence of the rough-speaking king, knew aught of that fierce love for his daughter. His son walked moodily through the halls, and his father seldom spoke to him; for in his countenance shone no light of enterprise, and between them there was little sympathy. I think the old warrior scorned his son, for his own youth-time had been bloody and stormy, and little rest from battle and encounter had he known through life; so, what of good lay in his son was all unfathomed, and pride and sullenness came uppermost. But the Lady Hilda grew up like a plant that flowers late, when all about is winter; like a rose set beside a stormy sunflower. Now, she loved most of all to watch from the window that looks upon the sea, and to sit there, leaning all the summer afternoons, and never speaking; sometimes, my child, I think she must have seen him, who came afterwards, through all the interspace of earth and sea, sitting in his olive garden in the south, and so ardently breathed out her spirit through fixed gazing, that she drew him to her. For, one evening, there came in sight a gallant ship, and it neared the castle one whole hour, while my lady did not cease to draw it with her stedfast-looking, and then it anchored just below the hill where thy father lies. From it stepped one of such lordly growth and bearing, as I had set eyes upon never before, either among my own countrymen or strangers, and so, I fancy, thought my lady from her window. Those that came with him called him Angelus,

and the place of his birth that same fair Southern land of which the poets come and sing to us—a summer land they called it, of flowers, and lakes that never freeze. He was tall, like the tallest of our men, but his countenance was altogether different, long and thin and pale, and over his forehead, and low upon his shoulders, fell his long dark hair. I forget how long a time the stranger lived in the castle; it was somewhere in the summer when he came, and he went with the last leaves that fall in autumn. Ah! many summers have come and gone since then, but none so warm and bright as that, when the handsome strangers were guests among the townsmen, like their lord in the castle. I remember that the king, Asmundur, was sorely puzzled by his noble guest, as indeed we all were. Sometimes, after his uncertain manner, he would be rough and uncourteous, and speak defiantly, but always there proceeded from the other such pliancy and gracious habit of forbearance, that forthwith all his wrath and changefulness would melt before him. I think he liked his guest and feared him also; liked him for a power of great persuasiveness that he had not in himself, but wished him gone that he might be the rough and stormy king of old. But Eric hated him, and would not remain in his presence, but spent his time from the castle, plotting evil. I am not wise, my child, but I could see how it fared with my lady's heart before her father's visitor; he bent her to all purposes of his will, her so wayward. Before the darkness of his eye she bent all her nature to obedience. He would ring out music from his harp, singing to it, till she poured out all her life before him. I could not understand him, nor his gracious words, he was so altogether unlike any of the men that I had seen.—Art thou still listening, my child, or has deep sleep overtaken thee?"

"No sleep will come to me, dear Gertha, therefore speak on, and quickly; for I am like a lonely man nearing a height, knowing not whether a great sea, or a barren moor, or a pleasant garden is beyond; but knowing surely that a turning point of life is come." She laid her hands again upon his head, as he bent down, and spoke on, smoothing all the while his hair, and playing with it.

"It was Eric, the king's son, overheard them, by the rock at the end of the slip of sand, for there they plighted word for ever, and he went in straightway before Asmundur, and told an evil and a cruel tale, till the old king stood up so full of wrath and vengeance that none could stand before him. Now, I was in the passage that overlooks the court-yard, and heard all the words that had been spoken, and immediately I ran to the rock where they still stood together, looking more beautiful than ever in the autumn sun, and as I had power, told them, hurriedly and tremblingly, all that had happened; of Eric's betrayal, and the wrath of the king; how he vowed, in my hearing, a cruel death for Angelus; and withal, I was so overtaken with fear, that I caught Angelus by the arm, and pointed to his ship, and therewith he blew his horn three several times, long and loud, and his followers gathered swiftly round him; but Hilda lay upon the ground like one dead. He bore her tenderly to the ship, and laid her there insensible of anything. It was all done so rapidly; save only the noise of the horn along the coast there was no signal of departure; and, while Asmundur meditated wrath, and Eric waited for triumph, the gay ship, and all its crew, went sailing with a strong north wind behind them, towards the olive gardens of the south. I know not what passed afterwards in the castle, for I never returned to it, though no one knew what part I had taken in the flight; but I came to the house of Hakon, having been long betrothed

to him. Ah! he was strong and warlike then. So I have been happy ever since."—She paused a little time; it was as if the name of Hakon had brought back the memory of very happy days, for a blissful and placid smile came and rested upon her countenance. His voice came in these pauses of her story, through the walls of the room where he sat, talking with the neighbours, telling, it may be, even then, of his own first love for Gertha, and the deed for which she loved him, in that black forest that lay eastward; his voice, how changed from that time, when it went ringing down the pass with the war-cry of Asmundur.

Engeltram looked up into her gentle face; time had wrought kindly there, in the treading of its footsteps had blanched the roses of her cheeks to lilies only; but when again she spoke he sunk his head as before.

"A happy time. For I could not but think my fair mistress would be happy with such a loving husband, across the sea; yet, there would come seasons of sorrow doubtless to her, whenever the north wind blew, and the swallows came southwards, telling of a dreary winter in the north, for that old desolate king, who loved her well. He never came from the room where he stood when the tidings of her flight reached him; we never heard the ringing of his sword and spear, nor his old war-cry again. But, one winter's night, six years afterwards, there blew a great hurricane at sea, all night long; so wild and furious as I remember not any before or after, till last night. We had been keeping Yule festival. Old men of our town had never witnessed anything so fearful. From time to time came cries of dying people from the sea, of drowning men from sinking ships, and every wind wailed like a troubled spirit along the coast. Hakon sat here with me alone, we had not spoken since the storm began. About an hour before midnight, there went up a loud and bitter cry from the castle, so long and piercing that it seemed no one human voice could have uplifted it; for it rent the thick walls of the castle with its loudness, and was heard above all the violence of the tempest. And when it had quite ceased, Hakon left me, and went running up the hill, and I was left alone. Then it seemed as if the storm, that raved down the street with drenching waters, had driven him back; for the door re-opened, and closed, as I thought, after him. My eyes were fast locked together within my hands, and I sat rocking with terror at the storm; but, when I looked up, wondering he did not speak, I was very frightened; for there stood before me, not Hakon, but Angelus, pale, like a ghost, and drenched with rain, and in his arms a little child. I knew him in a moment, though he looked older; oh! so much older and more sorrowful; all his long dark hair lay matted on his forehead with sea-water, and his clothes hung heavily with wet. I was less frightened then, my child, when I saw thee lying in his arms, sleeping from very weariness, for I knew it could be no spirit."

Engeltram gave no sign of listening by word or upward look, only she felt him tremble violently, and shake through all his limbs.

"He spoke with that deep voice of his, the same as of old, so gentle and sweet. 'I am dying, Gertha; the horrors of this wild night have broken my strength, and all my companions are perished in the storm.' 'And the Lady Hilda,' I cried, impetuously, the rush of blood at my heart choking further utterance. 'She is in my home in the happy south, waiting for me. I came to buy forgiveness of Asmundur with this child, but I die before my promise is fulfilled to her. Take him, dear Gertha, for love of your lady, when I am dead, and tell the king, her father, that Engeltram is my surety, that I will repay him all beyond the grave.' Then, my

child, he died, saying, 'Engeltram,' once again, for very love of thy sweet name, and that I might well remember it. The firelight rested on his pale face, till I almost thought he lived again in its glow, and made great shadows of us twain upon the walls, like watching ghosts. All night long I kept a weary watch, singing magic runes above the body of the dead, that his spirit might have rest in its journey to the gods. Thou wast then too young to understand thy woe.

"When the morning came, it was as fair as this, freshening up the valley: so calm and fair a day, as if all cloud and stormy weather had spent itself in the night. I took thee to the window, and opened it, and looked towards the castle with thee lying in my arms, all unconscious of the covered form that lay where it had fallen. Then Hakon passed the window, looking worn and sleepless; and, at the entrance, I told him of the night's adventure, set thee down upon the ground, and took him to thy father's side. Oh! so well I can remember, that thou camest and didst look up between us with wide eyes, and then down upon that which lay covered on the ground; and then didst lay thyself down by the face of him who loved thee, and slept there in that gentle morning. And Hakon told me how the old Asmundur dreamed a fearful dream, and woke up suddenly with a loud cry, and fell straightway on the floor, dead, about an hour before midnight. And because Eric was now king, and because of his hatred to Angelus, we agreed together never to reveal the message, nor deliver thee to danger. I took thee, sleeping in my arms, and nursed thee all that day. Thou wast so weary, little head, all the while that Hakon and his men worked upon the hill-side, and buried Angelus. But thou didst smile and smile, in quiet sleep, all the time through, Engeltram." "Engeltram," she cried presently, for his silence scared her, she could not understand it. He looked up: one seeing his stedfast face had never thought that all this story was new to him, or in anywise affected him. He rose and kissed her, holding her in his arms awhile. The calmness of his look and manner was more terrible to her than all.

Gertha did not sleep that night. It was about morning twilight, that, as she lay by the side of Hakon, there passed before the window, a tall and silent shadow. Hakon was then awake, and he cried out to it, asking who or what it was. And the voice of Engeltram answered, "Come, dear Hakon, and bind on my sword, for, before the sun is up, I must be far upon the sea." Then he went to the side of Gertha, and, stooping down, kissed her lovingly. "Is it so?" she asked. "And now I know that it is well, though I shall never see thee more. She will know thee by the baldric of thy sword, which she wrought for Angelus in my sight; but I shall never see thee more, my son, my son." The voice of Hakon called him from below. "Come and let me gird thy sword on, dear Engeltram, for now I know that one day thou wilt come again and reign over us, cheering my old heart, and Gertha's, with the sight of thee."

Chap. 6.

In the third month of his voyaging, while he made still southwards, Engeltram was driven, by contrary winds, to a wild and barren coast. It was about the coming on of winter; so his men besought him that they might harbour there; for the coast everywhere showed roughly; and onwards, as far as they might see, the waters seemed scarcely navigable, among reefs of sharp-pointed slanting cliffs, that shelved off into the sea, suddenly, and

appeared again in innumerable islands, marking the place of ancient headlands, that the waves had broken through. There, upon the shore of a certain bay, they disembarked, and made fast their vessel; and, presently, the near forest rung to the sound of hatchet and pike for the building of winter huts. And Engeltram also worked with them, till all the timber for their houses was felled, making good cheer, and singing, either songs of old heroes, or of seasons and the summer of the pleasant south; but none knew how dark all summer and flower-seasons had grown to him, how one night had changed to darkness all the colour of the skies and hills for him. So, when the wooden huts were now set up along the shore, and his men had begun already to keep Yule festival, with feats of strength and swiftness, Engeltram said to them, "Last night, in the dreaming of my sleep, I saw, upon the rim of land there, where the sky stoops down to meet it, Loki, the great mischief-maker, with his evil sword of scandal, beckoning, and saying, 'Come, and let us try our strength together;' therefore, I am going, knowing well that some temptation waits for me. Let no man follow nor come with me, but wait here until the spring comes back again, and I return." So, Engeltram left them sorrowful; but no man stirred from his place to follow him; somehow, the voice that called obedience a better thing than sacrifice had taught them this.

But Engeltram saw no more of Loki, neither in dreams nor waking, though he passed a five-days' journey towards the place where he had beheld the armed figure of the god on the horizon's edge; but, on the morning of the sixth day, he came suddenly upon a mighty inland water, dark and deep, where overhanging rocks kept out the sun by day, and made long ghostly shadows in the moonlight. It was land-locked everywhere; there was no outlet to the sea on any side; and through a passage between these rocks he came suddenly upon this water. And immediately he heard a sobbing and broken voice near him; and, looking, beheld an old man sitting at the water's edge, weeping bitterly. He went up, therefore, and spoke comfortingly, asking what grief had overtaken him, who looked so old and majestical. And the old man, as it were, from custom of looking to the face of one who speaks, turned where the voice came, and Engeltram saw that he was sightless. "Oh! sir, if you can give me any help, for I am not far from death." And Engeltram said, "What help?" and the other answered, "I have lived a king among men, over all this country; but blindness overtook me, and I could not lead my armies any more to battle; so, all men forsook me, all but my daughter and my three sons; and her whom I loved more than all my kingdom and my other children, did an enemy come and carry away; and my sons went out, one by one, to fight with that cruel robber, who had come across the sea to trouble me: one by one, and three in number, but they came not back again. I only heard the noise of their conflict in the morning; and, at night, I groped about, and found their bodies each several time, and buried them; but ever since I live here desolate, knowing that Freyda is not far from me, and sometimes sees me, though she can never give me help; for he that stole her from me keeps her in strong durance in the tower at the lake's end." Now, when Engeltram heard this, he was full of indignation, and rattled his sword and shield together, and made a righteous vow upon them that he would bring the king his daughter back again that day, "for I shall win the victory," said he; "the All-father will not suffer such a thing to be for ever." Then the old king blessed him, and dismissed him, and set himself to

listen with all his might. And the hero walked along the water-side a full mile, thinking deeply, and once a faint momentary gleam, unlike a memory, like he knew not what—some indefinable resemblance to something heard before, to something done or suffered in immemorial time—a quick and subtle flash that all was not new, that something most like it had happened long ago, passed through his mind in vague perplexity. And while he still revolved what this might mean, he came to the foot of a tower, that stood half in the water, and opened by the land side; and, as he beat at the doorway with the hilt of his sword, there looked out upon him the beautiful face of one that he knew; for, at first, he thought her Irminhilda, and a painful doubt if all was not a dream, seized him for a moment; but when she spoke he knew not the voice, and took strength to look again. "Art thou the Lady Freyda, daughter of the blind king, that sits for ever by the lake?" and she answered, "I am," with a voice, from which all hope had long departed; and, therewithal, they heard the feet of one coming down the winding steps that led up the rock, and, in a moment after, Engeltram was standing face to face with an armed warrior; and it was Vorsimund.

Narrow was the space, and laid about with flint stones, but they fought together without word or dally, hand to hand, and foot to foot. No human eye looked upon them—not Freyda's; she could not see him fall, as she had seen her brothers before, and live. When the old king caught the clamour of the conflict, and heard how it was prolonged, and that the stranger had not yet fallen, he rejoiced and sang an old song that had cheered him many a time in battle; and it was answered by Freyda in the tower, and these two kept singing, answering one another with such music as they could, while the air trembled all about the rocks with the clashing and the banging of iron arms. And the singing of their voices made a charm over the issue of the battle, for to Engeltram it was sweet music, but to Vorsimund such discord that every blow fell from him, ill-timed and out of measurement, till he grew faint and sick, all the landscape reeling and swimming in his vision. So about the setting of the sun, he fell down upon the sharp flint-stones, and his eyes closed, and his breath left him. Then Engeltram went into the tower, and told Freyda how Vorsimund lay dead upon the earth, and told her also to prepare a place for her father's coming; so he went and brought the blind king, whose heart trembled and beat like the heart of a little child; darkness covered all the earth when they reached the tower, and Engeltram could scarcely see the form of Vorsimund lying dead. That night they told the story of their lives, one to another, the blind king and Engeltram; but Freyda watched the stranger only, waited on him and was silent. "To morrow," said Engeltram, "I will go and bury this evil man, for he was my kinsman." But in the morning when he went out to see the body and to bury it, it was not anywhere; and though he sought in every place for many days, late and early, yet no signs were manifest. "Some ravenous beast," he thought, "has carried him off, and de-" "voured him." Yet neither was his armour visible anywhere. Three months he abode with them: in the morning hunting for them, and bringing home such things as he had caught; and in the evening talking with them, and listening as they sang together. But he saw that Freyda ever waited on his words, and hung upon them, and showed in all her silence and her speeches that she loved him very deeply; and because he was good, and pure, and noble, he felt more anguish at this than at all the evils that had yet befallen him, and trembled when he thought how it would end. Yet he could not hinder her, yet he would not

be cold to her, that so she might learn the truth; but he suffered all her loving ways which were more sharp than arrows to him, for he saw her daily growing happy, and singing gaily. If ever hope for death possessed him, it was then, chief of all. The blind king saw not anything of all this, but made excuse for her. "It is suffering that has made her silent, when the spring comes she will give you better cheer of words." And when he heard her singing every day more gaily; "Hark! it will be as I have said, when the spring comes round she will be happy." At such times Engeltram could not answer, for he was choked with tears.

"Happier in springtime!" Yes, verily, poor child! much happier than he had looked to; for Engeltram had spoken, and she lay dead, and her father with her, buried by those arms she died in. The grass was growing with fresh blades of resurrection when he went forth, alone, alone, by the way that he had come, and returned again to his ship.

Favourable winds blew on them as they sailed out of the little bay, and went once more into the deep sea. Something in the knowledge that he had not failed in bitter trial, something in the happy brightness of the skies, that never ceased to change and alter, bringing every day new sights to please him; something in his heart that bade him hope in front of sorrow that all might yet be well—after long endurance, after many years, after death, might yet be well—brought him some tranquillity. Whensoever he descended on the coast, he did no harm to the peaceful; neither feeders of flocks upon the hills, nor fishers on the coast; only on the lawless and such as lived by violence, and built for themselves strongholds among the mountains, did he wage continual warfare, late and early rising up and vanquishing; so that in all wild ballads of that land, which is called Ireland, would you hear him praised and honoured; called Avenger and Defender—the beautiful hero that came from Lochlin. His fame moreover spread upon the seas. Who spoke of it? Who carried it? None could tell; only, as such things are wont to happen, it was known; and he was called great and noble in the ears of Irminhilda; and the eyes of Hakon burned with the fire of other days at mention of his deeds.

Chap. 7.

Lamentation in a convent of Madonna on the shore of Sicily; nightly vigil and the voice of weeping from every nun. She whom they called Mother lay near to death, wearily tossing. Pray for her everywhere, all good Christians! she so pure and gentle, holy, and true, lies dying, stricken with fever, and tranced; pray that the passage of her soul be not hindered, but quiet and swift.

Ten long nights, and weary days between them, and the convent has not rested. There is grave perplexity in the faces of the watchers, for words of cherished memory have fallen from her lips, unfathomable to all hearers. Why so stormy a transit for the gentle soul that walked so quietly among her fellows? None may tell. "Watch and pray," said the priest, "we know not the power of the Evil One, but we know the power of God."

On the tenth night, a little before midnight, the fever departed, and she said, "Who called me since I was laid in trance?" but none answered, thinking that the fever had bereft her. "Nay, but one called 'Hilda' quickly, in some need;" and seeing they all wondered still and denied, (for her name among them was Angela,) she sighed, and said softly, "Then he will come presently." It was at the time of darkness, when the good ship that bore Engeltram and his men struck upon

the rocks below the convent; for, while the Abbess lay dying, none had hung out lights for mariners. And the ship that had gone through many storms, and borne them bravely until now, went down swiftly into the dark waters, unlighted of moon or star or beacon. And Engeltram raised his voice mightily, and rent a passage through the winds for that cry, "Hilda," and then went deep in the eddy of the waters, that boiled furiously on the ship as it went down.

In the space of a minute after he rose again, and struck out manfully to the shore, calling a second time upon the same name, knowing not how near his course was to fulfilment: at the second cry, Angela lifted herself up, and the radiance of new life was upon her forehead. "Bring him in to me," she said, "and quickly, before I die."

They were together, the mother and the son: at the last hour, after longing and fruitless watching, after many years; so was the good Lord kind to her. Twenty years! and in this brief moment it was overspanned, and made as though it had not been. Spring and autumn, summer and winter, told twenty times! and now it was over, and they had met. For a little space death withdrew himself, while they held converse together, speaking of Angelus; afterwards she told not anything about herself, which he desired chiefly, but spoke only of Christ and resurrection, saying, "We shall be together, Engeltram, even yet." And she kissed him and blessed him there, telling him the meaning of his name, and why it was given him, and how he must teach his people. She said moreover, "Hasten back again to your own place, dear son, and prepare for the receiving of those I send you, and give them fellowship and brotherhood." Again and yet a third time she blessed him, calling him good and dear, and her soul passed about the time of matins, when she and Engeltram were alone.

After many days, wherein he could not speak, nor close his eyes, through his bewilderment, not believing yet that she had gone from him, he remembered her command, that he should go and make ready for those that she would send; and he took ship with all that had escaped the wreck, and steered northwards about midsummer. Overhead went long companies of wild swans, seeking the brief summer in the north, with flutterings of many wings. At evening and at morning he sat apart, in the prow, to think of all that had happened, of his mother Hilda, so late found and early lost, of her precious bequeathal of Belief that he would teach his people; Irminhilda should hear it also and receive it; then he bent his head down low, as if in deep humility or loyal fealty. Hakon also and Gertha would be surely foremost among all that loved and came out to meet him, for he had been gone a year, and had won victory and honour, and done virtuously, and now he was returning home.

Chap. 8.

"And still she bow'd herself, and stoop'd
Into the vast waste calm;
Till her bosom's pressure must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm."

Watching still and waiting, resting her white forehead on her right hand, playing dreamily with her left among the leaves, and an agony of long expectation sealed upon her face—

"She will surely die," they said, all the maids that waited on her.

All night the roar of battle came to

them, swelled up the valley to the castle walls, and faded: a noise of baying hounds and screaming curlews mingled with the sullen roar of conflict; a rueful time for timid maids that bore her company. For Engeltram waged a deadly battle among the mountains with an ancient foe, even Vorsimund, whom he had not slain outright by the Irish lake: but this time they were not alone; a thousand or more followed them to battle. Now it had happened thus: when Engeltram came in sight upon the last evening, one ran down the coast who had looked for his arrival night and day, and made signs that he should land there secretly; and the signal was seen from the ship, and there they landed. But Engeltram could not speak for terror, fearing that some evil had befallen Irminhilda; the other, therefore, told him how, three days back, Vorsimund descended suddenly upon the coast, with a band of armed men in ten ships, demanding the surrender of the castle and the king's daughter in marriage; and hereupon a fearful battle had followed, wherein Eric had fallen, and Hakon also, leaving the castle with a few defenders, ready to open. "Where is Gertha?" said Engeltram; the other shook his head, answering that she had died quietly in her sleep on the day that Engeltram had left. Then Engeltram gathered together all the men that were armed and scattered over the mountains, and came suddenly upon the host of Vorsimund: so the battle had continued since the time of sunset, and it was now about four in the morning. "What time of the night is it?" said one: another maiden answered, "It wants an hour till morning:" whereat the clamour of the shock of arms ceased suddenly, and a silence followed for a little space, and then a shout, like a shout of triumph, so loud and piercing that it was as if the armies of the winds had lent their voices to that cry; then again a silence deeper

"Listen!" said Irminhilda, and lowered her head to the speech of inaudible voices; "quick, for he has called me twice." Instinctively they brought her fairest robes, and arrayed her in them; broidery of costly workmanship, wrought about with flowers. In her bridal dress she sat upright, looking at the sea no more, listening only; all her senses closed save one; there came only the roar of the tide, and sharp clapping of the breakers down the coast.

Now, Engeltram was dying of his grievous wounds, and his life was ebbing fast to consummation; all around him stood the lords and captains, and the chiefest of the people, speaking none, but weeping only; and so sweet a smile and painless lay upon his features, and so deep tranquillity about his lips, and inward triumph in his eyes, that great awe descended on them, made them silent in their grief. It was about the time of morning twilight when Engeltram was dying, and the night was going down behind the sea, swiftly, swiftly, all the stars and clouds together behind the sea.

"The morning is coming," said the lords, "and a fresh wind with it; in an hour the sun will be upon the hill-tops;" but Engeltram looked ever westward, though a gathering dimness darkened all his vision into night; it seemed he listened fixedly, hearkening for a signal: presently, with a mighty effort, that drove the blood up swiftly through the cruel passage of the sword, he raised himself to listen.—"Hark," he said, "I hear a noise of rowing, and dipping of the oars in water." "It is the lapping of the waves along the beach," said the lords.

Like one fathoms deep in sleep, yet with eyelids open, sat Irminhilda, swaying gently to the converse of invisible presences, as one moves to the tune of instruments, to the measure of musical rhymes. "It is nearly morning," said her maidens, "all the hills are standing ready for the dawn; in an hour the

not, or hearing, seemed to hear not, but continually her head inclined forwards, and her face drooped lower. Neither the warriors at the mountain pass, nor the weary maidens in the chamber heard aught that passed between the lovers.

"Why art thou delaying so long, my hero? all my life is slipping from me while thou tarriest. Surely twice thy summons came to me; meet me by the rock of plighted vows when I have called thee once again; and my life is slipping from me before thou callest. Oh! make haste, make haste."

"Ah! my lady, greatly loved and longed for, life-blood flows too slowly, something holds me that I cannot die and come to thee—a ringing in my ears of strange noises, like a noise of rowers, rowing on a water underground, and still ascending—a noise of innumerable bells, that answer one another, from cliff and hill and valley; what meaning is herein I know not; if no answer comes, nor counsel, before sunrise, I will come."

"Alas, my hero, for my heart is breaking even now, and I shall stand upon the melancholy shore alone."

In the hearing of her ladies did she speak, "Let some one stand upon the walls and watch for the coming of the sun, and when the hills are rimmed with light, let her come before me." So one went and stood as she commanded. "Bring me now the book of Baldur, that is written in golden runes, which Engeltram, my lord, gave me on that day;" and another brought it, and sat at her feet to read therefrom, and read for a long space about the youth and beauty and holiness of Baldur, the Son of the All-Father, the beloved among the gods; and of the Evil Spirit Loki, how he conspired against Baldur, and caused him to be slain by his own friend, with the wood of that accursed branch, the mistletoe. So Baldur died, neither could any help be found for him; all the gods in Asgard wept for him, but could not save him. She read, moreover, that he departed in a burning ship, and should yet come again and visit men; and ever in that old mythology had it seemed most beautiful to Irminhilda and to Engeltram, that Baldur should come again. And the maiden sitting there, went reading on, but looked not upwards; yet she thought the morning air was strangely cold, and a shiver more than once went through her. Then she that had been watching on the wall, came in and stood before her mistress, saying, "My lady, in a moment the sun will rest upon the hills.—Hush! she is asleep, my lady;" and they kept silence before the figure as it seemed to sleep; but a long way off upon the coast, by the rock of plighted vows, stood the real Irminhilda, waiting for her lord.

Engeltram turned, and spoke unto the lords that stood round about him: "This day I go a long journey on the sea. Let, therefore, a ship be made ready and set for launching, and when I am dead, let me be carried to the shore in my rent armour as I lie, and with the sword of my achieving with me, and there lay me in the ship, looking westward; and so soon as the first wind comes from the sun, set me adrift upon the sea, and set the ship on fire, after the manner of the ancient kings, for this night I rest in Asgard, the city of the great gods." This he said as words they might understand, for he knew well concerning Asgard and Valhalla that they were not as his people thought, but his breath so failed him that he could not tell them, dying so, and he trusted one would come and teach them after his departure:—and once again a sound of measured dipping of the oars.

"Who shall steer thee into Asgard?" said the warriors; every man among them asked, "Let me steer thee into Asgard, in the burning ship."

Then said Engeltram, "I go not

from you alone, but unseen hands shall steer me duly."

All the warriors said, each of them, "Let us row thee in the burning ship." But Engeltram shook his head mournfully, and answered, "Who should then protect this people, and give them laws, and teach them wisdom? they have no king, nor any to rule them. I go this day to enquire for them of the All-Father, that he may send them some one, either king or prophet, who shall lead them right. Do, therefore, as I have required of you, and when I am out of sight, watch stedfastly upon the shore until an answer come; for it will come." So they wept, and said that it should be so.

And after this, Engeltram smiled a happy smile, and seemed as if he were again listening, and one who kneeled and leaned over him, heard him muttering, "Yes, the same sound, nearer than before." Then he closed his eyes, and everywhere was silence; and the sun shot up above the ridge of eastern mountains; in a moment all the valley was lighted up with orient colours, also the helmets and brazen shields of the warriors were gilded with the beams that shot afar off, striking the four towers of the castle of Elstein. Then Engeltram shouted with the noise of a battle-cry, with a victorious shout: "The morning is come; very soon I shall be with you, Irminhilda." And the morning had come, and all the night and twilight ceased for ever.

"He is dead, he is dead." But they wept no longer; for the spoken words of the dead die not, but are everliving, and who knows the risk of disobedience, or whether it was a human voice only that spoke in them? They laid him, therefore, in the ship, covering him with costly draperies, in his own broken armour, with his own good sword; and the chief among them took a firebrand, and lighted the helm; and the ship went off into the deep sea, blown by the early morning winds, steadily, swiftly onwards, burning like a setting sun: as the sun dies daily in a flame of fire along the west—as the whole world together shall yet die, consumed with fire, so was his passing out of life. All along the shore, whosoever had survived the battle, with the women and the children, gathered out of every house, watched it nearing the dark sea-line, looking for some wonder to happen.

On the margin of the water and the sky there shot up from it a momentary blaze of light high into heaven, and immediately after that it went down out of sight, either beyond the visible limit of the sea, or down below, sunk into its depths: then there was silence for a little space, neither did any dare to speak, remembering his last words and the promise that he gave them; in their hearts was deep anxiety. "Will Odin come?" thought they; "himself or Baldur, the White "God. Oh! if Baldur would come "and teach us!"

And therewithal it seemed to the farthest seers that the ship was returning to them from the under-world; and while they watched, it came nearer, nearer; and the sun behind them lighted up the ship, and revealed it full of men, white like spirits. "It is Baldur!" said the people. And the rowers in that strange vessel never rested from their labour till the fore part struck upon the sand and pebbles of the shore. "Surely it is Baldur!" said the people. He whom they so named bore a cross, and as he stepped upon the ground, there he planted it, deep into the yellow sand: on all the warriors and the old men and children there was silence. Very calm and holy was the face of the leader; like the face of Engeltram, long and thin and dark; his great white robe fell ungirdled in heavy and mighty folds to the feet: all this saw the people, observed the strange resemblance to their lost hero, and were silent.

Then he spoke to them; all day long

he spoke and stayed not, true and credible tidings of Asgard. Like a starving people waiting for food did they stand and listen; none stepped aside or looked aside all that day. He spoke to them of life hereafter, of the love of the All-Father, till the eyes of the children and women were overcharged with tears; till the hearts of all the men were strong and brave. He spoke of the White God, and called him Christ.

The everlasting sun looked out upon them through spaces of great mountain-clouds, like a painted glory on a field of blue, passed behind the clouds, declined, and sank: all the pathway by which the burning ship had gone and the strangers come, lay upon the water like a molten golden pavement. Then came all the people and stepped into the bright water some few paces, and the sun went down, gazing as though it would yet linger, looking at the baptism of a nation; sinking swiftly at the last, as it would say, "I must visit other lands, but quickly I will come again to look;" for all the land was Christian.

Thus Engeltram fulfilled his promise, died and sent a prophet to them: and to all his memory was lovely; children also in the after-time heard his name sounded musically in all songs and ballads, and poets in that land saw oftentimes in their sweet dreaming Engeltram and Irminhilda on the other shore beyond the sea, walking hand in hand together, watching how the people fared.

Herewith I closed the volume. As if the distance across which I looked had made all speech inaudible, the lives of men in that far-off time came to me only in pictures: I could not hear them speak as they really spoke, could not know them as they were: but, just as when a friend has parted from us with whom we have held happy converse, and is now a long way behind upon the verge of land and sky, though we cannot hear him speak, yet do we none the less turn many times to look at him, yet is he none the less our friend whom we love, and his form traced upon the sky colossally we know and dwell upon. So was it with me. This book holds somewhere a page of crimson lettering, opaline and azure; on a summer day, when all the sky is laughing with merry blue, and the round shield of the sun burns in golden splendour, I will come again and open to that page, and read a story coloured like it, with love and laughter and happy issue; for the sequel of this first day's thought has left me, as it found me, sad; only somehow the great grey clouds and dark sea and mournful wind would flow to no other music than to sadness.

THE CHURCHES OF NORTH FRANCE.

No. 1.—*Shadows of Amiens.*

NOT long ago I saw for the first time some of the churches of North France; still more recently I saw them for the second time; and, remembering the love I have for them and the longing that was in me to see them, during the time that came between the first and second visit, I thought I should like to tell people of some of those things I felt when I was there;—there among those mighty tombs of the long-dead ages.

And I thought that even if I could say nothing else about these grand churches, I could at least tell men how much I loved them; so that, though

they might laugh at me for my foolish and confused words, they might yet be moved to see what there was that made me speak my love, though I could give no reason for it.

For I will say here that I think those same churches of North France the grandest, the most beautiful, the kindest and most loving of all the buildings that the earth has ever borne; and, thinking of their past-away builders, can I see through them, very faintly, dimly, some little of the mediæval times, else dead, and gone from me for ever,—voiceless for ever.

And those same builders, still surely living, still real men, and capable of receiving love, I love no less than the great men, poets and painters and such like, who are on earth now, no less than my breathing friends whom I can see looking kindly on me now. Ah! do I not love them with just cause, who certainly loved me, thinking of me sometimes between the strokes of their chisels; and for this love of all men that they had, and moreover for the great love of God, which they certainly had too; for this, and for this work of theirs, the upraising of the great cathedral front with its beating heart of the thoughts of men, wrought into the leaves and flowers of the fair earth; wrought into the faces of good men and true, fighters against the wrong, of angels who upheld them, of God who rules all things; wrought through the lapse of years, and years, and years, by the dint of chisel, and stroke of hammer, into stories of life and death, the second life, the second death, stories of God's dealing in love and wrath with the nations of the earth, stories of the faith and love of man that dies not: for their love, and the deeds through which it worked, I think they will not lose their reward.

So I will say what I can of their works, and I have to speak of Amiens first, and how it seemed to me in the hot August weather.

I know how wonderful it would look, if you were to mount one of the steeples of the town, or were even to mount up to the roof of one of the houses westward of the cathedral; for it rises up from the ground, grey from the paving of the street, the cavernous porches of the west front opening wide, and marvellous with the shadows of the carving you can only guess at; and above stand the kings, and above that you would see the twined mystery of the great flamboyant rose window with its thousand openings, and the shadows of the flower-work carved round it, then the grey towers and gable, grey against the blue of the August sky, and behind them all, rising high into the quivering air, the tall spire over the crossing.

But from the hot Place Royale here with its stunted pollard acacias, and statue of some one, I know not whom, but some citizen of Amiens I suppose, you can see nothing but the graceful spire; it is of wood covered over with lead, and was built quite at the end of the flamboyant times. Once it was gilt all over, and used to shine out there, getting duller and duller, as the bad years grew worse and worse; but the gold is all gone now; when it finally disappeared I know not, but perhaps it was in 1771, when the chapter got them the inside of their cathedral whitewashed from vaulting to pavement.

The spire has two octagonal stages above the roof, formed of trefoiled arches, and slim buttresses capped by leaded figures; from these stages the sloping spire springs with crocketted ribs at the angles, the lead being arranged in a quaint herring-bone pattern; at the base of the spire too is a crown of open-work and figures, making a third stage; finally, near the top of the spire the crockets swell, till you come to the rose that holds the great spire-cross of metal-work, such metal-work as the French alone knew how to make; it is all beautiful, though so late.

From one of the streets leading out

of the Place Royale you can see the cathedral, and as you come nearer you see that it is clear enough of houses or such like things; the great apse rises over you, with its belt of eastern chapels; first the long slim windows of these chapels, which are each of them little apses, the Lady Chapel projecting a good way beyond the rest, and then, running under the cornice of the chapels and outer aisles all round the church, a cornice of great noble leaves; then the parapets in changing flamboyant patterns, then the conical roofs of the chapels hiding the exterior tracery of the triforium, then the great clerestory windows, very long, of four lights, and stilted, the tracery beginning a long way below the springing of their arches; and the buttresses are so thick, and their arms spread so here, that each of the clerestory windows looks down its own space between them, as if between walls: above the windows rise their canopies running through the parapet, and above all the great mountainous roof, and all below it, and around the windows and walls of the choir and apse, stand the mighty army of the buttresses, holding up the weight of the stone roof within with their strong arms for ever.

We go round under their shadows, past the sacristies, past the southern transept, only glancing just now at the sculpture there, past the chapels of the nave, and enter the church by the small door hard by the west front, with that figure of huge St. Christopher quite close over our heads; thereby we enter the church, as I said, and are in its western bay. I think I felt inclined to shout when I first entered Amiens cathedral; it is so free and vast and noble, I did not feel in the least awe-struck, or humbled by its size and grandeur. I have not often felt thus when looking on architecture, but have felt, at all events, at first, intense exultation at the beauty of it; that, and a certain kind of satisfaction in looking on the geometrical tracery of the windows, on the sweeping of the huge arches, were, I think, my first feelings in Amiens Cathedral.

We go down the nave, glancing the while at the traceried windows of the chapels, which are later than the windows above them; we come to the transepts, and from either side the stained glass, in their huge windows, burns out on us; and, then, first we begin to appreciate somewhat the scale of the church, by looking up, along the ropes hanging from the vaulting to the pavement, for the tolling of the bells in the spire.

There is a hideous renaissance screen, of solid stone or marble, between choir and nave, with more hideous iron gates to it, through which, however, we, walking up the choir steps, can look and see the gorgeous carving of the canopied stalls; and then, alas! 'the concretion of flattened sacks, rising forty feet above the altar;' but, above that, the belt of the apse windows, rich with sweet mellowed stained glass, under the dome-like roof.

The stalls in the choir are very rich, as people know, carved in wood, in the early sixteenth century, with high twisted canopies, and histories, from the Old Testament mostly, wrought about them. The history of Joseph I remember best among these. Some of the scenes in it I thought very delightful; the story told in such a gloriously quaint, straightforward manner. Pharaoh's dream, how splendid that was! the king lying asleep on his elbow, and the kine coming up to him in two companies. I think the lean kine was about the best bit of wood-carving I have seen yet. There they were, a writhing heap, crushing and crowding one another, drooping heads and starting eyes, and strange angular bodies; altogether the most wonderful symbol of famine ever conceived. I never fairly understood Pharaoh's dream till I saw the stalls at Amiens.

There is nothing else to see in the choir; all the rest of the fittings being as bad as possible. So we will go out again, and walk round the choir-aisles. The screen round the choir is solid, the upper part of it carved (in the flamboyant times), with the history of St. John the Baptist, on the north side; with that of St. Firmin on the south. I remember very little of the sculptures relative to St. John, but I know that I did not like them much. Those about St. Firmin, who evangelized Picardy, I remember much better, and some of them especially I thought very beautiful; they are painted too, and at any rate one cannot help looking at them.

I do not remember, in the least, the order in which they come, but some of them are fixed well enough in my memory; and, principally, a bishop, (St. Firmin,) preaching, rising out of a pulpit from the midst of the crowd, in his jewelled cope and mitre, and with a beautiful sweet face. Then another, the baptizing of the king and his lords, was very quaint and lifelike. I remember, too, something about the finding of St. Firmin's relics, and the translation of the same relics when found; the many bishops, with their earnest faces, in the first, and the priests, bearing the reliquaries, in the second; with their long vestments girded at the waist and falling over their feet, painted too, in light colours, with golden flowers on them. I wish I remembered these carvings better, I liked them so much. Just about this place, in the lower part of the screen, I remember the tomb of a priest, very gorgeous, with gold and colours; he lay in a deep niche, under a broad segmental arch, which is painted with angels; and, outside this niche, angels were drawing back painted curtains, I am sorry to say. But the priest lay there in cope and alb, and the gentle colour lay over him, as his calm face gazed ever at the angels painted in his resting-place. I have dim recollection of seeing, when I was at Amiens before, not this last time, a tomb, which I liked much, a bishop, I think it was, lying under a small round arch, but I forget the figure now. This was in a chapel on the other side of the choir. It is very hard to describe the interior of a great church like this, especially since the whitewash (applied, as I said, on this scale in 1771) lies on everything so; before that time, some book says, the church was painted from end to end with patterns of flowers and stars, and histories: think—I might have been able to say something about it then, with that solemn glow of colour all about me, as I walked there from sunrise to sunset; and yet, perhaps, it would have filled my heart too full for speaking, all that beauty; I know not.

Up into the triforium, and other galleries, sometimes in the church, sometimes in narrow passages of close-fitting stone, sometimes out in the open air; up into the forest of beams between the slates and the real stone roof: one can look down through a hole in the vaulting and see the people walking and praying on the pavement below, looking very small from that height, and strangely foreshortened. A strange sense of oppression came over me at that time, when, as we were in one of the galleries of the west front, we looked into the church, and found the vaulting but a foot or two (or it seemed so) above our heads; also, while I was in the galleries, now out of the church, now in it, the canons had begun to sing complines, and the sound of their singing floated dimly up the winding staircases and half-shut doors.

The sun was setting when we were in the roof, and a beam of it, striking through the small window up in the gable, fell in blood-red spots on the beams of the great dim roof. We came out from the roof on to the parapet in the blaze of the sun, and then going to the crossing, mounted as high as we could into the spire, and stood there

a while looking down on the beautiful country, with its many water-meadows, and feathering trees.

And here let me say something about the way in which I have taken this description upon me; for I did not write it at Amiens; moreover, if I had described it from the bare reminiscences of the church, I should have been able to say little enough about the most interesting part of all, the sculptures, namely; so, though remembering well enough the general effect of the whole, and, very distinctly, statues and faces, nay, leaves and flower-knots, here and there; yet, the external sculpture I am describing as well as I can from such photographs as I have; and these, as everybody knows, though very distinct and faithful, when they show anything at all, yet, in some places, where the shadows are deep, show simply nothing. They tell me, too, nothing whatever of the colour of the building; in fact, their brown and yellow is as unlike as possible to the grey of Amiens. So, for the facts of form, I have to look at my photographs; for facts of colour I have to try and remember the day or two I spent at Amiens, and the reference to the former has considerably dulled my memory of the latter. I have something else to say, too; it will seem considerably ridiculous, no doubt, to many people who are well acquainted with the iconography of the French churches, when I talk about the stories of some of the carvings; both from my want of knowledge as to their meaning, and also from my telling people things which everybody may be supposed to know; for which I pray forgiveness, and so go on to speak of the carvings about the south transept door.

It is divided in the midst by a pillar, whereon stands the Virgin, holding our Lord. She is crowned, and has a smile upon her face now for ever; and in the canopy above her head are three angels, bearing up the aureole there; and about these angels, and the aureole and head of the Virgin, there is still some gold and vermilion left. The Holy Child, held in His mother's left arm, is draped from his throat to his feet, and between His hands He holds the orb of the world. About on a level with the Virgin, along the sides of the doorway, are four figures on each side, the innermost one on either side being an angel holding a censer; the others are ecclesiastics, and (some book says) benefactors to the church. They have solemn faces, stern, with firm close-set lips, and eyes deep-set under their brows, almost frowning, and all but one or two are beardless, though evidently not young; the square door valves are carved with deep-twined leaf-mouldings, and the capitals of the door-shafts are carved with varying knots of leaves and flowers. Above the Virgin, up in the tympanum of the doorway, are carved the Twelve Apostles, divided into two bands of six, by the canopy over the Virgin's head. They are standing in groups of two, but I do not know for certain which they are, except, I think, two, St. James and St. John; the two first in the eastern division. James has the pilgrim's hat and staff, and John is the only beardless one among them; his face is rather sad, and exceedingly lovely, as, indeed are all those faces, being somewhat alike; and all, in some degree like the type of face received as the likeness of Christ himself. They have all long hair falling in rippled bands on each side of their faces, on to their shoulders. Their drapery, too, is lovely; they are very beautiful and solemn. Above their heads runs a cornice of trefoiled arches, one arch over the head of each apostle; from out of the deep shade of the trefoils flashes a grand leaf cornice, one leaf again to each apostle; and so we come to the next compartment, which contains three scenes from the life of St. Honoré, an early French bishop. The first scene is, I think, the election

of a bishop, the monks or priests talking the matter over in chapter first, then going to tell the bishop-elect. Gloriously-draped figures the monks are, with genial faces full of good wisdom, drawn into quaint expressions by the joy of argument. This one old, and has seen much of the world: he is trying, I think, to get his objections answered by the young man there, who is talking to him so earnestly; he is listening, with a half-smile on his face, as if he had made up his mind, after all. These other two, one very energetic indeed, with his head and shoulders swung back a little, and his right arm forward, and the other listening to him, and but half-convinced yet. Then the two next, turning to go with him who is bearing to the new-chosen bishop the book of the Gospels and pastoral staff; they look satisfied and happy. Then comes he with the pastoral staff and Gospels; then, finally, the man who is announcing the news to the bishop himself, the most beautiful figure in the whole scene, perhaps, in the whole doorway; he is stooping down, lovingly, to the man they have chosen, with his left hand laid on his arm, and his long robe falls to his feet from his shoulder all along his left side, moulded a little to the shape of his body, but falling heavily and with scarce a fold in it, to the ground: the chosen one sitting there, with his book held between his two hands, looks up to him with his brave face, and he will be bishop, and rule well, I think. So, by the next scene he is bishop, I suppose, and is sitting there ordering the building of a church; for he is sitting under a trefoiled canopy, with his mitre on his head, his right hand on a reading-desk by his side. His book is lying open, his head turned toward what is going forwards. It is a splendid head and face. In the photograph I have of this subject, the mitre, short and simple, is in full light but for a little touch of shade on one side; the face is shaded, but the crown of short crisp curls hanging over it, about half in light, half in shade. Beyond the trefoil canopy comes a wood of quaint conventional trees, full of stone, with a man working at it with a long pick: I cannot see his face, as it is altogether in shade, the light falling on his head however. He is dressed in a long robe, quite down to his feet, not a very convenient dress, one would think, for working in. I like the trees here very much; they are meant for hawthorns and oaks. There are a very few leaves on each tree, but at the top they are all twisted about, and are thicker, as if the wind were blowing them. The little capitals of the canopy, under which the bishop is sitting, are very delightful, and are common enough in larger work of this time (thirteenth century) in France. Four bunches of leaves spring from long stiff stalks, and support the square abacus, one under each corner. The next scene, in the division above, is some miracle or other, which took place at mass, it seems. The bishop is saying mass before an altar; behind him are four assistants; and, as the bishop stands there with his hand raised, a hand coming from somewhere by the altar, holds down towards him the consecrated wafer. The thing is gloriously carved, whatever it is. The assistant immediately behind the bishop, holding in his hands a candlestick, somewhat slantwise towards the altar, is, especially in the drapery, one of the most beautiful in the upper part of this tympanum; his head is a little bent, and the line made from the back of it over the heavy hair, down along the heavy-swinging robe, is very beautiful.

The next scene is the shrine of some Saint. This same bishop, I suppose, dead now, after all his building and ruling, and hard fighting possibly, with the powers that be; often to be fought with righteously in those times. Over the shrine sits the effigy of the bishop, with his hand raised to bless. On the

western side are two worshippers; on the eastern, a blind and a deaf man are being healed, or waiting to be healed, by the touch of the dead bishop's robe. The deaf man is leaning forward, and the servant of the shrine holds to his ear the bishop's robe. The deaf man has a very deaf face, not very anxious though; not even showing very much hope, but faithful only. The blind one is coming up behind him with a crutch in his right hand, and led by a dog; the face was either in its first estate, very ugly and crabbed, or by the action of the weather or some such thing, has been changed so.

So the bishop being dead and miracles being wrought at his tomb, in the division above comes the translation of his remains; a long procession taking up the whole of the division, which is shorter than the others, however, being higher up towards the top of the arch. An acolyte bearing a cross, heads the procession, then two choristers; then priests bearing relics and books; long vestments they have, and stoles crossed underneath their girdles; then comes the reliquary borne by one at each end, the two finest figures in this division, the first especially; his head raised and his body leaning forward to the weight of the reliquary, as people nearly always do walk when they carry burdens and are going slowly; which this procession certainly is doing, for some of the figures are even turning round. Three men are kneeling or bending down beneath the shrine as it passes; cripples they are, all three have beautiful faces, the one who is apparently the worst cripple of the three, (his legs and feet are horribly twisted,) has especially a wonderfully delicate face, timid and shrinking, though faithful: behind the shrine come the people, walking slowly together with reverent faces; a woman with a little child holding her hand are the last figures in this history of St. Honoré: they both have their faces turned full south, the woman has not a beautiful face, but a happy good-natured genial one.

The cornice below this division is of plain round-headed trefoils very wide, and the spandril of each arch is pierced with a small round trefoil, very sharply cut, looking, in fact, as if it were cut with a punch: this cornice, simple though it is, I think, very beautiful, and in my photograph the broad trefoils of it throw sharp black shadows on the stone behind the worshipping figures, and square-cut altars.

In the triangular space at the top of the arch is a representation of our Lord on the cross; St. Mary and St. John standing on either side of him, and, kneeling on one knee under the sloping sides of the arch, two angels, one on each side. I very much wish I could say something more about this piece of carving than I can do, because it seems to me that the French thirteenth century sculptors failed less in their representations of the crucifixion than almost any set of artists; though it was certainly an easier thing to do in stone than on canvass, especially in such a case as this where the representation is so highly abstract; nevertheless, I wish I could say something more about it; failing which, I will say something about my photograph of it.

I cannot see the Virgin's face at all, it is in the shade so much; St. John's I cannot see very well; I do not think it is a remarkable face, though there is sweet expression in it; our Lord's face is very grand and solemn, as fine as I remember seeing it anywhere in sculpture. The shadow of the body hanging on the cross there, falls strangely and weirdly on the stone behind—both the kneeling angels (who, by the way, are holding censers,) are beautiful. Did I say above that one of the faces of the twelve Apostles was the most beautiful in the tympanum? if I did, I retract that saying, certainly, looking on the westernmost of these

two angels. I keep using the word beautiful so often that I feel half inclined to apologize for it; but I cannot help it, though it is often quite inadequate to express the loveliness of some of the figures carved here; and so it happens surely with the face of this angel. The face is not of a man, I should think; it is rather like a very fair woman's face; but fairer than any woman's face I ever saw or thought of: it is in profile and easy to be seen in the photograph, though somewhat in the shade. I am utterly at a loss how to describe it, or to give any idea of the exquisite lines of the cheek and the rippled hair sweeping back from it, just faintly touched by the light from the south-east. I cannot say more about it. So I have gone through the carvings in the lower part of this doorway, and those of the tympanum. Now, besides these, all the arching-over of the door is filled with figures under canopies, about which I can say little, partly from want of adequate photographs, partly from ignorance of their import.

But the first of the cavettos wherein these figures are, is at any rate filled with figures of angels, some swinging censers, some bearing crowns, and other things which I cannot distinguish. Most of the niches in the next cavetto seem to hold subjects; but the square camera of the photographer clips some, many others are in shadow, in fact the niches throw heavy shadows over the faces of nearly all; and without the photograph I remember nothing but much fretted grey stone above the line of the capitals of the doorway shafts; grey stone with something carved in it, and the swallows flying in and out of it. Yet now there are three niches I can say something about at all events. A stately figure with a king's crown on his head, and hair falling in three waves over his shoulders, a very kingly face looking straight onward; a great jewelled collar falling heavily to his elbows: his right hand holding a heavy sceptre formed of many budding flowers, and his left just touching in front the folds of his raiment that falls heavily, very heavily to the ground over his feet. Saul, King of Israel.—A bending figure with covered head, pouring, with his right hand, oil on the head of a youth, not a child plainly, but dwarfed to a young child's stature before the bending of the solemn figure with the covered head. Samuel anointing David.—A king again, with face hidden in deep shade, holding a naked sword in his right hand, and a living infant in the other; and two women before him, one with a mocking smile on her face, the other with her head turned up in passionate entreaty, grown women they are plainly, but dwarfed to the stature of young girls before the hidden face of the King. The judgment of Solomon.—An old man with drawn sword in right hand, with left hand on a fair youth dwarfed, though no child, to the stature of a child; the old man's head is turned somewhat towards the presence of an angel behind him, who points downward to something unseen. Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac.—Noah too, working diligently that the ark may be finished before the flood comes. —Adam tilling the ground, and clothed in the skins of beasts.—There is Jacob's stolen blessing, that was yet in some sort to be a blessing though it was stolen.—There is old Jacob whose pilgrimage is just finished now, after all his doings and sufferings, all those deceits inflicted upon him, that made him remember, perforce, the lie he said and acted long ago,—old Jacob blessing the sons of Joseph. And many more which I remember not, know not, mingled too with other things which I dimly see have to do with the daily occupations of the men who lived in the dim, far-off thirteenth century.

I remember as I came out by the north door of the west front, how tremendous the porches seemed to me, which impression of greatness and solemnity, the photographs, square-cut

and brown-coloured do not keep at all; still however I can recall whenever I please the wonder I felt before that great triple porch; I remember best in this way the porch into which I first entered, namely the northernmost, probably because I saw most of it, coming in and out often by it, yet perhaps the fact that I have seen no photograph of this doorway somewhat assists this impression.

Yet I do not remember even of this anything more than the fact that the tympanum represented the life and death of some early French bishop; it seemed very interesting. I remember, too, that in the door-jambs were standing figures of bishops in two long rows, their mitred heads bowed forward solemnly, and I remember nothing further.

Concerning the southernmost porch of the west front.—The doorway of this porch also has on the centre pillar of it a statue of the Virgin standing, holding the Divine Child in her arms. Both the faces of the Virgin Mother and of her Son, are very beautiful; I like them much better than those in the south transept already spoken of; indeed I think them the grandest of all the faces of the Madonna and Child that I have seen carved by the French architects. I have seen many, the faces of which I do not like, though the drapery is always beautiful; their faces I do not like at all events, as faces of the Virgin and Child, though as faces of other people even if not beautiful they would be interesting. The Child is, as in the transept, draped down to the feet; draped too, how exquisitely I know not how to say. His right arm and hand is stretched out across His mother's breast, His left hangs down so that His wrist as His hand is a little curved upwards, rests upon His knee; His mother holds Him slightly with her left arm, with her right she holds a fold of her robe on which His feet rest. His figure is not by any means that of an infant, for it is slim and slender, too slender for even a young boy, yet too soft, too much rounded for a youth, and the head also is too large; I suppose some people would object to this way of carving One who is supposed to be an infant; yet I have no doubt that the old sculptors were right in doing so, and to my help in this matter comes the remembrance of Ruskin's answer to what Lord Lindsay says concerning the inability of Giotto and his school to paint young children:* for he says that it might very well happen that Giotto could paint children, but yet did not choose to in this instance, (the Presentation of the Virgin,) for the sake of the much greater dignity to be obtained by using the more fully developed figure and face; and surely, whatever could be said about Giotto's paintings, no one who was at all acquainted with Early French sculpture could doubt that the carvers of this figure here, *could* have carved an infant if they had thought fit so to do, men who again and again grasped eagerly common everyday things when in any way they would tell their story. To return to the statues themselves. The face of the young Christ is of the same character as His figure, such a face as Elizabeth Browning tells of, the face of One "who "never sinned or smiled;" at least if the sculptor fell below his ideal somewhat, yet for all that, through that face which he failed in a little, we can see when we look, that his ideal was such an one. The Virgin's face is calm and very sweet, full of rest,—indeed the two figures are very full of rest; everything about them expresses it from the broad forehead of the Virgin, to the

* In the explanatory remarks accompanying the engravings from Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel, published by the Arundel Society. I regret not being able to give the reference to the passage, not having the work by me.

resting of the feet of the Child (who is almost self-balanced) in the fold of the robe that she holds gently, to the falling of the quiet lines of her robe over her feet, to the resting of its folds between them.

The square heads of the door-valves, and a flat moulding above them which runs up also into the first division of the tympanum, is covered with faintly cut diaper-work of four-leaved flowers.

Along the jambs of the doorway on the north side stand six kings, all bearded men but one, who is young apparently; I do not know who these are, but think they must be French kings; one, the farthest toward the outside of the porch, has taken his crown off, and holds it in his hand: the figures on the other side of the door-jambs are invisible in the photograph except one, the nearest to the door, young, sad, and earnest to look at—I know not who he is. Five figures outside the porch, and on the angles of the door-jambs, are I suppose prophets, perhaps those who have prophesied of the birth of our Lord, as this door is apportioned to the Virgin.

The first division of the tympanum has six sitting figures in it; on each side of the canopy over the Virgin's head, Moses and Aaron; Moses with the tables of the law, and Aaron with great blossomed staff: with them again, two on either side, sit the four greater prophets, their heads veiled, and a scroll lying along between them, over their knees; old they look, very old, old and passionate and fierce, sitting there for so long.

The next division has in it the death and burial of the Virgin,—the twelve Apostles clustering round the death-bed of the Virgin. I wish my photograph were on a larger scale, for this indeed seems to me one of the most beautiful pieces of carving about this church, those earnest faces expressing so many things mingled with their regret that she will be no more with them; and she, the Virgin Mother, in whom all those prophecies were fulfilled, lying so quiet there, with her hands crossed downwards, dead at last. Ah! and where will she go now? whose face will she see always? Oh! that we might be there too! Oh! those faces so full of all tender regret, which even They must feel for Her; full of all yearning, and longing that they too might finish the long fight, that they might be with the happy dead: there is a wonder on their faces too, when they see what the mighty power of Death is. The foremost is bending down, with his left hand laid upon her breast, and he is gazing there so long, so very long; one looking there too, over his shoulder, rests his hand on him; there is one at the head, one at the foot of the bed; and he at the head is turning round his head, that he may see her face, while he holds in his hands the long vestment on which her head rests.

In my photograph the shadow is so thick that I cannot see much of the burial of the Virgin, can see scarce anything of the faces, only just the forms, of the Virgin lying quiet and still there, of the bending angels, and their great wings that shadow everything there.

So also of the third and last division filling the top of the arch. I only know that it represents the Virgin sitting glorified with Christ, crowned by angels, and with angels all about her.

The first row in the vaulting of the porch has angels in it, holding censers and candlesticks; the next has in it the kings who sprung from Jesse, with a flowing bough twisted all among them; the third and last is hidden by a projecting moulding.

All the three porches of the west front have a fringe of cusps ending in flowers, hanging to their outermost arch, and above this a band of flower-work, consisting of a rose and three rose-leaves alternating with each other.

west front.—The pillar which divides the valves of the central porch carries a statue of Our Lord; his right hand raised to bless, his left hand holding the Book; along the jambs of the porch are the Apostles, but not the Apostles alone, I should think; those that are in the side that I can see have their distinctive emblems with them, some of them at least. Their faces vary very much here, as also their figures and dress; the one I like best among them is one who I think is meant for St. James the Less, with a long club in his hands: but they are all grand faces, stern and indignant, for they have come to judgment.

For there above in the tympanum, in the midst over the head of Christ, stand three angels, and the midmost of them bears scales in his hands, wherein are the souls being weighed against the accusations of the Accuser, and on either side of him stands another angel, blowing a long trumpet, held downwards, and their long, long raiment, tight across the breast, falls down over their feet, heavy, vast, ungirt; and at the corners of this same division stand two other angels, and they also are blowing long trumpets held downwards, so that their blast goes round the world and through it; and the dead are rising between the robes of the angels with their hands many of them lifted to heaven; and above them and below them are deep bands of wrought flowers; and in the vaulting of the porch are eight bands of niches with many, many figures carved therein; and in the first row in the lowest niche Abraham stands with the saved souls in the folds of his raiment. In the next row and in the rest of the niches are angels with their hands folded in prayer; and in the next row angels again, bearing the souls over, of which they had charge in life; and this is, I think, the most gloriously carved of all those in the vaulting. Then martyrs come bearing their palm-boughs; then priests with the chalice, each of them; and others there are which I know not of. But above the resurrection from the dead, in the tympanum, is the reward of the good. and the punishment of the bad. Peter standing there at the gate, and the long line of the blessed entering one by one; each one crowned as he enters by an angel waiting there; and above their heads a cornice takes the shape of many angels stooping down to them to crown them. But on the inferno side the devil drives before him the wicked, all naked, presses them on toward hell-mouth, that gapes for them, and above their heads the devil-cornice hangs and weighs on them. And above these the Judge showing the wounds that were made for the salvation of the world; and St. Mary and St. John kneeling on either side of Him, they who stood so once at the Crucifixion; two angels carrying cross and spear and nails; two others kneeling, and, above, other angels, with their wings spread, and singing. Something like this is carved in the central porch at Amiens.

Once more forgive me, I pray, for the poor way in which I have done even that which I have attempted to do; and forgive me also for that which I have left undone.

And now, farewell to the church that I love, to the carved temple-mountain that rises so high above the water-meadows of the Somme, above the grey roofs of the good town. Farewell to the sweep of the arches, up from the bronze bishops lying at the west end, up to the belt of solemn windows, where, through the painted glass, the light comes solemnly. Farewell to the cavernous porches of the west front, so grey under the fading August sun, grey with the wind-storms, grey with the rain-storms, grey with the beat of many days' sun, from sunrise to sunset; showing white sometimes, too, when the sun strikes it strongly; snowy-white, sometimes, when the moon is on it, and the shadows growing blacker; but grey now, fret-

ted into deeper grey, fretted into black by the mitres of the bishops, by the solemn covered heads of the prophets, by the company of the risen, and the long robes of the judgment-angels, by hell-mouth and its flames gaping there, and the devils that feed it; by the saved souls and the crowning angels; by the presence of the Judge, and by the roses growing above them all for ever.

Farewell to the spire, gilt all over with gold once, and shining out there, very gloriously; dull and grey now, alas; but still it catches, through its interlacement of arches, the intensest blue of the blue summer sky; and, sometimes at night you may see the stars shining through it.

It is fair still, though the gold is gone, the spire that seems to rock, when across it, in the wild February nights, the clouds go westward.

THE TWO PARTINGS.

A Tale.

"Alas, they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above:
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain;
* * * * * *
Each spake words of high disdain,
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted, ne'er to meet again;
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Coleridge.

"Alas, how light a cause may move,
Dissension between hearts that love!
* * * * * * *
A something light as air—a look—
A word unkind, or wrongly taken,
Oh! love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch, like this hath shaken."

Moore.

ON Tuesday, the 13th inst., Helen, the beloved wife of Major Conway, aged 26.

Such was the first notice among the deaths in the *Times*, which I was reading in a German hotel. Deeply did I ponder on that word beloved, wondering whether it was a mere phrase of fashion, signifying nothing, or whether she, whose heart, when she married, was mine, had yet been a faithful and loving wife, winning thereby her husband's love in return. The 13th inst. Well did I remember that day; for, on that day, four years ago, she and I parted, to meet only once again. It was an old story. We had loved each other deeply, it may be not wisely, but too well. She was my first, as she has been hitherto my only, love. And so,

for many months we were very happy, and, living near each other, were nearly always together. But, at last, in the early autumn, I was obliged to leave her for a few weeks; and, in my absence, a female friend told her—I could never learn exactly what; but the point of it was, that I no longer loved her; and Helen's love for me made her very jealous of my affection, unable to endure even a suspicion of faithlessness in me, and so the whispering tongue of the false friend, poisoned the truth—the truth of Helen and me; for truly, indeed, did we love each other. She wrote to me a very strange letter, a curious mixture of warmth and coldness; with sentences that began most tenderly and ended with reproaches; concluding with a demand that I should see her as soon as I could. I hastened home immediately, without waiting even to reply to her letter, and called upon her at once. I had to walk nearly two miles. It was a dark, windy night, with occasional gleams of moonshine, in the middle of autumn. The wind raced madly over the level country, and tossed the bare arms of the trees about in a sort of rough wild play. The moon every now and then opened glaring rifts in the thick clouds, throwing black shadows on the ground, which moved restlessly as the trees rocked in the gusts. A rude night it was; yet to one who did not fear wind and cold, a pleasant night withal, rousing his strength and manliness by its rough visitation, and the sympathy between the spirit of man and the elements. Thus, when I saw a light in the house where Helen lived—in the very room where I thought she might be; strengthened and excited by my conflict with the fierce wind, I walked proudly and confidently, confident in the manhood which I knew to be in me; and which is so nearly allied with truthfulness. As I stood at the door, I heard her singing a very favourite song of ours, called "Faith." She was singing the last verse, and I waited till she had finished before I knocked.

"No; 'tis not hand fast lock'd in hand,
Nor gaze of melting eyes,
Nor lips that meet with lingering kiss,
Nor trembling, soft replies;
'Tis Faith that is the soul of love,
Firm, fearless, shaken never;
Two hearts once join'd in one by faith,
Nor life nor death shall sever."

I took it as a good omen, and entered with a wonderfully light heart. She received me with her old warmth and tenderness, and we talked for a while without alluding to the subject which had brought me to her. At last, with an uneasy smile, far too significant, but which I could not modify, I introduced it.

"Who or what could have put into her head the strange notion that I no longer loved her?"

"She had been told so, and reasons had been given; but she did not feel justified in disclosing the name of her informant."

Then, conscious of my innocence, I disdained to defend myself, but commenced a bitter tirade against the mischievous tongue of the unknown false friend, which made her reply, angrily,

"I will not have a friend abused to my face; it is for you to prove the assertions false, not rail against them."

This made me angry in my turn, and our explanation soon became mutual accusations and reproaches, which in her were cold and stinging, and in me were vehement and passionate, till at length she took from a book which I had given her, my last letter, and saying in a deliberate, though trembling, voice,

"I will no longer submit to this; here, sir, is the letter I last received from you; the others I will send you in the morning," placed it on the table before me. I took it up,—the letter in which I had so lately called her my sweetest, and noblest, and best beloved,—and furiously tore it to pieces, which I dashed about the room. With that

assumption of dignity and self-respect so common in women, she said in a tone that was now quite cold and firm,

"Sir, I should have thought you would have had more self-command, if not more respect for me. Leave me at once, and let me never see you again."

Then, wrathful and impassioned, I spoke with loud vehemence in which my whole heart was poured out.

"Helen, Helen, do not drive me mad by this wicked, heartless woman's pride. I will leave you; I will never see you again. I will thank God, night and day, that he has opened my eyes to your faithlessness before it was too late. I will tear out all remembrance of you. Fool, fool that I am—I am almost mad; my heart overflows with bitterness, through you, whom once I loved so truly and tenderly."

Oh could I have looked at her with eyes that could judge impartially; for I still remember—I shall never forget—how I vaguely seemed to see in her a sort of hesitation, an involuntary hurried movement towards me; but I hastily turned away, and left her—I thought for ever; but it proved only for years, but years that were long and weary enough. And some time in the course of those years some one told me how, while I was standing near the door of the house, till now the gate of heaven to me, but now for ever closed upon me, though I could not but linger still near it, she threw herself on the sofa, weeping and sobbing violently, then gathered up the fragments of my letter, and kissed them passionately. Oh, in this world of error and wrong, we hear what should have been kept silent; and what should have been made known, we hear not, or hear too late. Had they told me this then, when only it could have availed, my first love and I had never parted thus, to meet for a little time years after, and then part for ever.

Out again, in the wild night, with the boisterous wind playing roughly around me as before; but it seemed no longer play to me now, but was stern, though apparently aimless, earnest,—like my own thoughts, which were all in a whirl, with only one thing stedfast, the resolution not to be overcome, even by lost love. So I walked on wildly in the wild night, almost running, mad with excitement, with the world before me; for it was plain that I could no longer live where I had lived before, so near Helen. I soon made up my mind to leave England altogether, and then very soon fixed on Germany as my future country; partly because I expected to find the German character, of all the continental nations, most akin to the English, and partly because I wished to increase a knowledge, already extensive, of German literature.

While I was making my preparations, and while I was travelling, and even for some time after I had settled in my new country, the excitement and the novelty distracted my thoughts; and, though they could not make me happy, left me not at leisure to be miserable. But when I was fairly settled, and the new scenes and faces began to grow familiar to me, as they very soon did, then I had leisure to turn my thoughts inwards, and soon I did little else than brood alone over my woe.

For six long months, I was as one stunned, caring for nothing, heeding nothing; then despair gradually settled into deep melancholy, and I felt that my only remedy lay in constant action, to keep off the thoughts that I durst not face. So I worked on steadily for three years, writing much, and reading more, and mixing much with men, not only with my equals in rank, but also entering the abodes of the poor and needy, and aiding and comforting them as well as I could. And before long I began to find the reward of my exertions in a peace of mind which continually increased, though with occasional ebbs; and sometimes I even gained glimpses of

great question of my life, why Helen had been of so little faith towards me. Verily, it was a fearful problem, and one which I could never wholly solve; usually I fled from it, and blindly trusted and hoped, though often it was a sore grief and temptation that I could not see the end and know the good.

And not a day passed on which I did not think of her, some days for hours; belying that futile boast of my hot youth, proud of its strength of will, that I would never think of her again.

"LOST LOVE.

Fix'd in my breast the arrow stood,
The shaft of thy untruth:
I said, with all the bitter fire,
The frenzied pride of youth:

'I loved thee as my life, but now
My love at once is o'er;
The heart thy sudden falsehood wrung,
Thou shalt wring never more.

Even now, I fling thee all away,
All memory, all regret,
The past a dream, and we who loved
Like those who never met.'

O vain, vain boast of madden'd youth!
The years still roll away,
And bring new pains and hopes and joys,
But never yet the day,

That fills not all my soul with thee,
With longing, love and woe;
Lost, lost, but loved, as in the years
So strange, so long ago."

Would it have been better had I forgotten her? Or did those thoughts, so varied, sad, sometimes bitter, but generally hopeful, at least trustful, work some great work within me, and make me fitter for—? Do souls parted here, souls that have really loved each other, do they ever renew and accomplish their love in the ages of the great eternity? At least hope on, hope and trust, though to the end of life. But my loss, borne with whatsoever fortitude, leavened my whole life, and in the dimness of my sorrow all things wore a sorrowful look; and I saw the pain and the grief far more readily than the pleasure and the joy; and I heard how, day by day, yea, night by night, rose up from all the earth the cry of woe to the throne of God—woe diverse as the fortunes of men; famished moans from those who starved in deserts and villages, far from help; yea, and in great cities, too, in the very midst of overflowing wealth; groans of pain from the sick and the maimed and the dying; the low complaining of discontent, not only from the cottage and the alley, but from mansions and palaces also: the one continual undertone of sadness from the hearts whose light, like mine, had been darkened by one great disappointment, one great sorrow, struggled against, borne stoutly and sternly through the long years, but never healed: for ever, day after day, the myriad-toned cry went up. And yet the glad bosom of the earth bore corn-fields and rice-fields, the oak and the alder, the rose and the lily; and the grand solemn cathedrals still stood, on the green sward and in the paved square, stately and strong, for ages; and the proud palaces, reared gay or sombre fronts, high over the misery; and music, awful and holy from mighty organs in dim churches, weird and wondrous, from horn and violin in painted halls, festive and merry in bright saloons—sometimes sad too, but still sweet and beautiful, ever sounded on; and the voices of parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and lovers talked, low and tenderly, with words of trust and affection; and the war-shouts of giant nations thundered to the booming and crashing of cannon and shell. And still, amid all the beauty and grandeur, amid the sweet and beautiful music, and the tender talking of love, and the roar of battle, went up for ever that voice of multitudinous woe, wailing and mourning, and deep lamentation. Neither would the riddle of the painful earth give one sign, even a hint of solution, —a voiceless, motionless, passionless sphinx—sitting, for ever, in the desert

of life—perplexing, mocking, torturing me; to me, as to thousands, both now and of old, the good and the evil, the beautiful and the ugly, the grand and the mean—existing, working side by side, not in harmony, but in a sort of discordant union, which seemed as if it could never be broken, yet never be made into order. And from the depths of my soul came ever the still, small cry, how long? how long?

At length, about three years after our separation, I was obliged to return to England; and, one evening, was at a party, at the house of Captain Dalton. Early in the evening, the hostess came up to me, and, smiling somewhat significantly, said, "Mr. Gordon, I want to introduce you to an old friend; come with me."

I expected to see an old school-fellow; but it was a lady, whom I almost immediately recognized as Helen. I started back, feeling all the blood go from my cheeks, and gasping for breath. She scarcely suppressed a cry of surprise; and, when I looked at her again, was as pale as death. Mrs. Dalton, of course, perceived our emotion, but she left us to ourselves. Helen soon recovered, and had bowed with tolerable self-possession; for, I scarcely know why, we did not shake hands. For a few moments we remained silent, not knowing what to say. She was the first to speak.

"Have you been in England long?"

"About a fortnight;" and then came another pause.

"I am glad to see you," she said presently, with a smile so constrained and sad, that it filled me at once with pity and dread. But it broke the spell that was upon me, and I said, earnestly,

"Helen, do not let us lose this happy opportunity. Come with me into that room, and let us speak out our hearts to each other."

She accompanied me into the room which I pointed out, and which was at the present quite unoccupied. I locked the door, and began at once with a vehemence that made my voice quaver.

"O Helen, I cannot tell you how I have longed for this time. I knew it would come, though it has been so long coming; and, now, I must speak out and tell you all. Through all the long years that we have been parted, I have striven to forget you. You remember, perhaps, what I said on that last miserable night, that I would never think of you again. Oh! how little I knew my own heart then! Not a day has passed in which I have not thought much about you; and almost always tenderly. And now, meeting you again so suddenly, I will not say that my old love has returned, but I feel that the love which has never ceased can no longer be repressed."

I stretched forth my hand, as if to take her own, but she held it still by her side; and I now saw that she was trembling violently.

"O Arthur, Arthur," at length she sobbed, "why did you return? Or, why did we not meet a year ago? Now it is too late. Oh! it is fearful, fearful. We must never meet again. In a month I am to be married."

My heart seemed to stop its beating at those words; and, for several moments, I stood quite quiet, in calm despair. Then I heard her say, again,

"Yes, go at once; it will be best for both. That it should have come to this! This is worse even than I thought it would be. Say good bye at once, and leave me for ever."

Tears choked her voice, but I durst not console her. I took her hand (she gave it me at last), the hand I once knew so well; hot tears—I could not check them—fell upon it, as I pressed it, oh how passionately and hopelessly! then I forced myself to say, "Good bye, "good bye," gazing the while into her deep blue eyes, the eyes that I was never more to look into; and, in another minute was out of the house.

Back again to my adopted country,

with my grief renewed and intensified —grief that threatened to become despair; only, the self-command that I had gained in the fearful struggle of the previous three years saved me, and before long brought me back my old tranquillity,—peace of mind, however sad, and even stern. But she; —how did she bear it?

Married to another, when her heart was mine. But why think of that? I could not help her, save by my prayers, which I offered up for her night and day; but, otherwise, I could not aid her. For, however much we may bear each other's burdens; yet, in this world of isolation every heart must know its own sorrow. Moreover, cruel Absence and Time put ever a greater distance between us; and though they could never lessen my love, yet they took, ever more and more, her presence from me; so that I forgot the face that was once the most beautiful thing in the world to me, and the voice that sounded sweetest in my ear. And now, for long months, until this morning, it had seemed all a dream. The past existed for me only historically, the few incidents that I could still recollect, no longer bringing back the old feelings with them. Alas, alas! it is the greatest triumph of Time, this destruction of old feelings, even when the events are left in; when the pressure of the hand is still remembered, but the thrill that it shot through the pulses quickens the blood no more. It is then that the past seems most utterly gone from us; gone, wholly, and for ever. And, it is only a month since I wrote this song, when Helen seemed to me almost like some maiden in the Tales of the Thousand and One Nights:

"LOVE LONG AGO.

Did I dream it in my sleep?
Did they tell me when a boy?
Or have I read it in some tale
Of forgotten love and joy?

For it seems that I was loved,
That I loved, I know not when;
But the time was long ago,
And will never come again.

I have mourn'd o'er tales of love,
I have wept in my dreams;
It was sure some dream or tale,
So far and strange it seems.

Far and strange, and faint;
But it haunts me night and day
With thoughts that look like memories
Of the years that have past away."

And I know, too, that soon this vividness of memory will fade also; and her face and voice again become a shadow and an echo to me; but I know, also, that henceforth she will be ever present to me; not to eye and ear, but spirit to spirit; present to me through all my life. And, when death shall take me away from earth, God grant I may find that I have died into Life and Love; for the consummation has at length come; and Helen is once more mine, and I am hers.

SHAKSPEARE'S MINOR POEMS.

IT is now upwards of eighty years since the world was assured by Steevens that Shakspeare's neglected sonnets were unreadable, and that nothing short of an Act of Parliament could make them popular. Men were awe-stricken at this decision, and believed it for thirty years, after which period eighteenth century criticism began to fall into disrepute. Inquiry was made, and the result proved the worthlessness of the judgment that had banned their circulation; and, ever since that discovery, opinion, though constantly vacillating about them, has been gradually rising; so

that, after deliberation of a few years longer, we shall probably accept them as a standard work, worthy of our great poet. It seems, moreover, a principle of Time to neglect overmuch the less powerful, though meritorious productions of a great man, for those that pre-eminently display his genius. The sonnet-stanza, too, has never thoroughly made itself a favourite with us; for, while, on the one hand, the extreme difficulty of success draws a narrow limit to the number of good sonnets, the extreme ease of mediocrity has created such an inundation of them that many readers, after once emerging, do not care a second time to trust themselves to their barren depths. That the popularity of Shakspeare's minor poems is increasing, is also shown from the numerous editions that of late years have been put forth. It was not until recently that they were taken into consideration as forming a clue to the author's life, but the hints and traces to be found are far from being exhausted, and many of those already discovered can be scarcely said to be satisfactorily accounted for.

I shall proceed to give a short sketch of the poems; and, at the same time, point out how far they may be made autobiographical.

The "Venus and Adonis" was published in 1593, when the poet was twenty-nine years of age. He had at that time spent some seven or eight years in the metropolis: but the only authentic clue to his mode of living during this interval is supplied by a passage from Robert Greene's "Groat's "worth of wit," where the author, in lamenting the thankless task of writing for the stage, mentions "an up-"start crow beautified with our fea-"thers, that with his tiger's heart "wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he "is as well able to bombast out a "blank verse as the best of you; and "being an absolute Johannes Fac-"totum, is, in his own conceit, the only "Shake-scene in the country." This Greene must not be confounded with a celebrated comedian of the same name, a fellow-townsman of Shakspeare, who probably introduced him to his theatrical life. No reason can be given for his bitterness, except the disordered malice naturally felt at another's success by a man who has ruined all his own prospects by profligacy. Chettle, the publisher of the book, shortly after Greene's death, in a work that he then edited, made the "amende "honorable" to the poet for his own share in the matter. "Shakspeare," says he, "whom at that time I did not "so much spare, as since I wish I had, "for that, as I have moderated the heat "of living writers, and might have "used my own discretion, especially "in such a case, the author (Greene) "being dead, that I did not, I am as "sorry as if the original fault had been "my fault, because myself have seen "his demeanour no less civil than he "excellent, in the quality he professes. "Besides, divers of worship have re-"ported his uprightness of dealing, "which argues his honesty, and his "facetious grace in writing, which ap-"proves his art." From these passages we gather not only somewhat of his social character, but that, up to this time, he had been engaged in revising and remodelling old pieces, and also, perhaps, adapting the works of contemporary authors for the stage; and it was by uniting this practice with his occupation as an actor that he gained that thorough knowledge of stage appliances, which gives such additional vividness to his dramas when rightly represented. In dedicating the "Venus and Adonis" to the Earl of Southampton, who, though then but twenty years of age, was a munificent patron of literature, he calls it "the "first heir of my invention." This, (laying aside the conjecture that Shakspeare intended to arrogate the word as equivalent to "genius,") must mean either that, previous to the publication

of the "Venus and Adonis," he had merely practised upon the works of predecessors, or that it was first in date of invention, though subsequent in that of publication.

There is a strong presumption, however, for supposing that he was not aware that any of his already acted dramas had been hitherto printed. It is probable that the "Venus and "Adonis" had been lying by him in an incomplete form for some time, and that an opportunity of publishing it occurred upon the general closing of theatres during the previous year, in consequence of the plague then prevalent. This hypothesis is strengthened by the vivid impressions of rural life that it contains, and by the marked difference in character between it and the "Tarquin and Lucrece," which came out in the year following; for we cannot agree with Mr. Collins' suggestion, that the latter, as well as the "Venus and Adonis," was composed before he went to London, and received additions preparatory to entering the press. For the variance in style and treatment, the vaster and deeper range of reflection in a subject which brought into play feelings more subtle and matured, quite justify us, independently of minor considerations, in esteeming the "Tarquin and Lu-"crece" to have been composed some years later than the other. Their contemporary popularity is evident, not only from the number of editions through which they both rapidly passed, but also from frequent mention incidentally made by other authors; but there is some reason for distrusting the anecdote told on the authority of the poet Davenant, that Shakspeare received a thousand guineas from the nobleman to whom he dedicated them. Of their respective merits there can be no doubt. The "Venus and Adonis" has nearly universally been preferred to its companion. It displays signs of more careful and gradual composition; the parts are written with more regard to the symmetry of the whole; while, in the "Tarquin and Lucrece," besides the painfulness of the subject, the versification is less pleasing, the energy is not so elastic, the self-expostulation of the heroine after her woe is too argumentative and lengthened, and the pathos, though there is greater scope for it, is less deep and more elaborated. Taking then the "Venus and Adonis" as the first heir of his invention, it may be interesting to ascertain the promises it affords of that genius which when more matured, wrought for him pre-eminently the title of "the my-"riad-minded," and "Nature's child." "The first and most obvious excel-"lence of the 'Venus and Adonis,'" writes Coleridge, "is the perfect sweet-"ness of its versification." Unless an extraordinary gift of the melody of words is early evinced, a man may never rise to the hope of being a great poet; with it, there is the greatest hope; for much he may acquire by experience well regulated; but this, of all his powers, seems most intuitive. Music is the poet's alchymy, whereby he refines and embodies afresh the wisdom of his heart and the knowledge of his brain, tipping every utterance with a jewelled grace; the key-note is his birthright, and to this he fits all nature's symphonies, from "the dreary melody of bedded reeds" to the silver cadence of wings and the passionate speech of mountain gusts "Such harmony is in immortal souls," the souls of poets as well as of angels. We know not how intimately music is interwoven with the first principles of existence, with light, and order, and motion; for what is music but motion spiritualized, and expressed for the most part indeed by sound, but sometimes not, as in the silent melody of the constellations?

"God expounds His Beautiful in "tuneful sounds." Witness how music's power fell that night upon Lorenzo in the fulness of his love and happi-

ness, when he exclaims:

"The man that hath no music in himself . . . . .
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus."

In the "Venus and Adonis" we find this power in full play. The metre, which is original, as far as I know, is perfectly adapted to the subject, and wonderfully perfect in its stanzas; the modulation is musical in its varied glow without ever getting the upper hand of the thoughts, with that same fondness for alliteration so generally exhibited by great poets.

The next great faculty, as necessary as the former to the poet, but much more capable of development, is the Imagination; and, with the consideration of this power, as manifested in the "Venus and Adonis," I shall say a few words upon the charge sometimes brought against Shakspeare and others, of a seeming unfairness, if not of want of originality, that some of their productions evince, in making a free use of the compositions of their predecessors. Men are nowadays ever restless in their demand for what they term originality, though the more suitable word would be novelty, as it mainly consists in freshness of incident. This is an offshoot from that morbid desire of superficial knowledge that so characterizes us, that were it not for a reaction that has set in from some quarters, we should shortly in vain search for any existing reminiscence of old legends and old beliefs, which were and are still the truth-telling charter of our national dignity and aspirations. Now, there is a short poem, entitled "The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis," by Henry Constable, a contemporary writer, and from some few passages being alike in the two, Malone and others have concluded that the greater poet was the appropriator, though a little more attention to dates and details would probably undeceive them in this case; but the benefit of the doubt may be readily granted. From whom did Constable draw the incidents? from another source, probably from Spenser. Ovid himself was not the legend's inventor. Shakspeare's (granting what is most improbable, that it is subsequent to the other) is a recast, not a copy: he took that before him as a bare legend, the incidents of which might be altered or appropriated at will. "Henry VI." is a fine play as it now exists. Would it have been more, or even at all read if its scattered materials had never been handled by Shakspeare? He was merely turning to account useless capital. A great work, beyond mere refinement, will not bear improvement from foreign hands. To improve upon anything in art, implies that a man must first be able to make that his own upon which he practises. He must be equal to it, and something more; and that this has not been attempted generally with works of art is because art is not progressive. Can we imagine a humanity so intellectually exalted as to treat Hamlet or Lear in similar fashion to Shakspeare's treatment of the old plays that furnished his "Henry VI?" It is now generally conceded, perhaps even the infallible "gods" would agree, that Colley Cibber did not improve Shakspeare; but that was an error of the criticism of the time. Let us not boast on this point; for, however great our short-comings may be in appreciating poetry, still greater are they in painting; and, in architecture, copyism after copyism is admired; nay, scarce anything but copyism countenanced.

The invention of our ancestors in legend and incident is our heir-loom; we may vary it in detail, and engraft our own addition, but its depth will be according to the measure of that man's power who handles it, and breathes into it his own spirit. It would be

tedious to select from this poem any particular instances of that part of the imagination wherein the poet penetrates to the heart of his characters, and renders them distinct and full of human interest. Besides this, there are innumerable instances of genius herein displayed in the process of contemplation and association. As was originally suggested by Coleridge, and discussed by Wordsworth in the Preface to his own poems, and has been since analyzed with greater completeness by Ruskin, fine images have individually little weight; they are evidences of genius only when they are modified by a predominant passion; when the intensity of touch on the chief chord sustains its power through the entire song, uniting the parts into one harmonious whole. The sunset cannot always similarly effect a man; its impressions will generally vary with the intenseness of some main thought at the time, and will fall in deep unison with this, or in marked contrast; if not felt thus, if it has merely an outward and transitory effect, or be subservient to or modified by no inward suggestion, it can only be called a play of the fancy. Such may be introduced as the drapery of a poem; for drapery can be shifted anywhither, though it may not well fit every position, and perhaps none; but the soul beneath all cannot be so dealt with. As instances of this power we might mention the opening lines:

"Even as the sun with purple-coloured face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn."

* * * * * *

and farther on,

"Once more the ruby-coloured portal opened,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a *red* morn."

* * * * * *

"Look the world's comforter with *weary* gait
His day's *hot* task hath ended in the west."

"And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace."

As to the freedom of expression in the "Venus and Adonis," we hold with Coleridge, that though "the very subject cannot but detract from the "pleasure of a delicate mind, never "was poem less dangerous on a moral "account;" for we are totally prevented from brooding over the portrayal of the animal impulse by the rapidity of action and constant diversion, by the emphasis of thought demanded in the reflections that are encountered in almost every stanza, while the death of Adonis and the touching grief of the Queen of Love, who, instead of deserting his memory after the attainment of her desire was impossible, retired to Paphos, intending there, says the poet, "to immure "herself, and not be seen," in a wonderful manner raise the sympathy and etherealize her passion.

We have next to consider what forms by far the most important part of Shakspeare's minor poems, the Sonnets, which have become alike interesting for the variety of opinions expressed upon their merits and the curiosity felt in the attempts to discover the man who could claim this dear friendship of the poet. Of all kinds of verse, popularity has ever been most blunted against the sonnet-stanza. Milton's were scarcely thought of until late, in the last century; those of Shakspeare have but recently been rescued from oblivion, and so difficult is it to obtain excellence in this kind of poetry, that with the exception perhaps of those of Wordsworth and Keats, they are the only sonnets much read; yet in the interim we find sonnets on "A Lady drinking green tea," "On a watch-paper cut by a young "lady," &c., and all the enormities of the Della Cruscan school passing in a

few years through more editions than those of our great dramatist had attained in a century and a half. But we have lighted upon days that find other cause for poetical grief than that "Cyndaraxa cleans the hearth in vain," that believe long names and mawkish sentimentalism do not form the soul of poetry; that dare, alas! to boast that Fate has permitted Pope to be outdone. It is worth while to glance at the different opinions that have been held upon the merits of the sonnets. Steevens, as before quoted, to whose infallible judgment Malone timidly succumbs, considered that only an act of parliament could cause them to be generally read. Guizot in his late work follows this authority, at the same time implying that he himself has not read them. Wordsworth says of them, "In no part of the writings "of this poet is found, in an equal "compass, a greater number of exqui-"site feelings felicitously expressed." Campbell, in his edition of the poet, thinks that some, though not all, of these effusions, are worthy of Shakspeare. Hare considers them as "not "the spontaneous utterances and crea-"tions of his genius, but artificial "compositions." All recent editors and critics who have studied them have been unvarying in their praise. With the sonnets appeared the following dedication:—"To the only be-"getter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. "W. H., all happiness and that eter-"nity promised by our everliving "Poet, wisheth the well-wishing ad-"venturer in setting forth.—T. T." The T. T. are the initials of the publisher, Thomas Thorpe, but the identity of Mr. W. H., like the Rosalind of Spenser and the Junius of later days, can only be arrived at by a satisfactory string of probabilities and presumptions. Coleridge believed them all to be addressed to a woman. Chalmers, going further, fancied it must be the withered Queen Elizabeth whose beauty and youth he was lauding; others have had similar impressions about them. It is needless to attempt a refutation of such an untenable position. Most critics, however, have considered upwards of two-thirds to be addressed to a man, the Mr. W. H. above mentioned. As to the name itself, the utmost variety of speculation has been evinced; it is, however, important to attempt a discovery, which might tend to draw the veil of obscurity from the poet's private life, and free him for ever from the appearance of flattery. Farmer conjectured, absurdly enough, that the person intended was the poet's nephew, William Hart, but in that case many of the sonnets must have been written in anticipation of his birth. Tyrwhitt suggested that the name was William Hughes, basing his supposition on a line in the xxth sonnet.

> "A man in hue, all hues in his controlling."

This conclusion was induced by the word "hues" standing originally with a capital letter prefixed, a very common mistake of the period. There are certainly similar jokes upon his own name in sonnets cxxxv. cxxxvi. cxliii, but it is sufficiently disproved by the general context. Mr. Collier, while agreeing in the main with Mr. Armitage Brown, whose views we shall presently mention, hints at a possibility that "begetter" is only equal to "get-"ter or "procurer," in which case the succeeding sentence must refer to the poems themselves. It has been objected to him that Shakspeare never so uses the word, but it must be remembered that the dedication is not Shakspeare's, but T. T.'s. Amidst such an infinitude of speculation, it would have been strange had no one with the spirit of Porson conjectured that the punctuation after the H was misplaced, and that the incognito was Mr. W. Hall, a surname so familiar in connection with Shakspeare. The words were certainly originally in the

same line, and the authority of the second edition of 1640 is utterly worthless, as it copies every fault of the former edition.

There are only two conjectures which are entitled to much consideration; first, that the initials applied to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, originally suggested, I believe, by Dr. Drake, and the second, that the individual intended is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Whether either of these be the right must remain doubtful until additional light be thrown upon the matter by future discoveries. Mr. Charles Armitage Brown appears to be the most able and confident exponent of the latter view. We will first premise a few words about the sonnets. They were published about the middle of the year 1609 by Thomas Thorpe, and dedicated to this Mr. W. H. There are good reasons for supposing that they, like many of his dramas, and also the Passionate Pilgrim, were surreptitiously obtained; from the absence of a dedication from the poet himself, the manifest disorder of their arrangement, (confessed more or less on all hands,) the improbability that he would disclose in his lifetime the private feelings therein expressed, which, if not real, must be charged with the deepest hypocrisy, for the plea of flattery is absurd and contradicted everywhere. And this supposition too may account for ignorance of the person to whom they were addressed, or timidity to express his name in full. We must now discover how far the internal evidence of the poems themselves agrees with the biographical facts known concerning these two noblemen. That these are all the sonnets ever written by the poet is improbable. Meres speaks in 1598 of his "sugred sonnets "among his friends," while these are confined to two or three themes at most. Mr. Brown fancied that he had detected the secret of their continuity up to the cxxvith, but that the last twenty-eight, which are for the most part addressed to one person, were somewhat in confusion. There can be no doubt that the first 126, with perhaps one or two exceptions, have the same man for their subject, but that they follow the order now maintained I cannot be convinced, and still less that they form themselves into five distinct and continuous poems, each of which terminates with what Mr. Brown calls "the envoy." While reading them consecutively, one cannot help being struck with an inseparable connection that exists between some of them, but so arbitrary and wholesale combination as that proposed by Mr. Brown, cannot be maintained. For instance, he makes his first division at sonnet xxvi, styling these "The poet's advice to his "friend to marry," but beyond the xviith there is not a word upon that subject; the second poem, from xxvii —lv, is the forgiveness of his friend, who had robbed the poet of his mistress; but except from xxxiii—xliii, there is not a word, not a hint mentioned of it; and the rest have no connection whatever with these, and might have been written before or after them: the third poem, from lvi—lxxvii, is to his friend, stated by Mr. Brown to be a complaint of his coldness, and warning him of life's decay, but only lvi—lviii. mention his coldness, and three or four at the most warn him of life's decay; the rest are for the most part a promise to ensure his friend's immortality, and expostulations against the slander that had attacked him; and the other poems are still more arbitrarily divided. The Envoys too which Mr. Brown has fixed upon as the proper termination of each "poem," are most capriciously chosen; xvii. lx. lxiii. lxv. lxxxi. civ. would have served equally well with those given; ci. particularly, must be taken continuously both ways. For my own part, I am far from believing that even the general order, as it now stands, is consistent, and of individual sonnets, xxi. is

clearly out of place, and comes with a startling abruptness after what has been already said; its real position is with cxxx. The xxvth and xxixth are too intimately connected to be severed; those also marked xxvii. xxviii. xlviii. l. lii. properly should be combined, being now entirely isolated; xviii. and lviii. must be taken similarly; xlix. should come between lxxxvii. and lxxxviii, and many other irregularities might be pointed out.

The period in the poet's life at which these sonnets individually were written is difficult to arrive at accurately, inasmuch as from sonnet civ. we gather that three or four years elapsed between the earliest and latest of them. In the lxxiiird he says of himself,

"The time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

and immediately afterwards:

"In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie."

In sonnets ii. and xxii. we again find seeming allusions to his age. We can more readily understand what he meant by "old," on reference to cxxxviii; where he declares, "My days are past "the best."

This sonnet, together with that numbered cxliv, was published in 1599, when the poet could not have been much over thirty-five; the former is unconnected with the rest, but upwards of forty of the sonnets must have been written previous to the cxlivth. Meres, in Nov. 1598, speaks of "sugred "sonnets," but though it cannot be absolutely proved, there is great probability that these are among the present collection. I therefore conclude that none of those that concern the question at issue were written later than 1602, and none earlier than 1595.

If sonnets lxxviii. lxxxvi. xc. cvii. were understood, we should probably be able at once to unravel the doubt. Now as to the position and age of the poet's friend we have abundant guidance. In sonnet xxxvii. he says,

"Beauty, birth, and wealth, and wit,
Entitled in thy parts do thronèd sit."

His truth and beauty are constant themes of praise; at the same time his youth is manifest from the confident, though respectful, tone assumed towards him by the poet. In some of the latest sonnets he is styled "sweet "boy," "my lovely boy." In the third we find this passage:

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

and in the thirteenth,

"You *had* a father."

From this we gather that his mother only was living. He is also spoken of as a favourite "argument" of poets, though Shakspeare claims the precedence over them both in time and truth-telling. We shall now see how far the conjectures fulfil these conditions. The earl of Southampton was born in 1573, and would therefore be twenty-five at least when the title of "sweet boy" was applied to him. He came to his honours when only eight years of age. In July, 1597, he went with Essex on an expedition against Spain, returning before the spring of 1598, during which year it is nearly certain that he married. From March till October, 1599, he was in Ireland, where he was removed from his office as General of the Horse to Essex, on account of his having married a kinswoman of that nobleman without the Queen's leave. In February, 1601, Southampton was taken prisoner along with Essex and other nobles, who were disaffected at the tyranny and intrigues of the Court, and, more fortunate than his comrades, escaped the block, but was kept in prison till the commencement of the succeeding reign. That he befriended Shakspeare is clear from the dedications of the two former poems, which are in spirit similar to son-

net xxvi, and it is found that he addressed a letter also to Lord Ellesmere in 1606, in favour of the poet and his company. We can learn nothing of the personal appearance of Southampton; his truth and chivalrous character are matter of history, but so turbulent were the pursuits of his life at the time at which the sonnets were written, that it is rendered still more doubtful whether they could have been addressed to him; moreover, there is no reason to suppose him liable to accusations of libertinism, with which the poet charges his friend; and had it been Southampton, we should have expected some of his brave deeds mentioned. William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, was born in 1580, succeeded to his title in Jan. 1601, became Governor of Portsmouth in 1609, and Chancellor of Oxford in 1617; died 1630. We find his name constantly in conjunction with those of the favourites of King James's Court. His mother was Mary, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, a lady of great learning and virtue, to whom her brother dedicated his Arcadia. She died September 25, 1621, leaving two sons, William and Philip, the fourth Earl. She it is whose epitaph Ben Jonson wrote, styling her "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's "mother," and her reputation may account for this incidental mention. That the brothers were patrons of Shakspeare we learn from Heminge and Condell's dedication of his works in 1623. "Since your lordships have "been pleased to think these trifles "something heretofore, and have pro- "secuted both them and their author, "while living, with so much favour, "we hope that they, outliving him, "(and he not having the fate common "with some, to be executor to his own "writing,) you will use the same in- "dulgence towards them you have "done unto their parent." Beaumont and Fletcher's works were dedicated to the surviving brother in 1647, above thirty years after Shakspeare's death; we there meet with the following passage: "Directed by the example of "some, who once steered in your qua- "lity, and so fortunately aspired to "choose your honour, joined with your "now glorified brother, patron to the "flowing compositions of the then ex- "pired sweet swan of Avon, Shak- "speare." From this one would suppose that the friendship was well known, as indeed the poet himself implies repeatedly. As to the Earl of Pembroke's beauty, "If," says Mr. Brown, "the existing portrait is like him, it "must have been very great." His brother Philip, created Earl of Montgomery, is mentioned by Clarendon as a man of singularly good fortune, for having been by the comeliness of his person and his skill and industry in hunting matters, "the first to draw "the King's eyes towards him with "affection;" though beyond these qualities and his patronage of literary men, it appears that this royal favourite was but a sorry character. His brother, however, was less likely to ingratiate himself with such a monarch as James, who "was always jealous of men who "had the reputation of great parts." William Herbert might thus have been at the time of the poet's exhortation to marry, eighteen, or probably more, (for there is no reason to suppose that these sonnets were written before any that Meres mentioned,) and about of age when the last, with the title of "boy," were addressed to him. It is known that he came to London early in 1598, and succeeded his father in Jan. 1601; and therefore, if he proffered his friendship at once to the poet, the title of Mr. W. H. might have been consistently applied to him, had the folio been published immediately; for in speaking of the length of their acquaintance in sonnet civ, he says,

"Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd [green."
Since first I saw you fresh, who yet are

It is a matter worthy of notice that Shakspeare discontinued his lays to

his friend after about three years. To indulge in suggesting reasons for his doing so, is easy but unprofitable, and necessarily unfair to one or other of them; that their friendship did not cease is certain, from his works being ultimately dedicated to the Earl.

In sonnet xcv, while blaming his friend for excess, he says:

" How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth stop the beauty of thy budding name."

I see no reason why this should not be taken as an allusion to the name Herbert itself, a practice so common among contemporary authors; at all events, it must be otherwise regarded as a strange coincidence.

Beyond the mystery in the dedication, I am not aware of any tangible objection against the probability that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was the friend of Shakspeare, to whom he addressed his sonnets; at the same time, it is yet far from amounting to a moral certainty. In reading Shakspeare's sonnets we are struck at once with the passionate tenderness expressed by the poet for his friend, and the intense unrestrained admiration of his beauty. Personal loveliness, doubtless, beyond most influences, would affect a poet like Shakspeare, including, as it nearly invariably does, in a man, grace of action, and every attribute of vigour and dignity. Though his bearing might first have recommended him to the poet, yet it was his truth and worth that clenched their friendship; and though he once gave cause for limiting the praise of these, it is clear that the poet always gave the precedence to them over mere external beauty. It has been often objected that it is impossible to believe that Shakspeare could have had such wonderful and unbiassed love for a young nobleman. The world is strangely slow to believe in any approach to perfectibility, to believe in anything disinterested, particularly where affection stronger, or conduct more glorious than ordinary is implicated. Mr. Hallam, in a passage of his 'Literature of Europe,' wherein he demonstrates his total misapprehension of the sonnets, writes, " It is true that in the poetry, as well " as in the fiction of early ages, we find " a more ardent tone of affection in the " language of friendship than has since " been usual, and yet no instance has " there been of such rapturous de- " votedness, such an idolatry of ad- " miring love, as one of the greatest " beings, whom nature ever produced " in the human form, pours forth to " some unknown youth, in the majority " of these sonnets," and he goes on to say that we cannot help feeling a wish that they had never been written. Whatever they might disclose, this was surely a short-sighted judgment, forgetful alike that truth needs no veil, and of the relative conditions of this friendship. But I confess my sorrow upon finding such a passage from the pen of one, to whose sad loss the world owes the most passionate offering of devoted love, the noblest dirge poet ever chanted over the ashes of a friend. Such love as Shakspeare's for his friend was by no means uncommon at that period: in fact Bacon laments that that between equals had become unusual, and given place to the friendship of superior and inferior.* The description of his love's intensity reminds me of the 129th lyric of the " In Memoriam." It presents itself to him in all his wanderings by day, modifying all forms and colours, mingling all the world with it; and in the ghastliness of night his friend's shadow

" Like a jewel hung,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

He defines true love as

* Zeal. Bacon, W. A. xviii.

" An ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never
shaken."

and in harmony with this is his own affirmation of stedfastness:

" No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I
do change;
The pyramids built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight."

The charge of flattery has not been left unhandled by certain of the poet's critics; but of all charges this has been proved by Mr. Armitage Brown to be most unfounded, both in his dramas and sonnets. After the wrong done to him by his friend, who had been reduced to tears by his upbraidings, which not improbably were of a public nature, the poet in manly and decisive words forgives him, at the same time expressing his own hate for his sinful love towards his mistress, whom he resolves to leave for ever. Afterwards, when his affection for his friend had been fully re-established, he is agonized by the seeming magnitude of his own resentment, and at last calmly looks upon their alienation before the eyes of the world as necessary;

" I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee
shame."

He everywhere speaks thus confidently that their love is reciprocal.

Thus much would sufficiently disprove the charge of flattery as far as the sonnets could suggest it: in speaking of it, Mr. Brown says, " If we re-
" gard the youth as a friend, we can-
" not find fault with Shakspeare for
" celebrating the most worthy quali-
" ties he perceived; first, truth, and
" next to that, personal beauty. If as
" a patron, the poet was assuredly a
" wretched courtier, openly reproving
" the noble youth for having committed
" the 'crime' (such is the plain term)
" of treachery to his friend; for having
" been addicted to licentious conver-
" sation; and for having delighted in
" the 'gross painting' of another poet,
" in preference to honest praise. It
" must follow that if Shakspeare, with
" all his knowledge of the human heart,
" intended to flatter a patron, he be-
" trayed more ignorance of the means
" than the dullest slave."

In the original edition of the sonnets was included a short poem of about fifty seven-lined stanzas, entitled " A " Lover's Complaint," and herein is displayed so much power and subtle analysis of human character that, were it not for the manifold precedents of oversight and obtuseness displayed by the commentators of last century, it might appear strange that so little, or rather that nothing, has been said in its favour by them. The only real drawback to its popularity is that the recital takes the form of a prolonged dialogue, as in the " Venus and Ado-
" nis," and " Tarquin and Lucrece," and that obsolete expressions are more frequent than in the other minor poems. The first stanza introduces us to a maid

" Full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings atwain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind
and rain."

A reverend shepherd hard by beholds her grief, and in the hope of assuaging it, seats himself beside her at a comely distance, and claiming the privilege of age, beseeches her to communicate it. To this kindly and delicate-hearted " blusterer " she pours out all her woe. It is a phase of the old tale of Paris and Œnone, of Faust and Margaret, of Steerforth and Emily, of the West wind and Wenonah,—the tale of wounded innocency and desertion. Her seducer, though one of that large class, who use words as a carpet to the heart, concealing beneath sometimes a finer, sometimes a coarser, grain —a conspicuous phenomenon of the last three centuries—bears withal the distinctive features of contemporaneous gallantry; though a veritable Rochester within, yet he dared not be so in outward semblance; for the sprightly form of address at this time, however

exaggerated and pedantic, was not yet impure, and was far removed from the wanton flattery and rotten-heartedness that characterised the court of Charles the Second.

The man herein depicted was born for a hero, to devote his whole existence to the welfare of mankind, not to the wretched conquest of and the embittering of life to a few.

"On the top of his subduing tongue
All kinds of argument and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong!
Catching all passions in his craft of will."

In spite of his almost intuitive insight of the intricate windings of the human heart, his impassioned eloquence, his entire intellectual greatness, he is a most consummate master of hypocrisy; his passion is but "an art "of craft," his vows but panders to his appetites, his knowledge he uses as a battery to storm what strives against his will.

"When most he burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury, [chastity."
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold

Upon all his qualities, upon his beauty and horsemanship, upon his speech maiden-tongued, but often varied to vehemence, she dilates with a lurking fondness that sometimes even banishes from her mind the recollection of its irremediable effects; once only in her outpourings does the fulness of his unscrupulous hypocrisy flash upon her, in relating how, after his self-exculpation and his display and oblation to her of all his former trophies of subdued affections, and his assurance that "Love's arms are peace to shame "and sense,"—after all these devices had failed, he abused his knowledge of woman's infirmities by having recourse to tears, and thereby melting her reason prevailed upon her to doff the white stole of chastity. In her contemplation of this she exclaims passionately:

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear."

Notwithstanding the bitterness of her misery must have been aggravated by fresh recital, it is to the first remembrance of the apparent worth and tenderness of him who darkened her life, shattered its hopes, and rendered its woe indelible, and to that only as yet, that she clings for a broken ray of comfort. She is calm enough at last to call up a half-bitter, half-fond feeling of self-distrust:

"Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake."

In 1599 appeared a small collection of miscellaneous poems under the title of "The Passionate Pilgrim," imputing the authorship to William Shakspeare, but containing along with some pieces undoubtedly genuine, others that were notoriously the productions of other contemporary authors, by whom they had been already published. This literary freebooting was still further aggravated in the reprint of 1612, which declares itself to be the third edition; though in the absence of any existing copy of a second, it is not altogether improbable that this is part and parcel of the general fraud. It is found that Heywood, upon whom William Jaggard, the printer of "The Passionate "Pilgrim," had levied considerable contributions, in a subsequent collection of his own poems, complained of this injustice, and probably took more vigorous steps to prevent its continuance, for the title-page of the edition of 1612 gave way to another from which the name was cancelled. It may seem matter of surprise that the poet himself did not interfere against so base and illicit use of his name; but he probably never heard of it, or left it to die a natural death, although it is not impossible that it was he who caused its withdrawal from the volume. By the researches of Collier, it seems placed almost beyond a doubt that, of his plays, at all events, Shakspeare in no instance authorized the publication, but allowed many of them to be circulated in the most garbled form, and

this custom was shared by nearly all the dramatists of the period. From Heminge and Condell's dedication he evidently had it in view to revise and edit them himself, but the suddenness of his death prevented. Heywood, the playwright above mentioned, says of one of his own dramas, that

> "Some by stenography drew
> The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true."

Among others that thus found their way into the volume, were some previously published as Barnfield's; the madrigal of Kit Marlowe, "Come Live "with me and be my Love," with its answer by Raleigh, which are prettily introduced by old Izaak Walton as the song of the Milkmaid and her Mother's Reply, and perhaps supposed to be Shakspeare's because he makes Sir Hugh Evans attempt to sing a stanza; beside two or three lyrics from "Love's "Labour's Lost," which had been published the preceding year. That there were some slight grounds for the great dramatist's name lies in the fact that amongst the pieces in the original edition appeared two sonnets, probably gained surreptitiously, for they were ten years afterwards published with alterations in the regular collection, and these numbered 138 and 144; of the authenticity of the rest we can only conjecture from internal evidence, but only one or two possess much merit; that one commencing with "Good "night, good rest," is exceeding sweet, and its rhythm is greatly enhanced by the alliteration.

These are all the minor poems of Shakspeare that have come down to us, and I have attempted to show how far they illustrate his life, of which so little is known. The belief that the sonnets are not autobiographical is received with the greatest scepticism by their studious reader, and I cannot but think the ground upon which such supposition rests utterly untenable. We have here the great poet exhibited in an aspect worthy of his genius: the sonnets throughout bear witness to his love of truth, which has never been otherwise doubted; they obliterate every charge of flattery; they declare him to be manly and loving in his friendship, not blind to faults, but reproving decisively where they merit reproof, and willingly confessing his own sin; quick at resenting an injury, and ready in forgiveness; a sensitiveness to evil report and slander; and manifestations of all those qualities which justify the application of the epithet "gentle."

IN YOUTH I DIED.

IN youth I died, in maiden bloom;
With gentle hand Death touch'd my cheek,
And with his touch there came to me
A spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay;
He was so kind, I fear'd him not;
My friends beheld my slow decline,
And mourn'd my joyless lot.

They saw but sorrow; I descried
The bliss that never fades away:
They felt the shadow of the tomb;
I mark'd the heavenly day.

I heard them sob, as through the night
They kept their watch; then on my ear,
Amid the sobbing, fell a voice
Their anguish could not hear.

"Come, and fear not!" it softly cried;
"We wait to lead thee to thy home:"
Then leapt my spirit to reply,
"I come! I long to come!"

I heard them whisper o'er my bed;—
"Another hour, and she must die!"
I was too weak to answer them,
That endless life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears
They mourn'd me as untimely dead,
And heard not how I sang a song
Of triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the grave, and thought
How narrow was my resting-place;
My soul was roving high and wide
At will through boundless space.

They clothed themselves in robes of black;
Through the sad aisles the requiem rang;
Meanwhile the white-robed choirs of heaven
A holy pæan sang.

Oft from my Paradise I come
To visit those I love on earth;
I enter, unperceived, the door;
They sit around the hearth,

And talk in sadden'd tone of me,
As one that never can return;
How little think they that I stand
Among them as they mourn!

But Time will ease their grief, and Death
Will purge the darkness from their eyes;
Then shall they triumph, when they learn
Heaven's solemn mysteries.

"Sir Philip Sidney" *will be continued in March.*

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

PART II.—The Learner.

Chap. 3.—*Boyhood.*

MR. MACAULAY, in his famous Third Chapter, gives us a picture, painted in his own bold and striking way, of the life of an English country gentleman, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. As usual, he catches the remarkable traits of that life, and hits off, happily enough, the whims and deficiencies of the rustic squire under James and William; but, as usual, he leaves you with the impression that the rustic squire was made up of whims and deficiencies; that he had no characteristics but ignorance at which every sound scholar must laugh, and prejudices of which every good Whig ought to be ashamed. So that, to disabuse ourselves of this notion, we have to turn to dear old Sir Roger, and there find that Addison and Steele, with their right loving hearts, saw and knew that, in that day, the true strength of England, the honesty, the faith, the virtue, and the pride, lay, not in courtiers or statesmen or scholars, not in the Church or the sects, but in those very country gentlemen, so self-willed and stupid, and that to their prejudices we owe it, that through those dangerous times the great heart of England beat ever steadily on, and that we were not overwhelmed by foreign influence, when foreign influence would have been our ruin. But thus much is very clear, that the country squire of 1680 was very different, and in a very different position, from the country squire of a hundred years before. He had the same honest sturdy English spirit as his great-grandfather, but he was much less cultivated, much less capable of cultivation; less fitted to do his country service in the council-chamber or the parliament-house; less able to train his children in the way they should go, and to give to his dependents an example of self-control and Christian culture; less awake both to the deepest duties and hopes, and to the graces and delicacies of life. And in consequence of this, and of that extraordinary principle of modern Puritanism, (which had by this time sprung up

from the ruins of that glorious old Puritanism which was gibbeted with Oliver,) that a Christian has something else to do than to serve his country to the best of his powers;—in fact, that he had best keep aloof from public work altogether, as worldly and carnal;—in consequence of these things the government of the country fell into the hands of a special class of professed politicians and placemen, neither particularly honest nor particularly enlightened; and intrigue, chicanery, and partisanship became the order of the day. Now, turn to the country gentleman of Elizabeth's age. Thanks to the awakening influences of the time, the spirit of generous inquiry, and the shattering of all superstructure of prejudice, while the foundations of faith remain solid and unshaken, he is a scholar and a divine; his classical and Italian studies have given him grace and refinement of tone, and great store of knowledge and thought, while his Bible and his Prayer-book have taught him how to serve God with a reasonable service. Moreover, these are days of action, and the circumstances of the times, and the wise policy of our Tudor rulers, force upon men the necessity, and, at the same time, grant them the opportunity of fighting their sovereign's battles and administering their sovereign's affairs. So that your country squire must needs show himself no cipher in parliament, no "poor scarecrow" on the justice's bench. He is not out of place at court, nor in the company of wits and divines; and finally, he is able to serve her Majesty how and where she will; and he does serve her, well and faithfully. Burleigh and Walsingham, Nicholas Bacon, Thomas Smith and Henry Sidney, Raleigh and Grenville, what were they but country gentlemen, above, but not much above, the common type? for there were a hundred who could have done the work which they did, and nearly as well as they. It was William's curse, that he was forced to make use of men whom he knew to be unprincipled; it was Elizabeth's glory, that, seek where she might, she was sure to find godly and honourable men, who were ready to spend and be spent in her service.

I have made these remarks, because I wish you to bear in mind, that Philip Sidney's early life, though a country life, was by no means a boorish one; that the men and women with whom he passed his time, were as refined, and in many respects more refined, than the same class at the present day; and were, moreover, much better educated; but to this I shall recur in the course of a page or two. And now for the facts of my hero's boyhood.

Philip Sidney was born at Penshurst, on the 29th of November, 1554; and named in compliment to Philip, king of Spain, who had used his influence to save Lady Mary and her brothers (all but Guildford, who was too deeply implicated,) from the fate of the Duke and Jane Grey. It is said, but, I think, on no sufficient authority, that Philip was one of the child's sponsors. At all events, it is clear that the queen and he treated the Sidney family with great consideration, and that Mary found Sir Henry a faithful and valuable servant.

Penshurst, then, is the *world* to young Philip during those years when outward things make the most impression in the mind, and, for a first glance at creation, one might go far to find a pleasanter place. It lies high up the Medway, in the county of Kent, but not far from where Kent, Sussex, and Surrey meet. A fine old baronial hall, of the later Plantagenets, still standing, foursquare, enclosing a court and shaven lawn; a church near it, of somewhat earlier date, "with a "nave, aisles, transepts," &c., as deponent* somewhat learnedly informs

us; in an undulating country of rounded swelling hills, watered by the Medway and Eden; rich, you would say; richly wooded, at all events. Indeed, its woods are its pride and boast; beech and oak, and chestnut, with "purple shades at gloaming," worthy indeed of "poet in his youth." One beech they show you of almost fabulous girth, and an oak (Bear Oak), which is one of the common-places of poets, having been planted, says Ben Jonson, "at his high birth "where all the Muses met." Waller, indeed, seems to have thought it too a beech (being blinded probably by Love), for he exclaims:

"Go, boy, and carve my passion on the
"Of sacred Sidney's tree." [bark

There was a shadow upon Philip's childhood; a pensive gloom which overhung the loveliness of those woods and streams, and weighing especially upon his mother's heart, must have weighed upon him also, to whom she was dearest. Those were awful times; times of fire and blood, and sore smiting and tribulation; men's hearts failed them for fear; there was trouble in all faces; the Evil Spirit was rending this nation of ours before he went out of it. One day after another some one the Lady Mary had known and reverenced died by the most terrible of deaths, and the end was not yet. I cannot wonder, then, at the pensive boy, "from a child none other than a "man," staid and grave beyond his years; and, even in happier times, when there was nothing but peace and joy around him, "not over cheerful "by nature," as we learn from his father's letter.

When Philip is six or seven years of age, we find his home at Ludlow, where his father rules as Lord President of the Marches of Wales. But Sir Henry's great work lies in Ireland. He is generally away, and the boy's companion and friend is his mother. She knows that that rare and excellent soul is a trust of God to her; and she spends her whole time and her whole heart in moulding it into what it may and ought to be. And she has a present reward in the docility and gentleness and deep affection of this her firstborn.

Ludlow Castle is a place that seems, as some places do, destined to help the development of genius. In after years it shall see "the Masque of Comus" performed in that princely banqueting-hall; and, again, in darker days, when men have forgotten that genius is a priceless treasure for which no shrine is too costly, and which neglect and contempt can embitter and pervert, but not destroy;—in those evil times the author of Hudibras shall experience among these towers the sickness of hope deferred, the baseness and blindness that will turn his and Dryden's and many another "wholesome "heart to gall." But to men in Butler's day, the turrets and portcullises of Ludlow had ceased to have a meaning, as vivid presentations of the soul of the chivalrous ages; but it was not so with young Philip. He still breathed a feudal atmosphere. The new order of things had not annihilated the old; the old was overlapping it, and blending with it; and in and about that mighty Norman fortress, the central point of all the view from so many broad dales and bare heathery hills, jostling and crowding one another right into the heart of Wales, the old feudal feelings must have lingered long. Doubtless the boy shared in the sentiment of his time, and loved the flowing Teme, and that pleasant Herefordshire Arcadia, into which it led him, more than the westward ranges, seen so black against the sunset, one behind another, from the slope of Whitcliffe. And, indeed, we find in his writings little of that sense of the mystery of outward nature; that powerful charm that lies in the wild and the untrodden and the far, which grows up so naturally in our own minds.

Philip was placed in the new-founded

Grammar School of Shrewsbury, to be near his home; and is, to this day, the pride and boast of the school; the first of that long line of distinguished alumni, who have done it such honour in the study and in the world. I have said that he was remarkable for the gravity of his demeanour. Greville (Lord Brooke)* his relation and playfellow who lived with him and knew him from a child, "yet never knew "him other than a man; with such "staiednesse of mind, lovely and fa- "miliar gravity, as carried grace and "reverence above greater years. His "talk was ever of knowledge, and his "very play tending to enrich his mind." "Lumen familiæ suæ," his father calls him. So conspicuous even now are his gifts of mind. Unfortunately his health is by no means firm. At fourteen his uncle, Leicester, has to procure for him, from archbishop Parker, a license to eat flesh in Lent. At twelve, he writes to his father in Latin and in French; and has, in answer, a letter of advice, a sort of formal epistle such as fathers often sent to their sons in those days, full of weighty precepts for the guidance of their lives. A letter so wise, so noble, and so comprehensive, that I shall not scruple to give it in full.

"I have reaceaved too Letters from "you, one written in Latine, the other in "French, which I take in good parte, and "will yow to exercise that Practise of "Learninge often: For that will stand "yow in moste steede, in that Profession "of Lyf thet yow are born to live in. "And, since this ys my first Letter that "ever I did write to yow, I will not that "it be all emptie of some Advyses, which "my naturall Care of yow provokethe me "to wishe you to folowe, as Documents "to you, in this your tendre Age. Let "your first Actyon be, the Lyfting up of "your mynd to Almighty God, by harty "Prayer, and felyngly dysgest the "Woords you speake in Prayer, with "contynuall Meditation, and Thinkinge "of him to whom you praye, and of the "matter for which you praye. And use "this as an ordinarye Act, and at an or- "dinarye Hower. Whereby the Tyme "ytself will put yow in Remembraunce to "doe that, which you are accustomed to "doe. In that Tyme apply your Study "to suche Houres as your discrete master "dothe assign you, earnestlye; and the "Time (I knowe) he will so lymitt, as "shalbe both sufficient for your Learn- "inge, and saf for your Health. And "mark the Sens and the Matter of that "yow reade, as well as the Woordes. So "shall yow bothe enrieche your Tonge "with Woordes, and your Wytte with Mat- "ter; and Judgment will growe as Yeares "growyth in you. Be humble and obe- "dient to your Master, for unles yow "frame your selfe to obeye others; yea, "and feele in your selfe what Obedience "ys; yow shall never be able to teache "others how to obey you. Be curteese "of Gesture, and affable to all Men, with "Diversitee of Reverence, accordinge to "the Dignitie of the Person. Ther ys "nothinge, thet wynneth so muche with "so lytell Coste. Use moderate Dyet, so "as, after your meate, yow may find your "Wytte fresher, and not duller, and your "Body more lyvely, and not more heavye. "Seldome drinke Wine, and yet sometime "doe, least, beinge enforced to drinke "upon the sodayne, yow should find your- "selfe inflamed. Use Exercise of Bodye, "but suche as ys without Peryll of your "Yoyntes or Bones. It will encrease "your Force, and enlardge your Breathe. "Delight to be cleanly, as well in all "partes of your Bodye, as in your Gar- "ments. It shall make you gratefull in "yche Company, and otherwise lothsome. "Give your self to be merye, for yow de- "generate from yowr Father, yf you find "not your self most able in Wytte and "Bodye to doe any Thinge, when yow "be moste mery; But let your Myrthe "be ever void of all Scurelitee, and bit- "inge Woords to any Man, for an Wound "given by a Woorde, is oftentimes harder "to cured, than that which is given by "the Swerde. Be you rather a Herer, and "Bearer away of other Mens Talke, than "a Begynner or Procurer of Speeche, "otherwise yow shalbe counted to delight "to heare your self speake. Yf yow heare "a wise Sentence, or an apt Phrase, com- "mytte yt to your Memorye, with re-

* Lord Brooke's Memoir is utterly useless with regard to matters of fact, which he was not himself connected with. For instance, he makes Sidney commence his travels at fourteen (before he had left school), and says that he was accompanied by

" specte of the Circumstaunce, when yow
" shall speake yt. Let never Othe be hard
" to come out of your Mouthe, nor Word
" of Rybaudrye; detest yt in others, so
" shall Custome make to your selfe a Lawe
" against hit in your self. Be modest in
" yche Assemble, and rather be rebuked
" of light Felowes, for Meden lyke Shame-
" fastnes, then of your sad Frends for
" pearte Boldnes. Thinke upon every
" Woorde that yow will speake, before yow
" utter hit, and remember how Nature
" hath rampared up (as yt were) the Tonge,
" with Teeth, Lippes, yea, and Here
" with out the Lippes and all betokeninge
" Raynes, or Bridles for the loose Use of
" that Membre. Above all Thinges tell
" no Untruthe, no not in Trifels. The
" custome of yt is naughte, and let it not
" satisfie yow that for a Time, the Hear-
" ers take yt for a Truthe, for after yt
" wilbe knowen as yt is, to your Shame;
" for ther cannot be a greater Reproche to
" a Gentellman, then to be accounted a
" Lyere. Study and endevour yourselfe
" to be vertuously occupied. So shall
" you make such an Habite of wel doing
" in yow, that yow shall not knowe how
" to do Evell, thoughe you wold. Re-
" member, my Sonne, the noble Blood
" you are descended of, by your Mother's
" Side; and thinke that only by vertuous
" Lyf, and good Action, you may be an
" Ornament to that illustre Famylie; and
" otherwise throughe Vice and Slouthe,
" you shalbe counted *labes generis*, one of
" the greatest Curses that can happen to
" Man. Well (my litell *Philippe*) this is
" ynoughe for me, and to much I feare
" for yow. But, yf I shall find that this
" light Meale of Disgestione nourishe any
" Thinge the weake Stomake of your yonge
" capacitie, I will, as I find the same growe
" stronger, fead it with toefer Foode."

There it is. How many fathers could write such a letter now? how many sons would value it? So let us leave young Philip to con over its weighty sentences by the deep-flowing Severn, while the bank, crowded with house and garden and turreted wall, and the grey steeples over all, quiver and sway in the multitudinous ripple. Let us leave him, that we may think for a few moments about the education he is undergoing; how it differs from the education which we patronize now.

Here is the case. We seem to have given up in despair the notion of looking for any higher result of education than the mere fitting a man to the business of life; and yet we hear complaints all around that the education of the present day does *not* fit men for the business of life; that it is something quite extraneous to that business; that those who succeed best succeed in *spite* of their education. The standard, men say, has been lowered; the practice has been lowered more than proportionately. For it is certain that the education which Roger Ascham gave, the education which Philip Sidney received, was such an education as fitted men to quit themselves well in the world, and fitted them for much beside that, and of more importance than that. It is worth our while to try to see clearly what the point of difference is. There are two methods current in this country, both of which seem to me to be intrinsically wrong, not so much in their actual *modus operandi*, as in the spirit in which they set to work; and the latter of these two seems to be driving out the former. They are the classical or traditional method, and the practical method. The former either has no principle, and is merely empirical—seeking to retain old forms, which it sees have had potency and done good in times past; or else aims at carrying out the idea of education by the strict cultivation of a limited number of intellectual faculties. The latter has the advantage, because it sees clearly what it sets before itself to do. Its simple and sole aim is to prepare men for business, for money-making, and the practical part of life (so called), by giving them (by various patent processes) facility and versatility, and a store of available information. Such an attempt *must* fail; recoil upon itself, somehow; as attempts which have their root and ground in selfishness always do. Is it not true, in this, as in other matters, that we must seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; make it clear to the

child's mind that he is living in God's world and must do His will, and receive His teachings; make him love righteousness and truth and purity for their own sakes; and so prepare him to expand and strengthen, in body and mind, according to the laws of God's kingdom; and thus all these other things shall be added to him,—ability in business, and success in life?

Something of this was undoubtedly felt in those old Elizabethan days. Schoolmasters saw clearly what their task was. They knew that theirs was not all the education which the boy was receiving. They knew Who was teaching him beside,—teaching him deeper lessons, and those more constantly and impressively than they could do. And they set themselves to help that other education; to make its lessons clearer to the boy's mind; to work in harmony with it, enforcing and illustrating all that it taught; and never attempted, by any mere mechanical appliances, or short and easy cuts, to counteract its working, to make the child other than God would have him be. The question they proposed to themselves was not, How shall we get most knowledge into this or that boy in a given time? nor, How shall we best help him to gain money or power? but, How shall we best help him to do his duty, to be that which God wills him to be? It was a noble effort; whether or no they succeeded, let the history of those times tell. This history will help to answer the question.

We shall go very far wrong if we suppose that what was best in the sixteenth century is therefore best in the nineteenth: but yet we may learn something from considering the *methods* of those days; one thing especially we may learn. This is the first age in which it has been forgotten that bodily culture is not less important than mental. The Greeks held gymnastics (the harmony of the body) and music (the harmony of the soul) to be equal and co-ordinate branches of education. We, having far better reason to reverence the body than they, knowing as we do in Whose image it was made, and by Whose putting on it was sanctified, yet give way, practically, to those old atheistic and Neo-Platonic superstitions which sought to elevate the soul at the expense of the body, as if the two were not mysteriously joined together for weal or woe. Men knew better in Roger Ascham's day. They knew that it was a man's duty to do well whatever he did, and that the perfect man must be perfect in all bodily functions; and therefore they taught their boys "to "ride comelie: to runne faire at the "tilte or ring; to play at all weapons; "to shoote faire in bowe, or surely in "gunne; to vaut lustely; to runne, to "leape, to wrestle, to swimme; to "daunce comelie; to sing and play of "instruments cunningly: to hawke, to "hunt, to play at tennis and all pastime "generally which be joyned with labor, "used in open place, and on the day-"light." Truly, it would be well for some of us to have had such schooling as this.

For the rest, their education was at once practical and classical. They made the classics their basis, not for any such reasons as we allege for doing so, but because they thought they could gain from them better lessons in history, in ethics, in philosophy, and in eloquence than they could from any other source. They knew of no language so fixed in its laws, no philosophy so clear in thought, no literature so rich in illustration and information, as those of Greece and Rome, with the radiance of whose new-found treasures, the world was fairly dazzled. They were taught from the very first to connect rules of language with rules of thought, and to draw from their text-books moral and practical as well as grammatical lessons. Hence that richness of classical allusion and anecdote, of valuable thoughts and maxims in the writings of Sidney, of Raleigh, and

of Jeremy Taylor; whereas, though our education is not less strictly classical, we have so little of good to show from it.

But I can only hint at these things here; I may carry out the enquiry elsewhere; and in the mean time, I would recommend all who are interested in learning what was the nature of the education which prevailed in the noblest age of our country, (and who is not?) to study that treasure-house of wise and godly and practical thoughts —Ascham's 'Schoolmaster.'

At all events, we find Sidney's school and college training nobly justified by its results in his life. True, he was εὐφίης, a youth for whom nature had done much; but, as Ascham observes, such men repay best all that education can do for them. He had a rare combination of qualities; he was patient, industrious, and self-denying; and he was apt and ready.

At fifteen he goes up to Christ Church. All we hear of him there is, that his tutor is Mr. Thomas Thornton, a great Latinist of those days, and, which is higher praise, a "refuge of all "poor and deserving Scholars;" among them, one that shall do him honour, the laborious and learned Camden; (on whom also Mr. Philip Sidney bestows friendship and encouragement;) and that he disputes in the schools, in presence of his uncles, Warwick and Leicester, with one Richard Carew, of Cornwall and Christ Church, who, afterwards, in writing a county history, says, that he was forced upon the dispute through a mistaken notion of his parts: from which we may fairly infer that Richard came off second best. Another Richard too is mentioned among Philip's college associates, Hakluyt by name, the compiler of that memorable collection of voyages, which illustrates, perhaps more than anything else, the glory of the English nation and of the reign of Elizabeth.

It is pleasant to note the interest which Leicester—his head so full of state affairs—takes in his nephew; and pleasant to find Philip, in later years coming forward in defence of Leicester, who seems to have been almost as hardly used in his own day as he has been by all ages since. History and fiction have wreaked their worst upon this man; one hopes the tide may turn, and people begin to look at the facts of his life, which they will find, as far as they can be clearly known, strangely at variance with the conventional theories which they have been led to adopt. His dealings with Philip Sidney are throughout those of a kind-hearted and honourable gentleman.

One other transaction of these days concerns our hero very closely, though one would wish to know more of his own share in the proceeding; I mean, a treaty for his marriage with Anne, daughter of Mr. Secretary Cecil (afterwards the great Burleigh). Leicester, it seems, set it on foot; but on account of some coolness (on whose part, one cannot now tell), it was, after considerable hesitation, broken off. Sir Henry appears from his letters to have set his heart thoroughly on the match; but, with such a press of Irish business, "I "can never care or consider for wife, "child, or myself;" otherwise the result might have been different. Of the lady we hear further that she is married to Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and that her life with him is not happy, though she is sweet and gentle in disposition, and of good natural parts, as the daughter of Mildred Coke ought to be.

It is said that Philip Sidney, after he left Oxford, studied at Trinity College, Cambridge (where Greville was then residing). If this were so, he must have been singularly fortunate in his connection with those two noble foundations, each of which (though neither was half a century old) was the wealthiest and the most esteemed in its university. But his stay at Cambridge could not have been long, for in May, 1572, he proceeds to Paris, (after the

manner of the distinguished young English of his day,) with a licence from the Queen, permitting him to "go out "of England into parts beyond the "seas, with three servants and four "horses, to remain the space of two "years, for attaining the study of "foreign languages."

ALFRED TENNYSON. An Essay. In Three Parts.

Part III.

Maud, and other Poems.

WHEN a poet long tried and proved great, issues a new volume of poems, what is the spirit in which the public ought to receive it? Is it not with docility and reverence, as another lesson from one who has been already accredited as a teacher of men? And that for two reasons; first, because we should hope and ardently desire, that one who has hitherto befriended and guided mankind may continue to be worthy of that great office; prepared to lament sincerely and deeply if he should at last prove incompetent,—and that not by way of triumph over him; but deploring his failure as a common misfortune and humiliation to the human race. And those whom this reason would not influence, ought at least to be affected by the following consideration; that it is altogether improbable that a great writer, in the full possession of his mental powers, will fail, unless some peculiar cause be at work. Genius is far less erratic than ordinary men love to fancy: it is, after all, only the human mind made somewhat after the likeness, and gifted with some approach to the powers, of that original and proper human mind which made Adam so much more glorious than the brutes. Therefore, a critic, who has regard for his reputation, should be very careful, should examine very minutely, and weigh very deliberately, before he ventures to condemn new poems of a poet already acknowledged great, lest the fault prove to be, not in the poet, but in himself; while, to receive them, as "Maud" has been received by some who affect to guide the public taste, not with adverse criticism, but with the mere hissing of dispraise, all but carries its own condemnation with it. It has been hitherto my aim in this Essay to steer clear of all notice of other reviews of Tennyson. I have had too little space for the poet himself to spare any for those who, with more or less knowledge and discretion, have taken upon themselves to pass a judgment upon him; but "Maud" has been published so recently, that some notice of the so-called criticism upon it (I speak of course of the unfriendly criticism) cannot be avoided. Accordingly, I will state definitely at the outset, without any ambiguity or circumlocution, in the broadest possible contradiction to those unfavourable critics, my belief that it is one of the finest poems in the English language; in every way worthy (and greater praise cannot be bestowed) of the author of Œnone, Morte d'Arthur, and In Memoriam; a belief which I hope to justify by evidence well considered and carefully arranged; first endeavouring to answer the objections that have been brought against "Maud." And since these have been founded principally upon the character of the hero, I must somewhat minutely analyse that character. It has been blamed chiefly for introspection, the poem and the poet being included in this condemnation by those whose judgments pro-

ceed upon careless glances at the surface. Let such be reminded that, while the *dramatis personæ* may justly be condemned, that very condemnation may be good cause why the poem and the author should be praised, a matter made plain at once by reference to the trite example of plays. For a more attentive and reflective reading of "Maud" would have shown that its great object is to expose and protest against that very perpetual self-examination, by exhibiting a mind given over to it, and tracing the evil effects of it upon that mind. For it is the part, not of a poet, but of an Ethical writer, to lay down, in so many words, express rules of morality, and to draw perfect characters for our imitation so far as our imperfection allows. A poet has done his part if he dramatically sets before us men of like passions with ourselves, so delineating them that all who read with due care may deduce the moral for themselves.—And now, let us briefly consider the nature of introspection in general, that we may learn whether it is an allowable and fit instrument for poets; and if we shall agree that it is, let us proceed to investigate the introspection in "Maud," that we may decide whether it is of that nature which we shall have judged lawful and useful.

Now, what is introspection? Let us not be deceived by the mere sound of the word, which somehow seems to carry in these days a bad signification with it. Change it to self-examination, and a different, a favourable, impression at once succeeds. But what is the thing itself? Is it not the searching into one's own mind and one's own heart, thereby to discover what good and what evil lie therein? And what should be its ends? What but these two? the first, the bettering of self, by using that self-knowledge for increasing the good and lessening the evil; and the second, the bettering of others, by faithfully recording for them our experience. And lastly, what are the means? There are two methods; one, the employment of the intellect, that investigates quite impartially, neither exaggerating the good, nor extenuating the bad, still less taking the good or the bad alone. The other is the dramatic exhibition of passions and feelings, and fancies; perhaps a less safe mode than the former; requiring more imperatively that the end be unmistakeably good, and be steadily kept in view. Also, in this method, great care should be paid to the length of the process, that the reader may not receive more harm from that than good from the moral. And, lastly, perhaps we may add, that the process should not be too painful; a requirement which may be satisfied both directly and indirectly; indirectly, by beauty of imagery, melody of versification, &c.

Now, let us apply these remarks to "Maud." The end is good, being the setting forth of warning and example to others by the exposure of morbid self-investigation, and the inculcation of the truth—not that action is the only real life, a half truth on the face of it; but the whole truth, that action, for the mass of men at least, is a necessary part of real life. The poem is short, so as not to detain us too long before we reach its moral. And, finally, it is rendered not too painful,—directly, by the introduction of pleasing details, the love between the hero and heroine, as far as the end of chapter xxi, the finding of the shell in chapter xxiii, and the noble and healthy close, when the hero starts with his countrymen for the war in defence of the right; and, indirectly, by extreme beauty of illustration, and by versification so melodious as not to be surpassed in our melodious language.

That there is a great outcry in our country against introspective writing is undeniable. I trust I have shown that it is unjust both when raised without modification against such writing universally, and, in particular, when directed against "Maud." The causes

of it are easy to be seen. Self-examination, though it is needful for us, and incumbent upon us, has its peculiar pains and perils, and those very great; pains, because a search into this human heart of ours must discover so much that is evil; perils, because it is most difficult to prevent self-examination from degenerating into morbid selfishness, and to unite it in due proportion with action. Another cause is to be found in the peculiar temperament of the English people; on the one hand, reserved and melancholy; and thus, by experience, keenly alive to the miseries of isolation; and, on the other hand, scientific and practical, and so drawn off to the outward and material world. A third may be added; the greater spread of education, and the increase of candidates for posts that require educated intellects, and, in consequence of that, the large number of men of mind and education who have not employment which can interest and satisfy them, have caused self-inquiry to prevail in this generation, as is shown in the writings of the younger poets, and in the works of Mr. Kingsley, who has set himself so earnestly to modify and guide this spirit. Accordingly, men whose minds are not comprehensive and painstaking enough to embrace the whole of a truth, rashly and unthinkingly condemn that which is a duty, however little practised among us, which would be one of the highest blessings, if practised aright. But though it be abandoned, in cowardice or pride, or carelessness, by the multitude, those may not fly from it who have been sent into the world to guide their brethren. If it so must be, they must "learn by suffering "what they teach in song;" necessity is laid upon them, and woe to them if they preach not their gospel. For how can a man speak more directly and forcibly to the hearts of his fellows than by speaking from his own heart? How can he more deeply and surely fathom the minds of others than by searching into his own mind, that inner little world which, in this brotherhood of humankind, is the miniature of the great world without him? Thus did Socrates, by a self-examination which none surely will call sickly or sentimental, work such a moral revolution as the world has seldom seen.

But let me not be misunderstood to imply that I regard "Maud" as historical of Tennyson's own mind. That some of his poems, such as Locksley Hall, The Two Voices, and In Memoriam, perhaps The Palace of Art, and The Vision of Sin, are descriptive of mental phases through which he has passed, can scarcely be doubted; that much in "Maud" may have been *suggested* by old struggles, I am quite willing to allow; but In Memoriam seems to have completed the moral process so far as to allow room for no farther fundamental changes, and to have left the poet free to go entirely out of himself, and look more closely even than before on men and things outside him. I speak, of course, purely from internal evidence; but, that evidence I think very strong, and I have weighed it carefully.

We have now arrived at the analysis of the character of the hero, to which I beg particular attention; as I doubt not that a right understanding of him will show him to us as a man deserving, though not of our admiration, yet of our sympathy, our pity, and, to no small extent, our love. Let us run through his history. His family ruined, his father found dead, as he believes murdered, his mother dead also, his childish love parted and estranged from him; his life passed in solitude: from this utter loneliness he looks forth on the world, and sees that part of the truth which is the dark side of human life. His moralising is bitter, but true; only partially true, doubtless, but still true so far as it goes. And even already, we see plainly the earnestness, deep feeling, and truth-

fulness which in happier circumstances may make a gentle, trusting, and loving man. Observe how quickly his harshness begins to fade away before the softening influence of Maud. He is prepared to fall in love with her; for he has been betrothed to her even from the moment of her birth, as we find in that chapter which so many readers have failed to understand; a failure which can be attributed only to the careless reading due to that miserable and pernicious misapprehension, to which I have already alluded, that poetry is a branch of *light* literature.

> "Men were drinking together,
> Drinking, and talking of me;
> 'Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
> Will have plenty; so let it be.'"

These men are the fathers of the hero and Maud, partners in a speculation and still friends; the time is just before the birth of Maud, and her father has made a proposal, that, if the child be a girl, she shall be married to the son of the other; to which his partner assents.

> "'Well, if it prove a girl, my boy
> Will have plenty: so let it be.'"

Thus a childish love had grown up between them; and now, when they meet again, his love returns, with much fear and unwillingness, it is true; but it strengthens fast, though mingled with anger against her father and brother, if not hatred of them, checked at times even by suspicions of herself; but still it increases, working more and more its purifying work, making him long to give the right hand of fellowship to her supercilious brother; and, when his momentary warmth is frozen by the "stony British stare," still prompting the soft answer that may turn away his own wrath,

> "Peace, angry spirit, and let him be!
> Has not his sister smiled on me?"

And now, in chapter xviii, when his love is accepted and returned, it changes his selfishness into devotion, at least for one, making him ready to "die

> "To save from some slight shame one simple girl;"

a devotion how infinitely nobler than all proud, cold, self-glorifying intellectuality! It has brought him at last even the sense of duty;

> "Not die, but live a life of truest breath,
> And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."

Still, alas! the old sickly fear remains—boundless, undefined fear, of he knows not what—fear of death:

> "O why should love, like men in drinking songs,
> Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?"

Fear of far worse than death, of that most horrible of all dooms, whose shadow looms darkest when his happiness is brightest in the present. But the happiness must grow brighter and brighter, even to an excess of beauty and glory, which is almost painful; and then, when it has reached its consummation, the blow, so dreaded, falls, without any interval, shattering his love for ever in this world, and he sits

> "Stunned, and still
> Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill,"

with blood upon his head, and that the blood of the brother of his love; and from her parted, never to be joined again in life. Then flight, and ever-present fear, and only not torpid despair; saved from that only by the love which still remains—the last comfort, the last hope.

> "And as long, O God, as she
> Have a grain of love for me,
> So long, no doubt, no doubt,
> Shall I nurse in my dark heart,
> However weary, a spark of will
> Not to be trampled out."

But not only comfort and hope; it now, in his utter misery, shines forth in all its glory of self-forgetfulness, uttering that noble prayer, which ought to cover the multitude of sins

of weakness, pride, and self-absorption,

"However this may be,
Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
While I am over the sea!
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!
Me and my harmful love go by;
But come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
And comfort her though I die."

But the cure is not to be yet; the tragedy must deepen, even till the misery and torpor end in madness; and after that the beginning of the end, the waking from madness, the waking from the false life of that isolation which in so great a degree was mere selfishness; the waking to the world without, where is wrong to be put down and right to be established; and, best of all, the waking to the desire to do something in defence of that right, a desire which soon takes shape in action. Yes, beyond a doubt, a weak, morbid, self-absorbed, not unselfish creature he is, throughout a large portion of the poem. But is there no moral for us, set in these times of mental tumult and strife, no lesson we can learn from the history, so fearfully and powerfully detailed, of such a mind, with so much evil and so much good mingled in it, so capable for good or for evil, purging away the evil, though through sin and suffering, and developing the good impulses into righteous action? Truly, as it seems to me, we have in this tremendous lyrical tragedy, a great and precious example to many, to be most diligently studied and faithfully profited by.

Of the other characters I will only observe that the brother of Maud seems to be intended by the poet, not as the villain the hero in general sets him forth, but as nothing worse, though this is bad enough, than a haughty upstart, with much contempt for others, and some coarseness of feeling, which, however, still leave room for much generosity, kindness, and manliness. I will quote two passages to bear out this interpretation. As he lies dying, while his slayer is still lingering stupified near him,

"'The fault was mine, the fault was mine,'
* * * * * *
'The fault was mine,' he whisper'd, 'fly.'"

And, in chapter xxiii, we read,

"And now I remember, I,
When he lay dying there,
I noticed one of his many rings,
(For he had many, poor worm) and thought
It is his mother's hair."

I have already spoken of Tennyson's capacity for satire, which I conceive to be displayed in the highest degree in The Vision of Sin. The satire in "Maud" I have called "strong "and bitter, and with a one-sided "truth." That it is strong and bitter everybody will at once admit; but I must say a few words in explanation of the third characteristic. In all human things there are good and evil mingled, often very closely, sometimes inextricably; to separate them, and give to each its precise proportional value, is the work of a very active, laborious and impartial mind. Accordingly, nearly all men, on nearly all occasions, attempt very little to do this, but select largely from the good and sparingly from the evil, or, perhaps, in general more largely from the evil; sometimes even taking the good or the evil alone, as the hero in "Maud" takes the evil alone, in the first part of the poem. His facts cannot be denied, but his judgments, founded upon those facts, we refuse as imperfect, and so false.

To those who love and reverence Tennyson, it will be of the highest interest—to all not without profit—to learn what is his estimate of the present age, and what are his hopes for the future. I will trace these at some length, from Locksley Hall, through the Princess, and In Memoriam, down to "Maud." Locksley Hall is emphatically a poem of the young, and must

have thrilled many a youthful heart as no other poem has ever done;—its battle-cry for the great struggle of Progress—embodying, as it does, the enthusiastic exultation of a young man in an age which seems to him the greatest of all the ages in the tides of time. True, he discerns clearly some of its most crying and distinctive evils—the social wants, the social lies, its sickening formalities, its love of money, which is the root of all evil. True, also is it, that his reason is painfully convinced that science is not, and cannot be, alone sufficient for the varied requirements of the immortal and infinite soul—that his heart at times is weary of the turmoil and strife of that very material advancement which is to him the glory of the age. Yet is the poem none the less an ecstatic Hymn of Praise to the honour of the present, with unbounded hope and fearless confidence for the future, inspired by youthful aspirations, and sung with youthful ardour: a Pæan to the maternal greatness of these later days, which can

"Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun;"

but with scarcely a word about any moral greatness, except the advent of peace, which is prophesied to be near, because of the extension of commerce and the improvements of science; a prophecy how premature and vain the last two years have proved to our grief and our glory.

In the last chapter of The Princess, we find expressed the same firm belief in the great destiny of the human race; perhaps it would not be too much to say its perfectibility. Yet, with what a difference in the means! Very little also in praise of the present; nay, a plain implication that it is not far advanced on the road to perfection, since half of the human race, till now, have been systematically left uneducated, undeveloped; their kind feelings, good impulses, and lofty aspirations allowed to remain feelings and impulses and aspirations only, instead of being trained into steadfast principles and holy realizations. And if woman has been left thus unimproved, what shall be said of her brother, her companion, man? Can he have made a great advance in truth, in beauty, in virtue? Surely not: how could this be?

"For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man [one goal,
His nights, his days, moves with him to
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands,
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?"

And what shall be the remedy? Shall we now

"Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun?"

That were a mere mockery of an answer. Regenerating powers altogether different are now pointed out; Love, and, that which differs from scientific culture far more than at first sight appears—real education, real training of the mind and soul; education for woman only stated definitely, but by a very easy inference education for man included. In the Prologue, we have an account of the "sport, half-science," with which Sir Walter and the patrons of the Institute helped to educate the people; but in the Conclusion, science is rated at its due value.

"The sport half-science *fills me with a faith*,
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides."

But most note-worthy and most impressive of all is the expression of this belief in human progress in several chapters of In Memoriam, in which again the means of attaining that perfection are more accurately stated than in Locksley Hall. I will quote in the order in which they occur in the poem, the passages which bear upon this question; in some of which the belief only is expressed; in others the

instruments for effecting that progress are specified, while others, again, both express the belief and specify means:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before,
But vaster." *Introduction.*

"O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill," &c.
* * * *

"I can but trust that good shall fall,
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."
Chap. liii.

"And I,—my harp would prelude woe,—
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go."
Chap. lxxxvii.

"As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chaunt the history
Of that great race which is to be."
Chap. cii.

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky."
To the end. Chap. cv.

"Who loves not knowledge? who shall rail
Against her beauty?"
To the end. Chap. cxiii.

"Till at the last arose the man;
Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race," &c.
Chap. cxvii.

"And hear at times a sentinel
That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well."
Chap. cxxv.

"And all is well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear."
To the end. Chap. cxxvi.

"A closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race
Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge, under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;
No longer half-akin to brute."
Conclusion.

Also I would refer to chapters xxi. lxxii. lxxiv. lxxxviii. cviii. cxii. cxxvii.

In so solemn and truthful a poem as In Memoriam, in which the poet so evidently writes in his own person, we cannot but regard this expression of confidence in the destiny of man, and this enumeration of the instruments whereby that destiny is to be accomplished, as a deliberate and settled belief, in no way dramatic, but to be accepted as literally as if Tennyson were avowedly proclaiming to the world, in his own name, and in prose, and without any modification, his matured and final convictions.

Accordingly, after all this laudation of the present, this confidence in the future,—fiery, enthusiastic, impulsive in Locksley Hall,—with equal strength and more deliberation and definiteness in The Princess and In Memoriam, it is very startling to read the satire in "Maud," with some expression of hope in the last chapter only.

"And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars."
"When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right, &c."
"And noble thought be freer under the sun."

Still more startling is it to find that this satire is perfectly true; the facts upon which it is founded are palpable, and no vanity, no wild boasting of the nineteenth century can rid us of them. What shall we say then? That the greatest poet of the age has given up the magnificent hopes, so often and so confidently uttered? God forbid: let us still cling to the belief that he is among those, neither few nor ignoble names, who, despite of all hindrances, yet look for the progress of humankind, yet trust that it is progressing: but this we may admit, and that not reluctantly or despondingly, that he no longer imagines that this progress is to be wrought by science alone; nor yet by commerce or political economy;—not by merely increasing the comforts of life (*commoda vitæ*), upon which so much stress—very far too much—is laid in Macaulay's Essay on Bacon, an emphasis twice in the Novum Organum in express words solemnly and earnestly deprecated by the English founder of positive science him-

self; but that, however honourable a part has been assigned to science by Him who created the material, not less than the moral, world; yet love and veneration, and virtue, and beauty, must have their share also, and that a most important one, in the great work of exalting this fallen, but still glorious, human nature to more than its original glory and nobleness in the garden of Eden.

I scarcely know whether it is worth while alluding to the absurd notion that "Maud" is an allegory. That a moral, that many morals, may be deduced from it, is very plain: it would be a strange poem if it were otherwise; for,

"Any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.
And liberal applications lie
In art, like nature."

But a capability for pointing a moral by no means renders a poem an allegory. Fortunately Tennyson has written two poems which are unmistakeably allegories; The Palace of Art, and The Vision of Sin; let us see how he has treated these. To the former, according to a practice very common with him, he has prefixed an introduction, the first line of which is:

"I send you here a sort of allegory."

The first line of The Vision of Sin too, is:

"I had a Vision, when the night was late."

The inference is very plain, that when Tennyson writes an allegory, he lets his reader see that it is one at the very outset. Indeed he, so truthful, so actual, would be the last of all writers to cheat us with abstractions, when he pretended to bring before us persons.

I should have liked much to enter at some length upon that varied melody which makes "Maud" a very miracle of versification, perhaps most of all Tennyson's poems winning for his muse that title which I have already given it, "a lyre of widest range;" ranging from the gigantic strength of that Homeric line, "And the rushing "battle-bolt sang from the three-"decker out of the foam," to the unsurpassable softness of the serenade, "Come into the garden, Maud," and the still sweeter music of the description of Maud's singing,

"A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall, &c."

to my ear melody of a far higher order than the better known chapter just instanced. Greatly also do I regret that I have not had space to analyse the psychology of the poem, not, as it has been confusedly called, metaphysics, of which there is not a line from the beginning to the end. And especially would it have been a work of love to have particularized many more chapters than I have had room for,—above all too, that noble one, "I have led her "home, my love, my only friend," and that surpassingly lovely one,

"O that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again."

But I have been forced to give the review the form it has taken; a form which I am painfully conscious is a mere skeleton, catching scarcely anything of the life of the poem, which is itself so full of life. But let me hope that ere long the foolish hisses of unappreciating and incompetent criticism (to misuse for a moment so noble a name,) will have died away into the silence which is their inevitable and most just doom; and that then, a true critic, qualified both by ability and appreciation, may interpret to his countrymen, if interpretation be still needed, the grandeur and beauty and significance of this latest poem of him whom we have publicly acknowledged as the first of living English poets.

There have been those who have condemned "Maud," who have bestowed heartfelt praise upon The Brook. It has been called the finest

Idyl in the language; a judgment to which, if The Gardener's Daughter fall under that title, I am far from assenting. Indeed, I have not myself taken much interest in it, though I would by no means upon that account presume to criticise unfavourably what others have found so tender and pathetic, and what I am perhaps unfit to appreciate.

The Letters displays the true Tennysonian intensity of feeling and terseness and force of language; but I think that perhaps one exception may be taken against it, that in so short a poem it would have been better to have kept to the one idea of the separation, the sudden reconciliation having a look of abruptness.

There can be no doubt, that next to "Maud," the finest poem in the volume is the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. I would call particular attention to that characteristic which seems to me at once its best and its distinctive quality,—the noble, simple manliness which runs through the whole of it. The description of the character of the Great Duke, in the fourth paragraph, is most admirable for its truth and soldierlike pathos. The seventh paragraph, "A People's "Voice," &c. sets forth most exactly that union of loyalty and love of freedom, which is one of the most honourable peculiarities of the English character. Indeed, it seems itself to be most truly "a people's voice," and surely the voice of the English people must give one universal assent to the poet, who has here so eloquently and so accurately spoken in the name of his countrymen. In the eighth paragraph, we have that old subject, which one would have thought had been long worn threadbare, the principle of Duty as the mainspring of the Duke's actions, treated with a beauty of metaphor that gives it real originality. The last paragraph is beyond all praise, combining true Christian humility with the full consciousness of the dignity of man, and closes this grand poem with that genuine religious feeling which is equally removed from cant and mock self-abasement as from irreverence and pride.

The Daisy ends very sweetly and pathetically, adding another to the many instances which bear witness to the gentle and loving disposition of the poet. For a man's nature will, and cannot but show itself in his writings, as is evidenced even by the plays of one who was so much occupied with the portrayal of other men as Shakspeare.

The Address to Maurice I would regard simply as a friendly letter from one to whom writing in metre has become as easy and natural as writing in prose, and as such I welcome it as gladly as The Daisy.

"Will" has the genuine and unmistakeable signs of its author; vigour of thought, earnestness of purpose, and conciseness and exactness of language.

The Charge of the Light Brigade has generally received great praise, in some cases excessive; a popularity which possibly must be attributed in some degree to the subject itself. For myself, with much admiration for it as a whole, with the highest admiration for parts of it, I yet do not sympathize with the enthusiasm which calls it one of the noblest of war songs. But there is one point upon which it seems to me to have been unfairly found fault with, and that, unless I am misled by very strong internal evidence, by one from whom I am sorry to dissent, and a personal friend of Tennyson. The Reviewer in Fraser disapproves of the metre, because, as he says, it is dactylic, whereas it ought to have been anapæstic, the anapæst and spondee being the metrical feet that answer to the step of a horse at a galop. Now, I am perfectly willing to admit that the anapæstic would have been a very fit measure for this lyric; but I maintain, also, that the metre which the poet has chosen, taking into account the manner in which

he has used it, is equally fit. Dactylic is an epithet which very inadequately describes it, some of the lines being at least equally spondaic and iambic. Again, the emphasis on the last syllable, which, in many lines is in rhyme, takes off much of the softness with which the Reviewer charges the metre. And, lastly, softness is a quality which can be by no means predicated universally of dactyls, as every classical reader's memory will at once suggest. The critic has laid too much stress upon the resemblance between the feet of the metre and the step of the horses; an accident, not an essential, of that which I value, and which Tennyson values, as highly as the Reviewer can, echo of sound to sense. For the best and noblest echo of the sound to the sense, is, not that the word should imitate the sound of the action (as in the case of such words as dash, crash, roar, &c.) but that the rhythm and the language should catch and embody the spirit of the action; and if the language and versification of The Charge of the Light Brigade call back to the few who have survived that charge, or suggest to the many who can only boast of it as an unparalleled achievement of their countrymen, that fearful and heroic death-ride, surely we need not curiously enquire in what metre the poet has accomplished this, but much rather be contented and thankful that it has been done for us, leaving the poet to choose his own instruments. And that this has been accomplished we have the testimony of the critic himself, who tells us that the poem is popular among military men; and, to confirm this judgment, pronounced by those so competent to judge, I appeal to the reader himself, only begging him, when he makes the trial, to read the poem aloud.

And now my work is completed, no light one, and how imperfectly executed, I know too well; it may be in some instances not merely with shortcomings, but also with positive errors. But this I can truly plead, that I have spared neither labour nor care; that I have given of my best to him who has for several years influenced my mind as no other secular writer has ever influenced it; who has brought me much of the highest and purest happiness I have ever felt. I have tried to apply real criticism to this interpretation of so great a poet, entering into minute details, openly confessing my love of my subject, and despising and neglecting that affectation of knowledge and ability which many seem to demand of a Reviewer, but which, being false, makes the reviews which it pervades to abound in worthless pretentious generalities. I seem to myself not wholly to have failed: one good result at least let me hope may reward my efforts,—that some of those readers who have hitherto undervalued Tennyson, and whom my arguments have not convinced, may yet be moved by my zeal, and, not with shallow coldness deciding against both critic and poet, because of the critic's enthusiasm, may themselves examine more carefully than they have done the poems for which I avow so much love, thereby to discover what there is in those poems to win such affection. If they do this, I confidently predict that the poet will ever more and more satisfy their intellects and grow upon their hearts. Nay, I will say far more than this, and here I speak deliberately my firm conviction, that a critical reading of all English poets will bring out from that glorious band, which we, their countrymen, hold to be unexcelled, if not unequalled, in all times and among all nations, one name, and one name only, worthy to be set by the side of Alfred Tennyson—that name—it could be no other, the name of the unsurpassable—

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED once, that four men sat by the winter fire talking and telling tales, in a house that the wind howled round. And one of them, the eldest, said: "When I was a boy, before you came to this land, that bar of red sand rock, which makes a fall in our river, had only just been formed; for it used to stand above the river in a great cliff, tunnelled by a cave about midway between the green-growing grass and the green-flowing river; and it fell one night, when you had not yet come to this land, no, nor your fathers.

"Now, concerning this cliff, or pike rather (for it was a tall slip of rock and not part of a range), many strange tales were told; and my father used to say, that in his time many would have explored that cave, either from covetousness (expecting to find gold therein), or from that love of wonders which most young men have, but fear kept them back. Within the memory of man, however, some had entered, and, so men said, were never seen on earth again; but my father said that the tales told concerning such, very far from deterring him (then quite a youth) from the quest of this cavern, made him all the more earnestly long to go; so that one day in his fear, my grandfather, to prevent him, stabbed him in the shoulder, so that he was obliged to keep his bed for long; and somehow he never went, and died at last without ever having seen the inside of the cavern.

"My father told me many wondrous tales about the place, whereof for a long time I have been able to remember nothing; yet, by some means or another, a certain story has grown up in my heart, which I will tell you something of: a story which no living creature ever told me, though I do not remember the time when I knew it not. Yes, I will tell you some of it, not all perhaps, but as much as I am allowed to tell."

The man stopped and pondered awhile, leaning over the fire where the flames slept under the caked coal: he was an old man, and his hair was quite white. He spoke again presently. "And I have fancied sometimes, that in some way, how I know not, I am mixed up with the strange story I am going to tell you." Again he ceased, and gazed at the fire, bending his head down till his beard touched his knees; then, rousing himself, said in a changed voice (for he had been speaking dreamily hitherto): "That strange-looking old house that you all know, with the limes and yew-trees before it, and the double line of very old yew-trees leading up from the gateway-tower to the porch—you know how no one will live there now because it is so eerie, and how even that bold bad lord that would come there, with his turbulent followers, was driven out in shame and disgrace by invisible agency. Well, in times past there dwelt in that house an old grey man, who was lord of that estate, his only daughter, and a young man, a kind of distant cousin of the house, whom the lord had brought up from a boy, as he was the orphan of a kinsman who had fallen in combat in his quarrel. Now, as the young knight and the young lady were both beautiful and brave, and loved beauty and good things ardently, it was natural enough that they should discover as they grew up that they were in love with one another; and afterwards, as they went on loving one another, it was, alas! not unnatural that they should sometimes have half-quarrels, very few and far between indeed, and slight to lookers-on, even while they lasted, but nevertheless intensely bit-

ter and unhappy to the principal parties thereto. I suppose their love then, whatever it has grown to since, was not so all-absorbing as to merge all differences of opinion and feeling, for again there were such differences then. So, upon a time it happened, just when a great war had arisen, and Lawrence (for that was the knight's name) was sitting, and thinking of war, and his departure from home; sitting there in a very grave, almost a stern mood, that Ella, his betrothed, came in, gay and sprightly, in a humour that Lawrence often enough could little understand, and this time liked less than ever, yet the bare sight of her made him yearn for her full heart, which he was not to have yet; so he caught her by the hand, and tried to draw her down to him, but she let her hand lie loose in his, and did not answer the pressure in which his heart flowed to hers; then he arose and stood before her, face to face, but she drew back a little, yet he kissed her on the mouth and said, though a rising in his throat almost choked his voice, 'Ella, are you sorry I am going?' 'Yea,' she said, 'and nay, for you will shout my name among the sword-flashes, and you will fight for me.' 'Yes,' he said, 'for love and duty, dearest.' 'For duty? ah! I think, Lawrence, if it were not for me, you would stay at home and watch the clouds, or sit under the linden trees singing dismal love ditties of your own making, dear knight: truly, if you turn out a great warrior, I too shall live in fame, for I am certainly the making of your desire to fight.' He let drop his hands from her shoulders, where he had laid them, and said, with a faint flush over his face, 'You wrong me, Ella, for, though I have never wished to fight for the mere love of fighting, and though,' (and here again he flushed a little) 'and though I am not, I well know, so free of the fear of death as a good man would be, yet for this duty's sake, which is really a higher love, Ella, love of God, I trust I would risk life, nay honour, even if not willingly, yet cheerfully at least.' 'Still duty, duty,' she said; 'you lay, Lawrence, as many people do, most stress on the point where you are weakest; moreover, those knights who in time past have done wild, mad things merely at their ladies' word, scarcely did so for duty; for they owed their lives to their country surely, to the cause of good, and should not have risked them for a whim, and yet you praised them the other day.' 'Did I?' said Lawrence; 'well, and in a way they were much to be praised, for even blind love and obedience is well; but reasonable love, reasonable obedience is so far better as to be almost a different thing; yet, I think, if the knights did well partly, the ladies did altogether ill: for if they had faith in their lovers, and did this merely from a mad longing to see them do 'noble' deeds, then had they but little faith in God, Who can, and at His good pleasure does give time and opportunity to every man, if he will but watch for it, to serve Him with reasonable service, and gain love and all noble things in greater measure thereby: but if these ladies did as they did, that they might prove their knights, then surely did they lack faith both in God and man. I do not think that two friends even could live together on such terms but for lovers—ah! Ella, Ella, why do you look so at me? on this day, almost the last, we shall be together for long; Ella, your face is changed, your eyes—O Christ! help her and me, help her, good Lord.' 'Lawrence,' she said, speaking quickly and in jerks, 'dare you, for my sake, sleep this night in the cavern of the red pike? for I say to you that, faithful or not, I doubt your courage.' But she was startled when she saw him, and how the fiery blood rushed up to his forehead, then sank to his heart again, and his face became as pale as the face of a dead man: he looked at her and said, 'Yes, Ella, I will go now; for what matter where I go?' He

turned and moved toward the door; he was almost gone, when that evil spirit left her, and she cried out aloud, passionately, eagerly: 'Lawrence, Lawrence, come back once more, if only to strike me dead with your knightly sword.' He hesitated, wavered, turned, and in another moment she was lying in his arms weeping into his hair.

"'And yet, Ella, the spoken word, the thought of our hearts cannot be recalled, I must go, and go this night too, only promise one thing.' 'Dearest what? you are always right!' 'Love, you must promise that if I come not again by to-morrow at moonrise, you will go to the red pike, and, having entered the cavern, go where God leads you, and seek me, and never leave that quest, even if it end not but with death.' 'Lawrence, how your heart beats! poor heart! are you afraid that I shall hesitate to promise to perform that which is the only thing I could do? I know I am not worthy to be with you, yet I must be with you in body or soul, or body and soul will die.' They sat silent, and the birds sang in the garden of lilies beyond; then said Ella again; 'Moreover, let us pray God to give us longer life, so that if our natural lives are short for the accomplishment of this quest, we may have more, yea, even many more lives.' 'He will, my Ella,' said Lawrence, 'and I think, nay, am sure that our wish will be granted; and I, too, will add a prayer, but will ask it very humbly, namely, that he will give me another chance or more to fight in his cause, another life to live instead of this failure.' 'Let us pray too that we may meet, however long the time be before our meeting,' she said: so they knelt down and prayed, hand fast locked in hand meantime; and afterwards they sat in that chamber facing the east, hard by the garden of lilies; and the sun fell from his noontide light gradually, lengthening the shadows, and when he sank below the sky-line all the sky was faint, tender, crimson on a ground of blue; the crimson faded too, and the moon began to rise, but when her golden rim first showed over the wooded hills, Lawrence arose; they kissed one long trembling kiss, and then he went and armed himself; and their lips did not meet again after that, for such a long, long time, so many weary years; for he had said: 'Ella, watch me from the porch, but touch me not again at this time; only, when the moon shows level with the lily-heads, go into the porch and watch me from thence.'

"And he was gone;—you might have heard her heart beating while the moon very slowly rose, till it shone through the rose-covered trellises, level with the lily heads; then she went to the porch and stood there,—

"And she saw him walking down toward the gateway tower, clad in his mail coat, with a bright, crestless helmet on his head, and his trenchant sword newly grinded, girt to his side; and she watched him going between the yew-trees, which began to throw shadows from the shining of the harvest moon. She stood there in the porch, and round by the corners of the eaves of it looked down towards her and the inside of the porch two serpent-dragons, carved in stone; and on their scales, and about their leering eyes, grew the yellow lichen; she shuddered as she saw them stare at her, and drew closer toward the half-open door; she, standing there, clothed in white from her throat till over her feet, altogether ungirdled; and her long yellow hair, without plait or band, fell down behind and lay along her shoulders, quietly, because the night was without wind, and she too was now standing scarcely moving a muscle.

"She gazed down the line of the yew-trees, and watched how, as he went for the most part with a firm step, he yet shrank somewhat from the shadows of the yews; his long brown hair flowing downward, swayed with him as he walked; and the golden threads inter-

woven with it, as the fashion was with the warriors in those days, sparkled out from among it now and then; and the faint, far-off moonlight lit up the waves of his mailcoat; he walked fast, and was disappearing in the shadows of the trees near the moat, but turned before he was quite lost in them, and waved his ungauntletted hand; then she heard the challenge of the warder, the falling of the drawbridge, the swing of the heavy wicket-gate on its hinges; and, into the brightening lights, and deepening shadows of the moonlight he went from her sight; and she left the porch and went to the chapel, all that night praying earnestly there.

"But he came not back again all the next day, and Ella wandered about that house pale, and fretting her heart away; so when night came and the moon, she arrayed herself in that same raiment that she had worn on the night before, and went toward the river and the red pike.

"The broad moon shone right over it by the time she came to the river; the pike rose up from the other side, and she thought at first that she would have to go back again, cross over the bridge, and so get to it; but, glancing down on the river just as she turned, she saw a little boat fairly gilt and painted, and with a long slender paddle in it, lying on the water, stretching out its silken painter as the stream drew it downwards, she entered it, and taking the paddle made for the other side; the moon meanwhile turning the eddies to silver over the dark green water: she landed beneath the shadow of that great pile of sandstone, where the grass grew green, and the flowers sprung fair right up to the foot of the bare barren rock; it was cut in many steps till it reached the cave, which was overhung by creepers and matted grass; the stream swept the boat downwards, and Ella, her heart beating so as almost to stop her breath, mounted the steps slowly, slowly. She reached at last the platform below the cave, and turning, gave a long gaze at the moonlit country; 'her last,' she said; then she moved, and the cave hid her as the water of the warm seas close over the pearl-diver.

"Just so the night before had it hidden Lawrence. And they never came back, they two:—never, the people say. I wonder what their love has grown to now; ah! they love, I know, but cannot find each other yet: I wonder also if they ever will."

So spoke Hugh the white-haired. But he who sat over against him, a soldier as it seemed, black-bearded, with wild grey eyes that his great brows hung over far; he, while the others sat still, awed by some vague sense of spirits being very near them; this man, Giles, cried out—"Never? old Hugh, it is not so.—Speak! I cannot tell you how it happened, but I know it was not so, not so:—speak quick, Hugh! tell us all, all!"

"Wait a little, my son, wait," said Hugh; "the people indeed said they never came back again at all, but I, but I—Ah! the time is long past over." So he was silent, and sank his head on his breast, though his old thin lips moved, as if he talked softly to himself, and the light of past days flickered in his eyes.

Meanwhile Giles sat with his hands clasped finger over finger, tightly, "till "the knuckles whitened;" his lips were pressed firmly together; his breast heaved as though it would burst, as though it must be rid of its secret. Suddenly he sprang up, and in a voice that was a solemn chant, began: "In full daylight, long ago, on a slumberously-wrathful, thunderous afternoon of summer;"—then across his chant ran the old man's shrill voice: "On an October day, packed close with heavy-lying mist, which was more than mere autumn-mist:"—the solemn stately chanting dropped, the shrill voice went on; Giles sank down again, and Hugh standing there, swaying to and fro to

the measured ringing of his own shrill voice, his long beard moving with him, said:—

"On such a day, warm, and stifling so that one could scarcely breathe even down by the sea-shore, I went from bed to bed in the hospital of the pest-laden city with my soothing draughts and medicines. And there went with me a holy woman, her face pale with much watching; yet I think even without those same desolate lonely watchings her face would still have been pale. She was not beautiful, her face being somewhat peevish-looking; apt, she seemed, to be made angry by trifles, and, even on her errand of mercy, she spoke roughly to those she tended:—no, she was not beautiful, yet I could not help gazing at her, for her eyes were very beautiful and looked out from her ugly face as a fair maiden might look from a grim prison between the window-bars of it.

"So, going through that hospital, I came to a bed at last, whereon lay one who had not been struck down by fever or plague, but had been smitten through the body with a sword by certain robbers, so that he had narrowly escaped death. Huge of frame, with stern suffering face he lay there; and I came to him, and asked him of his hurt, and how he fared, while the day grew slowly toward even, in that pest-chamber looking toward the west; the sister came to him soon and knelt down by his bed-side to tend him.

"O Christ! As the sun went down on that dim misty day, the clouds and the thickly-packed mist cleared off, to let him shine on us, on that chamber of woes and bitter unpurifying tears; and the sunlight wrapped those two, the sick man and the ministering woman, shone on them—changed, changed utterly. Good Lord! How was I struck dumb, nay, almost blinded by that change; for there—yes there, while no man but I wondered; there, instead of the unloving nurse, knelt a wonderfully beautiful maiden, clothed all in white, and with long golden hair down her back. Tenderly she gazed at the wounded man, as her hands were put about his head, lifting it up from the pillow but a very little; and he no longer the grim, strong wounded man, but fair, and in the first bloom of youth; a bright polished helmet crowned his head, a mail coat flowed over his breast, and his hair streamed down long from his head, while from among it here and there shone out threads of gold.

"So they spake thus in a quiet tone: 'Body and soul together again, Ella, love; how long will it be now before the last time of all?' 'Long,' she said, 'but the years pass; talk no more, dearest, but let us think only, for the time is short, and our bodies call up memories, change love to better even than it was in the old time.'

"Silence so, while you might count a hundred, then with a great sigh: 'Farewell, Ella, for long,'—'Farewell, Lawrence,' and the sun sank, all was as before.

"But I stood at the foot of the bed pondering, till the sister coming to me, said: 'Master Physician, this is no time for dreaming; act—the patients are waiting, the fell sickness grows worse in this hot close air; feel'—(and she swung open the casement), 'the outer air is no fresher than the air inside; the wind blows dead toward the west, coming from the stagnant marshes; the sea is like a stagnant pool too, you can scarce hear the sound of the long, low surge breaking.' I turned from her and went up to the sick man, and said: 'Sir Knight, in spite of all the sickness about you, you yourself better strangely, and another month will see you with your sword girt to your side again.' 'Thanks, kind master Hugh,' he said, but impatiently, as if his mind were on other things, and he turned in his bed away from me restlessly.

"And till late that night I ministered to the sick in that hospital; but when I went away, I walked down to the sea, and paced there to and fro over

the hard sand: and the moon showed bloody with the hot mist, which the sea would not take on its bosom, though the dull east wind blew it onward continually. I walked there pondering till a noise from over the sea made me turn and look that way; what was that coming over the sea? Laus Deo! the WEST WIND: Hurrah! I feel the joy I felt then over again now, in all its intensity. How came it over the sea? first, far out to sea, so that it was only just visible under the red-gleaming moonlight, far out to sea, while the mists above grew troubled, and wavered, a long level bar of white; it grew nearer quickly, it rushed on toward me fearfully fast, it gathered form, strange, misty, intricate form—the ravelled foam of the green sea; then oh! hurrah! I was wrapped in it,—the cold salt spray—drenched with it, blinded by it, and when I could see again, I saw the great green waves rising, nodding and breaking, all coming on together; and over them from wave to wave leaped the joyous WEST WIND; and the mist and the plague clouds were sweeping back eastward in wild swirls; and right away were they swept at last, till they brooded over the face of the dismal stagnant meres, many miles away from our fair city, and there they pondered wrathfully on their defeat.

"But somehow my life changed from the time when I beheld the two lovers, and I grew old quickly." He ceased; then after a short silence said again; "And that was long ago, very long ago, I know not when it happened."

So he sank back again, and for a while no one spoke; till Giles said at last:

"Once in full daylight I saw a vision, while I was waking, while the eyes of men were upon me: long ago on the afternoon of a thunderous summer day, I sat alone in my fair garden near the city; for on that day a mighty reward was to be given to the brave man who had saved us all, leading us so mightily in that battle a few days back; now the very queen, the lady of the land, whom all men reverenced almost as the Virgin Mother, so kind and good and beautiful she was, was to crowr him with flowers and gird a sword about him; after the 'Te Deum' had been sung for the victory, and almost all the city were at that time either in the Church, or hard by it, or else were by the hill that was near the river where the crowning was to be: but I sat alone in the garden of my house as I said; sat grieving for the loss of my brave brother, who was slain by my side in that same fight.

"I sat beneath an elm tree; and as I sat and pondered on that still, windless day, I heard suddenly a breath of air rustle through the boughs of the elm. I looked up, and my heart almost stopped beating, I knew not why, as I watched the path of that breeze over the bowing lilies and the rushes by the fountain; but when I looked to the place whence the breeze had come, I became all at once aware of an appearance that told me why my heart stopped beating. Ah! there they were, those two whom before I had but seen in dreams by night, now before my waking eyes in broad daylight. One, a knight (for so he seemed), with long hair mingled with golden threads, flowing over his mail-coat, and a bright crestless helmet on his head, his face sad-looking, but calm; and by his side, but not touching him, walked a wondrously fair maiden, clad in white, her eyelids just shadowing her blue eyes: her arms and hands seeming to float along with her as she moved on quickly, yet very softly; great rest on them both, though sorrow gleamed through it.

"When they came opposite to where I stood, these two stopped for a while, being in nowise shadowy, as I have heard men say ghosts are, but clear and distinct. They stopped close by me, as I stood motionless, unable to pray; they turned to each other, face

to face, and the maiden said, 'Love, for this our last true meeting before the end of all, we need a witness; let this man, softened by sorrow, even as we are, go with us.'

"I never heard such music as her words were; though I used to wonder when I was young whether the angels in heaven sung better than the choristers sang in our church, and though, even then the sound of the triumphant hymn came up to me in a breath of wind, and floated round me, making dreams, in that moment of awe and great dread, of the old long-past days in that old church, of her who lay under the pavement of it; whose sweet voice once, once long ago, once only to me—yet I shall see her again." He became silent as he said this, and no man cared to break in upon his thoughts, seeing the choking movement in his throat, the fierce clenching of hand and foot, the stiffening of the muscles all over him; but soon, with an upward jerk of his head, he threw back the long elf locks that had fallen over his eyes while his head was bent down, and went on as before:

"The knight passed his hand across his brow, as if to clear away some mist that had gathered there, and said, in a deep murmurous voice, 'Why the last time, dearest, why the last time? Know you not how long a time remains yet? the old man came last night to the ivory house and told me it would be a hundred years, ay, more, before the happy end.' 'So long,' she said; 'so long; ah! love, what things words are; yet this is the last time; alas! alas! for the weary years! my words, my sin!' 'O love, it is very terrible,' he said; 'I could almost weep, old though I am, and grown cold with dwelling in the ivory house: O, Ella, if you only knew how cold it is there, in the starry nights when the north wind is stirring; and there is no fair colour there, nought but the white ivory, with one narrow line of gleaming gold over every window, and a fathom's-breadth of burnished gold behind the throne. Ella, it was scarce well done of you to send me to the ivory house.' 'Is it so cold, love?' she said, 'I knew it not; forgive me! but as to the matter of a witness, some one we must have, and why not this man?' 'Rather old Hugh,' he said, 'or Cuthbert, his father; they have both been witnesses before.' 'Cuthbert,' said the maiden, solemnly, 'has been dead twenty years; Hugh died last night.'" (Now, as Giles said these words, carelessly, as though not heeding them particularly, a cold sickening shudder ran through the other two men, but he noted it not and went on.) "'Let this man then be it,' said the knight, and therewith they turned again, and moved on side by side as before; nor said they any word to me, and yet I could not help following them, and we three moved on together, and soon I saw that my nature was changed, and that I was invisible for the time; for, though the sun was high, I cast no shadow, neither did any man that we past notice us, as we made toward the hill by the river-side.

"And by the time we came there the queen was sitting at the top of it, under a throne of purple and gold, with a great band of knights gloriously armed on either side of her; and their many banners floated over them. Then I felt that those two had left me, and that my own right visible nature was returned; yet still did I feel strange, and as if I belonged not wholly to this earth. And I heard one say, in a low voice to his fellow, 'See, sir Giles is here after all; yet, how came he here, and why is he not in armour among the noble knights yonder, he who fought so well? how wild he looks too!' 'Poor knight,' said the other, 'he is distraught with the loss of his brother; let him be; and see, here comes the noble stranger knight, our deliverer.' As he spoke, we heard a great sound of trumpets, and therewithal a long line of knights on foot wound up the

hill towards the throne, and the queen rose up, and the people shouted; and, at the end of all the procession went slowly and majestically the stranger knight; a man of noble presence he was, calm, and graceful to look on; grandly he went amid the gleaming of their golden armour; himself clad in the rent mail and tattered surcoat he had worn on the battle-day; bare-headed, too; for, in that fierce fight, in the thickest of it, just where he rallied our men, one smote off his helmet, and another, coming from behind, would have slain him, but that my lance bit into his breast.

"So, when they had come within some twenty paces of the throne, the rest halted, and he went up by himself toward the queen; and she, taking the golden hilted sword in her left hand, with her right caught him by the wrist, when he would have knelt to her, and held him so, tremblingly, and cried out, 'No, no, thou noblest of all knights, kneel not to me; have we not heard of thee even before thou camest hither? how many widows bless thee, how many orphans pray for thee, how many happy ones that would be widows and orphans but for thee, sing to their children, sing to their sisters, of thy flashing sword, and the heart that guides it! And now, O noble one! thou hast done the very noblest deed of all, for thou hast kept grown men from weeping shameful tears! Oh truly! the greatest I can do for thee is very little; yet, see this sword, golden-hilted, and the stones flash out from it,' (then she hung it round him) 'and see this wreath of lilies and roses for thy head; lilies no whiter than thy pure heart, roses no tenderer than thy true love; and here, before all these my subjects, I fold thee, noblest, in my arms, so, so.' Ay, truly it was strange enough! those two were together again; not the queen and the stranger knight, but the young-seeming knight and the maiden I had seen in the garden. To my eyes they clung together there; though they say, that to the eyes of all else, it was but for a moment that the queen held both his hands in hers; to me also, amid the shouting of the multitude, came an under current of happy song: 'Oh! truly, very truly, my noblest, a hundred years will not be long after this.' 'Hush! Ella, dearest, for talking makes the time speed; think only.'

"Pressed close to each other, as I saw it, their bosoms heaved—but I looked away—alas! when I looked again, I saw nought but the stately stranger knight, descending, hand in hand, with the queen, flushed with joy and triumph, and the people scattering flowers before them.

"And that was long ago, very long ago." So he ceased; then Osric, one of the two younger men, who had been sitting in awe-struck silence all this time, said, with eyes that dared not meet Giles's, in a terrified half whisper, as though he meant not to speak, "How long?" Giles turned round and looked him full in the face, till he dragged his eyes up to his own, then said, "More than a hundred years ago."

"So they all sat silent, listening to the roar of the south-west wind; and it blew the windows so, that they rocked in their frames.

"Then suddenly, as they sat thus, came a knock at the door of the house; so Hugh bowed his head to Osric, to signify that he should go and open the door; so he arose, trembling, and went.

"And as he opened the door the wind blew hard against him, and blew something white against his face, then blew it away again, and his face was blanched, even to his lips: but he plucking up heart of grace, looked out, and there he saw, standing with her face upturned in speech to him, a wonderfully beautiful woman, clothed from her throat till over her feet in long white raiment, ungirt, unbroidered, and with a long veil, that was thrown

off from her face, and hung from her head, streaming out in the blast of the wind; which veil was what had struck against his face: beneath her veil her golden hair streamed out too, and with the veil, so that it touched his face now and then. She was very fair, but she did not look young either, because of her statue-like features. She spoke to him slowly and queenly; 'I pray you give me shelter in your house for an hour, that I may rest, and so go on my journey again.' He was too much terrified to answer in words, and so only bowed his head; and she swept past him in stately wise to the room where the others sat, and he followed her, trembling.

"A cold shiver ran through the other men when she entered and bowed low to them, and they turned deadly pale, but dared not move; and there she sat while they gazed at her, sitting there and wondering at her beauty, which seemed to grow every minute; though she was plainly not young, oh no, but rather very, very old, who could say how old? there she sat, and her long, long hair swept down in one curve from her head, and just touched the floor. Her face had the tokens of a deep sorrow on it, ah! a mighty sorrow, yet not so mighty as that it might mar her ineffable loveliness; that sorrow-mark seemed to gather too, and at last the gloriously-slow music of her words flowed from her lips: 'Friends, has one with the appearance of a youth come here lately; one with long brown hair, interwoven with threads of gold, flowing down from out of his polished steel helmet; with dark blue eyes and high white forehead, and mail-coat over his breast, where the light and shadow lie in waves as he moves; have you seen such an one, very beautiful?'

"Then withal as they shook their heads fearfully in answer, a great sigh rose up from her heart, and she said: 'Then must I go away again presently, and yet I thought it was the last night of all.'

"And so she sat awhile with her head resting on her hand; after, she arose as if about to go, and turned her glorious head round to thank the master of the house; and they, strangely enough, though they were terrified at her presence, were yet grieved when they saw that she was going.

"Just then the wind rose higher than ever before, yet through the roar of it they could all hear plainly a knocking at the door again; so the lady stopped when she heard it, and, turning, looked full in the face of Herman the youngest, who thereupon, being constrained by that look, rose and went to the door; and as before with Osric, so now the wind blew strong against him; and it blew into his face, so as to blind him, tresses of soft brown hair mingled with glittering threads of gold; and blinded so, he heard some one ask him musically, solemnly, if a lady with golden hair and white raiment was in that house; so Herman, not answering in words, because of his awe and fear, merely bowed his head; then he was 'ware of some one in bright armour passing him, for the gleam of it was all about him, for as yet he could not see clearly, being blinded by the hair that had floated about him.

"But presently he followed him into the room, and there stood such an one as the lady had described; the wavering flame of the light gleamed from his polished helmet, touched the golden threads that mingled with his hair, ran along the rings of his mail.

"They stood opposite to each other for a little, he and the lady, as if they were somewhat shy of each other after their parting of a hundred years, in spite of the love which they had for each other: at last he made one step, and took off his gleaming helmet, laid it down softly, then spread abroad his arms, and she came to him, and they were clasped together, her head lying over his shoulder; and the four men gazed, quite awe-struck.

"And as they gazed, the bells of the church began to ring, for it was New-

Year's-eve; and still they clung together, and the bells rang on, and the old year died.

"And there beneath the eyes of those four men the lovers slowly faded away into a heap of snow-white ashes. Then the four men kneeled down and prayed, and the next day they went to the priest, and told him all that had happened.

"So the people took those ashes and buried them in their church, in a marble tomb, and above it they caused to be carved their figures lying with clasped hands; and on the sides of it the history of the cave in the red pike.

"And in my dream I saw the moon shining on the tomb, throwing fair colours on it from the painted glass; till a sound of music rose, deepened, and fainted; then I woke."

"No memory labours longer from the deep
Gold mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er
Each little sound and sight."

FOUND, YET LOST.

A Tale.

SEVEN years, seven long weary years, and never once out of doors, and half the time in bed; it's a sore change for me that used to be out on the wide waters night and day; but this morning I heard the doctor say—they were whispering together up in the corner, but I heard him say—'It can't last much longer.' What made them whisper as though they were afraid of me hearing it? What should I be afraid of death for? No, no; let them that can eat and drink in plenty, and sleep sound, and go and come when and where they like, let them be afraid of dying, but an old woman like me, why should I be afraid?—Hark! what's that, Jenny? It's an awful night; worse than—What's that?"

"It's only the sea, mother;" replied her daughter, a woman about forty-five years old, a fisherman's wife, like the mother, with features and complexion apparently delicate and soft originally, but hardened and made rough by exposure to the elements.

"Only the sea!" cried the old woman, petulantly: "what do you mean by saying it's only the sea? How do

"Oh mother, don't speak and look like that. You quite frighten me."

"You're a poor body to be frightened by the like of that. But you haven't seen what your mother's seen. God forbid you ever should. But don't say it's only the sea again. There, there, will you tell me that's only the water? Didn't I hear a shriek, the shriek of a child? there, out on the sea, right straight before the window."

"It was the wind, dearie, coming up the beach. Do keep quiet, there's a darling! The doctor said you should be kept quite still."

"It's easy to say that; but I can't be kept still. With the wind howling like that:—hark there!" she cried, as a more powerful blast drove the door of the hut in, "there's quiet for you; let him make the wind and the waves still, and then I'll try to keep quiet too."

Here she sank down for a few minutes, as if exhausted, then suddenly started up, and, looking round, asked sharply, "Where's Jacky?"

"Here, grandam," said the voice of a boy of ten, who was sitting on a wooden bench close to the fire.

to you; and I can't raise my voice to you sitting there."

The boy went to her bedside, somewhat unwillingly and timidly, and she said,

"Ye're overfond of the fire-side, Jacky; a great deal too fond for a fisher-lad. But ye're not afraid of the wind and the rain, neither, are ye?"

"No, grandam;" said the boy, with some hesitation.

"And ye wouldn't be afraid to go by yourself up to the Hall for your poor grandam, that can't go for herself? that for seven long, long years has never set foot out of the house. Ye're not afraid, lad, are ye?"

"No, grandam, I'm not afraid, only—"

"Then go and say your grandmother—no, tell Lord Lilworth that Elsie Mackay—he'll remember the name, he must have heard it from his father—wants to see him to-night, and can't be said nay to; for the doctor says," and she laughed feebly and hideously, "it can't last much longer. Now mind, boy, what you've got to say, that Elsie Mackay—it's a pretty name, and she was a pretty lass once that bore it—wants to see his lordship to-night, and must see him. And don't be long away. I shall listen for you, and hear you coming, for all the night's so rough."

The boy departed, and walked stoutly through the rain and wind to the Hall, which was about a mile and a half from the cottage. Lord Lilworth, who was alone, complied with the request without hesitation, and at once set out with him on foot. They reached the cottage about an hour after the boy had left it, and found old Elsie sitting upright in bed, eagerly watching for them. On their entrance, her features for a moment lost their grimness, and wore a gentle look, as her eyes rested on the thoughtful face of the nobleman.

"Have ye brought the clergyman with you?" were her first words.

"No, my good woman;" answered Lord Lilworth, "I did not know that you desired him."

"Don't call me good woman," she said querulously, "you know well enough I'm not good; no more are you, nor anybody else; though it isn't often you rich people flatter us poor. But perhaps it don't much matter that the clergyman hasn't come. I could never see what use those parsons were. They never seemed to me half as clever as the lecturer that came down in these parts once, and said it was all lies they told about hell-fire and the—What's that noise?" she suddenly broke off, as the wind with one long wild sweep drove a mountain of waves upon the shore, and, racing madly over the level coast, dashed against the house with a fury that threatened to hurl it down.

"I wish the wind wouldn't blow in that way," she muttered. "Not that I'm afraid of it. I've seen the time when I cared neither for weather nor anything else. Ay, many's the day, and night too, when I've steered poor John, that's dead and gone, poor soul, all safe when many a bold young fellow wouldn't have had the nerve. But it's different now: I'm getting old now, and old nerves are not like young ones."

"If you wish for the clergyman," —said Lord Lilworth.

"Who wished for the clergyman?" she interrupted him, sternly. "I thought perhaps he'd come with you, as they're very fond of coming to poor people's houses in bad nights like this."

Here she stopped a little; and then said, in a tone very different from her former fierce sneering one:

"A fine lord like you would be above letting a poor old fish-wife kiss him, wouldn't you? Though I've seen the time when fine handsome young lords thought it a favour to kiss little Elsie; but that was a long while ago, yet not so very long; I'm not so old as all that: I've known many a one quite young at sixty-five."

Lord Lilworth, though greatly surprised by this strange request, yet, as the old woman raised her face to his, to humour her, gave her his cheek, which she kissed tenderly.

"Jenny, what's that song you used to sing? Come, sing it now, his lordship would like to hear it."

"Oh sir! you musn't mind mother now she's so ill. She hardly knows what she's saying."

"I can sing it myself, if you wont."

And the old woman began in a quavering voice, that might once have been strong and clear, but was now scarcely audible amid the raging of the elements:—

"A fisher row'd forth on the sea one night,
Sing ho! ho! the winds and the waves.
The waters with foam gleamed wild and white,
Sing ho! ho! the winds and the waves.
The fisherman's wife she steered the helm,
Sing ho! ho! the winds and the waves."

"Ah! I can't sing now; it's no use trying. I mind the time, but it's long gone by. They are strange things, those songs. Those who make them sometimes seem to know what's gone on in your own mind, and all that's happened to you. There are songs, I know, that it's an awful thing to hear. But I'm wearying you, my lord, with my wild talk. Sit down here, close by me, I've something to tell you; ay, something that will make you look paler than ever."

He sat down in some alarm, not knowing what to make of the old woman's ominous words. She was silent a few moments, then said abruptly:

"Ye see Jenny, my daughter, there?"

He looked towards her.

"She isn't so delicate as the fine young ladies that are brought up to do nothing from morning till night, and wear silk gloves on their hands for fear they shouldn't be white, and veils on their faces to keep them from the wind and the blessed sun. No, Jenny's faced the sun and the wind, and the rain, and the snow, night and day for forty years and more; and so she isn't so fair and delicate as you grand people might like. But for all that, what should you think of her for a sister, my lord?"

He replied only by a look of utter astonishment, while her daughter shrieked out:

"Oh! mother, your wits are turned."

"Ay," she went on, "what should you think of her for a sister? Why not? You work as hard as she's done, and go in the wind and sun as much, and your face wont be as fair and pale as it is now. But what o' that? You rich folk are always saying that fair skin and soft hand make no difference in the nature; and so why mayn't Jenny Norton be kin to Lord Lilworth?" She ended with a fierce laugh, when he cried:

"Woman! in heaven's name cease jesting in this horrible manner on a sick bed."

"A sick bed!" she took up his words mockingly; "Why don't you say a death-bed at once? Did ye think it would hurt me? D'ye suppose I want to drag on this wretched life any longer, never going out into the blessed sunshine; never riding on the free waters, with the merry winds carrying the boat on gaily? It's very well for you rich, who eat and drink of the best, and sleep the softest, and never have anything to trouble you while you're well; and, if you fall sick, have servants to wait on you, and carriages to take you out in the air;—it's very natural for you to want to live: but a miserable, poor, old fish-wife like me—No, no, the lecturer was right; he was a deal cleverer than the parsons, and he proved it straight out of hand, that all they said about judgment and punishment was only lies,—lies to put money in their pockets;—nobody shall ever say old Elsie durstn't die in her old age."

"Wretched woman, you surely have not been the dupe—"

"Never mind who's been the dupe.

Maybe there's some that don't think it. But sit you down—here, close—and I'll tell ye a tale the like of which ye have never read of in all your books."

He was awed by her manner, and sat down where she motioned him. She did not speak for two or three minutes, seeming wrapt in recollections; then began in a musing tone as if speaking to herself.

"Forty-five years ago! it's a long while. I was very different then, just twenty; and he two or three years older. Oh he was a handsome man, a deal handsomer than him they call his son ever was or ever will be; and a sweet-spoken man too he was, too sweet-spoken for me; I was but a girl, only twenty; besides, he said he'd marry me; he did indeed;"—and her voice became more earnest, quite pleading:—"he vow'd it, and he'd ha' done it, if they'd left him to himself, for he wasn't cruel; no, Henry wasn't cruel; he never meant to leave me miserable; only his family thought scorn that Lord Lilworth should marry poor Elsie Mackay, the daughter of a Scotch farmer; so, they married him to the pale-faced Lady Mary ——. Oh, how I hated her! Why should she steal my love from me? he never loved *her*; I know he never did; he never could, though he never ill-used her; for Henry was always kind, kind to all when they let him alone. Well, I left these parts while they courted, and then Jenny was born; and, when I came back Henry was married, and before long they'd a little boy; oh! such a delicate child, with mild blue eyes and soft chestnut hair, like his mother; but I hated him for that: and, when he was three years old they'd another boy, and I'd been married too, and had a son, born the very same day as Lady Mary's and in about a week her's died all of a sudden in its nurse's arms; and the nurse came down here, frightened to death, for she durstn't for her life go up to the Hall, and tell them; and I and John—that's my husband, you know, that's been dead this many a long year—we considered a long while, and at last we let her have our child—"

"O God!" exclaimed Lord Lilworth, "then do you mean to say that I—"

"That you are my son! yes, yes, my own true son; flesh of my flesh; as God's—as sure as I lie here. And I've watched you, and loved you, as only a mother can, all your life; and nobody can ever know what I've suffered all these many years; and now that I was going to die, I could bear it no longer, so I sent for you—"

"You drive me wild with this horrible story. I do not know what to say or think. But it cannot be; it is impossible, impossible. What proof can you give?"

"What proof can I give?" she cried passionately, rising upright in her bed, and stretching out her arms towards him. "Howard, Howard, will you kill me before my time! It's only two or three days at most, may be only as many hours. What should I tell lies on my death-bed for? Not that I fear punishment hereafter: but what could I gain by it? But if you want proof, you shall have it. You know Widow Trevor, the woman that nursed you; send for her, and see if she's not in the same tale with me."

"But how can she come here in this stormy night?"

"Eh, she's not so old as all that. She isn't seventy yet, only a year or two older than me, and a deal heartier; them that are ill-favoured in youth often wear best when they begin to get old."

"But who will fetch her?"

"Who fetched *you?* Here, Jacky, my lad, you must go out again, and fetch Widow Trevor; you know where she lives: tell her Lord Lilworth and I want to see her—she knows what about—and she'll come with you, though the wind should blow the sea up here."

They waited for an hour and a half,

during which not a word was spoken; for the nobleman was lost in thought, and the old woman seemed to be dozing.

Widow Trevor fully justified Elsie's remarks upon her ill-favouredness. Features, originally harsh, though not repellent, had been for many years hardened and made coarse by the elements (for she too was a fisherman's wife, having left the former Lord Lilworth's service to be married, when his lady died), and were now shrunk and withered by old age.

"I knew you'd come," said Elsie, with a sort of quiet triumph. "My lord here was afraid you wouldn't such a night as this."

"Speak louder," said the older woman, turning her right ear towards her, "I've been rather hard o' hearing since the bad weather set in."

"Ah!" said Elsie in her former tone, not without some satisfaction, "she'll soon follow me, I doubt."

Then in a louder voice,

"I've been talking with my lord about what happened forty years ago."

"Forty year ago!" mumbled the other, "it's a sight o' time to look back. Many's the thing that's happened since then."

"Poor old creature," observed Elsie in her lower tone, "her memory's failing too, I see."

Then again raising her voice,

"But you remember what happened forty years ago—it may be a year or two more—when my lord there was born. You've not forgotten that?"

The old woman's face lighted up all of a sudden.

"Forgotten it? What should make me forget it? I wish I could. Oh he was a sweet child, and he died in my arms, and I could'nt—"

"*Who* died in your arms?" burst in Lord Lilworth.

"The son of Lord and Lady Lilworth, my lord," she answered, in a tone that had something of mockery in it.

"For the mercy of heaven explain yourself," entreated the poor lord.

"Why, my lord," she said, her mocking manner changed to a sort of respectful pity, "if you wont be angry with me, I'll tell you just how it was. I was nursing Lady Lilworth's baby—such a sweet child it was, more like a girl than a boy, with blue eyes and little curly chestnut hair"—(Lord Lilworth's hair and eyes were dark), "when all of a sudden it was taken with fits, and in half an hour—oh I shall never forget it!—died in my arms. I was frightened out of my senses; for I knew, if I told my lady, she'd go raving mad: besides, I was afraid they might say I'd murdered him: so I wrapt him up in my shawl, and came down here; and here I found John Norton, sitting by the fire, and Elsie in bed, nursing her baby, that was just as old as Lady Mary's to a day. So I told them of my trouble, and we'd a long talk together; and we did'nt know what to do for a long time; till at last a thought struck me, and it made me go all white, and took my breath away, at first; but, when I got over that, I said, suppose they were to bury the dead child as soon as they could, and say theirs had died suddenly of the fever, and let me take him to the Hall, and nurse him like Lady Mary's; and they didn't like it at all at first, and Elsie cried, and said she could never part with him, and John swore it should never be: but I showed them how there was no harm in it, and how Lady Mary would never see any difference, and their child would be brought up like a gentleman, instead of having to earn his bread on the sea, and perhaps be drowned. So at last they let me have him, and I drest him in young Lord Howard's clothes, and took him to my lady, and she never found it out; only at first she said, how baby was altered; but I told her he only grew handsomer and handsomer every day. So nobody knew of it, or heard a word about it till to-night, and never would, only neighbour Norton sent for me to ease her mind."

"What do you say now, my lord,"

asked Elsie, after a pause of a few seconds; "do you want any more *proof?*"

"I can say nothing," he answered, in the most distressed bewilderment. "I can't ever collect myself enough to think about it. It is dreadful, fearful."

"Fearful!" she almost shrieked; "ye'll say that, when ye've heard what's coming now. Two years after that, Arthur—that was the eldest son, that was so like his mother, a year younger than my Jenny—he was five years old then—oh! he'd such sweet blue eyes, and such long chestnut curls hanging down over his shoulders, and such pretty ways with him, you could hardly help loving him only to look at him; but I did, I hated him. Well, one afternoon John and I persuaded his mother to let us take him out for a ride on the water: we'd hard work to persuade her, for she was very timorous, and hardly trusted him out of her sight; but she let him go at last, and very glad he was to go, and ran and danced so, it would have done—almost any heart good to see him. It was quite fine then, in the afternoon, late in the summer, and the sea was quite still, and we promised his mother to be back before dusk; but I persuaded John to row out a long way into the sea, and the child was delighted to be out, and sat by me, watching the water; so it was quite dark when we were more than a mile from land, and then a storm of wind came on, and John went to trim the sails, when, my God! he turned round all of a sudden, as white as a sheet, and cried, "the child's overboard!" What did he say that to me for? Did he think I didn't know it? me, who—yes, he was leaning over the boat, looking into the water—John's back was turned—I gave him one little push, and he was over, in among the tumbling waves."

"Wretch! monster!" shouted her horrified listener; "impossible! you are surely raving; you could'nt have had the heart—"

"Didn't he have the heart," she interrupted him with fierce impetuosity, "to marry her? Didn't she have the heart to take him from me? Didn't his family have the heart to make him cast me off? Was I worse than them? Never prate to me like that. Well, John was going to jump in after him, but I held tight to him, screaming out to him not to risk his life; and when he shook me off it was too late, it was too late," (and her eyes flashed with savage triumph) "he was lying fathoms deep, down at the bottom of the sea. We took the news of the *accident* home to his father and mother: I went with John, but I let him tell it, for I knew he'd do it more naturally than I could; I only cried and sobbed, and Lady Mary, even in her own trouble, was sorry for me, and tried to comfort me, and said they'd never show any difference to us because of this—she did; I could have stabbed her as her words stabbed me."

She stopped here. Lord Lilworth in horror could only gasp out, "God forgive you! God forgive you!"

"I don't care about that," she cried frantically; "it's you I want to forgive me; you that I've nursed on my knees, my own child—"

"Miserable woman, how can I forgive you, the murderer of my own brother?"

"He was'nt your brother, I tell you: he was no kin at all to you, neither by father nor mother."

"Why did you make this horrible confession now, when nothing can be done? Or why did you make it to me? Why did'nt you—"

"Make it to the clergyman?" she broke in with a sneer, "and be told I was a miserable sinner, as if I didn't know that before. Or to the priest, and be set penance to do, as if I hadn't had penance enough already, with all these years of sitting in the house by day, and lying awake at night, or else dreaming—oh such dreams! sometimes when I've had them I've almost be-

lieved in hell pains. Or may be, you'd have liked me to tell it to one of those preachers, and hear him talk about conversion, change of heart; as if I wanted my heart to be changed. No, no, I love Henry, and can't help loving him; and I hate her, and always have hated her, and always shall; and as for the child, it didn't seem like my doing; I couldn't help doing it, and if it was to be done again to-morrow, I couldn't: you people that believe in the devil will understand that."

Thus they went on for more than an hour, the old woman striving, now frantically, now piteously, to gain an acknowledgment of love, at least of forgiveness, from her son; and he, feeling a loathing of her no belief in her parental claim could for the present lessen: at the end of that time, despite of her entreaties, which sometimes sounded like menaces, he left the cottage, and walked back to the Hall, through the night, utterly unconscious of the storm that beat upon him. For several days she lay in a sort of heavy sleep, from which she never fairly rallied, till one evening she suddenly sprang up, and said, with a wild, eager look,—

"Is he coming?"

"Keep quiet, there's a dearie; do keep still," her daughter said, soothingly.

"Will you tell me whether he's coming or not? He's not, I know it, or you'd tell me at once, to keep me quiet. Wont he come to see his own mother before she dies? My—no, no; perhaps he's ill; ay, perhaps he's dying: yes, he is; I see it in your face; you needn't tell me; I know it as well as that I'm lying here."

"O mother, don't take on like that: he's not so very ill; the doctor says he may get better yet."

"There, there; I knew it; I've killed him; like him he thought was his brother; and so I shall never see him again: I'm going fast; it can't last much longer; I don't want the doctor to tell me that now: one more night, if that, and then—"

Here the doctor himself entered.

"How do you find yourself now?" he asked kindly.

"Oh very well, very well now, doctor: it can't last much longer you know; a few hours, that's all."

"But you'll see the clergyman now you're aware you are so near your end?"

"What for? What good 'ud he do me? No, no; I'm not afraid of hell-fire. I know where I'm going to; to the pit; not the pit you mean, the pit o' torment; but the pit o' darkness and forgetfulness; where I shall be all quiet at last; no more moping in the house, no more tossing about the bed, no more dreams. Oh it 'll be a happy change. But I should like one thing more; I should like to see *them* there; Henry, that I loved so, and love still, though he deceived me,—and Howard, that I nursed on my knee, though it was forty years ago; that I've watched all that time, and been obliged to speak like a stranger to; and he's passed me by like a poor old fishwife, that so fine a lord as him couldn't demean himself to; and I waited, and thought the day would come some time; and now I'm dying, and so is he, and I shall never see my poor boy again; I don't like that: but no, it can't be true what they say; it's all dark, dark there; no meeting there, no burning."

"I've been by many a terrible death-bed," whispered the doctor to her daughter; "but never a more awful one than this."

The dying woman's sharpened ears caught the whisper, and she said,

"And so ye're frightened to sit by me, are ye? If ye'd been one of the clergy, I shouldn't ha' wondered; but you doctors—I'll say that for you—are not so timorous. But it's an awful night; I mind but one like it; and I don't wonder at your being skeered. There's a blast of wind for you. There's many a fishwife, ay, and many

a grand lady too, that's uneasy by their firesides to-night. There'll be many a brave fellow the less before the morning."

"Raving!" she said, in answer to another whisper of the doctor to her daughter; "that's what you bookish folks say the sea does when the winds blow across it, and the waves come dashing up the beach, one over the other, like mad things. Eugh! there's a deal more in the world than your books 'll ever teach you. There's not one of you ever heard it sing the song I've heard it sing; though I've sung it myself many a time, and so has Jenny too there:

"Under the waters waste and wild,
Sing heigho the winds and the waves.
He sleeps for ever that fair-hair'd child,
Sing heigho the winds and the waves.

O woe for the lady that waits in her bower!
Sing heigho the winds and the waves.
And woe for the lord that looks from his tower!
Sing heigho the winds and the waves.

Wait ever and watch, but for ever in vain:
Sing heigho the winds and the waves.
Your fair-hair'd boy will come never again,
Sing heigho the winds and the waves."

"That's somewhat like a song, and the sea's sung it many a day, and many a night too; and I've been the only one that knew what it was singing; and it's singing it now: there, don't you hear it?

"Your fair-hair'd boy will come never again.

Never, never again. But it will never sing it more after to-night, never more, nor there will be no one to understand it."

And in the hall the same tragedy of death was enacting; the same in the carpeted and curtained chamber as within the bare walls of the fisherman's hut. The reputed Lord Lilworth was dying, his secret escaping amid the ravings of fever, to which the wind played a fearful music, though far less fearful than that human voice, so changed, jangled, out of tune; and about the same time that the old fish-wife fell into the slumber that preceded death, her son (we will call him Lord Lilworth no longer, on his death-bed) breathed his last; and the mother and son, who had been divided in life, were joined in death—beyond which let none presume to follow them.

MEN AND WOMEN. By Robert Browning.*

I AM not going to attempt a regular classification of Robert Browning's "Men and Women;" yet the poems do fall naturally into some order, or rather some of them go pretty much together; and, as I have no great space, I will go through those that do so fall together, saying little or nothing about the others.

The three that strike me first, are 'The Epistle of Karshish,' 'Cleon,' and 'Bishop Blougram's Apology.' They have all three to do with belief and doubt, with the thoughts and fancies, and strange longings that circle round these; they are dramatic too, not expressing, except quite incidentally, the poet's own thoughts. 'Cleon,' and the 'Epistle of Karshish,' are especially dramatic, and are very considerably alike: they both tell of the desires and doubts of men out of Christianity, and in the days when Christianity was the true faith of a very few unknown men, not a mere decent form to all the nations.

* "Men and Women," by Robert Browning; 2 vols. Chapman and Hall, 1855.

Karshish is an Arab physician, a man of science; Cleon is poet, painter, sculptor. The Arab is the more genial of the two, less selfish, somewhat deeper too, I think; Cleon, with his intense appreciation of beauty, even with his long life spent in producing that beauty, is yet intensely selfish; he despises utterly the common herd; he would bring about, if he could, a most dreary aristocracy of intellect, where the commoners would be bound hand and foot, mere slaves to the great men, and their great lordly minds, not loyal freemen, honouring the heroes; he plumes himself, too, on being no less great than his fathers, greater even than they, saying:

"Marvel not,
We of these latter days, with greater mind
Than our forerunners, since more composite, [way),
Look not so great (beside their simple
To a judge who only sees one way at once,
One mind-point, and no other at a time;
Compares the small part of a man of us
With some whole man of the heroic age,
Great in his way—not ours, nor meant for ours,
And ours is greater, had we skill to know."

Saying wrongly, too, as I am sure, for it was little more than mere restless vanity that made him try to master so many things, instead of giving up his mind to one, as the grand elders did.

Yes, he is selfish—so selfish that he can see little joy in those powers of creation which he possessed; the king had said, in his letter, that though he, a mere king, would die utterly, yet it would not be so with Cleon, for his pictures, poems, statues, would live after him, he would live through them. Cleon says the king stumbles at mere words; that the reality is otherwise:

"What? dost thou verily trip upon a word,
Confound the accurate view of what joy is,
(Caught somewhat clearer by my eyes than thine,) [how
With feeling joy? confound the knowing
And showing how to live (my faculty)
With actually living? Otherwise,
Where is the artist's vantage o'er the king? [art king!"
I know the joy of kingship: well—thou

He says too, that this same appreciation of beauty, of enjoyment, all the knowledge that he has, all his desires, so much finer than those of other men, only make the fear of death bitterer than it otherwise would be:

"Every day my sense of joy
Grows more acute, my soul (intensified
In power and insight) more enlarged, more keen, [more,
While every day my hairs fall more and
My hand shakes, and the heavy years increase, [year,
The horror quickening still from year to
The consummation coming past escape,
When I shall know most, and yet least enjoy."

Till at last, in his agony, fierce words are wrung from the calm proud man; he cannot help it—he cries out,

"It is so horrible,
I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state reveal'd to us by Zeus,
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy,
To seek which, the joy-hunger forces us,
That, stung by straitness of our life, made strait
On purpose to make sweet the life at large,
Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
We burst then as the worm into the fly,
Who while a worm still, wants his wings.
But no!
Zeus has not yet reveal'd it; and, alas!
He must have done so, were it possible!"

And from this agony he comes down again to a kind of careless despair, and ends by saying just a little, contemptuously enough, of Paulus and his new doctrines; the cursed pride of knowledge lowering him so, that he even seems to be jealous that the king has sent presents and enquiries to Paulus also, a barbarian, one circumcised; so that about the doctrines of Paulus, he says:

"And (as I gathered from a by-stander)
His doctrines could be held by no sane man."

Poor Cleon! he was not wont to accept things on hearsay; yet now so has his pride lowered him; and we must leave him and his longings for Karshish the Arab.

Karshish is, as I said, a better man than Cleon; a simpler man, one with great knowledge, always thirsting after more, and brave in his pursuit of it; yet, on the whole, I think, kindly, and not puffed up with that knowledge. He writes from Jerusalem to his old master, to tell him how he has seen Lazarus; yet he is half fearful that he will seem ridiculous, unphilosophical, and does not like to acknowledge at first, even to himself, till he grows warmer from the longings that stir within him, what impression has been made on him; and he breaks off now and then to talk about his knowledge; yet he comes back to this always at last, for he cannot help it; and so he writes; very beautifully does he tell of the perfect faith of Lazarus, of his love of God and man, nay, of beasts, nay, of the very flowers; of his resignation and obedience to God through everything; of his strange clear second-sight; yearningly does he dwell on all this, excusing himself from ridicule now and then, by saying, "yet the "man was mad." He knows how little all knowledge is, how it can never be perfected through all the generations; but he longs to love perfectly; his God is different from Lazarus's God; his idea of Him is so different, that he mentions with shuddering horror that which Lazarus had told him; "that he, Lazarus, who stood there in the flesh, had seen God in the flesh too;" in horror; yet if it only could be true, that story told by the madman!

"The very God! think, Abib, dost thou think?
So, the All-great, were the All-Loving too;
So, through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashion'd, see it in myself.
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!'
The madman saith he said so: it is strange."

You see, too, he does not say, as Cleon did to his dream of Heaven, "it is not possible;" he only says, "it is strange."

It is all gloriously told; here is something beside our present question which I quote for its beauty; Karshish's first meeting with Lazarus:

"I met him thus—
I cross'd a ridge of short sharp broken hills,
Like an old lion's cheek-tooth—out there came
A moon made like a face, with certain spots
Multiform, manifold, and menacing:
Then a wind rose behind me. So we met
In this old sleepy town at unaware,
The man and I."

Concerning 'Bishop Blougram's Apology' I can say little here, it embraces so many things; the Bishop's interlocutor, "Gigadibs, the literary man," comes in only as an objector, or little else; he is a man without fixed faith; the bishop is one who is trying to 'believe that he believes,' and is succeeding, I think, pretty well: for my part I dislike him thoroughly, yet he says many true things, as Browning says in the Epilogue; "he said true "things, but called them by wrong "names."

He agrees too with Cleon concerning the unpleasantness of the possession of the creative power. It is of no use to *him*, he says; he is more selfish even than Cleon, and not nearly so interesting: he is tolerably well content with the present state of things as regards himself, has no such very deep longings, and is not so much troubled with doubts probably as even he says he is. Browning says of him, "For Blougram, "he believed, say half he spoke."

I will go on to the next band that seem to go together, those about art, namely; they are Andrea del Sarto, Fra Lippo Lippi, Old Pictures at Florence, A Toccata of Galuppi, and Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha.

Andrea del Sarto, and Fra Lippo Lippi are a good deal alike, only the first has more about the man, the second about the art he lives in. What a joy it is to have these men brought up before us, made alive again, though

they have passed away from the earth so long ago; made alive, seeming indeed not as they might very likely have seemed to us, the lesser men, had we lived in their times; but rescued from the judgment of the world, "which "charts us all in its broad blacks or "whites"—and shown to us as they really were.

Think of Andrea del Sarto sitting there in Florence, looking over to Fiesole, trying to forget all the shame, all the weariness, to forget the pain of them at least, to live for one half-hour in the present; yet so, that the past and the future may mingle with it very quietly, like the long weeds that the stream sways with it. And Lucrezia is sitting by him, Lucrezia, who he knows is not worthy of his love—no, not even of *his* love, the breaker of troth, the runaway; and yet he goes on loving her nevertheless, she has wound her toils about him so. Oh! true story, told so often, in so many ways. And it shall all go into a picture for the wearied man resting there:

"The whole seems to fall into a shape,
As if I saw alike my work and self,
And all that I was bound to be and do,
A twilight-piece."

And how calmly he can talk of himself and his art, his great success that was rather a bitter failure to him now:

"I do what many dream of all their lives,
—Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such [town,
On twice your fingers, and not leave this
Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smear'd,
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,
Yet do much less, so much less, some one says,
(I know his name, no matter) so much less!
Well, less is more, Lucrezia! I am judged,
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vex'd, beating, stuff'd and stopp'd-up brain, [prompt
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine. [selves, I know,
Their works drop groundward, but themReach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough, [the world."
Though they come back and cannot tell

Calmly he speaks of the wrong she had been to him, of what she might have been; calmly of his life in France, and of his sin even when he fled from thence a very thief: and she, in spite of all, is rather in a hurry to get away, is rather bored by his talk, howsoever loving, for her 'cousin' waits for her below: and so you can almost see the flutter of her dress through the doorway, almost hear her feet down the stairs, and the greeting of the bad woman without a heart with that 'cousin.' Almost? nay, quite.

Then for Fra Lippo Lippi. He, found in questionable haunts by the police, first awes them somewhat by mention of his patron's name, Cosimo de Medici; then, being a man with wrongs and one who must speak to somebody, he tells the officer the very simple story of his life, and his grievance:

"Rub all out! well, well, there's my life, in short,
And so the thing has gone on ever since—
I'm grown a man no doubt, I've broken bounds.

"And yet the old schooling sticks—the old grave eyes
Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work,
The heads shake still. 'It's Art's decline, my son! [old:
You're not of the true painters, great and
Brother Angelico's the man, you'll find:
Brother Lorenzo stands his single peer—
Fag on at flesh, you'll never make the third.'"

"I'm not the third then: bless us, they must know! [know!
Don't you think they're the likeliest to
They, with their Latin? so I swallow my rage, [and paint
Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight,
To please them."

This too is an often-told tale, to be told many times again I fear before the world is done with. To this same officer he vindicates himself: everything almost is worth painting, surely it is best (whatever may be good) to paint everything as well as possible:

" You be judge!
You speak no Latin more than I, belike—
However, you're my man, you've seen the world— [power,
The beauty and the wonder and the
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades, [all!"
Changes, surprises,—and God made it

" What's it all about?
To be pass'd o'er, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wonder'd at? oh, this last of course, you say; [these
But why not do as well as say,—paint
Just as they are, careless of what comes of it? [crime
God's works—paint any one, and count it
To let a truth slip. Don't object, 'His works
Are here already—nature is complete:
Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't) [then!'
There's no advantage! you must beat her,
For, don't you mark? we're made so that we love [have pass'd
First, when we see them painted, things we
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us, [for that—
Which is the same thing. Art was given
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

It is very grand, this intense love of art; and I suppose that those who cannot paint, and who therefore cannot feel quite the same herein, have nevertheless sometimes had a sick longing for the power to do so, without being able to give any reason for it, such a longing as I think is felt for nothing else under the sun,—at least for no other power.

And so we leave Fra Lippo Lippi, not certainly feeling altogether disgusted with the man, in spite of his sins; you see, he had not a very good education, and yet is not so selfish as one might have expected him to be either.

No less great than these two is "Old "Pictures at Florence;" beautiful in the beginning, that gazing on Florence from the garden, in spring-tide; beautiful and very true, that indignant vindication of the early mediæval painters; that comparison of their imperfect painting, with the perfect sculpture of the Greeks, perfect, but not so higher in its aim, higher in the thoughts that it called up in men's minds; higher too, that in its humility it gave more sympathy to poor struggling, falling men. Here is a stanza or two of that vindication:—

" Wherever a fresco peels and drops,
Wherever an outline weakens and wanes
Till the latest life in the painting stops,
Stands one whom each fainter pulse-tick pains! [brick,
One, wishful each scrap should clutch its
Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster,
A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
The wrong'd great soul of an ancient master.

" For oh, this world and the wrong it does!
They are safe in heaven with their backs to it, [buzz
The Michaels and Rafaels, you hum and
Round the works of, you of the little wit! [scope,
Do their eyes contract to the earth's old
Now that they see God face to face,
And have all attain'd to be poets, I hope?
'Tis their holiday now, in any case.

" Much they reck of your praise and you!
But the wronged great souls—can they be quit
Of a world where all their work is to do?"

These are the three that have most to do with artists and painting. Then come two concerning music, "A Toc- "cata of Galuppi," and "Master "Hugues of Saxe-Gotha."

There is not so much to say about the first of these, it seems to have been written principally for the music; yet I think Galuppi's music itself could not have beaten it, played though it was between the sea and the palaces, it rings so gloriously throughout; not one line in it falls from beginning to end, from the first:

" Oh, Galuppi Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!
I could hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I give you credit, 'tis with such a heavy mind!"

to the last:

" 'Dust and ashes!' so you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I

Worthy to go with this for music is "Master Hugues;" exquisite in melody, it is beautiful also in its pictures, true in its meaning. As to its melody, there is to me something perfectly wonderful in the piling up of the words from verse to verse. The thing fascinates me, though I cannot tell where the wonder is;—but it *is* there; the first stanza is almost as good as any for this music:

"Hist, but a word, fair and soft!
Forth and be judged, Master Hugues!
Answer the question I've put you so oft—
What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?
See, we're alone in the loft."

Then these others go together in my mind; "Before" and "After," "Childe "Roland to the dark tower came," "The Patriot," "A light Woman," and perhaps some others; but these will do. They are all more concerned with action than thought, and are wholly dramatical.

Here is the first stanza from "The "Patriot:"—

"It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
The house-roofs seem'd to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day!"

The poem is very short, yet very attractive, somehow; the man's life is shown wonderfully, though the poem is so short; how he knew before, when he liberated these people, that they would not be faithful to him for long, yet, nevertheless, went on hoping against hope! He is not vain, for he knows he could not have done other than he did; yet he knows he has done well, and so comforts himself, thinking of the next world:—

"'Thus I enter'd Brescia, and thus I go!
In such triumphs people have dropp'd down dead.
'Thou paid by the world—what dost thou owe
Me?' God might have question'd: but now instead,
'Tis God shall requite! I am safer so."

Yet, to the reader, it is very sad to read this "old story;" and I think also it was bitter to him, in spite of all.

Telling lies for truth's sake, acting unfaithfully for faith's sake, are what is treated of in the "Light Woman;" it is told, slight sketch though it is, in a masterly way; perhaps we shall hear something more about it soon, judging from the last two lines:

"And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
Here's a subject made to your hand!"

"Before" and "After," are rather parts of the same poem, than separate poems. "Before," written in a splendid fighting measure, is spoken by a by-stander, just before a duel: listen, here!

"Why, you would not bid men, sunk in such a slough, as now,
Strike no arm out further, stick and stink
Leaving right and wrong to settle the embroilment, entoilment?
Heaven with snaky hell, in torture and
Which of them's the culprit, how must he conceive his sleeve!
God's the queen he caps to, laughing in
'Tis but decent to profess oneself beneath her— either.
Still, one must not be too much in earnest
Better sin the whole sin, sure that God observes, nerves,
Then go live his life out! life will try his
When the sky which noticed all, makes no disclosure, posure.
And the earth keeps up her terrible com-
Let him pace at pleasure, past the walls of rose, him as he goes;
Pluck their fruits when grape-trees graze
For he 'gins to guess the purpose of the garden, a warden.
With the sly mute thing beside there for
What's the leopard-dog-thing, constant to his side, ous hide?
A leer and lie in every eye on its obsequi-
When will come an end of all the mock obeisance, misfeasance?"
And the price appear that pays for this

Yes, truly so! the one poisoning sin in a man's life, never to leave him in the midst of his dearly-bought pleasures; he has gone wrong once, and the chance of his turning back is desperate indeed; all his life is a lie now, with that terrible unrepented sin lying on him. Did ever any of you read Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter?" Then for his adversary:—

"So much for the culprit? Who's the martyr'd man? [he can.
Let him bear one stroke more, for be sure
Him that strove thus evils lump with good to leaven, [heaven."
Let him give his blood at last and get his

Yet with neither wronger nor wronged has it come to this yet; death may equalize it somewhat: so in "After," this has indeed happened. I quote it entire without comment:

"Take the cloak from his face, and at first
Let the corpse do its worst—
How he lies in the rights of a man!
Death has done all death can.
And absorb'd in the new life he leads,
He recks not, he heeds [strike
Nor his wrong nor my vengeance—both
On his senses alike,
And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change.
Ha! what avails death to erase
His offence, my disgrace?
I would we were boys as of old
In the field, by the fold;—
His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn,
Were so easily borne.
I stand here now,—he lies in his place—
Cover the face."

I think these two among the most perfect short poems that Robert Browning has written, as perfect in their way as "Evelyn Hope" among the love-poems. "Childe Roland,"—how grand that is! some reviewer thinks it an "allegory," and rates the poet for not having told us what happened to Childe Roland inside the "round, squat tur-"ret."

Well, it may in some sort be an allegory, for in a certain sense everything is so, or almost everything that is done on this earth. But that is not its first meaning; neither, as some people think, was it written for the sake of the fearful pictures merely, or even principally; they, grand as they are, the grandest things of the kind that I have ever read, are yet only a means to an end; for the poet's real design was to show us a brave man doing his duty, making his way on to his point through all dreadful things. What do all these horrors matter to him? he must go on, they cannot stop him; he will be slain certainly, who knows by what unheard-of death; yet he can leave all this in God's hands, and go forward, for it will all come right at the end. And has not Robert Browning shown us this well? Do you not feel as you read, a strange sympathy for the lonely knight? so very, very lonely; not allowed even the fellowship of kindly memories:

"I shut my eyes and turn'd them on my heart,
As a man calls for wine before he fights,
I ask'd one draught of earlier, happier sights
Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterwards—the soldiers' art: [rights!
One taste of the old times sets all to

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face
Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold
An arm in mine to fix me to the place
That way he used. Alas! one night's disgrace! [it cold.
Out went my heart's new fire and left

Better this present than a past like that—
Back therefore to my darkening path again."

Yet, for all this utter loneliness, for all these horrors, so subtly has the consummate poet wrought, through the stately flow of the magnificent rhythm, that we do not feel desponding, but rather triumphant, at the glorious end; an end so glorious, that the former life, whatever it was, was well worth living with that to crown it; and it was well too for the poet to leave us there, so that we see not the mere struggle of physical courage, or the mere groans and tears of suffering humanity under those things which are to be borne indeed, but hardly ever very calmly, hardly ever very resignedly; but now "Childe Roland" passes straight from our eyes to the place where the true and brave live for ever; and as far as we go, his life flows out triumphantly with that blast he blew.

And was it not well to leave us with that snatch of old song ringing through our ears like the very horn-blast that echoed all about the windings of that dismal valley of death?

" I saw them and I knew them all; and yet
Dauntless the stag-horn to my lips I set,
And blew: '*Childe Roland to the dark tower came.*' "

In my own heart I think I love this poem the best of all in these volumes.

And yet I scarcely know; for this and all the others seem to me but a supplement to the love-poems, even as it is in all art, in all life; love I mean of some sort; and that life or art where this is not the case, is but a wretched mistake after all.

And in these love-poems of Robert Browning there is one thing that struck me particularly; that is their intense, unmixed love; love for the sake of love, and if that is not obtained, disappointment comes, falling-off, misery. I suppose the same kind of thing is to be found in all very earnest love-poetry, but I think more in him than in almost anybody else.

" Any wife to any husband," " The " last ride together,"—read them, and I think you will see what I mean. I cannot say it clearly, it cannot be said so but in verse; love for love's sake, the only true love, I must say.—Pray Christ some of us attain to it before we die!

Yet after all I am afraid I shall be able to say less about these love-poems than the others.

" Evelyn Hope" is quite perfect in its way; Tennyson himself has written nothing more beautiful; it is easy to be understood; very simple, everybody *must* like it: so full of faith and quiet manly tenderness, hopeful and brave; a very jewel set in the gold of the poet's crown. I must quote a little:

" I claim you still, for my own love's sake,
Delay'd it may be for more lives yet
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

" But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geraniums' red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

" I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gain'd me the gains of various men,
Ransack'd the ages, spoil'd the climes;
Yet one thing, one in my soul's full scope,
Either I miss'd or itself miss'd me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

" I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seem'd full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold:
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand."

Do you not see them there, in the darkened room,—the wise, learned, world-worn man hanging over the fair, dead girl, who " perhaps had scarcely " heard his name?" Coming close to " Evelyn Hope" is " A Woman's Last " Word," and almost as beautiful as that:

" Be a god and hold me
With a charm—
Be a man, and fold me
With thine arm!

" Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought.

" Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands!

" That shall be to-morrow,
Not to-night:
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight.

" Must a little weep, Love!
Foolish me!
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee."

Is it not perfect in thought as in music? and does it not illustrate what I said just now about the intense passion of these poems?

So does this next one that I come to, "By the Fireside." It is the history of a life of love, that life which first began by the chapel there in Italy; all things to this man, past, present, and to come, are centred in that one fact:

"I am named and known by that hour's feat,
There took my station and degree.
So grew my own small life complete
As nature obtain'd her best of me—
One born to love you, sweet!"

It reminds me a good deal of Tennyson in parts, of "Maud" especially; but I suppose that is the effect of its melody; it is all told in such sweet, half-mournful music, as though in compassion to those who have not obtained this love, who will not obtain it while they live on earth, though they may in heaven.

Such love too is in it for the beautiful country where the new life came to him:

"Oh! woman-country, woo'd, not wed;
Loved all the more by earth's male-lands,
Laid to their hearts instead."

Such pictures of the fair autumn-tide.

"Oh! the sense of the yellow mountain-flowers,
And the thorny balls, each three in one,
The chestnuts throw on our path in showers,
For the drop of the woodland fruit's begun,
These early November hours."

I like it one of the best of all.

"The Statue and the Bust" is a story, a sad story too. Unlawful love that was never acted, but thought only, thought through life; yet were the lovers none the less sinners, therefore; rather the more, in that they were cowards; for in thought they indulged their love freely, and no fear of God, no hate of wrong or love of right restrained them, but only a certain cowardly irresolution. So Robert Browning thinks:

"So! while these wait the trump of doom!
How do their spirits pass, I wonder,
Nights and days in the narrow room?
"Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder
What a gift life was, ages ago,
Six steps out of the chapel yonder
"Surely they see not God, I know,
Nor all that chivalry of His,
The soldier-saints, who, row on row,
"Burn upward each to his point of bliss—
Since the end of life being manifest,
He had cut his way through the world to this."

I cannot tell the story, you must read it; it is one of the best in the two volumes: the rhythm so wonderfully suited to the story, it draws you along through the days and years that the lovers passed in delay, so quietly, swiftly, smoothly.

Here is another, "The last ride together;" one disappointed in his best hopes of love, looking on the whole world struggling so, with calm hopeless eyes; so calm, though not altogether miserable. There is no need for him to struggle now he thinks; he has failed; that is enough, failed as all others fail: he is not worse off than his fellows. Meanwhile she is riding with him; the present is somewhat blissful; moreover he says:

"Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being; had I signed the bond—
Still one must lead some life beyond,
Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I descry such? Try and test!
I sink back shuddering from the quest—
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?
Now, Heaven, and she are beyond this ride."

Then over him comes a strange feeling—he does not know—it is all so blissful, so calm: "She has not spoke so long,"—suppose it be that it was Heaven now at this moment.

"What if we still ride on, we two,
With life for ever old, yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity—
And Heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, for ever ride?"

"In a Balcony" is a strange poem, hard to make out at first; and for my part, I am not at all sure that I apprehend it rightly.

It seems to me, that Constance and Norbert, being cowardly, did at first intend merely to deceive the queen, then, that Constance, moved by the poor woman's joy at her supposed lover, and by her unexpected declaration of affection for herself, really intended to sacrifice her love to the queen; but that Norbert's sick fear, his wild passionate terror, overcomes her, and their love is declared, with who knows what fate in store for them; but it is all intricate and difficult—like human action.

"Women and roses" I must mention, seeing that some reviewer thinks it impossible to solve the riddle of it. I will try, not thinking it so very difficult either. Some man thinking, dreaming of women, they fall into three bands—those that have been, those that are, those that will be; but with neither of these bands can he feel entire sympathy. He cannot enter into the heart of them; their very vividness of face and form draws his heart away from their souls, and so they seem to him cold and unloving.

It certainly does not sound very well as I have put it; in fact it does not often help poems much to *solve* them, because there are in poems so many exquisitely small and delicate turns of thought running through their music, and along with it, that cannot be done into prose, any more than the infinite variety of form, and shadow, and colour in a great picture can be rendered by a coloured woodcut.

Which (in the case of the poem) is caused, I suppose, by its being concentrated thought.

I quote some of this poem ("Women and Roses"):—

> "I dream of a red-rose tree,
> And which of its roses three
> Is the dearest rose to me?
> Round and round, like a dance of snow
> In a dazzling drift, as its guardians, go
> Floating the women, faded for ages,
> Sculptured in stone, on the poet's pages.
> Then follow the women, fresh and gay,
> Living and loving, and loved to-day.
> Last, in the rear, flee the multitude of maidens,
> Beauties unborn: and all, to one cadence,
> They circle the rose on my rose-tree."

Very worthily are the love-poems crowned by the final dedication to E. B. B. I quote the last four lines:

> "Oh their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
> Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
> Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it;
> Drew one angel—borne, see, on my [bosom!"

Pardon me, reader, that I have said little about many of the best poems; that I have said nothing at all about several; nothing about the ecstacy of prayer and love in "Saul;" nothing about the sacrifice of life, and its enjoyments, to knowledge in the "Grammarian's Funeral;" nothing about the passionate "Lover's Quarrel," about "Mesmerism," "Any wife to any husband," and many others. My consolation is, that we shall have a good deal more to say of Robert Browning in this Magazine, and then we can make amends.

Yet a few words, and I have done. For, as I wrote this, many times angry indignant words came to my lips, which stopped my writing till I could be quieter. For I suppose, reader, that you see whereabouts among the poets I place Robert Browning; high among the poets of all time, and I scarce know whether first, or second, in our own: and, it is a bitter thing to me to see the way in which he has been received by almost everybody; many having formed a certain theory of their own about him, from reading, I suppose, some of the least finished poems among the "Dramatic Lyrics," make all facts bend to this theory, after the fashion of theory-mongers: they think him, or say they think him, a careless man, writing down anyhow anything that comes into his head. Oh truly! "The "statue and the bust" shows this! or

the soft solemn flow of that poem, "By "the Fireside!" "Paracelsus!"—that, with its wonderful rhythm, its tender sadness, its noble thoughts, must have been very easy to write, surely!

Then they say, too, that Browning is so obscure as not to be understood by any one. Now, I know well enough what they mean by "obscure," and I know also that they use the word wrongly; meaning difficult to understand fully at first reading, or, say at second reading, even: yet, taken so, in what a cloud of obscurity would "Hamlet" be! Do they think this to be the case? they daren't *say* so at all events, though I suspect some of them of thinking so.

Now, I don't say that Robert Browning is not sometimes really obscure. He would be a perfect poet (of some calibre or other) if he were not; but I assert, fearlessly, that this obscurity is seldom so prominent as to make his poems hard to understand on this ground: while, as to that which they call obscurity, it results from depth of thought, and greatness of subject, on the poet's part, and on his readers' part, from their shallower brains and more bounded knowledge; nay, often I fear from mere wanton ignorance and idleness.

So I believe that, though this obscurity, so called, would indeed be very objectionable, if, as some seem to think, poetry is merely a department of "light "literature;" yet, if it is rather one of the very grandest of all God's gifts to men, we must not think it hard if we have sometimes to exercise thought over a great poem, nay, even sometimes the utmost straining of all our thoughts, an agony almost equal to that of the poet who created the poem.

However, this accusation against Browning of carelessness, and consequent roughness in rhythm, and obscurity in language and thought, has come to be pretty generally believed; and people, as a rule, do not read him; this evil spreading so, that many, almost unconsciously, are kept from reading him, who, if they did read, would sympathize with him thoroughly.

But it was always so; it was so with Tennyson when he first published his poems; it was so last year with Maud; it is so with Ruskin; they petted him indeed at first; his wonderful eloquence having some effect even upon the critics; but, as his circle grew larger, and larger, embracing more and more truth, they more and more fell off from him; his firm faith in right they call arrogance and conceit now; his eager fighting with falsehood and wrong they call unfairness. I wonder what they will say to his new volume.

The story of the Præ-Raphaelites—we all know that, only here, thank Heaven! the public has chosen to judge for itself somewhat, though to this day their noblest pictures are the least popular.

Yes, I wonder what the critics would have said to "Hamlet Prince of Denmark," if it had been first published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in the year 1855.

MR. MACAULAY.*

WE have all by this time read Mr. Macaulay's two new volumes. We have been interested, as we never were before; we have been dazzled; we have learnt much; we have unlearnt much; we have received so many new notions; we have submitted to the displacement of so many old notions, that our minds have scarcely yet recovered equilibrium and order. And yet, amid all the pleasure which the reading of this book has given us, one question rises continually, and is dismissed as often without an answer; Has Mr. Macaulay given us the real history of the period about which he has written, or merely a collection of brilliant sketches, some helping us to attain to a knowledge of the real history, others merely confusing us in our search for such knowledge? It is painful that such a question should recur; for, if Mr. Macaulay, with all his research, and with all his skill, has failed in putting before us things and people as they were, who shall succeed? If this is not history, where is history to be found? Alas, my friends, this, of all products of human genius, is the rarest to be met with genuine. Simple-hearted men of old, who wrote what they had seen and heard, seeking and loving only the truth, without caring to evolve a root-idea, or to illustrate a maxim, or to gain glory in any way for themselves, or their philosophy, or their party;—such have been: but in days like these it is hard to follow them; so many husks of self-conceit, and prejudice, and party-feeling have to be cast off, before one can become as a little child, and set himself, humbly and reverently, to learn and teach the truth as he finds it.

But I must not prejudge the case; I will rather state in few words what principle of criticism I intend to follow; guarding first against the supposition that it is by virtue of any recondite knowledge of the history of those times that I sit in judgment upon Mr. Macaulay. I shall not touch his facts. I shall assume that he is right (as he must generally be) in points of detail; for I have no sympathy with those jealous critics who, pained by the reflection that the author knows infinitely more than they do, set about restoring their peace of mind by proving that, after all, he is not omniscient. There was too much of this when the first instalment of Mr. Macaulay's work came out; your party men, complaining, and often with justice, that Mr. Macaulay slighted their traditions or depreciated their heroes, angrily set to work to pick holes in his reputation for correctness of detail, deeming themselves happy if they could convict him of a mistake, and doubly happy if they could plausibly allege that it was a falsehood. For my part, I cannot imitate—I can only admire—the unceasing diligence, the laborious research, the affluence of reading, which have contributed to make this book what it is; which have furnished material for that magical power which extracts gold, or something as glittering as gold, from all it deals with. Political pasquinades, street ballads, caricatures, sermons, controversial tracts, prize-poems, plays, farces,—as well as the ordinary materials of history, the memoirs, newspapers, and public records of the time,—all are put under requisition, all are commanded to yield what of illustration or information lurks in each. It were easy to show that this very affluence is cumbersome; nay,

* A History of England, from the accession of James the Second. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Third and Fourth Volumes. London: Longman and Co.

that it must often mislead; and this I shall perhaps have opportunity of showing; I direct attention to it at present, merely to make it obvious that a minute criticism of Mr. Macaulay's details would be not only an ungracious, but a most preposterous and presumptuous task;—at the best, a pitting of seven weeks against seven years and a lifetime beside, and, even if one could do it with any show of success, not worth the labour. As criticism goes in these days, there are Nicholas Rigbys enough and to spare to do this work. My course will be a quite different one; I shall try to point out the more striking peculiarities of Mr. Macaulay's intellect, exemplifying them from the volumes before me, and I shall help you to judge whether or no these peculiarities are such as qualify a man for writing history. I shall deal with this question, I hope, in no captious or flippant spirit: I am conscious of owing much to Mr. Macaulay, and I am fully prepared to see very much that is useful and good in him; at the same time I am convinced that, to a publication which aspires, like this, to be a teacher, it is a sacred duty, considering what Mr. Macaulay is, and what he claims to be, not to let his pretensions go unchallenged.

Past ages have for us two special kinds of interest, arising from distinct mental phenomena;—the interest with which we view any man, action, or event, transcendently great, and the interest of association with which we view everything connected with, or bearing upon, ourselves, and the things immediately around us. To speak generally, we read ancient history with the former feeling, and modern history with the latter; ancient history to love and wonder at its heroes and their deeds; modern history, to trace the beginning and growth and meaning of the institutions of our own day. Or we may say that the Cromwellian period is an age of giants, of mighty and noble souls, but an age in modes of thought and action wonderfully unconnected with our own; while the times which Mr. Macaulay deals with fall under the latter class,—interest us not from any intrinsic greatness, but as the beginning of the present state of things, the era in which our constitution finally shaped itself into what it is, in which many of the "great facts" of these latter days,—the newspaper press, for instance, and the national debt, and the government by ministries,—were first evolved out of chaos. For the Revolution, to which we owe our national existence, passed through two stages; first, through smoke and blood and confusion, and the battle of the Titans, and the majesty and freedom of the human soul asserting itself in a voice of thunder; and then there came a pause and a reaction, and the base things of earth crept out again,—anarchy and fraud and uncleanness and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie; so that a faithless generation triumphed, and said that the bubble had burst, that there would be no revolution after all. But the end came; Marstoon Moor and Naseby had not been in vain; it came as God would have it come, not as man would wish to see it,—resplendent with rainbow-dyes, with peace and plenty and universal virtue and goodwill to men; it came not fair to outward seeming, repulsive rather, with its formalities and strict constitutional etiquette and unamiable Dutch Coryphæus, and without strength, as it seemed to beat back the kingdom of evil for one single day; yet quietly, without bloodshed, without even flourish of trumpets, working once and for ever changes which the fathers of that generation had died to gain, and died, as it seemed to them, in vain. This second stage of the Revolution has Mr. Macaulay chosen to illustrate for us, chosen it, I think, by an instinct of self-knowledge which warned him that he was

capable of appreciating the men of the former period, those great rugged souls who did the work they were appointed to do, not tenderly, not with formality and decorum, but well and righteously, in God's sight and in man's.

Therefore I will say this much for Mr. Macaulay, that it is well we have a man who will leave the salient points, the mountain peaks in a nation's history, for those that sympathize better with them, and depict for us, in such vivid colours, with such picturesqueness of description and fertility of illustration, some region of the plainland, which we might have passed over as flat and unprofitable. Not but that he has missed much of the veritable history, the true tone of society, the undercurrents of the nation's life, working each in its place; here taking away, there adding, here strengthening, there weakening; and so rearing up, unseen, what we call the fabric of modern English society. But, as I said, who in these days have written history so? One man has done it, and two or three more have shown that they can do it; and, as things go, this is a prodigality of power for which we ought to be very thankful, especially as there is something which tells us that it is but an earnest of that which is to be. But, till better times come, we may as well hear what Mr. Macaulay has to tell us; and, after all, is not that clear bright logic of his, and straightforward English sense, worth something for solving many a knotty point of politics, many a surface problem of history? Has he not, in his vivid and complacent way, fixed in our minds a hundred facts—materials of history; fixed them so distinctly that we caught his own tone of self-satisfaction, and congratulated ourselves on our clearness of conception? Has he not, best of all, by putting in our way the most readable of books, suggested, to some of us for the first time, that history is not that valley of dry bones which our text-books taught us to think it was—that it has an intense human interest, that its characters are men, to be loved and hated, like the men who walk this earth now, and that the very dullest-seeming of its walks will well repay the man who patiently and humbly explores it.

It is as well too, perhaps, that this history was written by a zealous Whig, from a purely Whig point of view. They tell us the species is dying out, and so it well may, for it has done the work appointed for it to do, and, like other things which have done their work, nothing is left for it but one longing lingering glance back to the time of its triumphs, and then a decent and speedy euthanasia. This whole period of the Revolution of Eighty-eight, and the succeeding reign or reigns, to the Act of Settlement and the Scottish Union, is the period of the culmination of Whiggery—the period of constitutional reform constitutionally effected, by a simple rectification of the machinery of government; and who but Mr. Macaulay should sing the swan-song that celebrates it? For, in these days, people are beginning to think that government is not a machine at all, not a mere police for keeping men from tearing one another to pieces, but rather, in some mysterious way, a continual embodiment of the will of the Highest, a continual assertion that perfect liberty is perfect obedience, and that, unless we live for one another, it were better that we did not live at all. And some would go so far as to say, that the great task of these times is to reduce these high thoughts to practice, so that a government may really be what it professes to be, and may govern, not only the body and property of a man, but his soul and spirit; dealing, not with chattels, as heretofore, but with men; a change which no Whig principles, or rectifications of machinery, can in any way effect. Whether the men who talk thus are mere dreamers or no, I do not here say, but this I say, that a

man who talks thus is not a man to sit down with a good will and write the history of the English Revolution.

But what if one should say, can a Whig write history at all? When you call a man a Whig, do not you imply something of this kind—that he is a well-meaning man, with much confidence in common sense and logic; seeing distinctly enough so far as he sees, but not seeing far; not seeing that his traditions and Whig principles, true though they may be, are but a one-sided and fractional view of *the Truth*; noticing the *differentiæ*, the peculiarities of a thing far more readily than the great general laws which connect it with the rest of creation: deficient in reverence and the "religious sentiment," and not believing much in any invisible, but on the whole virtuous and right-minded, and courageous enough in his small way? Make your Whig also a rhetorician, and you have Mr. Macaulay, the best and the worst of him, in one glance.

You have especially those two features of his character, to which most of his faults and failings are traceable. The rhetorical power, uncontrolled by reverence, has led Mr. Macaulay into grievous temptations. His shallowness of thought peeps out in every page; and in every page you see some paltry sacrifice of truth at the shrine of fine language, some reputation damaged to preserve an antithesis, some character misjudged for the sake of three superlatives. And this is a charge so grave in itself, and so deeply affecting Mr. Macaulay's character as an historian, that I must not pass it over with a bare mention.

It was long ago asserted that rhetoric was one of the basest of all arts; nay, that it did not deserve to be ranked as an art at all, but was, like the making of sauces and the science of cosmetics, the mere semblance and shadow of an art; for whereas all true art had its foundation deep in the principles of things, and sought, as its end the bettering of our moral nature, these had no foundation but in empirical rules, and no object but the immediate gratification of the senses. We have all heard that language was given us for the purpose of concealing thought: thus much is true, that the greatest skill in language is oftenest used for the purpose of perverting thought, of making the worse appear the better reason, or of making the better reason appear so by virtue, not of its being the better, but of its being better set forth. Mr. Macaulay's style is at first sight beautiful; there are certain arrangements of neatness, and clearness, and perfection about it, which fascinate you, till you look into it and see what has been sacrificed to gain them. I call it a vicious and immoral style in the highest degree; putting into the way of the writer, at all times, the strongest temptation, or absolutely making it necessary for him to pervert the truth.

Its peculiarities are obvious enough, and well known: I shall enumerate them, partly for the sake of convenience, and partly because they lead, easily and naturally, to the consideration of those deep-rooted faults of character on which they depend.

There is nothing, perhaps, that distinguishes Mr. Macaulay's style more than his fondness for antithesis, for strong contrasts elaborated or hinted at. But he constantly perverts the truth of things for the sake of heightening this contrast, or of maintaining the balance of the sentence. The first example of what I mean which occurs to me, is one in the well-known "Essay "on Bacon." He is extolling his own University, according to his wont, at the expense of Oxford. He speaks of its superiority, during its whole history, in intellectual activity, and in readiness to admit improvements; and he illustrates this by telling us that "Cambridge had the honour of edu- "cating those celebrated Protestant "Bishops whom Oxford had the honour

of burning." Now it is true enough that these martyrs were burnt at Oxford, but in what sense is it true that Oxford, that is to say, the University of Oxford, burnt them?

But this fondness for exaggerated contrasts peeps out everywhere. If a man is to be shown as virtuous, his mother, by way of contrast, is "the "most abandoned of women;" if Wharton is the truest of Whigs, he is "in all other relations the falsest of mankind;" if Harley is made an object of interest by circumstances, he is in himself of all men the least interesting. Every accomplished man is the most accomplished man in Europe; every rascal the most rascally of mankind. Porter is "destitute of all re- "ligious, and of all political principle;" a rake and a coxcomb, who drinks, swears, tells extravagant lies, has been convicted of manslaughter, and suspected of deeds far worse. So far so good, but then we are told that Goodman is a knave "more abandoned than "Porter," and then that Parkyns "bears, indeed, a much fairer cha- "racter, but is in one respect more "culpable than either." Arvaux is a man totally destitute of all moral sense. He sometimes "recommends "wickedness so horrible, that even "wicked men stand aghast at it." Of course this habit is now and then made subservient to party purposes. Another critic has pointed out how a Tory "skulks" where a Whig "seeks a place "of concealment," how a Tory scrambles down the hill which a Whig would have descended in a more decorous manner. "The most virulent of Whigs," on changing his politics, becomes only "one of the most virulent "of Tories." Sometimes this Boythornism, this desire of putting a case as strongly as possible, hurries him into paradox. The Master of Stair was a "very good-natured man," "a man "of large views," "a lover of law and "of order;" he was not likely to gain anything by the destruction of the Macdonalds; he had no personal reason to wish them ill; "yet he hated "them with a hatred as fierce and im- "placable as if they had laid waste his "fields, burned his mansion, murdered "his child in the cradle." Again, the Quakers are not more than a fiftieth part of the Protestant population of Ireland; their wealth is not more than a fiftieth part of the Protestant wealth; moreover, they are peculiarly favoured by the powers that be; yet their losses from the Rapparees, during a short season, amount to £100,000. Mr. Macaulay evidently wishes to make the impression, without absolutely committing himself to the statement, that the total loss of the Protestant population of Ireland, during these troubles, reached considerably more than £5,000,000; obviously a sheer impossibility. This mode of dealing with things reminds one of a well-known story of the Duke of Wellington. He observed that in India the musk-rats often caused great annoyance by creeping in and out of bottles, and leaving a strong odour behind them. "I suppose," said a lady, "the rats were very small, or else the bottles were very large." "On the contrary, Madam, the bottles were very small, and the rats were very large."

Another peculiarity of his style is the habit of using the names of individual things, members of a class, instead of the names of classes. For "any "Roman emperor," he will specify "Commodus or Aurelian;" for "a mi- "nistry in the time of the Georges," he will say, "the ministry of Pelham." So far this is very good; indeed, it is the chief element of the life and freshness of his style; it clenches in our minds what he has to say; for all men shun the abstract and love the concrete. But there is a danger of carrying this habit too far; there are things which cannot be expressed concretely; there are ideas the main force of which lies in some mental principle which can only be described very inadequately,

if at all, by any picture of its sensible results and concomitants. If William longs to revisit Holland, it may be correct to say, that he sighed for the "straight canals, the trim gardens, the "painted villas, the storks' nests among "the chimneys," &c.; but surely it scarcely helps you to understand why the man loved his country, and what he loved in it. But when we find Puritanism described, more than once, as consisting in "Geneva bands, heads "of lank hair, upturned eyes, nasal "psalmody, and sermons three hours "long," we are disposed to believe that such descriptions are not only not useful, but absolutely and utterly false, as distracting our attention from the real meaning of Puritanism to the ludicrous circumstances connected with it in the popular mind.

Moreover, before I go into the deeper question which this last instance suggests, I have something to say against Mr. Macaulay's pictures both of scenes and men. I find very little in his descriptions of scenery which seems to indicate any true and loving appreciation of nature, or sympathy with her multiformity and depth. He deals with her, I must confess, much as a sign-painter does. None of his descriptions bring a picture before you; for none of them are drawn from any picture in his own mind; they are compiled of the various items proper to the scene which he has gleaned in the course of his multifarious reading. If he has to paint a procession, he gives you garter king-at-arms, the ushers and the beef-eaters; you miss nothing, except just that artistic power which would have helped you to see these things as they were, and imagine for yourself half of what he has so carefully particularized. Just so in his Kerry landscape; there is the arbutus and the myrtle; there are the winding bays and the lakes; there is all, and yet not all. The most elaborate piece of painting in these volumes is that of the scene of the Glencoe massacre, (iv. p. 191) where he has done all that selected words can do to bring a scene of gloom and desolation before his reader; and even here you are painfully conscious that he is "not the magician."

When he deals with characters it is in the same way; he is led wrong both by a tendency to dwell on all sorts of striking contrasts and ludicrous inconsistencies, and by his very faulty prejudgments. Your old historians of the Hume school treated a man simply as a bundle of attributes; Mr. Macaulay sees at once what are the salient points in a character, and ignores all those softer and less conspicuous elements, which go so far to counteract the effect of the "ruling passion." You will see what I mean when I come to speak more especially of Marlborough; I shall not go further at present, for I feel that I am out of my depth in treating of this question before I have carefully analysed what I consider to be the fundamental vice of Mr. Macaulay's intellect.

Faith in the unseen, what is life without it? And yet our writers, our historians, our directors of the public mind, are only now, after these modern ages have set in, beginning to feel that there is such a thing; they have been so dazzled by the things which are seen, by the wonders and glories of modern civilization, that they have forgotten that all these things are temporal, mere phenomena; while the realities are those things which are not seen, which are eternal. And so, with all the appliances of mechanical and social progress, in spite of 1800 years of Christian teaching, your Robertsons and Gibbons and Macaulays do not know as much as Plato; do not know as much as St. Clement or St. Bernard, about man and God, about the life which now is, and the life which is to come.

It is only the lower part of our nature, the more earthly of our desires, that Mr. Macaulay deals with or can understand. All the higher part; all

that connects itself directly with heaven;—the inspiration that is in every man, the divinity of every man's soul, the voice of God that speaks, loudly or lowly, in every man, and in some men louder than any thunder—all this he ignores. A prophet has no interest for him; he would rather go forth to see a reed shaken by the wind; much rather, a man clothed in soft raiment. And if the prophet come in his way, he will see only the garment of camels' hair and the meal of locusts, and nothing of the Spirit of God that is in him. Look at George Fox. He is worth your looking at, for he is a *reality*, born into a world of shams. He goes about from false prophet to false prophet, seeking help and finding none. Smooth things are prophesied unto him; lies and shams he knows them all to be. Yet there *is* truth. It will surely be revealed to him: is not he, too, a son of the Highest? so these unutterable longings and aspirations for truth and light drive this man to do this significant thing. He makes himself a suit of leather clothing which will not wear out: he goes into the woods; he feeds on roots and berries; he holds discourse with no man; he prays only, and cries, and agonizes, till light come; till God reveal Himself, and speak distinctly to his soul. He knows He will so speak, though he knows not how. And does He not speak? Is not that message which he carries from the solitude into the city —carries to ungodly priests and ignorant people, carries to grim old Oliver and to every town and village in England, the good news that there is a well-spring of inspiration in every heart, a Light that lighteth every man, high and low, learned and ignorant; that God's own Spirit is speaking in the heart and conscience of all; that whosoever shall restrict the inspiration of that Spirit to a particular book, to a particular caste or craft, is fighting for a delusion and a lie;—*is* not *that* a message worth living years in the woods to learn and teach to men? To me this man and his whole doings seem something sacred and reverend, not to be spoken of lightly, not to be laughed at, more than you would laugh at the written Oracles of God. But it is not so with Mr. Macaulay; he takes him up and sets him before you expressly to raise a laugh at him; at his uncouth phraseology and long wandering sentences, at his whims and crotchets, at his extraordinary habits and peregrinations; but above all, at the leather breeches. He had better have left Fox alone; he belonged to an age previous to that of which this is the history, but he forces his caricature upon us as if to provoke a comparison between it and the opinion of a man in whom Mr. Macaulay ought to recognize an infinitely truer and deeper soul than his own;—I mean Thomas Carlyle. Unhappily, in this age at least, these volumes of Mr. Macaulay will be read by many who have never read "Sartor Resartus," or it would have been needless to dwell upon this point at all.

Mr. Macaulay's further remarks on Quakerism are worth looking at, as an illustration of his style of dealing with the questions that circle round faith and reverence. He has shown what a mere madman the founder of the Quakers was; indistinguishable from Ludowick Muggleton or Joanna Southcote; he then admits that even among the earliest Quakers were men of great mental power as well as courtiers and gentlemen. Unfortunately, instead of leaving the case as a paradox, as is his wont, he treats it as a dilemma, and attempts to extricate himself from it. He says, and says it with the air of a man who has discovered something profound, that the wisest and greatest of men are not much better able than the meanest to investigate religious truth, that "in theology the interval "is small between Aristotle and a little "child." Why so cautious? Has he not learned long ago from his Bible

and from all he has seen of human nature, that the advantage is very decidedly on the side of the little child, that unless Aristotle can divest himself of his theorizing and his systematizing and pride of intellect, and come to the search for truth humbly and patiently, "as a little child," it will be for ever hidden from him? When Mr. Macaulay finds this out, he will know that Penn and Barclay were wiser than he, that there was something in George Fox which they saw and reverenced, and which he, looking at, but not seeing, can only mock and grin at.

But he has no sympathy with any struggles for a clearer belief, no consciousness, so far as I can see, of the necessity of belief at all. His own belief in God and His Providence is a mere acquiescence in the use of the words; his belief in human nature is limited as closely as may be, embracing only William III. and his devoted partizans; and all that he can be said to believe in besides is resolvable into two heads;—the art of writing well, and the nineteenth century.

For the first; every one must have noticed the strength and the frequency of Mr. Macaulay's bursts of indignation against some unhappy poetaster, or tedious, slipshod writer of prose. Mr. Macaulay himself has written from earliest youth (witness "Knight's "Quarterly Magazine") with fluency, vigour, and freshness, both in prose and verse, which have seldom been surpassed; naturally, though unconsciously, he is on that account the more severe upon all who have not the same facility. The truth is, that Mr. Macaulay, though a legislator and a politician, prides himself not so much on these things, not so much on his especial merit as historian or poet, as on belonging to the guild of literary men. How strong is this *esprit de corps*, how much of his sympathy is with literature (using the word in its widest sense), these volumes sufficiently attest; they find him making constant use of the written memorials of the period;—the plays, farces, satires, and sermons; and seeking for a ray of illustration, for a fresh circumstance to heighten the piquancy of the narrative, in regions quite beyond these legitimate bounds, in scurrilous fly-leaves, in the transactions of Merry-Andrew booths, in mere temporary street ballads; as if some Macaulay of the future, perhaps the identical New-Zealander, whose acquaintance we made, prospectively, in the Essay on Ranke, should compile the history of these days not merely from our friend *Punch*, but from the play-books of the "penny "gaffs" or the ballads pattered about Ratcliffe Highway. Observe, I am far from restricting the historian to those materials to which Professor Dryasdust has for a long time confined himself; the State Papers, the Cottonian and Harleian MSS., Clarendon and Burnet; nothing is too common for him; all notion of the "dignity of history" is, one hopes, by this time exploded. But, considering what a sink of infamy and mendacity the lowest literature of that age was, one feels doubtful in admitting as facts many things which Mr. Macaulay has raked up from thence. Literature, like the oak in the Georgics:

> "Quantum vertice ad auras
> Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit:"

and Mr. Macaulay seems to sympathize with the lowest fibres of the root, as well as with the topmost branches; he welcomes *collaborateurs* as well in Aphra Behn as in Temple and Dryden. But he never spares doggrel; he seldom uses the matter of any of these trashy scribblers without an angry growl at the manner. He is still more indignant if a lord or a statesman or a bishop publishes mediocre verses, if any one who could do anything else well does this poorly; he resents it like an intrusion into his own province, resents it as William resented the interference of a churchman in military matters. Sprat and Charles Montague perhaps

are fair game, but why attack Harley, who has never been set up by himself or any one else as an English classic? He is always tearing men for their bad verses. Truly, it is a grievous sin, and one for which the law, one sometimes thinks, ought to provide a remedy; but there are many worse sins to which Mr. Macaulay is very lenient. The virtues of a bad writer, like works done before grace, partake of the nature of sin; they are worse vices (in his eyes) than even the vices of a good writer. One cannot help feeling that George Fox's wretched style has a great deal to do with the depreciation of George Fox's life and mission. Anthony Hamilton relates the scurrilous chronicles of the vicious court of Charles in a book revolting for its frivolity, for its utter disbelief in female virtue and manly honesty; yet this is nothing to Mr. Macaulay, for it is "of all books "the most exquisitely French" in manner and style, that ever was written. Blount was an atheist and a blasphemer, and died by his own act; yet people, in recollecting this, *will* forget that he rendered, though not by his own act, a great service to literature in bringing about the liberty of the press. Surely there is no praise due but to John Milton. One is reminded of that extraordinary argument in favour of the Jews brought forward by Disraeli, in his Life of Lord George Bentinck. In one of the Essays, we have, in the same spirit, a sigh for the "eloquence and logical acuteness" which might have made John Wesley eminent in literature, but which, unfortunately, he wasted in reclaiming the middle and lower classes of England from a moral darkness worse than death.

And yet Mr. Macaulay, sparing in his judgment of few men, is often more than ordinarily unmerciful toward the great names of our literature. It seems as if he thought that a man acknowledged a great poet or a great philosopher is by that very acknowledgment raised so high that he can afford to have his moral qualities depreciated to any extent. Mr. Macaulay seldom conceives of a man as a harmonious whole; he denies *in toto* the existence of a necessary connection between genius and virtue. He cannot be right here: Bacon cannot be the meanest as well as the wisest of mankind. True, that genius has its great temptations; that the complacency of the theorist easily slides into self-esteem and vain-glory; that "the pas-"sionate heart of the poet is whirled "into folly and vice;" but, as a rule, I fearlessly lay down that men of genius have been, and generally must be, good men. For mark what this genius is;—the common sense of mankind acknowledges, the consciousness of its possessor tells him (and has told him from earliest ages), that it is Inspiration; that it is something which does not grow up in his own mind, no fictitious Muse, "formed or fabled at the "minstrel's will;" but something breathed into him by a higher Power, a living external Power: what but (I speak with all reverence) the very Spirit of God himself. And surely if that highest Inspiration was only consistent with a pure moral atmosphere; if Peter and Paul knew more than others only in proportion as they were better men, we shall find the same law to hold with those also who in our day have had messages from God for us. That intuitive-seeming perception of truth which great men, such as Plato and Shakespeare, certainly have, must it not lift them in all ways nearer to Him whose essence is Truth? Therefore, when I look at a man like Bacon, I acknowledge to myself at once that his crime, bad as it was, was not of the essence of his character more than the adultery of David or the perjury of Abraham; and I am very cautious lest it should lead me to judge wrongly of the whole man. Not so Mr. Macaulay; he delights in representing Marlborough (by a double exaggeration, or

rather a double misuse of terms) as the "wisest and wickedest of men;" with all his belief in Dryden as a poet, he has no belief in Dryden as a man: we all know his opinion of Pope; and, to come still nearer to the point, we have all wondered at the shallowness with which he has treated this very subject in the Essay on Bacon.

I mentioned as another article of Mr. Macaulay's reverence, the present age: I should have spoken with some restriction. What he admires in the nineteenth century is *not* the sudden awakening of men's minds, the renewal of their early love of nature and simplicity, the signs of a healthier and truer spirit which are patent everywhere, the craving for the good time coming, when faith shall be joined with knowledge, and they shall reign together, for the happy chimes that "ring "in the Christ that is to be;" he knows nothing of this, nothing either of that dark undercurrent of misery and social degradation which many of us see so vividly now,—see, as I firmly believe, only by the dawning light of that happier time to come. No: if one wants proof that Mr. Macaulay does not understand the true strength of this present age, very startling evidence is afforded by a passage in his thirteenth chapter; wherein he contrasts the feelings of those who viewed Highland scenery a hundred years ago with the feelings of those who view it now. The *fact* of the difference is obvious enough; one would have thought the *cause* of it equally obvious. The travellers of that day, it seems, think and speak of Highland scenery as something dreadful and gloomy, and not comparable with the pleasant meadows and gardens of Holland. Surely Oliver Goldsmith had sensibilities equal to the "crowd of "shopmen and milliners" who now-a-days fall into ecstasies about Ben Lomond and the Trossachs. Here must be the reason:—the roads are so much better than they used to be; there is no danger of falling down a precipice and breaking your neck. I'faith, a most excellent reason, and a new motive to "lift up your hands and bless General "Wade!" Why did not Mr. Macaulay's constituents send him a copy of Ruskin's "Edinburgh Lectures?" He would there have found traced for him, if he could not trace it for himself, the gradual awakening of men's minds, at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, to truer perceptions of the beauty of nature, and especially of the sublimity and significance of rugged and rocky scenery; and instead of sneering at the shopmen and milliners of the day, he would have thanked God that they had so pure and deep a source of happiness opened to them.

But Mr. Macaulay *does* admire something in this age. He admires progress; that material progress which has widened the streets of Inverness, and raised the buildings on College Green, which has "lighted up the night with "the splendour of the day; which has "accelerated motion, which has anni-"hilated distance; which has facili-"tated intercourse, correspondence, all "friendly offices, all despatch of busi-"ness; which has enabled man to de-"scend to the depths of the sea, to "soar into the air, to penetrate se-"curely into the noxious recesses of "the earth, to traverse the land in cars "which whirl along without horses, "and the ocean in ships which run ten "knots an hour against the wind." He delights in comparing the past with the present, in showing how what once was of mud is now of marble; how security reigns where footpads roved; how enlightened are these ages: how dark were those. For he has no sympathy with the grand simplicity of the mediæval times; he calls it shallow ignorance: he finds fault with the Church Latin, the Latin of the "Dies "iræ" and the "Te Deum," as a language in the last stage of decay: he is loud and constant in his condemnation of the original constitution of the English Church, of whatever modes of

thought, whatever institutions modern civilization and enlightened Whigdom have swept away.

There remains the third article of Mr. Macaulay's creed,—the personal grandeur of William's character, and the utter villainy of all who hesitated to give him a full support. It is refreshing to meet with a man whom Mr. Macaulay loves,—loves, as far as I can judge, very sincerely; it is most interesting (if we can fully surrender ourselves for the time to his views) to trace with him the contest between these two giants,—the embodied principles of good and evil, Ormuzd and Ahriman; William, with his active and comprehensive mind, ever scheming, not for personal power, but for the liberty and happiness of the nation entrusted to him and for the establishment and propagation of the Good Cause in Europe; James, the most bigoted and narrow-minded of mortals, scowling in the impotence of selfish hate at those whom he cannot injure, so great a power restrains him. It is a fine picture: on the whole, a true one. I like to think of that puny, asthmatic man, pale and thin, yet with such decision in his face, such energy in his action; the pride of his own, the defence of his adopted country; so loved at Amsterdam, so hated at Paris, so feared at Rome: I like to think of him, especially in battle, at the Boyne or at Namur, when the true nobility of his soul flashed out from the dulness, when he was all fire, all life, full of encouragement for all, sparing all but himself. At such times the man was himself; for a man is himself when he is noblest; but in the council-chamber and the palace he was far different. It stands recorded against him, spite of all that can be said for him, that he was peevish and morose, even to his wife who loved him so: that he was not consistently faithful to his marriage tie; that he had not the "genius to "be loved" by his people; that he never fairly made the effort; and that, great as he was, as statesman and warrior, he was not great as an English King. It is a mark of your greatest, your Elizabeths, and Cromwells, and Napoleons, that somehow, being loved by all who come near them, they impart their spirit,—their energy, their conscientiousness in doing their work well, their love for their people—to all who surround them, to all their subordinates and servants, so that the work of every post is done well; mal-administration is a thing unheard of; the country flourishes in every way. Perhaps there is a war languishing on without vigour, a spiritless, lifeless thing; a Chatham comes somehow to the head of affairs, and forthwith every admiral and general feels that he must do something great,—and does it. It may be Arnold in a school, or Williams in a beleaguered fortress: your really great man's presence always works thus. But there was little of this about William III.; circumstances were very much against him, truly; there was a great bar between him and English hearts; yet I cannot help thinking that, had he been a man of the very first order, he would have raised up from the great aggregate of honest and healthy English feeling, efficient and enthusiastic servants, who would have brought energy like his to bear on home affairs, and would have made his reign in many respects a much more glorious one for England. Not one of his servants caught his spirit; not one faithfully and earnestly helped him to carry out his views. The Glencoe affair, from first to last, proves that the king was far too easy about home affairs; and there was undoubtedly a very general mal-administration in nearly every department of state, very tardily and inefficiently checked.

The unpardonable sin, in Mr. Macaulay's eyes, is not mal-administration or carelessness, but correspondence with St. Germains. Treason is vile, always; but it is not always easy to say what is treason. For one who has

sworn allegiance to William to hold correspondence with James is base; but let us not forget that all who did so had sworn allegiance to James first. Let us look at a few cases. Penn's has been disposed of. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has shown clearly enough that Mr. Macaulay's prejudices against Penn have led him in several instances to what looks very like wilful perversion of facts. There is Russell; he is visited with natural compunction for having deserted James; he is coward enough to be anxious to be on the safe side, in the event of a counter-revolution: he enters into correspondence with James. But the hour of trial comes; Russell is in command of William's channel-fleet; James has provoked him by that outrageous proclamation of his, for he is sound at core; the French are upon him: the brave heart stirs within him: to an emissary of the tempter, making grandiloquent offers of honours and rewards, he answers, "My solicitude is for the pub-"lic; if I meet the French I will fight "them, though King James should be "on board." He does fight them; gains a glorious victory, and gives the *coup-de-grace* to James's hopes. I cannot find that this man did one single thing, overt or covert, for the advantage of James, and yet Mr. Macaulay repeatedly calls him a villain, and accounts for his brave conduct in the hour of peril by saying that "bad as "he was, he was much under the in-"fluence of two feelings, which, though "they cannot be called virtuous, have "some affinity to virtue;—party spirit "and professional spirit." By their fruits ye shall know them!

Again, take Marlborough, about whom I wish I had space to say more, such injustice, I believe, has been done him. He has taken the oath; but he is not easy in conscience; he is full of contrition when he thinks of that great treason of November, '88; he unburdens his mind to the Jacobites; he receives instructions from James; he is to go over to the enemy with the troops he is commanding in Flanders. The time comes: he does not go over; what more natural? The man shrinks from becoming a double traitor. There is nothing noble in all this truly, but it is natural enough; we are all weak. Yet Mr. Macaulay does not scruple to assert, on no authority but a doubt which crossed James's own mind, that Marlborough was deliberately playing both James and William false, that he had conceived a gigantic plan for dashing them to pieces against one another, and raising himself on their ruins. All the treasons in the world, he says, would not have caused him so much annoyance as the loss of a single half-guinea. And this is the view of Marlborough's character, which Englishmen, proud of his achievements, are expected complacently to receive!

I will not say more. I conceive myself to have shown what I attempted to show;—that Mr. Macaulay is too deficient in reverence, and in that human sympathy which springs from reverence, too showy and too superficial to be considered as a great historian. I do not profess to have given more than a partial criticism of his history; a supplement to what others, better fitted than I, have said, and will say, about it. I have written, not as an historian, nor as a judge, but simply as a student of history, expressing the feelings of my brother students, who are so many of them, dissatisfied with the claim of a book, written in the style and spirit of this to be the History of England.

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

WE believe that we shall be right in describing the feeling of the nation as to the acceptance by Russia of the Austrian proposals as one of doubt, uneasiness, and suspicion. To be summoned to lay down our arms, just at the time when we were becoming habituated to their use, and had nerved ourselves for a long and obstinate struggle; just at the time, moreover, when the tide of success seemed about to set steadily towards us, is in itself a baffling and irritating thing, sufficient to produce lassitude and disgust. After pointing everything in the direction of Russia, after making sacrifices and exertions already sufficient to force from the enemy concessions far greater than can at present be demanded, we are, it seems, to abandon our dockyards, dismantle our ships, disband our troops, and, at the end of the second year of war, to experience a financial pressure, probably scarcely less severe than would be felt at the close of a war long enough to have reduced Russia to the boundaries she occupied last century. Add to this the very reasonable suspicion of the sincerity of our consummate and unscrupulous adversary, and the distrust entertained of the power of British statesmen to cope with Russian diplomatists, and it will be seen that the repugnance of the nation to the prospect of peace is not without reason. The opinions expressed by us last month, as to the necessity of an European pact or federation against the Russian danger, and as to the points of defence to be aimed at by such a federation, remaining the same, it will be understood that the approach of peace, in the present situation, is not regarded by us with unmixed satisfaction. It would be presumptuous, however, amid the uncertainty and anxiety now felt by the best and wisest amongst us, to declare positively either for or against the prospect of peace; and we shall rather seek at present to gain a correct idea of the position in which we now stand; although, in so doing, we shall be necessitated to come to conclusions which to some may appear immature.

Assuming, then, that the object of the war is to give a permanent check to Russian aggression, and that the manner in which this is to be done is, as we formerly intimated, simply by undoing, so far as possible, whatever Russia has been doing from the time when she first commenced her career of foreign conquest, let us inquire how far this has been effected by the war which we are told to consider as virtually at an end. There can be no question but that a large portion of the task we had set before us has been completed: modern warfare can show no example of results of the same magnitude obtained in so marvellously short a time. The integrity of Turkey has been triumphantly vindicated, not less by the arms of the Western nations than by the victorious courage of its own soldiers. The Russian Black Sea fleet, with its twenty millions of money, lies beneath the waves; the Russian strong-hold of the South, with its thirty thousand builders, and its innumerable defenders, has flown upward into dust. The Circassian coast has been delivered from the cordon of Russian forts which girdled it; and is not that enough for Circassia? Sweden has been declared our ally, and her safety is to be secured by the neutralization of the Aland islands. Is not this enough for the North? Many will say that the object of the war has been fully attained; that the *status quo ante bellum* has been regained, and more than regained; that Turkey has been

delivered from all danger of invasion, the Danubian Principalities recovered, Russia demobilized and compelled to sue for peace. That all we have to do, in order to render our success permanent and complete, is to follow up the paths which we have opened to us by the war, to re-organize Turkey, to assign the Principalities to a capable government, and to insist upon certain provisions in our treaty, which are obvious to all the world. All this it is true has been done, or is in our power to do. We are very far from any desire to disparage the achievements of the last two gallant years; but is this enough? We think that there are one or two important points respecting the weakness of Europe, and affecting the happiness of mankind, which have been brought prominently before us during the war, but which are overlooked by the enthusiasts for peace, and assuredly will meet with no provision in the future treaty.

The great point of danger to Europe is the weakness of her centre—Germany. It really is appalling to reflect upon the utter apathy which has been manifested throughout this struggle by the nations that lie most directly in the line of Russian conquest. We have not been made aware by any sign of life from any part of the great German land that there is any such thing as public opinion in Germany. Much less is there the slightest trace of an enlightened Germanizing party,—a party which should strive to make Germany strong and united, whether by incorporating or "mediatizing" some score of the minute patches of sovereignty which parcel out the land, or by any other means; so that something new should grow up in the centre of Europe, side by side with Austria and Prussia, of whom the earth despairs.* Here, then, in this weakness of Germany, is an evil to which the continuance of the war might have brought a remedy, but which at present is untouched: and in this lies a peril to Europe beyond the reach of any such temporary check as that which has been given to Russia in the loss of her fleet and fortress. We have had proof positive of the inertness, the corruption, the Russianization of Germany; we lose, perhaps for ever, by the conclusion of peace, the opportunity for revivifying Germany. The Polish question is to remain in abeyance once more, and it may even now be too late. Russian Poland, abandoned once again, is to submit finally to Russia, to cease the struggle, casting away all hope, and renouncing for ever the idea of a national existence. Yet it is most certain that the reconstitution of Poland is the only means for, the necessary preliminary to, the restoration of Germany to strength and dignity; inasmuch as the reconstitution of Poland is the most immediate thing in the power of the Western nations to effect with regard to Germany, and the impulse must be given from without. Equally certain is it that the restoration of Germany is a vital point to the safety of France and England.

The prospect of peace causes bitter disappointment in Sardinia. That gallant state, when it joined its forces with ours, hoped to advance through

* A private letter from Brussels, published in the letter of "The Times Paris Correspondent, February 18, 1856," boldly suggests this idea of the renovation of Germany primarily by the proposed withdrawal of Austria and Prussia from the Diet. We subjoin an extract:—"We must, above all, occupy ourselves with Germany. Austria must be put out of the Germanic Confederation, in order that she may become less German and more herself, and that she shall, in imitation of the Sultan, think more of her subjects. That Confederation ought to be reorganized in a stronger manner, and composed of only six or seven states exclusively German, which shall absorb the others, and in which the majority shall be binding on the minority. Switzerland should also be joined in it."

many a battle field to the realization of liberty, right order, and prosperity, for which she has ever battled with such temperate courage. It is beyond doubt that Sardinia, which seems to be almost the only state on the Continent possessing wisdom and courage in unison, will eventually succeed in presenting Italy with freedom and good government; but the disappointment is not the less severe that the war should come to a termination without effecting an alteration in the condition of those who groan under the despotisms of central Europe. If Sardinia is our ally, we are connected through her with enslaved Italian and Sclavonic races, whom she, by example and precept, strives to aid. At any rate, as our rulers have, justly and wisely, discountenanced the wild revolutionary efforts which these races have made to free themselves, so now, with unwise ingratitude, we seem about to leave Sardinia as before unassisted in her noble work of restoring them by means of the principles of law and order, after reaping to the utmost the benefits of an alliance with Sardinia. It was wisely done on the part of Austria to send that strenuous remonstrance to Russia, to entreat her to pause in her career before the war assumed the shape of an European revolution. In making peace in the present situation, we leave the old leaven of revolution and violence to work in the midst of Europe; the pathos of all former struggles for liberty counts for nothing with us; the moderate party will be regarded henceforth as false friends, and "Pansclav-"ism" will be in all probability the creed and hopeless hope of the Magyars, Serfs, Roumans, and Italians, who are oppressed beneath the Austrian yoke. We do not exactly mean to lament the establishment of peace because we lose thereby the opportunity of bringing into question Austria, —that most ancient of the tyrannies of Europe that have nurtured schemes of universal dominion. We do wish to express the strongest sympathy for the oppressed races of Europe, and to point out some of the possibilities which we are missing.

Again, we hear that the prospect of peace has been as ill received by Sweden as by Sardinia. Thus, our present course is disapproved by the only two nations into which the progress of hostilities has been able to infuse some vitality. We saw in the Swedish treaty the germ of what we continue to regard as the only means of protecting the North against the designs of Russia, viz. a Scandinavian alliance, to combine the Northern Powers in an attitude of permanent watchfulness against Russia. All this is now to be abandoned; the Swedes are to discontinue their preparations for an active part in the war, happy if they can secure impunity for what they have already done; and the throne of Denmark is to be left to descend peacefully and in all human probability to the family of the Czar.

Throughout the foregoing remarks we have regarded Russia as placed beyond the pale of nations. In the case of any other power we should have considered the humiliation and loss already inflicted as a lesson too severe to be easily forgotten. But Russia has so openly and repeatedly violated all the laws of justice and mercy, her power to do mischief is so unequalled, that we can with difficulty conceive any measures for her coercion as too stern. We question whether, notwithstanding all that has been said and written on the subject, the real extent of the danger to Europe from Russia is understood by those who have the management of affairs. Russia stands in the possession of the conditions necessary to foreign aggression in a more formidable degree than any of the powers of our modern world who have from time to time aimed at universal dominion. She has at once the most absolute centralization, the most decided hereditary tendency, and the

most fanatical population in the world. We are not fighting with an ordinary conqueror, in opposition to an ordinary scheme of domination, such as we have before now frustrated. We have to check the strong instincts of a countless race thronging onwards, southward and westward as if in obedience to a law of nature;—the fierce enthusiasm of a nation of fanatics, eager to fraternize with millions of co-religionists of the same race. To oppose this united idea of conquest and religion we have found no one in our Government really competent. The majority of our representatives are unable to comprehend or believe, that foreign aggression can be the end and object of the policy which nevertheless they are unable to deny has turned Russia into one mighty camp. Others again we find, who have contracted a dangerous habit of playing with the principles which as a free nation we have ever antagonized, who love theory, delight to place themselves under absolute authority, to become amenable to superior will, to cover themselves, like the little Ajax, behind a broader Ægis, and so to find a sphere for the exercise of the dexterity and finesse which generally distinguishes this kind. Such men as these contemplate with admiration the swift, steady, noiseless working of the Russian system, and sympathize freely with the enthusiastic hordes of ignorant serfs which that system propels against the south and centre of Europe. Were they Russian subjects, they would be among the most able and devoted agents of the Czar. Enthusiasm is a very fine thing in itself, but when we know that it is made subservient to the most lawless dreams of spoliation and oppression, it becomes necessary to close the valves of sympathy, and oppose a little counter-enthusiasm on behalf of freedom, justice, and humanity.

Yet though Russia possesses all the conditions for success in foreign aggression which we have just specified, the present war has shown that she is powerless against the West. As far as France and England are immediately concerned, the war has been glorious and decisive beyond parallel. It has been demonstrated by events that the perfect mechanism of the Russian government has worn away the material from which it was constructed. Entire centralization applied to races with the genius of which it is at variance, has to a great extent destroyed the characteristics which rendered these races formidable to the world. In short the attempt to saddle and bridle the enthusiasm of the Russian people by the ruthless and complicated Russian state system, has had the worst result as to their military efficiency. What, for example, has been heard in the present war of the Cossacks, those headlong riders, who seventy years ago poured themselves upon the Tatar squadrons in the Crimea, and in 1812 harassed so cruelly the broken army of Napoleon? They seem almost to have disappeared as a military force; their nomad life, their freedom, has been interfered with by the vast centralizing system which reaches to every quarter of the Czar's dominions.

It is not then with regard to our own material interests that we regret the prospect of peace. We have in two campaigns placed ourselves beyond the power of Russia. We have saved India for a long time to come from the touch of Russian intrigue; we have destroyed the Russian fleet, and opened another sea for our own shipping. And yet it is beyond denial that many will say even in England and France, that the war, if now concluded, is incomplete; that we have spared where we ought to have struck heaviest, and abandoned interests which ultimately affect us as vitally as the points which we now insist upon. The struggle has been rendered memorable by the reconcilement of the noblest foes the world has ever seen opposed. The two nations of the earth who have be-

yond all others been zealous for freedom and social good, have joined arms in order to coerce the great wrong-doers of Europe. Oppressed and struggling populations, whom we, like elder brothers, have chidden and yet sympathized with, have looked to us as their mighty avengers and restorers. And now if we are reproached with having converted a war of principles into one of expediency, what are we to say? What are we to think of a war so splendidly begun, which ends by leaving Russia within easy march of Vienna and Berlin, and which has not succeeded in calling forth the national spirit of Germany, or, in lieu of this, in creating nationalities as barriers to the slavish influences of Russia? We do not modify the map of Europe; we abandon to oppression, with fitful changes of revolution, the heroic races who have striven so often to throw off the yoke of Austria and Russia; those who are one with us in the sentiment of freedom, and who have looked to us, how long! for aid and redress. A month ago the terrible heat of the battle with the giant of fraud and violence was upon our faces, and in our hearts the sternest determination to do such a work as the world never witnessed; and now we are withdrawing from a half-finished contest, ourselves doubtful and remorseful, leaving the cause of freedom only half-asserted, and granting a respite to the foe, that the wounds already inflicted may have time to heal. As far as we are concerned, the world may now return, though with somewhat less of hope than before, to its ancient common of Magyar insurrections and Austrian Concordats.

A FEW WORDS CONCERNING PLATO AND BACON.

IT has passed into a fashion to call the Inductive Philosophy a philosophy of "fruit," by which many understand material results, supposing also that these were the objects proposed to himself by the English founder of that system. But it would be only common justice to Bacon if those who write and speak thus would read carefully and remember the 124th Aphorism, and a passage to the same effect in the 129th Aphorism, of the first Book of the "Novum Organum," in which it will be found that the conveniences of life *(commoda vitæ)* were *not* the end which Bacon set before him; but that his highest aim was that which Plato and the great ancient philosophers sought after, which all really great men *must* seek after, the discovery of truth. Equally too did the ancient and the modern philosopher place before themselves, as an end necessarily connected with and dependent upon the former, the amelioration of the condition of mankind; although undoubtedly they conceived of this amelioration very differently, Plato understanding by it the reformation of each man's own mind, to the neglect of circumstances; whereas Bacon, evidently because these had been too little investigated by his predecessors, turned his attention chiefly to these external influences. Doubtless, also, the results of the two systems differ very widely; and it is upon this that we moderns plume ourselves so much—in my opinion unwisely and unjustly. It would be well if we could rate those results at the value which Bacon sets upon them, deeming it the highest praise of Utility that it is identical with Truth, not valuing and honouring these material products in and for themselves. I am indignant to see men in this age, which calls itself so enlightened and moral, writing as if Bacon—an intellect such

as all time can scarcely parallel, cannot surpass—would have regarded the electric telegraph or the steam-engine as the noblest production of the human mind: for I cannot think that any transcendent genius, in its essence so spiritual, can be satisfied with any mere material results, however magnificent and wonderful. Alas, we all know, by too bitter experience, that the marvels of science, as we take such pride and pleasure in calling them, cannot of themselves regenerate the earth; how much they can do in the great work we can at present only roughly guess: but this we already certainly know, that despite of the advance of civilization, the old vices and defects still cling to man's nature; that while railroads are laid down, while our fleet sinks the ships of the enemy by the very terror of its superhuman might, while our commerce flows on as prosperously in a great war as in peace; yet, despite of all this greatness and prosperity, huge masses of unutterable misery and degradation are gathering in the midst of our vast and wealthy cities; while in the middle classes the love of money, that root of all evil, deadens the affections and blunts the taste, and among the highest ranks the social lies that warp us from the truth, are fixed so firmly, that, did we not know that whatsoever is a lie must perish, we could scarcely hope to see them ever unseated from their ancient throne of fashion. Happily we know all this, and are seeking for the remedy. We are providing, however slowly and inadequately, for the housing of the homeless; we are founding here and there establishments for the reclamation of those offenders against the law who are too young to be yet hardened in crime; we are sending forth a few missionaries among the worse than heathen of our own countrymen. And not only that, we are moving towards the right goal by another path, we are turning more and more to Art; we are fostering more and more poetry, painting, music, architecture; we are learning that, with all our boasting and the boasting of the last few generations, our safety lies in imitating in much that Past which they and we have too much despised and neglected; in imitating it so far as we are as yet able, for in some things we are almost hopelessly behind it. And it is this perception of the insufficiency of science unassisted, that confirms in me that confidence in the present age which its scientific greatness commenced. If I still believe that, despite of all its sins and short-comings, this nineteenth century is yet an age of progress,—of real, moral, intellectual progress,—it is because it has produced, not only great engineers and great astronomers, but great poets also, great painters, great exponents of art; because Wordsworth and Turner are still remembered as living; Tennyson, Hunt, and Ruskin are our contemporaries. Yet it is the fashion among very many to speak of the present as a practical age, an age of facts, in which imagination lies dead or dying, while art is neglected or cultivated feebly and unsuccessfully. They are constantly complaining that we have no Phidias, no Raphael, no Milton, in short, no great men of any kind—strange conjunction, great age and little men; they call us a knowing, not a seeing, generation; nay, far lower than this, a machine-making, money-getting generation of commerce and manufacture. And these are the very men who look for the earth soon to recover its pristine innocence; as if they fancied that the Garden of Eden had been a region of steam and smoke, and noise and confusion. They delight to contrast the present with past ages, with the Mediæval times, with the times of Greece and Rome. They delight to contrast former with present knowledge and power; the old philosophy with the new, deriding the futility of the one and singing the triumph of the other. Some of them

even do not scruple to extol the founder of the new above the great teacher of the old; forgetting, or having never learned, that there are ties which join the good and great of all ages and all countries; that an ancient Greek and a modern Englishman, searching after truth, thereby to benefit the human race, must have far more in common than can be nullified by any difference, or even opposition, in the details of their methods; diversity which can be satisfactorily accounted for by difference of time, of race, and of situation. Let us then set Plato and Bacon side by side in the first rank of great and noble men, attending more to their agreement than their difference; united as they are by the grand bond that both unceasingly strove to expose and uproot the vain imaginations of men,—the Phantasms of the one, the Idols of the other,—and to discover for themselves and teach their brethren that Truth, which the modern, borrowing the language of the ancient, calls the Ideas of the mind of God; both being assured, also, that in this way alone they could attain their collateral aim, the improvement of the condition of mankind.

FEAR.

STAMP'D deep on all the universe,
Lies dread that never can be told;
The working of the primal curse
That blasted Paradise of old;

That spread the bare brown desert sands,
That arm'd the beasts against their lord;
That sow'd the poisons through the lands,
And beat bright steel into the sword.

It is not grounded fear of ill,
But some vague instinct, undefined;
Yet such as makes the pulse stand still,
The fancy cow'd, the reason blind.

It comes alike by night and day,
In drear grey dawn, in evening gloom;
It swoops upon the crowded way,
It steals into the household room.

It peals in startling thunder-claps,
It flashes in the lightning's glare;
It floats from heaven with silent lapse
O'er lawn and forest green and fair.

It broods on mountains bleak and lone;
The sea with it mysterious heaves;
It waves with waving branches blown,
It nestles in the noiseless leaves.

And wailing 'mong the village graves,
And howling o'er the treeless moor,
And piling up mid-ocean waves,
And shrieking at the straining door,

With sudden blast, with long, strong sweep,
With almost human cries and moans,
The wind, that scarce a day can sleep,
Speaks terror in a thousand tones.

Terror,—not awe, that is the seal
By God upon His creatures set,
That man through all the world may feel
The hand he would so fain forget.

For fallen, a shadow of his power,
He trembles in his own domain;
No more in his imperial hour,
His empire is a rule of pain:

With pain, he yet subdues the earth,
Subjects the beasts and elements;
With glimpses of his godlike worth,
Yet half in bondage to events.

He knows the greatness of the soul,
Yet sometimes feels the world more great;
The stars with such cold grandeur roll,
He dares not claim his own estate.

For, living most in low content,
His birthright high above his sight,
At times, behold the darkness rent,
Pierced by a keen, disturbing light:

Which, leaving heaven all pure and clear,
Yet falls on things of poorest worth,—
Sordid desire, ignoble fear,
Thoughts ever pointing to the earth.

On these vile things the ray breaks in;—
Ambition, beauty, friendship, fame;—
Purges each corner dark with sin,
But lays all bare its hidden shame.

And man stands trembling in the light,
The world so great, himself so mean;
Self-scorn and misery and affright
Where proud content so late had been.

And most of all Love clears the eye
To see what lay before conceal'd;
And when men love, the mystery
Of fear is more and more reveal'd.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

CARLYLE.*

Chap. 1.—*His "I Believe."*

PERHAPS it is well to advertise at once, that the following pages are written by one who "believes" in Carlyle. This is for the benefit of the reader, who is invited thereby to skip or to read. (I would rather you read if you please!) For the sake of the writer, let it be added, that he has heard of the old saying, "Amicus Plato, ami-"cior verita-," and thinks it one worthy to be followed.

This being said, it will be understood that I do not in this Essay propose to act schoolmaster to Carlyle, look over his exercises, admonish him, run my pen through his blunders, and administer the ferule; no! that would be folly, and worse; nor, on the other hand, need I drug my intellect, but rather keep it wide awake as possible, and approaching reverently this great mind, (it will be found dwelling in no dark cavern, but in a temple of light!) look well into it, and mark what it is, and what it has done. In fact, I have already done this as well as I can, and now hasten to give my results to any friendly reader, who can believe that so wonderful a genie, or any part of him worth looking at, can be got into a little casket like this of a Magazine article, or into two such—they are little to be sure, but they gave the fisherman some trouble to haul up from out the vasty pool—and I hope that we may both discover the truth; may together understand what is the true character of Carlyle's mind, as manifested in his seventeen or eighteen volumes of original writing; and may, in some imperfect manner, measure the nature and worth of the services he has done to our generation.

I intend, on this occasion, to introduce the reader to Carlyle—is it their first meeting, or not their first?—by some words of his, which once did the like office for another young Englishman. The incident to be spoken of is a trivial one, important chiefly to one

* The editions I refer to are, The Miscellanies, 3rd edition; Past and Present, 2nd edition; Sartor, 3rd edition; Cromwell, 3rd edition; French Revolution, 3rd edition; Hero Worship, 3rd edition; and of other works the 1st edition.

person only; yet let it not be scorned; for, great or little, it is a true event in human history, helping to make up the sum total of good and evil now in the world; and besides, it is useful for our present purpose. A year or two ago, then, early one morning, at Cambridge, the young Englishman, an undergraduate, "all in his gown so blue," strolled into a friend's rooms at College; found him gone out; but on the table lay a book, Heroes and Hero Worship! He opened it and read as follows: "It is well said, in every "sense, that a man's Religion is the "chief fact with regard to him. A "man's, or a nation of men's. By re- "ligion I do not mean here the church- "creed which he professes, the articles "of faith which he will sign, and in "words or otherwise, assert; not this "wholly, in many cases not this at all. "We see men of all kinds of professed "creeds attain to almost all degrees of "worth or worthlessness under each "or any of them. This is not what I "call religion, this profession and as- "sertion; which is often only a pro- "fession and assertion from the out- "works of the man, from the mere ar- "gumentative region of him, if even so "deep as that. But the thing a man "does practically believe, (and this is "often enough *without* asserting it even "to himself, much less to others,) the "thing a man does practically lay to "heart, and know for certain, concern- "ing his vital relations to this Uni- "verse, and his duty and destiny there, "that is, in all cases, the primary thing "for him, and creatively determines all "the rest. This is his religion." (p. 3.)

These few sentences made a deep impression on our friend; they set him reading Carlyle in deep earnest, and have kept him doing so;—and now not content with reading, he must needs be writing too! But, forgetting him and his destinies, let us, you and I, reader, ponder these words, for they furnish a fit starting point for our present enterprise. They are true words, and profoundly true; at once a help and a warning for our judgment of all human work and character, but especially a clue to discover what we desire to learn respecting him who wrote these very words out of his own heart. The drawback is, that we are hereby compelled to enter into subjects, which, though constrained to think of secretly, much and often, one would willingly have avoided talking or writing about at all, especially in the slight thing called Periodical Literature, whose office (so says an exigeant public that knows how to hiss and to clap, to give and withhold hard cash,) is to talk lively, tell pleasant stories, pirouette gaily over the surface of things in general, and, in one word, amuse. However, in no other way could our purpose be satisfactorily even attempted; and, though to publish views about the Universe be not wise, yet the views set forth shall not be so much mine as Carlyle's.

The question, then, must be put and answered, What is Carlyle's Religion? what is his chief belief respecting the Universe? Know then, reader, the true answer to be this, That there is an Eternal living God, who owns and rules the world. Strange that this belief should be predicated as characteristic of Carlyle! for it would seem to be the necessary faith of all reasonable men, and so in truth partially it is and must be; yet, in no other writer of this generation, who has dealt with things called Secular, that is, with the breadth and entireness and everyday and all-day of human life, and not the Sunday section of it only, is this thought, I think, so sure, so abiding, so paramount. But perhaps, (perhaps? —no doubt) some think it strange to be said of Carlyle at all. For the old sacred names he uses rarely, and talks much of nature, the gods, the destinies, the eternities and immensities, and other heathen or fanciful things. Nevertheless, any reader who cares to know, soon finds out all such phrases,

even in the latter works, where they become rather offensively frequent, to be mere mannerisms of the writer, and discovers the true faith they invariably signify. For neither Carlyle, nor any man, is to be interpreted by his words only, like an act of Parliament; words being at the best a feeble and imperfect exponent of thought. The essence of all words and acts is their spirit, which can be fully discerned only by one who has some sympathy for the speaker or doer, most of all when the speaker is one so fond of symbolism and ambuscading humour, so careless of the vulgar intelligence, as Carlyle. In his works, the animating spirit (especially if you take him by sentences) is often veiled in fantastic clouds, but it is always there and always one; and now and then it gleams forth a ray of pure light, recognisable by all as solemn, beautiful, *true*, and for some illuminating a whole world of thought from east even to west.

It is often said that Carlyle believes in a great overruling Power, but not in a Personal Deity. But this notion of the poor public arises, partly because he avoids all discussion of religion as stated in formal propositions, regarding it as a living truth, which can be discovered, not by logic, but only by spiritual insight; he therefore never tries to prove the existence of Deity, but always takes it for granted, as the foundation of all thought, and of the thinking power; and partly it arises, because he adopts phraseology different from the common, sometimes out of mere waywardness or the force of habit, but more often from the impulse of genius, to choose its own form of expression; and the deep conviction, that truths, even the greatest, dressed in their old uniforms are for the most part disregarded as every-day presences, not worth thinking about, or only at appointed times, church levees and the like, when they strut and bustle about officially. Yet, for all this, he is sometimes the simplest of the simple in phrase, uttering the greatest truths, just like his friend Mahomet, "There "is but one God,—God is great!" It would be well for our scribes and pharisees to know that.

But to go a little deeper into this question of words. It appears, on reflection, that, as man, to express worthily the nature or operation of things below him, has to invest them for the while with qualities only belonging to himself, so he must also express his notions of that which is above him, which is infinite and properly unspeakable, in symbols of the highest human attributes; he therefore calls God a Person, because spiritual personality is the chief attribute of human nature, a something we know not what, but infinite, unchanging, indefeasible, eternal. He cannot mean to define the form of God, (forgive the thought!) because He is a Spirit, and no man hath seen Him at any time, and form is always changeable, mortal, even the most stable heaven continually changing its aspect, and the human form, the highest we know, dissolving into dust. He must mean only this, that God is a Being, Whose nature is spiritual, comprehending and transcending the spirit of men; Who is the eternal Father. One must symbolise after all; every word in this sentence is a human symbolism. We are tied down to the earth and cannot escape.

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are;
I feel, He laid the fetter: let it lie!

Such we may most positively assert, is the meaning and devout conviction of Carlyle, to be observed, I have said, everywhere penetrating and guiding his thought. For his own exposition of such Divinity I would recommend the Essays on German Literature, Diderot, and Voltaire, in the Miscellanies. As for the charge of Pantheism, which unthinking persons, who love to condemn rather than to open their eyes and learn, often bring against Carlyle, little need be said; for the notion of Pantheism, so far as it means anything

more than the omnipresence of divine power, is utterly repugnant to Carlyle's Theory of the Universe, which is one of Order, Subordination, above all of Unity. Indeed, I never can understand what is meant by the word Pantheism; unless it be the notion that every thing and every man is perfect divinity, and that every creature is to have his own will done in the world; a theory which is sufficiently contradicted by every one's experience, and explicitly and emphatically denied by ordinary Christian teaching and Carlyle. If the reader has not already discovered this, let him try and accept it for a fact, at least for the present; and know that Carlyle means what he says when he declares he does not believe in an *absentee* God sitting outside the world and seeing it go, and that in a Sovereign Ruler ever with us he does believe; it will, I think, explain all his other doctrines, some of which are too often utterly misunderstood.

For, filled with this belief, Carlyle has looked forth upon the world, the wide wide world, and he finds it sacred, divine, full of infinite wonder, mysterious beauty and terror. The least thing that exists, is it not His work, His? the greatest of all, man and his doings, what are not they? Things for ever unspeakable, of which one dare scarcely think without bended knee. The body of man is a temple, wherein the holy of holies dwells; "a "person is ever sacred to us," "we "touch heaven when we touch the "body of man;" so he loves to quote from his favourite Novalis. And a still holier mystery is the soul of man, it is a ray of God himself. Again, the history of men is but a record of divine deeds; not the history of the Jews only is so, but the history of England, and all history, even the year 1856 being counted in Heaven's calendar. And so also every stroke of genuine human work is to him worthy of deep reverence; even work of the commonest, sorriest kind; that of the housemaid, who, this morning, on her knees, scrubbed clean our neighbour's doorstep or our own; and so on, up to the ministry of a true High Priest, or the faithful life-work of a righteous King. To *him* all this is sacred; may it be to us too! Again, Carlyle perpetually strives to bring to our remembrance this vital truth, that all things are under the dominion of divine law, and not least, the thoughts and doings of men. Man is no landlord here below, but a tenant only, one of the old sort, a frank or free tenant, bound to be his "Lord's man, of life and limb "and earthly worship,"—nay, and of heavenly worship. He is not here to do his own will, but Another's will, which more or less he must therefore do, and, if he leaves it undone, it will be surely done *for* him, that is, *against* him. There is nothing Carlyle asserts more often or more earnestly than "This is the Law, and the eternal laws "must be obeyed!" "My friend," writes he, in the shrill sardonic manner of his Latter-day Pamphlets, "do you "think, had the united Posterity of "Adam voted, and since the Creation "done nothing but vote, that three and "three were seven,—would this have "altered the laws of arithmetic; or put "to the blush the solitary Cocker, who "continued to assert privately that "three and three were six? I consider, "not. And is arithmetic, think you, "a thing more fixed by the Eternal, "than the laws of justice are, and what "the right is of man towards man? "The builder of this world was Wis"dom and Divine Foresight, not Folly "and Chaotic Accident. Eternal Law "is silently present, everywhere and "everywhen." (Parliaments, p. 26.)

"Well, we all know tha ," answers one of the children of this world, "why tell us of it? of course it's true." True indeed it is; but unfortunately that is no reason why it should be believed. And the sin of this time is, that in a degree rarely precedented, men in high places and men in low have in the mat-

ter of truth and justice forgotten that there *is* a law, or only half believe it. Else, why would a writer, not unpopular, (Testis mearum centimanus Gyges Sententiarum!) preface a passage, one of the most impressive and faithful in his works, with such a sentence as this: "That honesty is the best policy, is a "maxim which we firmly believe to be "generally correct," ("generally cor-"rect!" *Good God! are there any exceptions then?*) "even with respect to "the temporal interest of individuals; "but with respect to societies, the rule "is subject to still fewer exceptions;" (there are exceptions, then, it seems?) "and that, for this reason, that the life "of societies is longer than the life of "individuals." (*Macaulay's Essay on Clive.*) Or why, in another essay (*Essay on Von Ranke*), does the same not unpopular author, hint that transubstantiation is a lie, yet tell us that it has a fair chance of immortality in this earth, (which is certainly God's kingdom, or only probably so?) and that the Papacy, though an admitted imposture, "may exist in undiminished vigour, "when some traveller from New Zea-"land, shall, in the midst of a vast soli-"tude, take his stand on a broken arch "of London Bridge to sketch the ruins "of St. Paul's?" A sorry faith is this, the faith only of a Mr. Mistrust; who, we hope will nevertheless, reach Heaven at last, and there, if not before, find his "exceptions" to be Divine judgments out at secret compound interest, most surely paid in this world in authentic coin of one kind or another. Let us, however, be just to him, and judge him, as Carlyle would have us judge every man, by his merits, not by his defects. Very grateful would we be to him for all his bright, laborious services: even in this unlucky sentence of his just quoted, the fancy is clear and startling, and bids us smile good-humouredly, an invitation which we will not be churlish enough to refuse; and the confession that the outer fashion of even dear old England's truth and glory must pass away, is a thought of pathos and humility that shall check our spiritual pride. Faith is the proper comeliness and joy of man; the bright colours which he should carry ever flying in his path; the trusty rudder which should guide his course: and Macaulay's faith, we must say, is but a little one. But Macaulay is not the only tail-less fox amongst us. Alas! we are a company of poor, snub-tailed creatures! As spiritual beings, which verily we are, the plague-spot of Unbelief is upon us all; like the small-pox, searing our native beauty, grievously affecting our eyesight.

Nevertheless, *our* reader, I hope, does so far agree with Carlyle, and accept his faith in the enduring kingship of God quite unreservedly. Already then, as a sentinel keeping watch on the confines of Belief, he has received the first of Carlyle's messengers into the camp, and has reverently presented arms to him, as one indubitably authorized to take supreme command. But now, peering into the gloom, he descries two strangers of more questionable aspect approaching; marching proudly along, hand in hand, just as if they had a good title to come! Briskly, for a fine young soldier is our reader, briskly he rings out his challenge, "Ho! Who goes there?" "*A Friend! A Friend!*" "Advance friends, and give the countersign!" "*Might is Right*, and *Hero-Worship!*" "Hicoccolorum! that was not the watch-word my corporal gave me," thinks the honest man; so down goes his musket to the charge. These must surely be mere emissaries from the enemy, the prince of darkness and idolatry! The strangers submit to be questioned; the musket is discharged into the air; the corporal comes bustling up, and is, at first, for shooting them out of hand; but the sentinel, struck by the earnest, manly looks of both, pleads for them, and reference is finally made to the new commander; when lo! one of them at least forth-

with turns out to be as he said, a friend, ay, and a very old and true friend, the inseparable ally of the Commander, come almost direct from the Generalissimo himself, and henceforth to be a great accession to the camp.

And now, dropping metaphor, let us in sober language examine into the doctrine: "Might is Right;" which has been the subject of so much accusation against Carlyle; deification of mere force; blind idolatry of success, &c. &c. Not that these accusations appear much in print, because people are afraid to match their "tailor's bodkin" against his "Ithuriel spear," at least in public; but in conversation, one hears again and again these perverse objections.

To explain first of all the terms used: Might is taken by Carlyle to mean any force of whatsoever kind, resident in things or men, certainly including the highest kind of force; and Right he uses in its true and proper sense, a something ordained (*rectum*), not an independent privilege by any means, for Carlyle denies any such at all to exist, but either a duty, or its reciprocal, a due, prescribed;—which may often be far from a pleasure to either party, as for instance, killing and being killed. And by the phrase, might is right, must not be understood, Might makes Right (though Carlyle may possibly sometimes use this loose form of expression —I don't recollect any instance), as if Might had any creative power of its own underived, and this Universe were only a complicated machine; but rather that Might and Right are interchangeable terms, because everlastingly, and in every case, co-existent. Indeed, to speak plainly at once the very heart of the matter, this proposition of Carlyle's, Might is Right, is founded in his belief that God is the maker of all, that He makes and gives nothing in vain, but to every gift of power assigns an exactly corresponding duty or right. The formula may appear strange to us, because the truth is stated in its naked result; it is uncredited because we do not reflect upon it, or because we do not practically believe what it enunciates. For that old line of Homer:

"εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι, θεός που σοὶ τό γ' ἔδωκεν."

"If exceeding strong thou art, surely 'twas God that gave thee that,"

is really undeniably true, and so are these sacred words, not unfamiliar to us all: "Every good gift and every "perfect gift is from above, and cometh "down from the Father of lights, with "whom is no variableness, neither "shadow of turning." Carlyle's formula, rightly interpreted, is the very same thing in other words. The doctrine then is true, and as being truth, must be more and more recognised and really believed, until it finally become universal. Yet it is not to be expected, that these terms of Carlyle's, though they are philosophically accurate, and though their pithy compact form and quick echo are most proverb-like, will be popularly accepted. For the word Might to the vulgar, signifies mere animal force, and has no spiritual meaning, especially in these days, when a strong arm is not so important as it once was, and has, in consequence, lost somewhat of its reverence in the eyes of men; and moreover, pitiful fallacies are abroad, embodied in such expressions as "amiable weakness," "good-nature," and the like. So that this truth, it is likely, will be more often approached from the other side, that of Right, a word which, notwithstanding the many perversions and degraded narrowing of its meaning, still exercises a hallowed spell upon the ear. However, there is some practical worth in the form Carlyle uses, which the reader, at least, will do well to consider. It is just this: that a man's notions of his rights, the infinite number of pleasant things he is entitled to, is vast and generally quite irreducible to practice; but, on the other hand, every one knows that his mights are limited, and must conform

him. Or the reader may learn this from Carlyle's own mouth: "The "rights of man are little worth ascer- "taining in comparison to the mights of "man; to what portion of his rights he "has any chance of being able to make "good! The accurate final rights of "man lie in the far deeps of the ideal, "where the Ideal weds itself to the "Possible, as the philosophers say. The "ascertainable temporary rights of "man vary not a little, according to "place and time. They are known to "depend much on what a man's con- "viction of them are. The Highland "wife, with her husband at the foot of "the gallows, patted him on the shoul- "der, (if there be historical truth in "Joseph Miller,) and said, amid her "tears, 'Go up, Donald, my man; the "Laird bids ye.'"—*Chartism*, p. 46.

The story is not quite convincing, is it? nor is the prelude to it either quite satisfying; especially if we are, as more or less we all are, in the predicament of poor Donald; and so some further explanation may be required; for once more, the words seem strange to us, very strange. That "Right is Might" is a proposition gloriously true, all men admit in theory, certainly all who are earnestly engaged in what they know to be a worthy work. But can Wrong be Might? For if not, then, since there is no *tertium quid* to right and wrong, Might is and must be Right. Now Carlyle asserts and insists that wrong never can be might, but as the devil, its master, with all his cunning could make nothing, not even a rope, and strictly speaking is a very incapable, a mere destroyer, so wrong can do nothing either, but only undo, mar, or hinder a good thing; can never really succeed, but only seem to succeed, must certainly in due time, still more certainly in eternity, come to its proper issue, zero. Let us take the most adverse case conceivable. Courvoisier murders his master, Lord William; he does his work, as he thinks, most effectually, with the might of deadly midnight cunning, the might of his right hand, the might of sharp steel; and we will say, (no impossible case) is not hanged in consequence, but lives and dies to all appearance very comfortably. Was might right here? . . . Nay, before verdict, it is well to use a little of your large discourse, looking before and after. That red hand is connected with the whole man, the man with all men; that deed with the whole future history of the world. The world is alive, and did not stop spinning on that fatal night, nor did the heavenly laws cease their fulfilment. Reflect a moment, and you will see; in truth, it was not the strength of the man, but the absence of strength, that caused that seeming deed; a little more true strength and the revengeful passion, the cruel hand would have been stayed; the deed moreover, he thought he did, was not a doing, but merely an undoing of something, the removal of Lord William from a life mortal and immortal, to an immortal one only; while the real final result is good, entirely good; the dross is all purged away, even the contagion which belongs to every evil thing, and the good remains for ever.

For what is the final result? One cannot, except imperfectly, understand, far less measure it; partly, however, it is a declaration of what human forethought and the human right hand may do with nobler purpose; but chiefly, it is that which was caused by the efficacy of some other and greater might than what appeared; namely, in the wretched man himself, unspeakable remorse, or still more painful, barrenness of soul; and in all other men, horror of his wickedness. In fine, an assertion of justice and of right! Thus, even in this most untoward instance, we see Might *is* Right, and that this is a truth indissolubly connected with no less truths than these: that man is a SPIRIT; that time is lost in eternity; that the good and true alone exist; that the Universe is a living unity, and its Ruler is the Just God.

Forgive, kind reader, my choosing such an unpleasant example; and as a sweet afterthought, read these words of Carlyle: "The past is all holy to "us; the dead are all holy, even they "that were base and wicked while alive. "Their baseness and wickedness was "not *They*, was but the heavy and un-"manageable environment that lay "round them, with which they fought "unprevailing; *they* (the ethereal God-"given force that dwelt in them, and "was their *self*) have now shuffled off "that heavy environment, and are free "and pure; their life-long battle, go "how it might, is all ended, with many "wounds or with fewer; they have "been recalled from it, and the once "harsh-jarring battle-field has become "a silent awe-inspiring Golgotha and "*Gottesacker* (Field of God!)" *Miscell.* iii. 12.

But to return, though we have scarcely wandered. Far more manifestly is the saying true, and therefore to more minds an irresistible and joyful belief, when the apparent as well as the real might is doing work for the cause of Right. The sturdy arm of the labourer wielding plough or hammer, the stroke of the noble warrior, the sentence of the just judge, the convincing thought of the gifted thinker, the strong will of the wise ruler—these are Right, and sooner rather than later all men know them to be so. Many shrink from confessing the universal truth, because they feel the world is a world of contradiction, but happily in many and in most cases, their practical reason teaches them truly. Good people! they were not intended to be philosophers, and to have theories, or at least to be conscious of them, but to live a wise and true life from hour to hour.

Our great "Might is Right" is beleaguered by many Lilliputian enemies, but they are filled most with pious rage, when he takes the form of Intellectual Power; for there is not a Lilliputian but knows that Carlyle never means that brute force is to reign over us supreme; whereas many, being well aware how the thing called "Clever-"ness" is worshipped amongst us in modern times, and perhaps doing a little in that sort themselves, think he too bows his knee to this Baal. They could not make a greater mistake, the Lilliputians. No writer so incessantly as Carlyle, smites, sears with hot iron, and does all manner of execution upon this shallow, pretentious quality, which he calls the Vulpine Intellect, or Quackery, or on the respect commonly paid to it, which he calls Quack-worship. They are both in his opinion counterfeits, and therefore utterly condemnable; but the counterfeits of what? The one, of the most precious gift given to man, true Intellect, Talent, or by whatever name we name our thinking faculty; the other of man's most important duty, Reverence, obedience to the truly wise. By Intellect, where he uses the term, Carlyle means "the understanding heart," which penetrates the "open secret," which through the external forms of things discerns their essence, and so knows the inner laws which govern them, and the laws which must govern men in dealing with them; or (hardest and highest of all) which sees the true God-ordained relations of man to man, and the methods which must be employed on each occasion to realize them. This faculty, he asserts, and oh how earnestly, how perpetually! must be reverenced above all things, must be unweariedly sought for, and when found, joyfully recognised, and with all speed promoted to rule over the affairs of men. Carlyle, therefore, does not divorce intellect from goodness; he indissolubly weds them, or rather declares them indissolubly wedded by a Higher than he. "Truly, a think-"ing man," he writes, "is the worst "enemy the Prince of Darkness can "have; every time such a one an-"nounces himself, I doubt not, there "runs a shudder through the Nether

"Empire."—*Sartor.* p. 132. (Or read the chapter in Chartism, called "Rights "and Mights.") The phrase "Intellect," I know, sounds not celestial, but earth-born, and Carlyle himself would admit how inadequate it or any other word is to express the thing signified; indeed he is not bigoted to it at all, but rings the change upon such phrases as the Able, the Wise, the Gifted, the Seeing man, the Hero, always, pray observe, where possible, treating of men, not of qualities. After all said in the last hundred years, including all by the great Coleridge, the qualities spoken of, as Intellectual or Moral, Reason, Understanding, Conscience, heart and head, are by no means integral factors of man's being; on the contrary, man's being is a prime number, and such terms as these, though intelligible enough, express distinctions between things never altogether distinct, and are used chiefly by metaphysicians or by men living in an age whose spirit is metaphysical. Thus in the Bible knowledge is constantly used to signify the wisdom of holiness; and Plato, after all his investigations, comes to the conclusion that virtue is an ἐπιστήμη or faculty of knowing. For the ultimate question to be asked is this, What is it that perceives the manifold laws of God? To which we answer, The whole man; not a part of him can be spared. His senses five, his brave heart, or his logical faculty, his spiritual vision, or that mystery of mysteries we call the will,—we want them all, for the greatest or the least work, to make it true and complete. The man is One.

Oh to go back for one instant from Carlyle to the world! The world condemns Carlyle for his "Might is Right," and calls him idolator; but what sort of reading does the world like, distributing solid rewards accordingly? Macaulay, Times' leaders, Opposition speeches, and other mighty clever things more or less unconscionable; things in great measure, as it appears to me, manifesting that seeming Might which is *without* Right. Is this a fact, reader? or is it not? Truly a sincere, wise, and consistent world, that thinks it knows black from white,—and does not!

"Might is Right" we may now say with Carlyle, is universally true; true in nature and in man, and even in God, though Might and Right here merge in the Author of both; is not His name the All-mighty, the All-just One? It is true in Nature, as exhibited, not only in its loveliest and most enduring forms, as the sustained glory of the heavens, and the grand fixity of the earth, but no less in things transient, terrible, hateful, and even disgusting; in the breath of the summer wind, and the flush of the sunset cloud; in the destroying down-rush of the lightning, and the overwhelming of the merciless sea; in the pestilential river-fog, the deadly serpent's fang, the voracity of the rat, and the foul busyness of vermin; in the forces both of life and death; in all these the thoughtful mind will acknowledge a Divine appointment, a sacredness, goodness, and even blessedness; far more shall it acknowledge the ordained might and right of man to rule over all these, to make them his servants, or to war with them either defensively or in aggression even to extermination. But the most difficult and noble requirement is to see that the law holds good in all the manifold complexity of man's dealing with man; to see with unerring eye and know with undoubting heart, that, looking backward over history, wherever a good result has been achieved, so much virtue, so much Divine strength was possessed by those who did that thing, and wherever there was a true strength, there also, whether now visible or not, there followed an everlasting fruit; that looking forward, what we can do, that we ought and shall do; and so far exactly and no further, as the work we undertake is true and just, will it succeed, so far as it is false and sinful will it utterly

fail. The main difficulty lies in the application; in discerning what results are real, what only apparent; what is verily might, and what weakness; what is right, and what is wrong. Truly this is a difficult task! It is because Carlyle, especially in his maturer works, has with the utmost daring chosen the most difficult cases to decide; cases in which terrible violence in the war between good and evil has been or is to be done; has chosen out for judgment the deeds of the middle ages, the life of an Oliver Cromwell, with his doings at Tredah, in the Long Parliament, and elsewhere; the phenomena of conquerors, of revolutionists in thought and politics; the practice of slavery, of government, of penal law; and has in these given a verdict contrary to the popular opinion, that he is so loudly condemned. Just so a Turner, while he worked in browns and greys and well-known things, found favour with all men; but when he chose for himself sunsets and rainbows and all the glorious host of heaven, his critics blinded with excess of light called him mad. Like Turner, Carlyle loves to face the sun.

It is not to be supposed that in these high matters Carlyle has quite convinced the world, though really it seems to me in much he is convincing it. If what he says be true, he must be! Here and there victory has already declared itself for him. As an example of the way in which he can now and then extinguish an ugly phantom, and set the public (true-hearted after all!) laughing and rejoicing over the discovery of its own error, like any young prince in faery tale at the transformation of some loathly hag into a lovely princess, all ready and willing to be loved, I can give no happier instance than his reading of Boswell's true character (*Miscell.* iii). "Corsica Boswell" had many faults, it is true, and Carlyle allows them all, describing them with picturesque accuracy and force by no means inferior to Macaulay's; but Bozzy had one virtue, a great and in his days an extremely rare one, a deep reverence for living wisdom; he felt Johnson to be a wise man, and so loved and honoured him exceedingly. For which, as Carlyle teaches us, we also should love and honour Bozzy himself, instead of sneering at him; and know besides, that he wrote a good book just because he had this virtue in him, and for no other reason; his vices, every one of them, being all against both him and us. If the reader disagrees with this, if he too will not laugh and rejoice, I can only say I am sorry for him. He is unworthy of the lovely lady; the hag then be his portion, for wed he must! In the language of modern episcopal anathema, I pray for him.

There is no reason why Carlyle or we should flinch from the full consequences of this doctrine, "Might is "Right," but on the contrary, every reason why we should pursue them to the utmost verge of thought. Indeed we cannot help it if we would. The result then is, that the necessary condition of all just judgment of the past, and of all effectual work for the present and future, is to know that this world is, as it was made, essentially very good. (Read on, please!) I know this is a hard doctrine to be compassed and received, as indeed all men acknowledge the presence of evil in God's world to be a mystery. Yet again, it must be said it is true. Dare any one find fault with the Maker of the world? No one; not even the friend of Goëthe's youth, the one-eyed disloyal philosopher,* if he would seriously reflect

* The Hofrath Huisgen. "Indeed once when he had sketched the world to me, "rather from the distorted side, I observed from his appearance that he meant to close "the game with an important trump card. He shut tight his blind left eye, as he was "wont to do in such cases, looked sharp out of the other, and said in a nasal voice, "'Even in God I discover defects.'"—GOETHE'S *Prose and Poetry of my Life.*

upon it. The world is very good. All that we behold and experience is full of blessings; even our sins and sufferings and sorrows we feel to be His judgments, our deserved trials, containing within them gifts for higher spiritual attainments than we have yet reached. This has been the faith of all good men since the beginning of time, and is the faith of every man in his holiest, happiest mood. Without it, what hope were there in the world? Yet a hope we have, though a hidden hope; "behind the veil, behind the veil."

Carlyle quotes thus, with loving approbation, from the fair Jewess Rahel, the spiritual queen of Germany: "So "long as we do not take even the in- "justice which is done us, and which "forces even the burning tears from "us; so long as we do not take even "this for just and right, we are in the "thickest darkness, without dawn." (*Misc.* iv. 188.) And thus he writes himself in a Latter-day pamphlet: "The free man is he who is *loyal* to "the laws of this universe; who in "his heart sees and knows, across all "contradictions, that injustice *cannot* "befall him here; that except by sloth "and cowardly falsity, it is not possi- "ble here." (*Parliaments*, p. 44.)

Is this thought, then, quite unfamiliar to the reader? Does it not remind him of words he heard long ago in his childhood? "We know that *all* things "work together for good to them that "love God." Well for him if he has taken them to heart! If he has not, let him do so at once. So advises him a wise man, who has seen many years, and thought much,—Thomas Carlyle.

Let it not, however, be judged from all this that Carlyle is a mere Fatalist, perhaps no man is less so. As he believes in Necessity, so likewise he believes in Free Will. This of course involves a flat logical contradiction; but what of that, when the thing itself is a contradiction, a mystery (above logic, therefore) cannot be even so much as stated without contradiction? —as two succeeding verses of an Apostle might show us. Yet it can be translated into a certainty, which shall be satisfying. How? By Action based upon acceptance of both terms. Carlyle does accept both terms; and while affirming that Good is evermore with us, he affirms likewise that Evil is with us for the present, and must be incessantly warred against. Is it not enough to remind the reader that Carlyle is known chiefly as a denouncer, that he is for hanging our supreme scoundrel, and scoundrels generally, and urges us to do it with all speed? So far from denying evil, he greatly enlarges the common scope of the word. He really thinks a lie to be accursed, were it ever so little a one; stockjobbing he abominates; the stockjobber he would not raise on a column high, but "sink him in a coal-shaft rather:" submitting to be ruled by little men he calls a national crime; money-worship is with him mammon-worship; contentedness with hearsay belief, passive treason; cloth-subserviency, service to Belial; and idleness he holds to be flat rebellion against the Most High. The difference between him and common men is, that he looks upon evil as sin against the Just God, and not against the comfort of men. Service to Him he passionately recommends, and urges with voice of command, entreaty, expostulation, denunciation, with laughter and with tears, the duty of purpose, of choice, of earnest, earnest work. "Know thy work "and do it." "Work in well-doing, "like a star unhasting yet unresting." "Work while it is called day, for the "night cometh:" are his favourite maxims. And in one place he thus writes: "With the ring of necessity we are all "begirt; happy he for whom a heavenly "sun brightens it into a ring of duty, "and plays round it with beautiful prismatic diffractions!" (*Sartor.* p. 107.) Indeed, one of his chief aims, as I shall hereafter show, is to recall us, chiefly

such as you and me, reader, from the painful barren process of questioning, and talking, and sentimentalising about all things, which only breeds incessant grumbling (disloyalty, sin! the Englishman's privilege?) to the fruitful, joyful process of work; one condition only being prescribed, that men first learn the stern laws under which they have to work. So Carlyle is not a Fatalist! No, Mr. Quarterly Reviewer, no! I for one, am ready to kiss the book upon it! not a thumb only, as is the wont of some reviewers.

Inseparably connected with all the foregoing is the faith that a good thing never dies.* In one form or another, and always in many forms, it lives and bears fruit for evermore. The words of One that walked in Galilee eighteen hundred years ago, what have they not done for mankind, what are they not doing and to do? Or again, take this example, which for being modern is not the less true. Carlyle, perhaps twenty years ago, thinks his brave thought in his quiet London home, and utters it in print. I, unknown to him, read it, and write this article in our young Magazine; another, most likely unknown to either, reads what is here written, and it may be a spark of thought, faithfully transmitted from the bright parent flame, lights up the heart of that reader, as he sits in his comfortable arm-chair. The breath of God is not in vain! That thought, if it be true, has might and right, and that eternally; it is now fairly in the world, incorporated into human life; qualifies, even if we know it not, henceforward every thought and action of the reader's life and mine, and from thence colours the whole history of the world. More wondrous still, it would have ultimately come to its goal by another route, if never uttered at all, so only that it had been thought. Strange and beautiful mystery! Even so a single flower produces often a thousand seeds, which the winds of heaven (not at random either) carry hither and thither, far and wide, unknown to the flower and to all men, but the wide earth receives them—and who shall tell the end thereof? Or take a stone, big or little, but the larger the better, and pitch it into yonder lake or pond, or puddle. First comes the splash, then the silent ever-widening circles, and then final—rest? No! the rotation of the vast world itself is altered thereby; so the mathematicians say, and I believe them.

Good, truth, fact, do never die. A precious thought to whoso thinks of either past or present! Still more to him who looks, as we all must now and then look, into the dim future, near or far away. For with no doubtful prophecy it tells us of the continuous progress and ultimate perfecting of man; that the result is only a matter of time (though what is Time? Never mind, it is either Time or nothing). The words, "Thy kingdom come," rise on our lips, and those other words, that "for the elects' sake those days," the days of trial and battle, "shall "be shortened;" and to the inmost soul of every man is revealed the blessed truth, that by his faithful lifelong efforts some small portion of that kingdom may be realized, and the days shall be shortened. Ah, it is Carlyle that *helps* us to feel this! And further, he teaches us that feeling unfollowed by doing is worth but little, and talking without doing is worse than worthless.

Most readily shall it be admitted by me that all that I have said, or even all that Carlyle has said, does not prove these things; and in fact, that they cannot be proven at all; also, that speculation such as we have been pursuing does not very much help us, chiefly because of this, that a man cannot be always

* Has the reader ever seen the first chapter of a little book called "Thoughts in Sickness?"

contemplating his relation to the whole universe, but has to act and judge every day of his life, at a moment's notice, with only hard present fact staring him in the face. However, as the need is practical and perpetual, so a remedy is provided accordingly; not one of argument or speculation, but this, a righteous life, which is open to all men; so only can a man's judgment of himself and his brother-men be made true; so only an enduring blessed belief be built up in his heart, and his work be both descried and done. This too is Carlyle's doctrine, one that he asserts, and keeps unceasingly asserting. "Most true is it," he writes in the *Sartor.* (p. 211), "that Doubt of "any sort cannot be removed, except "by Action. On which ground, too, "let him who gropes painfully in dark- "ness and uncertain light, and prays "vehemently that the dawn ripen into "day, lay this other precept to heart, "which to me was of invaluable ser- "vice, 'Do the duty which lies nearest "to thee, that which thou knowest to "be a duty! Thy second duty will "already have become clearer!'"

Perhaps it may be a satisfaction to the reader if, by a reference or two, I show how some of these Carlylean thoughts, which have taken me so long to set forth, are connected with the thoughts of other inspired men; for the wise we find of all time are tolerably agreed in the main; nay, so far as they think truly they exactly coincide, or beautifully harmonize. I suggest, then, to the sympathizing reader, the old Greek word for the world, Kosmos, or Order, the perpetual doctrine of the Old Testament respecting Divine law, Divine judgments, and God-given might ruling and to rule society; the doctrine of the New Testament (which chiefly treats of the inner man) speaking of that which is to rule in our hearts, and to bring every thought into captivity; (mark the word!) then the mediæval trial by combat, founded on deep faith but faith without patience; then Milton's Ode to Time; and for modern writers, much of our wise, devout Maurice; much of Kingsley, who, under Maurice, as general of a division, is like Ney, "le plus "brave des braves;" much of Ruskin, who has taught us the lesson that Art too is no field for arbitrary taste, but a glorious empire, subject to Divine law; then for poets (the chief teachers of our time), Wordsworth and his Ode to Duty; our beloved Tennyson, who has travailed for himself and us not a little in these world problems, take especially his In Memoriam, Two Voices, Love and Duty, and the Golden Year; and, lastly, these fine lines of Browning:—

"Each deed thou hast done
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; until e'en as the sun,
Looking down on the earth, though clouds spoil him, though tempests efface,
Can find nothing his own deed produced not, must everywhere trace
The results of his past summer prime—so each ray of thy will,
Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
The whole people, the countless, with ardour, till they too give forth
A like cheer to their sons, who in turn fill the south and the north
With the radiance thy deed was the germ of. Carouse in the past."

And with all these, take two grand specimens of Might is Right, from Carlyle himself. The first is from the French Revolution, in the chapter called the "General Overturn." "Still "bread comes not. The harvest is "reaped and garnered, yet still we "have no bread. Urged by despair "and hope, what can drudgery do, "but rise, as predicted, and produce "the general overturn? Fancy, then, "some five full-grown millions of such "gaunt figures, with their haggard "faces *(figures hâves)*, in woollen "jupes, with copper-studded leather "girths, and high sabots, starting up "to ask, as in forest-roarings, their "washed upper classes, after long un- "reviewed centuries, virtually this

"how have ye taught us, fed us, and "led us, while we toiled for you? "The answer can be read in flames "over the nightly summer-sky. *This* "is the feeding and leading we have "had of you; EMPTINESS—of "pocket, of stomach, of head, and "of heart. Behold there is *nothing in* "*us*, nothing but what nature gives "her wild children of the desert: fe- "rocity and appetite, strength ground- "ed on hunger. Did ye mark, among "your Rights of Man, that man was "not to die of starvation while there "was bread reaped by him? It is "among the Mights of Man."

The other is from Past and Present, the glorious chapter called Plugson of Undershot: it is on war, and intro- duced only by way of illustration. "Fighting, as I often say to myself, "fighting with steel murder-tools is "surely a much uglier operation than "working, take it how you will; yet "even of fighting, in religious Abbot "Samson's days, see what a feudalism "there had grown; a 'glorious chi- "valry,' much besung down to the "present day. Was not that one "of the impossiblest things? Un- "der the sky is no uglier spectacle "than two men with clenched teeth "and hell-fire eyes, hacking one ano- "ther's flesh, converting precious liv- "ing bodies, and priceless living souls, "into nameless masses of putrescence, "useful only for turnip-manure. How "did a chivalry come out of that, "how anything that was not hideous, "scandalous, infernal? It will be a "question worth considering by and "by. I remark for the present, two "things: first, that the fighting itself "was not, as we rashly suppose it, a "fighting without cause, but more or "less with cause. Man is created to "fight; he is perhaps best of all de- "finable as a born soldier, his life 'a "battle and a march' under the right "general. It is for ever indispensable "for a man to fight: now with ne- "cessity, with barrenness, scarcity, "with puddles, bogs, tangled forests, "unkempt cotton; now also with the "hallucinations of his poor fellow- "men. Hallucinatory visions rise in "the head of my poor fellow man; "make him claim over me rights which "are not his. All fighting, as we no- "ticed long ago, is the dusty conflict "of strengths, each thinking itself the "strongest, or, in other words, the "justest,—of mights, which do in the "long run, and for ever will in this "just universe, in the long run, mean "rights. In conflict the perishable "part of them, beaten sufficiently, flies "off into dust; this process ended, "appears the imperishable, the true "and exact. And now let us re- "mark a second thing: how, in these "baleful operations, a noble devout- "hearted chevalier will comfort him- "self, and an ignoble godless buca- "nier and Choctaw Indian: victory "is the aim of each. But deep in the "heart of the noble man it lies for "ever legible, that as an Invisible "Just God made him, so will and must "God's justice, and this only, were it "never so invisible, ultimately prosper "in all controversies and enterprises, "and battles whatsoever. What an "influence! ever present—like a soul "in the rudest Caliban of a body; "like a ray of heaven, an illumina- "tive creative *Fiat-Lux*, in the wastest "terrestrial chaos! Blessed Divine in- "fluence, traceable even in the horror "of battle-fields and garments rolled "in blood; how it ennobles even "the battle-field; and in place of a "Choctaw massacre, makes it a field "of honour! A battle-field too is "great: considered well, it is a kind "of quintessence of labour; labour "distilled into its utmost concentra- "tion; the significance of years of it "compressed into an hour. Here too "thou shalt be strong, and not in "muscle only, if thou wouldst pre- "vail. Here too thou shalt be strong "of heart, noble of soul; thou shalt "dread no pain or death, thou shalt

" not love ease or life; in rage thou " shalt remember mercy, justice; thou " shalt be a knight and not a Choctaw, " if thou wouldst prevail! It is the " rule of all battles, against halluci- " nating fellow-men, against unkempt " cotton, or whatsoever battles they " may be, which a man in this world " has to fight. Howel Davies dyes " the West Indian seas with blood, " piles his decks with plunder, ap- " proves himself the expertest seaman, " the daringest sea-fighter; but he " gains no lasting victory,—lasting vic- " tory is not possible for him; not, " had he fleets larger than the com- " bined British navy all united with " him in bucaniering: he, once for " all, cannot prosper in his duel; he " strikes down his man, yes, but his " man, or his man's representative, " has no notion to lie struck down; " neither, though slain ten times, will " he keep so lying; nor has the uni- " verse any notion to keep him so " lying! On the contrary, the uni- " verse and he have, at all moments, " all manner of motives to start up " again, and desperately fight again. " Your Napoleon is flung out at last " to St. Helena, the latter end of him " sternly compensating the beginning. " The bucanier strikes down a man, a " hundred or a million men; but what " profits it? He has one enemy never " to be struck down, nay two enemies: " mankind and the Maker of men. " On the great scale, or on the small, " in fighting of men, or fighting of dif- " ficulties, I will not embark my ven- " ture with Howel Davies; it is not " the bucanier, it is the hero only that " can gain victory, that can do more " than *seem* to succeed. These things " will deserve meditating, for they ap- " ply to all battle and soldiership, all " struggle and effort whatsoever in " this fight of life. It is a poor gospel, " cash-gospel, or whatever name it " have, that does not, with clear tone, " uncontradictable, carry conviction to " all hearts, for ever keep men in mind " of these things. Unhappily, my in- " domitable friend Plugson of Under- " shot has, in a great degree, forgot- " ten them."

Reader, if you are a brave man, as I doubt not, methinks these words must somewhat stir you. Perhaps ecstatic thoughts swell in your heart, and you know not whether to bow the head and worship, or to shout aloud in joy and triumph: both are good, but there is a method better still,—Up and prove the truth, by deed and deeds!

All this while, we have left a friend of ours, vainly uttering, " Hero-wor- " ship, hero-worship," in the charge of the corporal of the watch. (Who shall stand for this corporal? The editor of a religious journal, an ex-Constitution-alist Minister; a great man of Exeter, or St. Martin's, or St. George's Hall, or alas! saddest of all, a respectable father of a family, who is somewhat stupid? there are many candidates.) Well, the brave fellow is much sus-pected, being taken by the corporal and others for a stray fanatic from the distant land of the dark ages; how-ever, he is humble and patient, for he knows his loyalty, yet a little downcast too, for he too would fain be believed. Let us hear what he has to say for him-self, or as that may not be, what I can say for him.

Strictly speaking, Hero-worship is only the highest example of Might is Right. Carlyle knows and feels deeply that there is a Lawgiver and a Law for the world; above all, for that which is infinitely the noblest of the created, Man. Mankind cannot be a mere aggregate of men; splintered up into fragments and units, by some blind force at random, and driven pell-mell hither and thither by passion, chance, circumstance; but for every man and for every society of men, at every mo-ment of time, and in every possible conjuncture of circumstance, there must be a thing ordained to be done, a right to be fulfilled, and a might

whereby this is to be accomplished. In short, he believes that every man comes into the world *under orders*, a covenanted servant, and continues such until he dies. So far as the appointed order is obeyed, all will be well with him; so far as it is not obeyed, neglected or mistaken, punishment of him and his must be the inevitable consequence. As I have said before, this truth is much forgotten now-a-days; every man of the smallest reflection must have observed, that most things are treated as questions of opinion only, to be determined by "voting, counting "of heads upon the matter;" and there is a general tendency to let things take their course, "for experience will teach "every man, and bring all right in the "end." In a sense this is true, but before that end come, what will befall? Sin and sorrow countless on us and on our children! It is therefore, thinks Carlyle, of the utmost necessity that we learn the true order which we have to follow. Deep meditation on the nature of man, his wondrous gifts and faculties; deep meditation on the nature of society; the voices of the great past, the sad present, lead him infallibly to this conclusion, that man must be governed by his brother-man. Governed, not in this or that thing only, but as far as may be, in every operation of his own being, in every possible relation to others; governed in his *life*. The direction of his outward action is one of the foremost needs, but by no means only or chief; the rule and guidance of his soul and intellect are no less necessary; and all must continuously be brought nearer to perfection. Accordingly, in the judgment of Carlyle, to every man born into the world attaches one or both of these two duties, ruling or obeying his fellow-man, visible there before him. Much, very much of these duties he performs unconsciously, for the mights, like the ministries of day and night, work often silently; but at all times men have to be thinking and trying what they may do to fulfil this work of government; and continually, in ever-varying form the problem arises, demanding quick solution, "Who are "to be Governors? How shall they "be chosen? What shall they do?" Carlyle says, Might is Right, and the might of truth, wisdom, valour, is ever the mightiest; and your Governors shall be true, wise, brave men, in a word, heroes. And they shall be worshipped! Flat burglary! cries some Dogberry or other, meaning, I suppose, blasphemy. In truth, it must be admitted that Carlyle is fond of a paradox, if only by way of a whoo-hoop to startle away weak-minded people come to stare,—startle them away, or else convince them by storm; but if the noun worship be taken in its native sense of worth-ship, and the tribute due to worth-ship, and the verb be construed accordingly, there is little harm in the word. Carlyle, however, has a further meaning, for he always insists that human worth is sacred, a true divine emanation, which commands infinite, yes, infinite awe and reverence from those who can recognise it; which awe and reverence are to take shape, not in feeling only, but in dutiful, loving obedience. This is for those who can see and acknowledge human worth, who cannot but be good men; but for those who will not acknowledge it, they too shall worship, they shall be forced to worship! or at least to submit; compulsion, chastisement, even death shall be theirs, if they do not. The rod for the back of fools, for those who will not be wise! To inflict such unsparingly is the duty of the wise Governor, and to suffer such is the due of those who will not obey him; strictly, the appointed right of either party. This is further enforced by the thought that man is made in the image of God, and must realize his method of governing, so far as he can; a method of ever-watchful supervision, peremptory order, yet with large trust-

who obey, terrible punishment to those who do not.

This applies most palpably to mere political government; but, *mutatis mutandis*, to all government whatsoever. As will be seen in our next chapter, Carlyle has a much larger scope for government than the reader (if he has not read Carlyle) is probably aware of.

Still, man is man; that is to say, imperfect, prone to abuse his powers, wilfully suffering what is baser in him to elude for a while the mastery of the divine. The cry is: We can't get a just governor! See what a man of mischief is your despot! We can't afford to trust him! We can't trust anybody to rule over us. Let us 'bout ship and try the other tack, and see if we can prosper with no government, or as little as may be. Carlyle says, that this is what we have done in England, or been trying to do, for now almost two centuries; that it has proved a worse failure than ever; that it is now high time we should call all hands on deck, and 'bout ship once more; that we must strenuously endeavour to choose wise governors and trust them, or ——.

Here, then, we have at length fairly arrived at a definite and practical doctrine of Carlyle's, palpably at difference with the modern mind. For certainly these notions of government are not popular, which any one with insight into the time will confess, and as the reader may verify by asking himself, whether the following words do not faithfully describe a feeling very common amongst Englishmen: "What is the universally arrogated "Virtue, almost the sole remaining "Catholic Virtue of these days? For "some half century it has been the "thing you name, 'Independence:' "suspicion of servility, of reverence "for superiors, the very dog-leech is "anxious to disavow." And now, let him read on: "Fools!" cries Teufelsdröck (Carlyle), "were your Superiors "worthy to govern, and you to obey, "reverence for them were your only "possible freedom. Independence in "all kinds is rebellion; if unjust re-"bellion, why parade it and every-"where prescribe it?" And does the reader think this fanciful? then let him consider another word of Teufelsdröck's: "Know that there is in man "a quite indestructible Reverence for "whatsoever holds of Heaven, or even "plausibly counterfeits such holding. "Show the dullest clodpole, show the "haughtiest featherhead, that a soul "higher than himself is actually here; "were his knees stiffened into brass, "he must down and worship."—*Sartor.* p. 273.

In olden time Service was not thought a disgrace. Read Sir John Froissart's preface to his history, and you will see; or read those grand old oaths of Homage and Fealty as recorded for us in Lyttelton. Neither is it, if of the right kind, anything but honourable and delightful, were it ever so humble, for it is the fulfilment of order, which is the Divine law. There is perhaps, or certainly, no one who has not at some moment of his life felt the pride and joy of obeying one whom he really loved and honoured; a father, maybe, or a teacher, or master. And, considering how few lords there are, how little *any* man *can* have his own will, this would be a miserable world if it were otherwise. Yet in the teeth of this, modern theory, and even modern practice, so far as hunger, manifold desires, silent right instincts, and noble traditions do not compel us otherwise, asserts that Service is ignoble. This may be observed in the forms of dress and speech and outward ceremony which image so much of our inner thoughts. Footmen and coachmen of my acquaintance, though Thackeray and John Leech speak only too truly of their vanity for plush, are secretly ashamed of their service, and love to go out holiday-making to Greenwich in strict incognito; the Undergraduate dons his beaver whenever he may, or

throws his gown over his arm, not for reasons of convenience only; Officers have ceased to be proud of Her Majesty's uniform, and, parade done, cast it aside for the gentlemanly black frock-coat, which tells no tale of its owner, or, better still, for the shooting-coat, which says, "See, my master "is a free man!" Yet a uniform, a fitting and distinctive badge of duty, is a pleasant, even a solemn sight to the simple-hearted, and ought to be to all, were it only the drayman's red cap or the butcher's blouse; still more if it is the scarlet robe of the judge, and the royal chain of honour round his neck. Again, in words and social ceremonies, think of our boastful "Free and Inde- "pendent Electors," and compare it with "my loving subjects" or "our "Liege Lord" of earlier English history. Or think of our newly-coined phrase "Governor" for father, remembering that sons once Sirred their fathers, and would not sit down in their presence without permission asked and given; and that old ladies still alive, had in their girlhood to drop a curtsey when they entered the parlour, just as all men have still to salute Her Majesty's quarter-deck. Or again, consider the term 'Dons' for college superiors, contrasting it with the requirements of our ancient statutes: or the opprobrious term 'Parson' for a man once and even still for habit's sake called 'Reverend,' while his Bishop was called 'Right Reverend Fa- 'ther in God,'—'Right Reverend 'Father in God!'—The difference is striking enough.

The fact, then, of this modern dislike and contempt for authority is obvious, and the immediate justification that suggests itself is that it is hard to trust to others interests so precious to us as life, property, liberty, belief. Yet the office, the necessity of trust in the world is great. Paley writes thus in his Moral Philosophy: "It is not "considered how every hour of our "lives we trust to and depend upon "others, and how impossible it is to stir "a step, or, what is worse, to sit still a "moment, without such trust and de- "pendence. I am now writing at my "ease, not doubting (or rather, never "distrusting, and therefore never "thinking about it,) that the butcher "will send in the joint of meat which "I ordered; that his servant will bring "it; that my cook will dress it; that "my footman will serve it up, and "that I shall find it upon my table at "one o'clock." Truly Dinner is an important interest to an Arch-deacon, and to all men: yet here we find it committed to the care of alien hands, the hands of mere fallible, sinful mortals. That cook and footman and butcher of Paley's we may be sure were men and women, and no more; and Paley was a fortunate householder, if at least once or twice in his life they did not deceive him: even if they never did, it was because he was wise enough to take some pains in choosing and managing them. True they were his servants, but in a sense they were governors too; one was queen of the kitchen; another king of the pantry. And we soon find this principle of wise choice and ample measure of trust is the only method by which any satisfactory work can be obtained, and the higher the work, the more necessity for wiser choice and also ampler trust. The Romans knew this, and if Hannibal was at the gates, would make one man Dictator, with powers of life and death in his hand. In military matters (human enterprises still) the same always holds good, and without it what would become of your armies and you? A wise Englishman also and a civilian knew this, one who lived not long ago,—Dr. Arnold. He insisted that he should have entire control of his school, and his demand was granted. The result has been a grand effective piece of work, for Rugby and for England.

Yet, for the most part, in all higher departments of human need and work,

this principle is almost entirely disregarded, and even denied; in the State, the Church, the Professions, in Labour, and in Literature. The true reason must now be given; it is Carlyle's. Men have long ceased to look earnestly for worth and true capacity; have in great part ceased to believe that good, wise, really able men exist and are to be found by searching for them; in a word, many have forgotten God, and deny Him. This is the way of the fool and the coward. "There's "lime in this sack, too," says the old worldly poltroon; "there's nothing "but roguery to be found in villain- "ous man . . . If manhood, good man- "hood, be not forgot upon the face of "the earth, then am I a shotten her- "ring." There have been too many such men and thinkers amongst us; but times are bettering; Carlyle himself is a living proof of that. The old faith in God and man must be revived once more, nay it is reviving. Blot out that faith, and the sun himself no longer shines for us in the heaven, and the earth is become a hell, full only of darkness and gnashing of teeth. But the sun *is* still in the heavens! And a voice cries, "Look up! Look "up! Heart and Eye!"

Governors, then, are to be chosen and trusted; but by whom chosen and how? Carlyle again answers, "By wise "men, and by the wisest methods they "can devise." Not by any machinery once discovered, and then set going for ever; but by men who can really discern and value worth, who know that men have both to act and to learn, and that the secret of Action is Order, and of learning an open mind. These men shall choose your Rulers; and they shall establish a fit system, fit systems, and shall change them when the due time comes. Perhaps the reader thinks this Utopianism; he will be wiser if he thinks it counsel to labour after perfection, to rest satisfied with nothing less.

And Carlyle continues, That all that is great in the past has been done by great men commanding virtually or actually smaller men, and all that shall be great in the future must be done in like manner; that the character of the leaders chosen, and the method of choice adopted, do in the main exactly represent the character of those who follow them, whether men or nations. All these he asserts again and again as absolute truths, and applies them in a most rigorous, determined manner to the past and present of human action; to Literature, Belief, Politics, and Social Work of almost every kind. Of some of these truly surprising decisions I shall speak in the next chapter.

The reader, therefore, will do well to consider this doctrine, which Carlyle calls "Hero Worship;" it is his chief message to men.

Meanwhile, what does he think of it already? What does our Sentinel do? As he hesitates, in earnest voice I would whisper in his ear, "Present Arms!" . . . I think I hear the clanging of his firelock! And now let him carry and shoulder arms at his leisure, and tread, if he can, his beat in peace, until next May-day, when I hope Carlyle and he and I may meet again,—good friends all three.

MR. RUSKIN'S NEW VOLUME.*

"OUR age," I read, "is "retrospective. It "builds the sepulchres "of the fathers." And truly it is as if some interval of time must always pass before we can take in all the magnitude of a man, or cycle, or event, just as interspace is needed by the eye before it can see proportion in visible objects, so that we never recognise in the slowly heaving sides of a great mountain, as we walk over it, what seemed in the distance so abrupt, terrible and majestic. And this severance of possession from enjoyment, and familiarity from comprehension, seems to me, in the breadth and depth of the losses it brings with it, one of the saddest curses that has followed on the Fall. We do, indeed, well to build the sepulchres of the fathers; yet I fear we should have slain some of them with scorn outright, and buried others in a far different kind of tomb had they lived now. Certainly, regarding how complacently we suffer the critic-fogs to come between us and God's light, to our own eclipsing, strange fancies arise, sometimes, how the world's pet names would fare if their owners were living now; if the men who ever said or did a noble thing, and having so done, were glad to die, and could do so with a certain majesty, were alive this day—all the dignity of utterance fretted into nervous speech, by reason of certain "long-necked geese of the world that "are ever hissing dispraise, Because "their natures are little." And, so far, the thought is entertaining, and may be followed to strange issues. But the fancy grows too horrible for definiteness, if we try to realize for a moment how it had been with us, if He "Who "at mid-watch came, By the starlight "naming a dubious name," those ages long ago, had tarried till now to visit us. I protest that here the thought grows too terrible for completion. Yet we wrong ourselves daily in this self-immolation to the dead, in ever writing Mishnas to results and truths, that men of old arrived at because they looked forwards and not backwards. We are fit, I know, for better things than this; neither is nature so exhausted, that it has no need of us, for if this were so, we should never have been born. Let us take example from the sky. Is it this morning so very like the sky of yesterday, or any that we remember, so conservative of the old type that it cannot find a language for itself? It renews itself daily, and has not ceased to do so from the morning God spread it out for a covering to the earth. And in us also there are mines of measureless wealth, if we would rise up and work them; "for, rightly, every man "is a channel through which heaven "floweth," and what has the past with all its glories and judgments, and grave counsels, to set beside the words "*a* "*living man*," and to outweigh them?

Here stands one to the point at issue: no writer of Mishnas, nor binder of the sheaves of other men's reaping; but one who has stood face to face with the mornings, and caught some new truth before the sun went down. Speaking, if ever man spoke, by the Spirit and approval of Heaven—truths pre-eminent and noble, most worthy to be believed by us: a good man confessedly, one deeply moved by things holy, unseen, eternal; counting everything on earth to be soluble only by

* Modern Painters. Vol. iii. Part iv. Of many things; by John Ruskin, M.A. author of the "Stones of Venice;" "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," &c. &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.

reference to Heaven; seeing humanity bounded not in death but Godhead, temporality bounded, not in decay, but eternity; whose philosophy begins and ends with this, that "The invisible "things of Him from the creation of "the world, are clearly seen, being "understood by the things that are "made." And withal, telling all this so grandly, that I question if the gift of language has more than once or twice reached such majesty and beauty. This also affording worthy credentials, if we accept it rightly. I find one saying of beautiful language, that it is "at once a commanding certificate, "that he who employs it, is a man in "alliance with truth and God." Why, there are passages so lovely, and utterly solemn in their quietness, and magnificent in the clash of words and roll of music, that should one ask another, the moment after the sound was gone, what he heard in them, he could answer only with Hamlet's answer, "Words, "words, words:" for they flame along the page till the very type grows beautiful with the names most honoured there, God and Truth, Faith and Christ, increasing like a chorus, with a "do-"minant's persistence, till it must be "answered to." And all this with total abandonment to the truth spoken, no consciousness of having said the thing well, or desire of getting praise of men. You will not suffer this man, being such and much more than I can express, to go on his way, witnessed against by lying spirits, obscured for you, and darkened by critics, whose pitiful revenge would sacrifice truth, and conscience, and fair name, and anything, and everything, to wreak its little monthly vengeance; to be laughed at, even as St. Paul was once, for a madman; to go to his own place at the last, with a life embittered, and a death embalmed. True men and good, lovers of honesty and fair encounter, feel a righteous indignation at this, and cannot long endure it. And, although I am not so arrogant as to ask them to believe me rather than adverse critics,—not but that I believe firmly, for my own part, that true judgment in all things is to be attained soonest by the loving heart,—yet I have a certain confidence in appealing to them only to read and judge for themselves; having this much faith in others, and lowliness about themselves, as to know that when a man has spent long years, hard travail of soul, and prayer, in attaining the understanding of anything, the chances are, they are not his equals without the same initiation; that the facts and laws which have cost him so much labour to gather together and deduce, are at least worthy of courteous audience, and even reverence. And, again, as concerns the difficulty; to take this consolation, that there is no royal road to anything worth attaining; that whatever is noble in art or nature, may not be comprehended without vigilance; that what part soever of it commends itself at once to the senses, is the least and lowest; the chief and most desirable coming last in order of intelligence. That half the things, moreover, in visible nature, are seen long before they are noticed, and half the facts of the inner life passed over from very familiarity; so that it is quite possible to hear a thing every day, and not to know it, and see a thing every day, and not observe it: while often the thought we are most in want of lies at our feet, and the man, we should be most thankful to, is he who tells us what we all know. If ever we hope to understand a teacher, or learn anything from him, we must begin so; first of all respecting each other's individuality, considering that we cannot see entirely with our brother's eyes, nor hear with his ears, nor in anywise incorporate ourselves with him, more than we can reproduce the past, or live the future. Every man to his work, and all to Heaven. Shall I, who from choice or destiny spend all my days in a dreary city with men and traffic, quarrel with my friend

who comes to tell me of the outer glories of sun, and wind, and cloud? He has seen more this morning in the forest, than I should in a lifetime;—had more sweet fancies at sunrise, thinking of the East, and all that has come from it—in the sunset, thinking of the West, and all that has gone to it—filled the mountains with the chariots of the host of God, and the blue sky with many companies of angels—been encircled with a cloud of witnesses—thrilled at the names of heroes—heard music where was no sound, and yet audible voices—poured out his spirit at the sight of lovely colours—wept at the growing of the flowers—felt strange ecstacy at the blue above the trees—lain among the grasses, living their life for a moment of exultation and utter joy. Fancy *despising* him for this—him to whom God has given the heart of a little child, and a greater measure of his Spirit than to me.

So, let us take and try to understand this book, and what the writer of it says. He will speak better things and worthier about nature than did ever man before him. He will tell you more credible tidings about God and man than you are like to meet with in many a long day's journey.

Now, the first part of this work upon Modern Painters was written to be a vindication of Turner, and prove his fidelity to nature, while the great old man was still living among us in the uncertain hope of arresting a persecution that was visibly embittering his last years, and seemed to thicken around him as his days gathered to a close; and it was dedicated, as was fitting, to the Landscape Artists of England, of whom Turner was chief. There followed on this effort a success beyond the custom of such things; and to the "Modern Painters" it was chiefly owing that the outcry weakened and grew faint, and began to give place altogether to a faint glimmering of comprehension, and avowal of wonder. indeed, to serve its right and proper function, encouragement, namely: the only thing a great man asks for, the only reward a people can give him. Turner died in 1851, when the world was too busy about its gains to think of its losses; and there ceased the necessity of hurrying on to conclusion a work which kept widening and expanding with a growth, that it was not well to stop. So, what began as a treatise upon Turner and external nature, as he gave it, has now, from following out to their last results what came up as suggestions only at an earlier stage, and from linking together into one form what was before isolated and collateral, grown to a complete exposition of the laws and poetry of art, for the first time in the annals of literature, and as beautiful as it is complete. In no case will you be cheated by mere surface work, or silenced by dogmatism; you will penetrate by his help to the root-questions of all that he touches. Is there such a thing as Beauty, unchangeable, fixed as Truth, with laws like it, and tests like it, that may never be altered in any wise by our custom, feeling, or negligence? And then, for the first time perhaps, having the assurance of a firm ground-work, you will mount with him to other levels, getting wider glimpses of the whole region of art—when and how it is greatest, and why: then the grades of its greatness, from the first and chief of its masters down to those who take questionable rank and precedence in "the abyss:" and still higher, till you take in all poetry, sung or painted, the laws and working of the Imagination and Fancy that produced it: higher yet till all humanity lies out before you, like a great scroll thickly strewn with words—the life and spirit of the three great ages, the Trinity of Time, Classical, Mediæval, and Modern; wherein lay their greatness, and their weakness; how the two first fell, and how the last may yet rise.

which "*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*," and "*The Stones of Venice*," have been written, and in which architecture has undergone the same complete investigation, been brought to the same principles, and allied for ever under the same one name, the work is taken up again in the third volume, which treats, as the title says, "of "many things." Out of these *many things*, I purpose, in the next few pages, to secure at least an abstract of the chapters touching High Art, and the Ideal. It will be a shallow and meagre one, I am conscious, even of such a fractional part of the whole work, but this part will suffer less by epitome than the chapters on landscape which follow. No man loses so much by translation, abstract, report, comment, or other mutilation, as Ruskin. Of the practical results of his writings, it would be hard to say which are owing to the undeniable truth that is in them, which to their strangely beautiful eloquence, like pure light passing through a prism and coming out in a band of seven-fold colour. As you read him for the third and fourth time through you will understand my meaning when I compare his language to Turner's painting, and say you are losers if you miss a single line.

At the commencement of the first volume, it was shown that the sources of pleasure in art are mainly three, arising in ideas of *truth* (simple resemblances to nature), ideas of *beauty*, and ideas of *relation* (the significance and relation of things): and after that, the volume went on to treat of the first of these ideas, and show how far different artists had succeeded in their expression. The second volume opened the inquiry into the second and third sources, by analyzing the two faculties of mind which grasp such ideas, the contemplative namely, and imaginative. It is the object of the third volume to examine how far Turner principally, and then other painters, have succeeded in these also; "who among them has conveyed the "noblest ideas of beauty, and touched "the deepest sources of thought." And the first question to be met and answered is the claim of the School of High Art, as it has been uniformly stated and acted upon for a hundred and fifty years. It was laid down in an early part of the work, that "the "art is greatest which includes the "greatest ideas;" now the question is to define the nature of greatness in the ideas themselves, *when* they are great, and *what* it is that makes them so. At the outset of this question it is thought needful to protest against the common illogical custom of the day, in "opposing painting to poetry, instead of "regarding poetry as consisting in a "noble use, whether of colours or "words. Painting is properly to be "opposed to *speaking* or *writing*, but "not to *poetry*." What, then, is poetry? for the answer to this question will help to a solution of the other.

"I come," he says, "after some em- "barrassment, to the conclusion, that "poetry is 'the suggestion, by the ima- "gination, of noble grounds for the noble "emotions.' I mean, by the noble emo- "tions, those four principal sacred pas- "sions—Love, Veneration, Admiration, "and Joy (this latter especially, if unself- "ish); and their opposites—Hatred, In- "dignation (or Scorn), Horror, and Grief, "—this last, when unselfish, becoming "Compassion. These passions in their "various combinations constitute what is "called 'poetical feeling,' when they are "felt on noble grounds, that is, on great "and true grounds. Indignation, for in- "stance, is a poetical feeling, if excited "by serious injury; but it is not a poeti- "cal feeling if entertained on being "cheated out of a small sum of money. "It is very possible the manner of the "cheat may have been such as to justify "considerable indignation; but the feel- "ing is nevertheless not poetical unless "the grounds of it be large as well as "just. In like manner, energetic admira- "tion may be excited in certain minds by "a display of fireworks, or a street of "handsome shops; but the feeling is not "poetical, because the grounds of it are "false, and, therefore, ignoble. There is "in reality nothing to deserve admira- "tion either in the firing of packets of

"gunpowder, or in the display of the "stocks of warehouses. But admiration "excited by the budding of a flower is a "poetical feeling, because it is impossible "that this manifestation of spiritual power "and vital beauty can ever be enough ad- "mired.

"Farther, it is necessary to the exist- "ence of poetry that the grounds of "these feelings should be *furnished by the* "*imagination*. Poetical feeling, that is to "say, mere noble emotion, is not poetry. "It is happily inherent in all human na- "ture deserving the name, and is found "often to be purest in the least sophisti- "cated. But the power of assembling, "by *the help of the imagination*, such images "as will excite these feelings, is the power "of the poet, or literally of the Maker."

Now for the degrees of more or less; what it is that makes one painter above another, and one work of art greater than another?—what are the elements and characters of *greatness* of style? They are found to consist of four, and are given in order of *increasing* importance. I. Choice of noble subjects; "the "habitual choice of subjects of thought "which involve wide interests and pro- "found passions, as opposed to those "which involve narrow interests and "slight passions." And first in order come sacred subjects, and highest of these, celebrations of the acts of Christ; as Leonardo's painting of *The Last Supper*; Hunt's painting of the *Light of the World*: then representations of the acts of great men, their deeds and meditations; for instance, Raphael in the *School of Athens*:—then in the third order the portrayal of the passions of common life; and under this division will come first the painter of deep thoughts and sorrows, and acts of heroism, like Hunt in the *Claudio and Isabella*, and Millais in *The Rescue*: next, he who represents inferior passions, the petty malignities and jealousies of the drawing-room, like Leslie: then in the third rank in the third order will come those who paint the sports of boys, or simplicities of clowns, like Webster and Teniers. All these, observe, working in sincerity the thoughts that are natural to them, and all good ceasing to be good when they despise or envy one another, when the great has no fellowship for the small man, and when the latter, striving to be what nature never intended, nor will suffer him to be, draws down ridicule, not on himself only, but on the holy thing he has defiled. For there must be sincerity in their choice, or they will come to take no rank at all as poets, but rather some inverted order in the abyss: and this sincerity, and natural aptitude for one definite form of sympathy or another, no forced or uncongenial labour can conceal. It happened in the great periods of art, that the painter had not left to him, as now, the choice of subject; it was all determined for him, whether he should pass long days in giving form to a holy thought, some passion in the life of Christ, that would make him pale and lean with watching, or in peaceful decoration of a wall with fair coloured flowers, on which his eye and heart could rest passionless; but through all, the temper of the man would show itself, be clearly discernible to a vigilant looker-on.

"Thus, in the prolonged ranges of "various subjects with which Benozzo "Gozzoli decorated the cloisters of Pisa, "it is easy to see that love of simple "domestic incident, sweet landscape, and "glittering ornament, prevails slightly "over the solemn elements of religious "feeling, which, nevertheless, the spirit "of the age instilled into him in such "measure as to form a very lovely and "noble mind, though still one of the se- "cond order. In the work of Orcagna, "an intense solemnity and energy in the "sublimest groups of his figures, fading "away as he touches inferior subjects, "indicates that his home was among the "archangels, and his rank among the first "of the sons of men; while Correggio, "in the sidelong grace, artificial smiles, "and purple languors of his saints, indi- "cates the inferior instinct which would "have guided his choice in quite other "directions, had it not been for the fashion "of the age, and the need of the day."

To the sincere expressional purpose there must be added also such techni-

and the knowledge of the day, can give him: and wherever these two requirements exclude one another, one of two broad and pervading forms of error is manifest; the one, where technical excellence predominates over, and supersedes expression, distinguishing the Venetian school principally; and the other where expression supersedes skill, producing some such phase as the modern school of "High Art;" the latter being the vainer and more pretentious of the two errors; for until a man can paint and draw well, he has not even acquired the language of his Art, and should be content to take a place in the category of those "whose "feelings can be better imagined than "described." Thus his choice must be wise as well as sincere, so that, if an ambitious man, he mistake not his vanity for inspiration; or, if a weak man, desirous of doing right, and confessing with a noble confession the subjects he most loves to honour, he degrade not what he meant to reverence. It is difficult because dangerous to consign men's names to a condemned class, knowing so little, as we do or can, of one another; but under one of these two classes nearly all the professed religious painters of modern Germany and England would fall.

The second element is Love of Beauty: "that it introduces in the "conception of its subject as much "beauty as is possible, consistently with "Truth." Not denying the forms of viciousness and inferiority, or ever seeking to alter them, but dwelling oftenest upon the fairest, and feeling happiest in them, and everywhere bringing out the beauty that is in things, and insisting upon that rather than the ugliness. Under this division, therefore, as under the former, do schools of art range themselves in orders, according to the measure of their love and apprehension of beauty. First, Angelico, in his comprehension of spiritual beauty: then Paul Veronese and Correggio, in love of physical beauty: in the third rank Albert Durer, Rubens, and in general the northern artists, apparently insensible to beauty, so careful after truth, whether fair or not. After these come aspirants to the orders "in the abyss"—Teniers, Salvator, Caravaggio, and their brethren.

The third is Sincerity: "that it "includes the largest possible quantity "of Truth in the most perfectly possi- "ble harmony." And since all cannot be given, choosing always the most dignified and essential truths. After exemplifying the way in which Rembrandt will sacrifice the harmonious sum of truth to the expression of a not very important fraction of it, there follows this testimony to Paul Veronese, that he

> "Chooses to represent the great rela- "tions of visible things to each other, to "the heaven above, and to the earth be- "neath them. He holds it more impor- "tant to show how a figure stands relieved "from delicate air, or marble wall; how "as a red, or purple, or white figure, it "separates itself, in clear discernibility, "from things not red, not purple, nor "white; how infinite daylight shines "around it; how innumerable veils of "faint shadow invest it; how its black- "ness and darkness are, in the excess of "their nature, just as limited and local "as its intensity of light: all this I say "he feels to be more important than show- "ing merely the exact *measure* of he "spark of sunshine that gleams on a "dagger-hilt, or glows on a jewel. All "this, moreover, he feels to be harmonious, "—capable of being joined in one great "system of spacious truth. And with "inevitable watchfulness, inestimable "subtlety, he unites all this in tenderest "balance, noting in each hair's breadth "of colour, not merely what its rightness "or wrongness is in itself, but what its "relation is to every other on his canvass: "restraining, for truth's sake, his ex- "haustless energy, reining back, for "truth's sake, his fiery strength; veiling, "before truth, the vanity of brightness; "penetrating, for truth, the discourage- "ment of gloom; ruling his restless inven- "tion with a rod of iron; pardoning no "error, no thoughtlessness, no forgetful- "ness; and subduing all his powers, im- "pulses, and imaginations, to the arbitre- "ment of a merciless justice, and the "obedience of an incorruptible verity."

From this law and requirement of sincerity flow three corollaries:—1. That in general all *great* drawing is *distinct* drawing; is tested by its assertion of *something*, known by its calmness, distinctness, luminousness, and positiveness: bad drawing, on the other hand, without firmness or fineness, by its assertion of *nothing*, its slurring, obscurity, and indecision. 2. That great art deals in large masses, and works upon a large scale, expressing generally such qualities of mind as are imperfectly denoted by such terms as breadth, massing, unity, boldness, etc., "all of which are indeed "great qualities when they mean "breadth of truth, weight of truth, "unity of truth, and courageous asser- "tion of truth; but which have all "their correlative errors and mock- "eries, almost universally mistaken "for them,—the breadth which has no "contents, the weight which has no "value, the unity which plots decep- "tion, and the boldness which faces "out fallacy." 3. That all great art is delicate to the highest possible degree, and conversely, all coarse work an infallible sign of low art; and to this rule there is no exception.

The fourth and last and chief element is invention: "that it must be "produced by the imagination." This is the application of the poetic or creative faculty, and here it is that a barrier is for ever set between high and low art, so as for ever to place the former beyond the reach or hope of the latter. This is the power that cannot be gained nor imparted. For

"The greatness or smallness of a man is, "in the most conclusive sense, determined "for him at his birth, as strictly as it is "determined for a fruit whether it is to "be a currant or an apricot. Educa- "tion, favourable circumstances, resolu- "tion, and industry can do much; in a "certain sense they do *everything*; that "is to say, they determine whether the "poor apricot shall fall in the form of a "green bead, blighted by the east wind, "and be trodden under foot, or whether "it shall expand into tender pride, and "sweet brightness of golden velvet. But "apricot out of currant—great man out "of small—did never yet art or effort "make; and, in a general way, men "have their excellence nearly fixed for "them when they are born; a little "cramped and frost-bitten on one side, a "little sun-burnt, and fortune-spotted on "the other, they reach, between good and "evil chances, such size and taste as "generally belong to the men of their "calibre, and the small in their service- "able bunches, the great in their golden "isolation, have, these no cause for regret, "nor those for disdain."

The old false claims of High Art being thus dethroned, and new ones in their place invested with such a dignity as you see, two questions arise, touching the ideal; one from the second element of greatness, "How may "beauty be sought in defiance of "truth?" and one from that of invention. "How does the imagination "show itself in dealing with truth?" Now while, on the one hand, the faithful pursuit of the ideal is a noble and legitimate use of the imagination, bringing before us what is possible and true with full power and presence, it so happens that *nearly* all the artistical and poetical seeking after it springs from the abuse of the imagination in its pursuit of the impossible and untrue: and in this way, by suffering itself to create false images where its duty is to create true ones; and first, and most perniciously in the example of the religious ideal. As long as this ideal remained, and was understood to be purely conventional, making no pretence to historical accuracy, but expressive only of the painter's love and veneration for his subject, arraying it in all devices of fair transparent colour and gold, setting it off with whatever, in his great simple heart, spoke of power and majesty, so long the religious ideal was noble, and stands to this day unapproachable in its touching purity and solemnity. This is the *passionate* or *Angelican* ideal, called from Angelico, its central master. But the effects of the first false step, when *religious facts were employed for the display of art*, instead

of art for their display, were ruinously rapid: Raffaelle was yet living to see the beginning of the end which his pre-eminent power had brought about. The substitution of the '*philosophical*' for the *passionate*' ideal, the confusion of classicalism with Christianity, of falsehood with veracity, of emptiness and insipidity with what was so eminently earnest and solemn, divorced Religion from Art at once, and henceforward they went on their separate ways, to the paralyzing of what was best and noblest in the one, and not to the bettering of the other either. Next is the profane ideal. It brought profane art into existence; so long as men cared for truth first, and beauty afterwards, they cared chiefly for the chief truth, and all art was intensely religious. The whole of this fifth chapter on the "profane ideal" following its course down the dark centuries to this day, tracing it in our language, manners, and education, is grand. There has been enough mutilation and discrowning of fine passages in the outline above for me to have heart to attack this. You who read it will find it among the most fruitful, in suggesting after-thoughts of all in the volume. I do not envy the man who will rise unawed by its solemn ending.

Yet there is a True Ideal; for though the noblest work of the imagination be "to summon up the memories of "past events, and the anticipations of "future ones, under aspects which "would bear the sternest tests of his-"torical investigation, or abstract rea-"soning—nevertheless it has permis-"sible functions peculiarly its own, "and certain rights of feigning, adorn-"ing, and fancifully arranging, inali-"enable from its nature." The loving enthusiasm which seeks for a beauty fit to be the object of eternal love, the inventive skill which gathers together whatever is beautiful, emphasizing, without altering, the finest forms among them, and the creative skill which delights itself in aspects of the impossible, feigning for itself fairies and such-like things, are three forms of Idealism more or less allied with the three conditions of the artistical mind, dwelt upon in the great sixth chapter in The Stones of Venice. It was there found that three classes of men approached nature, receiving three separate impressions from it, giving forth in art three separate results. First come the men with the tender and pure minds, who choose the good only—these are the Purists: then the men of strong and universal mind, who grasp things in their entirety, taking the evil and the good together, because Truth impels them—these are the Naturalists: last, the men of foul and impure mind, who choose the evil and leave the good, and who were called Sensualists. Now it will be seen at once, that the two first forms of Idealism correspond nearly enough to the Purists and Naturalists to evidence at once some close connexion between them; but in the last case the matter is not so plain; the link that connects them lies somewhere in the union between that vague sense of the presence of evil and wild dreamlike fancies, resulting from long contemplation of it, which is denoted by the word *Grotesque*.

We have, therefore, the three forms arranged thus:—(A.) Purist Idealism, (B.) Naturalist Idealism, (C.) Grotesque Idealism.

And first, Purist Idealism is the result of a mind more than ordinarily tender and holy, incapable of dwelling on the evil that seems bound up with existence by an ordinance for ever; perhaps not even seeing it, except under a veil of final good, which transfigures it with a beauty not its own. It indicates a somewhat childish mind, and in history produced a somewhat childish form of art—using this term "childish," observe, in all veneration. Now, since it is ideal, it is in no wise to be taken as intended for any representation of facts; for being without the element of evil, it would be false idealism, but is to be understood as signifying only the expression of the painter's

personal affections and aspirations. It is noble when *instinctive*, when it is the greatest and best a man can give, though it be not the greatest nor the best sometimes allotted to the sons of men: its safety lies in knowing its inferiority, and being contented with it.

(B.) *Naturalist Idealism.*—This is the central and highest part concerned with things as they *are*, accepting alike the good and evil, not seeking to mend God's earth, nor alter it in any wise. Yet how can this be ideal at all? or art at all, in a great sense, seeing art was laid down before to be a product of the imagination? Now comes in the appliance of that faculty, which was explained so deeply in the second volume, Associative Imagination, whose essence lies in the power of arrangement, and in so contrasting good with evil, beauty with decay, that the goodness and beauty are exalted by the contrast, and the evil and decay have yet themselves all the good that is in them set forth. The Naturalists are pre-eminently, and above all others, the men of truth, inasmuch as they grasp not a part of it only, but the whole thing as it has come from God through man, with the beauty of the first and the sorrow of the second. And observe, it is not the chief and highest form only that is ideal—this is a common and confusing error with us—all are ideal by virtue of their harmony, none are ideal in their isolation: Thersites must be as ideal as Achilles, Alecto as Helen. See what follows also in this insight into, and continual presence of, nature; the painter *sees* all this, truly and really, before he lays pencil to canvass, sees it in the strong vision of his great faculty more distinctly than bodily appearance, more really than the realized form of it: to us his work is ideal, to himself real and verily existent; over his life you may see the words of the greatest apocalypse that ever poet was blessed with, "enamel-

hast seen, and the things which are. There is no selection with him, the choice was made for him long ago; he cannot choose but say what he has seen; no choice of prettiness, rejection of vulgarity: what is vulgar to him? it is a word below his understanding; in the wide grasp of his sympathy and mighty intellect, that takes in all specific things, and makes of them one music, he can spare no single note, can endure the blotting out of nothing that exists.

I am glad that Ruskin has dwelt upon this world *vulgarity*, and traced it home, and found out its disreputable lineage. Of all the very foolish things that are ever being said about poetry, painted or written, the very saddest, coldest and most utterly hateful to hear is this same charge of vulgarity, which sweeps alike into its shallow waters the tender pathos of what is lowly, and the simplicity of what is childish, and the pure instinct of what is natural, with the low brutality of what is vicious. I hope all who dearly love art have seen, once in their lives, Hunt's *Claudio and Isabella*; they will remember the picture well, having once seen it. It is taken at that part where poor Claudio cries out, "Ay, "but to die, and go we know not "where." None will forget those faces having once seen them. How do you think Claudio is standing as he jerks out his terrified words? in a set attitude, with legs astride, and hand smitten upon the forehead? Not so saw the painter. He stands leaning back against the wall of his prison, playing fretfully—so feverously with the band of his shoe, his right leg drawn upwards, and his eyes set so stedfastly, as eyes are wont to do when the mind is otherwhere and full of anguish; you would think, to look at him, that the matter of life and death lay in tracing with his eye the veins of the wainscotting, or the division of the stone. He is no hero, poor Claudio; see how he

that is to be, carving his own name and hers, for whom he suffered. The truth being, that the painter saw verily before him all that happened, just as it did happen when Shakespeare saw it: without rule of composition, or "precept for production of the beautiful;" for the matter of that, in defiance of law and precept. And yet I have heard that painting, which has not many like it in the whole world, so grand and truthful, called vulgar—and by people whose combined geniuses set to work upon a thought, could produce nothing from it that would not be hopelessly and ineffably vulgar;—for a man may be pardoned indignation at the sight of a pompous and padded world, laughing into scorn whatever is lowly and impulsive. Remember once for all, the noblest things in the hands of the weak man are vulgar, and the meanest things in the hands of the great man are noble; and in the presence of the latter we may feel confidence always, and trust ourselves blindly to him.

(C.) *Grotesque Idealism.*—It must be remembered that in the Stones of Venice the Grotesque was divided principally into three kinds,—1. Art arising from healthful but irrational play of the imagination in times of rest; 2. Art arising from irregular and accidental contemplation of terrible things, or evil in general; 3. Art arising from the confusion of the imagination by the presence of truths which it cannot wholly grasp. It is the second of these forms which allies itself with sensualism, but it is the third with which we have to do chiefly now. This is a thoroughly noble form of the Grotesque; it is the art by which thoughts otherwise expressionless, "such as no language may declare," are perpetuated and comprehended; dreams and half-conceptions of truth, and truth mingled inextricably with error, and prophetic utterances, and vaguest aspirations. It includes nearly all symbolism and allegory, and such other noble use of the imagination, in art and poetry. "No element of imagination has a wider range, a more "magnificent use, or so colossal a grasp "of sacred truth." "If a really great "painter, thoroughly capable of giving "substantial truth, and master of the "elements of pictorial effect which "have been developed by modern art, "would solemnly and yet fearlessly "cast his fancy free in the spiritual "world, and faithfully follow out such "masters of that world as Dante and "Spenser, there seems no limit to the "splendour of thought which painting "might express." Nay, in many of the works of Watts and Rossetti the author sees "already visible the dawn of a "new era of art, in a true unison of "the grotesque with the realistic "power." The chapter concludes, of course magnificently, with a comparison between two examples chosen from false and true grotesque Idealism. So end the chapters on the True Ideal: it seemed to me better to confine myself wholly to them, trusting to another opportunity for saying something about Realization and Finish, and the use of Pictures and Landscape, with all the glorious things that are written about the Greeks and Mediævals, rather than hurry through so precious a work with a mere transcript of the table of contents.

One would like to say a few words about hope and the future. Seeing what a great and noble thing this art is really, how divine a work it has set itself to do, what a gospel it has to preach, and woe impending if it preach it not; reading also in the golden and somewhat mournful history of its disciples what a perilous gift it has been to men; how fairly it showed in its beginnings, how it grew and gathered strength, found a voice for its yearnings, and very pinions for its imaginings, drew nigh to the very borders of completion, then fell, a house divided against itself, assailable to all the winds that blow; how from that time to this,

Art and Religion, that at the first were as thought and utterance to one another, as soul and body, "that never "can be sunder'd without tears," have stood, riven indeed and divided, but with a cruel semblance of unity that is the worst evil of all:—seeing all this, it is time to ask what hope lies in the future, and what counsel in the past. Great hope, if we are mindful of the counsel. See the testimony of Ruskin, regarding religious art. "It will exist; "nay, I believe the era of its birth has "come, and that those bright Tur- "nerian imageries, which the Euro- "pean public declared to be 'dotage,' "and those calm Pre-Raphaelite stu- "dies, which, in like manner, it pro- "nounced 'puerility,' form the first "foundation that has been ever laid "for true sacred art." We have even now returned again to the beginnings, treading in the ancient ways and true, and there is fairer hope dawning through the very tears of our backsliding. Once more art has renewed itself, done battle for itself, like a little Hercules has crushed its serpents, the first of many labours; laid the foundation of a new renaissance, amidst scorn and derision, as ill-fated as the laugh that Remus laughed over the building of the great city when the death-stroke met him; above all, has linked itself again to faith and religion, its natural home and source of inspiration. And along with it,—see what God will do for us,—in the very nick of time, an interpreter is given to us.

"The river's a-wave
With smooth paper-reeds, grazing each other when prophet-winds rave."

And just as, in the beginning, it is said that the Maker set a greater light to rule the day, I believe now that we are come out of a certain dark and mournful night, and are living in the dawning of a great day, and that he has set a greater light to rule it, in the long and goodly company of noble men alive and speaking. Oh! it is happy; after infinite wanderings, strangest misconceptions, wofullest repulses, to come again at last to this, having found the point of our divergence, and cause of all our failure to lie herein—that we understood not how art which ends in art is ignoble, the spirit only noble; that whensoever art is the expression of the breath of life, which the Master of Life at the beginning did breathe into man, whereby he became a living soul, it is good and true for ever; but whensoever it is expressionless and altogether dead, or, if not so, expressing only the pestilential breath which comes from the abyss, the spirit of death, it is for ever false, *Unclean, unclean.*

And two eminent results at once follow; justice to the past, veritable grounds of hope for the coming years. The graceless striving of those far-off, earnest centuries—we will smile at them no more, nor any longer "gaze "scorn down from the heights of Raffaelhood:" they were our masters, acknowledging the spirit that burned in them; they have won, long, long ago, and sit in heaven; we, doing despite to the same spirit, have lost in the same race, and the laugh, if any laugh there be, is against us. What are we vain about in the comparison? Is it greater skill? Are we, then, so blinded with the dust of our long travelling? "If "these had not walked their furlong, "could we hope to walk our mile?" At the feet of Giotto and Orcagna, therefore, and Albert Durer, we have begun again, and God be with us.

As to the future, our reasonable hope springs out of what has been done already. The rule of faith in art once more established, the honour of God, namely, and ennobling of humanity, our road onwards is clear. Look back a moment at what this school of Pre-Raphaelites has done already. If their principles had in them anything of truth, they knew that condemnation, misconstruction,—oblivion, if you will, would not quench its light for ever: some day it would burn through with consuming fire. The beginnings, there-

fore, were among the lowly things of the earth, "whatsoever things are love-"ly, whatsoever things are pure;" ever mounting upwards to one end: the running stream becoming a great river, and the quiet light a burning torch; teaching lessons of purity, singing legends of heroism, wakening into horror the fickle cruelty of unholy love, startling into alarm and remorse whatever is cold, cruel, and inconstant, finding at last a consummation and happy fellowship in such thoughts as realized the "Light of the World."

There is The Huguenot, one of the first efforts, with its teaching of high and devoted religious principle, in a conflict with deep and passionate love. Then, how shall I number them in order? the Ophelia—who does not remember that sorrowful picture? thinking that truly death was most terrible in youth, most fearful in the mocking light of day, and brightness of the Summer-time: for the banks were crowned with flowers, and the birds were out, the robin on the willow-bough; and all lay in deep light and sunshine, but her eyes were glazed even now, and the inner light was closed for ever; and, upon the water lay fantastic garlands she had wrought of "crow-"flowers, nettles, daisies, and long "purples."

"Her clothes spread wide;
And mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress."

Her brow looked very calm and quiet, but you might know how the fever burned under, for her hands rippled through the water in feverish playfulness, and so "singing in her song she died."

Then "Mariana, in the moated "Grange;" how sad it made one. She stood at the window so desolate, with expectation still upon her weary sleepless eyes, looking at the lonely poplar and the shadow, risen from that endless broidery that should never more delight her, her lips parted in the listless singing of her dirge, "He will "not come."

Highest of all, the "Light of the World." Ruskin has called it, in this last volume, "the most perfect instance "of expressional purpose with techni-"cal power, which the world has yet "produced." So new, but so familiar; those large mournful eyes, set in such sorrowful expectation, till the door shall open, the head slightly bending, even as it bowed upon the cross: it is the Son of Man standing before us, in all the beauty and the sadness of our common humanity: we could call Him Brother, and inexpressibly beautiful the thought seems to us: but another look, and it is the Son of God, risen and glorified, the royal crown upon His Head, and the royal robes enfolding Him, starred with jewels: so we are bowed down with awe before the Judge of quick and dead; yet are there signs of comfort, making the God whom we worship, and the Brother whom we love, one; and these are the crown of thorns budding with new leaves, and the pierced hands;—the perfect God and Perfect Man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting. And while the heart is bowed downwards yet in silence, filled through and through with its glory, that wondrously lovely background, earth and sky together, comes upon one like a soft wind, when the brain is overwrought and fevered: the orchard, too, and fruit trees, till one remembers the written words of the wise king; "As the apple-tree among "the trees of the wood, so is my Be-"loved among the sons." Have we not seen it many a time, that strange pale green colour in the sky at night, so bright along the east that we know the day is coming? The stars up in heaven are very bright, piercing through the boughs till they seem to hang like white blossoms among the leaves, but above the Head is one, very

bright and large and dazzling, and we know it for His star that led the wise men westwards, and think perhaps of the time when that star shone above Him, in the lowly stable of Bethlehem.

I believe that every man, to whom God has granted truthfulness, veneration and earnestness, will come from the diligent reading of this book with a spirit of deep solemnity upon him. He may know nothing as yet, nor be ever able to know anything of Art; the names of its great history may be dead languages to him; the works of its inspiration a sealed book to him; his very manner of life may be a continual severance from this nature whose beauty and infinity he finds recorded; yet, I promise, he will feel his heart warmer, his sympathy wider, his knowledge deeper, his thoughts purer. Or he may be an artist in act or power, and reject everything that is at war with old opinions, or militates against his School; yet he also, even he will come from this fiery trial of Truth, that assays all things, and proves them, with some fancies quickened, some doubts directed, some aspirations ennobled, some emotions deepened and confirmed. How otherwise? seeing such names as Truth and Faith guarding every page with their presences; feeling confident that in the mazes of intricate argument, so lengthened and prolonged, at times, that all memory of what has gone before is lost under need of present concentration—feeling confidence in all that the argument orbs about to the first principle, and never forsakes it, that "Man's use and "function are, to be the witness of the "glory of God, and to advance that "glory by his reasonable obedience, "and resultant happiness." How otherwise but be purified and exalted by such words?

To have given long years in the centre of his life to one prolonged act of devotion—the rendering tardy justice to the memory of a great Englishman, dead and wronged; to have spoken truthfully, earnestly, faithfully all the time; to have given honour to every noble thought and passion, to have set himself, heart and mind, and body, to cry against falsehood, and appeal for Truth; to have suffered a righteous indignation at deceit and lies, to pass never the limits of mercifulness, nor be ever other than it should be, an inverted love; to have opened world upon world of new desires, new sympathies to many and many an one, who will be quiet and unknown for ever, unable even to thank him, and say, "You made me happy;" to cause all who read him ever so shallowly, to feel for the time at least a spell of earnestness upon them—this, and more than I can calculate, is his temporal crown and reward. Let us be grateful, brothers, and not be ashamed to speak feelingly. I think if we used more abandonment in speech to one another, were less careful for our own petty passing fame, how this may sound, and that be construed; more desirous of securing first *the thing* to be said, and having no thought for the *how*, believing that will be given us, we should understand each other better, feel more boldness and faith in a brother's sympathy, or at the least, merciful patience. And daily we should wither less and less under parody and satire, and that Michal-like derision of enthusiasm, which silences half the world, and gives the other half to jesting. And the good that would come of it, could we thus "Move upward, "working out the beast, And let the "ape and tiger die," we cannot even measure or conceive; the cold hearts that would thaw to us, and the gentle ones that would blossom for us, and the deep ones that would sing to us, when the winter of our coldness is past and forgotten.

I know that God will suffer no good work to fall to the ground fruitless. I know that He will honour the seed of His sowing, and raise up a harvest of good, far off, though we shall not live to see it; though he who has wrought so well

and fairly, and poured out his spirit, pure as the waters of the city of God, where he will stand sometime, will not see it upon earth.

After all, how true are the words of that Eastern philosopher, "A man "cannot be hid. A man cannot be hid."

FRANK'S SEALED LETTER.

EVER since I can remember, even when I was quite a child, people have always told me that I had no perseverance, no strength of will; they have always kept on saying to me, directly and indirectly, "Unstable as water thou "shalt not excel;" and they have always been quite wrong in this matter, for of all men I ever heard of, I have the strongest will for good and evil. I could soon find out whether a thing were possible or not to me; then if it were not, I threw it away for ever, never thought of it again, no regret, no longing for that, it was past, and over to me; but if it were possible, and I made up my mind to do it, then and there I began it, and in due time finished it, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till it was done. So I did with all things that I set my hand to.

Love only, and the wild restless passions that went with it, were too strong for me, and they bent my strong will, so that people think me now a weak man, with no end to make for in the purposeless wanderings of my life.

Yes, my life is purposeless now. I have failed, I know, but I know that I have fought too; I know the weary struggle from day to day, in which, with my loins girded, and my muscles all a-strain, I have fought, while years and years have passed away. I know what they do not, how that Passion trembled in my grasp, shook, staggered: how I grew stronger and stronger; till when, as I stood at last quivering with collected force, the light of victory across my lips and brow, God's hand struck me, and I fell at once, and without remedy; and am now a vanquished man; and really without any object in life, not desiring death any more than life, or life any more than death; a vanquished man, though no coward; forlorn, hopeless, unloved, living now altogether in the past.

I will tell you how I fell, and then I pray you all to pity me, and if you can, love me, and pray for me that I may be forgiven.

I said, when I left her that day, that I would forget her, look upon her as if she had never been; coming and going to and from that house, indeed, seeing her often, talking to her, as to any other friendly and accomplished lady; but seeing Mabel, my Mabel, that had been, no more. She was dead, and the twenty years that I had lived with her, man and boy, and little child, were gone—dead too, and forgotten. No shadow of them should rest upon my path, I said. Meantime the world wanted help; I was strong and willing, and would help it. I saw all about me men without a leader, looking and yearning for one to come and help them. I would be that leader, I said; there was no reason for me to be bitter and misanthropical, for I could forget the past utterly, could be another man in short. Why! I never loved that woman there, with her heavy, sweeping, black hair, and dreamily-passionate eyes; that was some one past away long ago. Who knows when he lived? but I am the man that knows, that feels all poetry and art, that can create, that can sympathize with every man and woman that ever lived—even with that cold, proud

woman there, without a heart, but with heavy, sweeping hair, and great dreamily-passionate eyes, which might cause a weak man to love her.

Yes, I said so when I left her—nay, even before I left her, for in my agonized pleading I had said words that made her cold, selfish blood run quick enough to speak scornful things to me. "Mabel!" I said, "Mabel! think "awhile before you turn from me for "ever! Am I not good enough for "you? Yet tell me, I pray you, for "God's sake, what you would have me "do? what you would have me make "myself, and I will do that thing, "make myself such, whatever it is. "Think how long I have worshipped "you, looked on all the world through "your eyes. I loved you as soon as "I saw you, even when I was a child, "before I had reason almost; and my "love and my reason have grown "together, till now. Oh! Mabel, think "of the things we have talked of toge-"ther, thought of together! Will you "ever find another man who thinks "the same as you do in everything? "Nay, but you must love me. Such "letters you have written me too! "Oh! Mabel, Mabel, I know God "will never let love like mine go un-"requited. You love me, I know. "I am sure of it; you are trying me "only; let it be enough now, my own "Mabel, the only one that loves me. "See, do not I love you enough?"

I fell there before her feet. I caught the hem of her garment. I buried my face in its folds; madly I strove to convince myself that she was but trying me, that she could not speak for her deep love, that it was a dream only. Oh! how I tried to wake, to find myself, with my heart beating wildly, and the black night round me, lying on my bed; as often, when a child, I used to wake from a dream of lions, and robbers, and ugly deaths, and the devil, to find myself in the dear room, though it was dark, my heart bounding with the fear of pursuit and joy of escape.

But no dream breaks now, desperate, desperate, earnest. The dreams have closed round me, and become the dismallest reality, as I often used to fear those other dreams might; the walls of this fact are closed round about me now like the sides of an iron chest, hurrying on down some swift river, with the black water above, to the measureless, rolling sea. I shall never any more wake to anything but that.

For listen to what she said, you who are happy lovers. Can you believe it? I can scarce do so myself. I, not looking up from where I lay, felt her lips curl into a cruel smile, as she drew herself from my grasp, and said:

"Listen, Hugh. I call you 'Hugh,' "by the way, not because I am fond "of you, but because surnames never "seemed to me to express anything; "they are quite meaningless. Hugh, "I never loved you, never shall, nay, "something more. I am not quite "sure that I do not hate you, for "coming to claim me as a right in "this way, and appealing to God "against me. Who gave you any "right to be lord over me, and ques-"tion my heart? Why, for this long "time I have seen that you would "claim me at last, and your 'love,' "which I now cast from me for ever, "and trample upon, so—so,—your "'love,' I say, has been a bitterly "heavy burden to me, dogging me up "and down, everywhere. You think "my thoughts? Yes, verily, you who "think yourself the teacher of such "an one as I am, have few thoughts "of your own to think. What do I "want better than you? Why, I "want a man who is brave and beau-"tiful. You are a coward and a crip-"ple. Am I trying you? No, Hugh; "there is no need for that. I think "I know you well enough, weak and "irresolute, you will never do any-"thing great. I must marry a great "man—

"'White honour shall be like a plaything
to him,
"Borne lightly, a pet falcon on his wrist;

" One who can feel the very pulse o' the time,
" Instant to act, to plunge into the strife,
" And with a strong arm hold the rearing world.'"

But before she had begun to quote, my life had changed. While I lay there, in I know not what agony, that which I have just said came suddenly across me. I became calm all at once. I began to bend my passion beneath my strong will; the fight I fought so bravely had begun.

I rose up quietly before she began to quote, and when she saw me standing there, so calmly, ay, and looking so brave too, though I was a "cripple "and a coward," she quailed before me, her voice fell, even in the midst of her scornful speech; then I thought, "so "cool, and can quote pretty verses at "such a time. Oh! but my revenge is "good, and sure too, it is almost as if "I killed her, stabbed her to the heart, "here in this room." Then my heart grew quite obedient, and my purpose began to work, so that I could speak with no shadow of passion in my words, and with no forced unnatural calm either. I could seem, and for years and years did seem, to be no hard cold man of the world, no mere calculating machine for gauging God's earth by modern science; but a kindly genial man; though so full of knowledge, yet having room for love too, and enthusiasm, and faith. Ah! they who saw me as such did not see the fight, did not see that bitter passage in the room of the old house at Riston, where the river widens.

I stood there silent for a very short time; then, raising my eyes to hers, said, "Well, Mabel, I shall go up to "London, and see the publishers, and "perhaps stay there a day or two, so "that I shall probably be back again at "Casley by Tuesday; and I daresay "I shall find time to walk over to Ris-"ton on Wednesday or Thursday, to tell "you what we have determined on— "good bye." She trembled, and turned pale, as I gave her my hand, and said, "good bye," in a forced tone, that was in strong contrast to my natural-seeming calmness. She was frightened of me then, already. Good.

So I walked away from Riston to my own house at Casley (which was about two miles from Riston), and got ready to start for London; then, about an hour after I had parted from her, set out again across the fields to the railway, that was five miles from my house. It was on the afternoon of a lovely spring day; I took a book with me, a volume of poems just published, and my dead friend's manuscript; for my purpose in going to London was to see to its publication.

Then, looking at that over which so many years of toil and agony of striving had been spent, I thought of him who wrote it; thought how admirable he was, how that glorious calm purpose of his shone through all his restless energy. I thought, too, as I had never done before, of the many, many ways he had helped me, and my eyes filled with tears, as I remembered remorsefully the slight return I had given him for his affection, my forgetfulness of him in the years when I was happy. I thought of his quiet, successful love, and that sweet wife of his, the poor widow that was now, who lived at Florence, watching the shadows come and go on her husband's tomb, the rain that washed it, the sun and moon that shone on it; then how he had died at Florence, and of the short letter he had written to me, or rather that had been written, just before his death, by his wife, from his dictation, and stained with the many tears of the poor heart-broken lady. Those farewell words that threw but a slight shadow over the happy days when I loved Mabel, had more weight now, both for sorrow and consolation; for the thought that that dead man cared for me surely did me good, made me think more of the unseen world, less of the terrible earth-world that seemed all going wrong, and which the unseen was slowly righting.

I had the letter with me at that very time. I had taken it out with the manuscript, and together with that, another, a sealed letter that came with it, and which, according to the dying man's wish, I had never yet opened. I took out both the letters, and turning aside from the path sat down under a willow by the side of the river, a willow just growing grey-green with the spring. And there, to the music of the west wind through the slim boughs, to the very faint music of the river's flow, I read the two letters, and first the one I had read before.

"Dear friend, I am going the last "journey, and I wish to say farewell "before I go. My wife's tears fall "fast, as she writes, and I am sorry "to go, though, I think, not afraid to "die. Two things I want to say to "you: the first and least has to do with "my writings; I do not wish them to "perish: you know I wrote, thinking "I might do some one good; will you "see about this for me? Do you know, "Hugh, I never cared for any man "so much as for you: there was some-"thing which drew me to you wonder-"fully; it used to trouble me some-"times to think that you scarcely cared "for me so much; but only sometimes, "for I saw that you knew this, and tried "to love me more; it was not your fault "that you could not; God bless you for "the trying even! When you see my "wife, be kind to her; we have had "happy talk about you often, thinking "what a great man you ought to be. "Yet one thing more. I send you "with this a sealed enclosure. On "the day that you are married to Ma-"bel, or on the day that she dies, still "loving you, burn this unopened; but, "oh friend, if such a misfortune hap-"pen to you, as I scarce dare hint at "even, then open it, and read it for "the sake of, Frank."

Then I remembered, sadly, how when I read this, I was angry at first, even with the dead man, for his suspicion; only, when I thought of him dying, and how loving he was, my anger quickly sunk into regret for him; not deep anguish, but quiet regret. Ah! what a long time it was since I loved Mabel! how I had conquered my raging passion! Frank will surely applaud my resolution. Dear heart! how wise he was in his loving simplicity.

I looked at the sealed letter; it also was directed in his wife's handwriting; I broke the seal, and saw Frank's writing there; it was written, therefore, some time before his death.

How solemn the wind was through the willow boughs, how solemn the faint sound of the swirls of the lowland river! I read—

"O Hugh, Hugh! poor wounded "heart! I saw it all along, that she "was not worthy of that heart stored "up with so much love. I do not ask "for that love, dear friend; I know "you cannot give it me; I was never "jealous of her; and I know, more-"over, that your love for her will not "be wasted. I think, for my part, "that there is One Who gathers up "all such wandering love, and keeps "it for Himself; think, Hugh, of those "many weary hours on the Cross; in "that way did they requite His Love "then, and how do we requite it now? "Should He not then sympathize with "all those whose love is not returned?

"And, Hugh, sweet friend, I pray "you, for Christ's love, never strive to "forget the love you bore her in the "days when you thought her noble, "the noblest of all things, never cast "away the gift of memory; never cast "it away for your ease, never even for "the better serving of God; He will "help Himself, and does not want mere "deeds; you are weak, and love can-"not live without memory. Oh! "Hugh! if you do as I pray you, this "remembered love will be a very "bright crown to you up in Heaven; "meantime, may it not be that your "love for others will grow, that you "will love all men more, and me, per-"haps, even much more? And I,

"though I never see you again in the "body till the Day of Doom, will "nevertheless be near you in spirit, to "comfort you somewhat through the "days of your toiling on earth; and "now, Frank prays God to bless poor "wounded Hugh!"

I ceased reading; a dull pain came about my forehead and eyes. What! must I be all alone in my struggle with passion? not even Frank to help me? dear fellow! to think how fond he was of me! I am very very sorry he cannot be with me in this fight; for I must kill her utterly in my memory, and I think, if he knew all, how very noble I thought her, how altogether base she really is, he would be with me after all. Yet, Frank, though I do not do this that you pray me to do, you shall still be my friend, will you not? you shall help me to become more like you, if that is possible in any degree.

So, I determined to forget her; and was I not successful, at first; ah! and for long too? nevertheless, alas! alas! Frank's memory faded with her memory, and I did not feel his spirit by me often, only sometimes, and those were my weakest times, when I was least fit to have him by me; for then my purpose would give in somewhat, and memory would come to me, not clear and distinct, but only as a dull pain about my eyes and forehead; but my strong will could banish that, for I had much work to do, trying to help my fellow-men, with all my heart I thought. I threw myself heart and soul into that work, and joy grew up in my soul; and I was proud to think that she had not exhausted the world for me.

Nor did I shrink once from the sight of her, but came often, and saw her at her father's house at Riston, that the broadening river flows by always; nay, I sat at her wedding, and saw her go up to the altar with firm step, and heard her say her part in the unfaltering music of her rich voice, wherein was neither doubt nor love; and there I prayed that the brave noble-hearted soldier, her husband, might be happy with her, feeling no jealousy of him, pitying him rather; for I did not think that it was in her nature to love any one but herself thoroughly. Yet, what a Queen she looked on that marriage-day! her black hair crowning her so, her great deep eyes looking so full of all slumbering passion as of old, her full lips underneath, whence the music came; and, as she walked there between the grey walls of that Abbey where they were married, the light fell on her through the jewel-like windows, colouring strangely the white and gold of her gorgeous robes. She also seemed, or wished to seem, to have forgotten that spring-day at Riston; at least, she spoke to me when she went away quite kindly, and very calmly; "Good bye, "Hugh, we hear of you already; you "will be a great man soon, and a "good man you always were, and al-"ways will be; and we shall think of "you often, and always with plea-"sure."

Yet I knew she hated me; oh! her hollow heart! The dull pain came about my forehead and eyes; somehow I could not keep up the farce just then. I spoke bitterly, a smile that I know now I should not have smiled, curling my lip. "Well done, Mabel! it is a "nicely composed parting speech to "an old friend; but you were always "good at that kind of thing. Forget "you?—no—you are too handsome "for that; and, if I were a painter or "sculptor, I would paint you or carve "you from memory. As it is, I never "forget beautiful faces—good bye:" and I turned away from her a little without giving my hand. She grew pale at first, then flushed bright crimson, like a stormy sky, and turned from me with a scornful devil's glance.

She was gone, and a sharp pang of memory shot through me for a single instant, a warning of my fall which was to be. For a single instant I saw her sitting there, as of old, in the garden

hard by the river, under the gold-dropping laburnums, heard her for a single instant singing wildly in her magnificent voice, as of old:

"Wearily, drearily,
Half the day long,
Flap the great banners
High over the stone;
Strangely and eerily
Sounds the wind's song,
Bending the banner-poles.

"While, all alone,
Watching the loophole's spark,
Lie I, with life all dark,
Feet tether'd, hands fetter'd
Fast to the stone,
The grim walls, square letter'd,
With prison'd men's groan.

"Still strain the banner-poles
Through the wind's song,
Westward the banner rolls
Over my wrong."

But it was gone directly, that pang; everything, voice, face, and all, like the topmost twigs of some great tree-limb, that, as it rolls round and round, griding the gravel and mud at the bottom of a flooded river, shows doubtfully for a second, flashing wet in the February sunlight, then, sinking straightway, goes rolling on toward the sea, in the swift steady flow of the flooded river; yet it appears again often, till it is washed ashore at last, who knows where or when?

But for me, these pangs of memory did not come often; nay, they came less and less frequently for long, till at last, in full triumph, as I thought it, I fell.

That marriage-day was more than two years after the day in April that I have told you of, when I read the sealed letter; then, for three years after her marriage, I went on working, famous now, with many who almost worshipped me, for the words I had said, the many things I had taught them; and I in return, verily loved these earnestly; yet, round about me clung some shadow that was not the mere dulled memory of what had been, and it deepened sometimes in my drearier moods into fearful doubts that this last five years of my life had been, after all, a mistake, a miserable failure; yet, still I had too much to do to go on doubting for long; so these shadowy doubts had to hold back till, though I knew it not, a whole army of them was marching upon me in my fancied security.

Well, it was Spring-time, just about five years from that day; I was living in London, and for the last few months had been working very hard indeed, writing and reading all day long and every day, often all night long also, and in those nights the hours would pass so quickly that the time between night-fall and dawn scarcely seemed ten minutes long. So I worked, worked so hard, that one day, one morning early, when I saw through my window, on waking about six o'clock, how blue the sky was, even above the London roofs, and remembered how, in the fields all about, it was the cowslip time of the year, I said to myself, "No work to-day; I "will make holiday for once in the "sweet spring-time; I will take a book "with some tale in it, go into the "country, and read it there, not striving particularly to remember it, but "enjoying myself only." And, as I said this, my heart beat with joy, like a boy's at thought of holiday. So I got up, and as I was dressing, I took up a volume of Shakespeare, and opened it at Troilus and Cressida, and read a line or two just at the place where the parting comes; it almost brought the tears to my eyes. "How "soft-hearted I am this morning," I said; "yet I will take this, and read "it; it is quite a long time since I "read any Shakespeare, and, I think, "years and years since I have read "Troilus and Cressida." Yes, I was soft-hearted that morning, and when I looked in the glass and saw my puny deformed figure there, and my sallow thin face, eaten into many furrows by those five years, those furrows that gave a strange grotesque piteousness

to the ugly features, I smiled at first, then almost wept for self-pity; the tears were in my eyes again; but I thought, "I will not spoil my holiday," and so forbore; then I went out into the streets, with a certain kind of light-heartedness, which I knew might turn any moment into very deep sadness. The bells of a church, that I passed in my way Essex-ward, were ringing, and their music struck upon my heart so, that I walked the faster to get beyond their sound.

I was in the country soon: people called it an ugly country, I knew, that spreading of the broad marsh lands round the river Lea; but I was so weary with my hard work that it seemed very lovely to me then; indeed, I think I should not have despised it at any time. I was always a lover of the sad lowland country. I walked on, my mind keeping up a strange balance between joy and sadness for some time, till gradually all the beauty of things seemed to be stealing into my heart, and making me very soft and womanish, so that, at last, when I was now quite a long way off from the river Lea, and walking close by the side of another little river, a mere brook, all my heart was filled with sadness, and joy had no place there at all; all the songs of birds ringing through the hedges, and about the willows; all the sweet colours of the sky, and the clouds that floated in the blue of it; of the tender fresh grass, and the sweet young shoots of flowering things, were very pensive to me, pleasantly so at first perhaps, but soon they were lying heavy on me, with all the rest of things created; for, within my heart rose memory, green and fresh as the young spring leaves. Ah! such thoughts of the old times came about me thronging, that they almost made me faint. I tried hard to shake them off; I noticed every turn of the banks of the little brook, every ripple of its waters over the brown stones, every line of the broad-leaved waterflowers; I went down towards the brook, and, stooping down, gathered a knot of lush marsh-marigolds; then, kneeling on both knees, bent over the water with my arm stretched down to it, till both my hand and the yellow flowers were making the swift-running little stream bubble about them; and, even as I did so, still stronger and stronger came the memories, till they came quite clear at last, those shapes and words of the past days. I rose from the water in haste, and, getting on to the road again, walked along tremblingly, my head bent toward the earth, my wet hand and flowers marking the dust of it as I went. Ah! what was it all, that picture of the old past days.

I see a little girl sitting on the grass, beneath the limes in the hot summer-tide, with eyes fixed on the far away blue hills, and seeing who knows what shapes there; for the boy by her side is reading to her wondrous stories of knight and lady, and fairy thing, that lived in the ancient days; his voice trembles as he reads—

"And so Sir Isumbras, when he "had slain the giant, cut off his head, "and came to the town where the lady "Alicia lived, bringing with him that "grim thing, the giant's head, and the "people pressed all about him at the "gate, and brought him to the king, "and all the court was there, and the "whole palace blazed with gold and "jewels. So there, among the ladies, "was the Lady Alicia, clothed in black, "because she thought that through "her evil pride she had caused the "death of the good knight and true, "who loved her: and when she saw "Sir Isumbras with the head of the "giant, even before the king, and "all, she gave a great cry, and ran "before all, and threw her arms round "about him." "Go on, Hugh," says the little girl, still looking into the blue distance, "why do you stop?" "I was—I was looking at the picture, "Mabel," says the boy. "Oh! is there

"a picture of that? let's see it;" and her eyes turn towards him at last. What a very beautiful child she is! "Not exactly of that," says Hugh, blushing as their eyes meet, and, when she looks away for a second, drawing his hand across his eyes, for he is soft-hearted, "not exactly of that, but af-"terwards, where she crowns him at "the tournament; here it is." "Oh! "that is pretty though; Hugh, I say "Hugh!" "Yes," says Hugh. "Go "and get me some of the forget-me-"not down by the brook there, and "some of the pretty white star-shaped "flower; I'll crown you too." Off runs Hugh, directly, carrying the book with him. "Stop, don't lose the place, "Hugh; here, give me the book." Back he goes, then starts again in a great hurry; the flowers are not easy to get, but they are got somehow; for, Hugh, though deformed, is yet tolerably active, and for her. So, when the flowers come, she weaves them into a crown, blue flowers golden-hearted, and white ones star-shaped, with the green leaves between them.

Then she makes him kneel down, and, looking at the picture in the fairy story-book, places him this way and that, with her smooth brows knit into a puzzled frown; at last she says, "It wont do somehow; I can't "make it out. I say, Hugh," she blurts out at last, "I tell you what, "it wont do; you are too ugly." "Never mind, Mabel," he says; "shall "I go on reading again?" "Yes, "you may go on." Then she sits down; and again her eyes are fixed on the far-away blue hills, and Hugh is by her, reading again, only stumbling sometimes, seemingly not so much interested as he was before.

"Poor Hugh!" I said out loud, for strangely, the thing was so strong, that it had almost wrought its own cure; and I found myself looking at my old self, and at her, as at people in a story; yet I was stunned as it were, and knew well that I was incapable of resistance against that memory now. Yes, I knew well what was coming.

I had by this time left the brook, and gone through a little village on the hill above, and on the other side of it; then turned to my right into the forest, that was all about, the quaint hornbeam forest. There, sitting down, I took out the Troilus and Cressida I had brought with me, and began to read, saying to myself (though I did not believe it) that I would cast those memories quite away from me, be triumphantly victorious over them.

Yes, there under the hornbeams I read Troilus and Cressida, the play with the two disappointments in it, Hector dead, and Cressida unfaithful; Troy and Troilus undone. And when I had finished, I thought no more of Troilus and Cressida, or of any one else in the wide world but Mabel.

"O Mabel!" I said, burying my face in the grass as I had before, long ago, in her long robes; "O Mabel! "could you not have loved me? I "would have loved you more than any "woman was ever loved. Or if you "could not love me, why did you "speak as you did on that day? I "thought you so much above me, "Mabel; and yet I could not have "spoken so to any one. O Mabel! "how will it be between us when we "are dead? O Lord! help me, help "me! Is it coming over again?"

For as I lay there, I saw again, as clearly as years ago, the room in the old house at Riston, at the noontide of the warm sunny spring weather. The black oak panelling, carved so quaintly, all round the room, whereon, in the space of sunlight that, pouring through the window, lit up the shadowed wall, danced the shadows of the young lime-leaves; the great bay window, with its shattered stone mullions, round which the creepers clung; the rustling of the hard magnolia leaves in the fresh blast of the west wind; the garden, with its clusters of joyous golden daffodils under the

acia-trees, seen through the open indow; and beyond that, rolling and ushing in the sun, between it long nes of willows and poplars, the mighty wland river going to the sea.

And she sat there by the fire-place, here there was no fire burning now. he sat by the cold hearth, with her ack to the window, her long hands id on her knees, bending forward a ttle, as if she were striving to look rough and through something that as far off—there she sat, with her eavy, rolling, purple hair, like a ueen's crown above her white tem-les, with her great slumbrously-pas-ionate eyes, and her full lips under-eath, whence the music came. Ex-ept that the wind moved a little some f the folds of her dress, she was as notionless and quiet as an old Egyp-ian statue, sitting out its many thou-and years of utter rest, that it may he better ponder on its own greatness; nore lifelessly far she looked than any one of the grey saints, that hang hrough rain, and wind, and sunshine, n the porches of the abbey which ooks down on the low river waves.

And there was one watched her rom near the door, a man with long rms, crooked shoulders, and pale, ugly-featured face, looking out from ong, lank, black hair. Yes, his face s pale always; but now it is much aler than usual, as pale almost as the ace of a dead man; you can almost hear is heart beat as he stands there; the old sweat gathers on his brow. Pre-ently he moves towards the lady; he tands before her with one hand raised, nd resting on the mantel-shelf. You an see his arm trembling as he does his; he stands so while you might count twenty, she never looking up he while. Then, half choking, he says, 'Mabel, I want to speak to you, if 'you please, for a moment;" and she ooks round with a calm, unconcerned look at first; but presently a scornful smile begins to flicker about the cor-ners of her mouth. Then that pale man says, "Ah! I have told you all "the rest before;" for he knew the meaning of the flickering smile—and that was five years ago.

And I shall never forget it while I live—never forget those words of hers—never forget a single line of her beautiful, cruel face, as she stood there five years ago. All the world may go by me now; I care not. I cannot work any more. I think I must have had some purpose in coming here; but I forget what it was. I will go back to London, and see if I can remember when I get there—so that day under the hornbeam trees I fell from my steady purpose of five years. I was vanquished then, once and for ever; there was no more fighting for me any more.

And have I ever forgotten it—that day, and the words she spoke? No, not for one moment. I have lived three years since then of bitter anguish. Every moment of that time has been utter pain and woe to me; that is what my life has been these three years. And what death may be like I cannot tell; I dare not even think for fear.

And I have fled from the world; no one of all my worshippers knows what has become of me, and the people with whom I live now, call me a man without a purpose, without a will.

Yes, I wonder what death would be like. The Eure is deep at Louviers I know—deep, and runs very swiftly towards the Seine, past the cloth mills.

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Louviers! Louviers! What am I saying? Where am I? O Christ! I hold the sealed letter—Frank's sealed letter, in my hand, the seal just broken. Five years! Eight years! It was but two hours ago that my head lay before her feet; yet I seem to have lived those eight years. Then I have not been famous; have not forgotten; never sat under the horn-beams by Chigwell; and she is sitting

there, still perhaps in that same oak room.

How strange it is, fearfully strange, yet true; for here is Frank's letter; here is his manuscript, the ink on it, brown through the years of toil and longing. There close by my side the great river is going to the sea, and the wind goes softly through the willow-boughs this sunny spring afternoon.

And now what shall I do? I know my will is strong, though I failed so in that dream I have awoke from. I know too, "That a sorrow's crown "of sorrow is remembering happier "things." Shall I wear this crown then while I live on earth, or forget, and be brave and strong? Ah! it must be a grand thing to be crowned; and if it cannot be with gold and jewels, or better still, with the river flowers, then must it be with thorns. Shall I wear this or cast it from me? I hear the wind going through the willow-boughs; it seems to have a message for me.

"Good and true, faithful and brave, "loving always, and crowned with all "wisdom in the days gone by. He "was all this and more. Trust your "friend Hugh—your friend who loved "you so, though you hardly knew it; "wear the crown of memory." Yes, I will wear it; and, O friend! you who sent me this dream of good and evil, help me, I pray you, for I know how bitter it will be. Yes, I will wear it, and then, though never forgetting Mabel, and the things that have been, I may be happy at some time or another.

Yet I cannot see now how that can ever come to pass.

Oh, Mabel! if you could only have loved me.

"Lord, keep my memory green."

OXFORD.

"Alas, the question of University Reform goes deep at present; deep as the world;—and the real University of these epochs is yet a great way from us."—*Life of Sterling.*

THE past, it is written, ever explains to us the present; we feel this to be especially true of Oxford. Everything about us that we see or hear carries us back to far-off ages. Latin statutes, old-fashioned costume and names, the broad straight walks, Gothic buildings hoary or black with time, all speak of other days. We seem to live in the past. Some may even believe that the centuries have gone over us, and have left us unchanged. And yet what has been the fact? How many, I wonder, know that the Colleges which now constitute the University, once formed but an insignificant part of it, were only petty feudal states, as it were, in the vast kingdom of the University? It is, indeed, hard to realize the pictures of Oxford given to us by Anthony à Wood, how "the "old struggle between the Faculties "of Medicine and Law concerning "the pre-heminence again broke out;" how "in the time of Henry III. there "were 30,000 students of twelve years "old and upwards:" how the University course was prolonged to eight or ten years: how under Edward II., besides the Colleges, there were 300 halls or "hostelries;" and these were for those of the higher grade; for many lived in "obscure places in poor "cabbins under the town wall; in the "Turrets or Turrells of the said wall "converted into lodging; and in "Chambers over the common Gate "that led into the town." "It is "well known," says he elsewhere, "that the Professors accommodated "the University at their first coming "with such learning procured from

"externe parts, that in short time "after it gave place to no academy "throughout the learned world." It is gone, that old University; the place thereof knoweth it no more. Can it in any part be revived? This may be a question worth thinking of.

Again, what was a mediæval college? Let the modern reader, if he can, conceive a monastery, a college, and an alms-house united into a single building, and governed by fixed laws, the bounty providing thin diet, shelter, and perhaps a yearly present of coarse clothing; the head a real *ruler*, the fellows obedient students, with suffrages on important occasions; all of them poor monks, who have renounced the world, and chosen Oxford for their recess; living two or three together in bare comfortless rooms, never leaving the city except for short periods, and with special licence; pacing soberly in hood and cowl the "studious walks and shades," talking Latin at hall, or listening in silence to the reading of the Bible, spending most of their day in chapel services; for the rest making palimpsests, or illuminating manuscripts, or reading Aristotle and the Fathers. Thus did their still life pass away in prayer and study. Let no man laugh (it is very easy so to do) at these religious sages, thus writing palimpsests, and praying without ceasing: at their confounding religion with asceticism, reducing the fine arts to chaunting and illuminating manuscripts, at their ecclesiasticising everything. For myself I cannot but admire the manful simplicity of purpose in these old Founders. They had a distinct object before them—to establish an institution for religion and learning. How was this to be done? This was the question they honestly asked themselves; and we know the answer they found to it. Noble objects, I say, nobly wrought out. A highly civilized age, priding itself upon its representative governments, Sunday worshippings, and its thousand and one charities, might not without profit perhaps cast a backward glance upon those dark and barbarous times, when the service of God was the end of life; no mere sentiment, still less a phantom, but a faith that fulfilled itself in works of charity to men; and in the wisest charity, that which makes man wiser and better. The works too, let it be marked, were neither casual nor desultory, but embodied in a vast system. Even the shadow that remains may strike us with awe. "Let our "college," we think we hear the old founder saying, as he sat amongst his architects and his counsellors, "be of "solid stone, that it may withstand "time and tempest; let it be beautiful "and worthy; let it be self-sufficient "in all things; let there be a library, "where the students may store their "minds with the knowledge of anti-"quity; a hall, where they may meet "and live together; a chapel, where "prayers may 'rise up as a fountain "day and night;' let the constitution "and statutes be binding for ever and "ever." But whether the design and the system seem to us in this nineteenth century small or great, it is certain how they were received at the time. Never since has Oxford been so great: legal privileges were granted to it, as the relaxation of the Statute of Mortmain, the liberty of self-government; Royal visits were frequent; state questions were referred to it; monks were raised into judges and diplomatists; the eyes of all England were turned to it as the seat of learning. Even present practical anachronisms bear witness to the once wide-spread influence of the Universities. The elaborate logic of the law, the disguise of medical prescriptions in Latin, the litigious character of theological works, even the rhetorical vein of parliamentary eloquence, point back to Oxford schools and schoolmen, to divinity disputations, to lectures on Aristotle, and to times when men believed and taught that rhetoric was the art of life.

Many outward aids, it is true, strengthened the position of Oxford towards the country. Oxford was the servant of the Church, which then had civil as well as spiritual authority, assumed to be the sole depository of all truth, and gave a religion to the entire nation. The wars rendered learning safe only near the shrine or the cloister. The art of printing had not yet scattered knowledge broadcast over the land: local grammar schools, inns of law, and schools of medicine, had hardly been established elsewhere. Thus Oxford naturally became a great centre of learning; it was felt to give as good an education as was then conceivable, and to satisfy all the known wants of the time. There was little or no need of progress. Romanism prohibited all enterprise of religious thought. Learning moved but slowly in that tumultuous period, and the rules of college life were fitted to the times, or where violated or impracticable, an annual absolution from the Pope wiped away the perjury. So then let us say, that down to the 16th century the University had a distinct history, and played a definite part. It was identified with the country at large, and kept alive in England a reverence both for religion and learning.

But a change was coming. Perhaps men were already restless under the imperious hand of Romanism, or were here and there stumbling upon new forms of knowledge, untaught at Oxford, when the tempest of the Reformation suddenly broke. Then, if ever, was there need of a great man to step forward and take the helm; for some one who inherited the forecast and constructive power of the ancient founders to fit Oxford for the change of times, a change which every year was to make greater and greater. But none did step forward; and Oxford stood, as it were, confounded by the suddenness of the blow, taking no thought of her new position. It was indeed quite altered. If her estates were spared, while other religious houses were plundered, the Roman Catholic Church, the pillar on which she rested, had been cut away from under her. The Protestant Church, the prop to which she now clung, was as yet young and weak, instead of being ancient and strong; professed no infallibility; could give no absolutions for perjury; had no civil power; did not bind her to the whole nation, but only to a large portion, which must needs become smaller with every new schism, that, using the new-born right of private judgment, should spring into existence. It was clear that an exclusive connexion with the Established Church would in the course of time be a source of weakness, as it had been of strength; would separate her from, as it had bound her to, the country at large. The relation of Religion and learning evidently required speedy resettlement. Again, as to Learning itself, the spoliation of the Religious houses had deprived the University of Exhibitions, that hitherto had been the main support of poor students not housed in the Colleges. Finally, the great impulse and freedom given to individual thought by the Reformation, and the discovery of printing, pointed to a time not far distant, when learning should cease to be confined to the Church and to the Universities, but should flourish in every town in the land, and should extend its way to as yet unknown kingdoms of knowledge. A thousand rivals would soon be in the field, armed with new weapons as well as the old. Oxford, if she would hold her own, must make desperate and continuous efforts. If Progress was to be the order of the day, Oxford, though having a long start, must yet push on with all speed.

Such was the new world in which Oxford found herself, imposing the necessity of instant choice and action. But she chose, alas! the thoroughly unheroic part, or still more unheroically, she did not choose at all. Instead

of rousing herself at the call, recognizing and providing for the present, and looking forward into the future, she sat still, her hands folded before her, submissive indeed, but doing nothing, understanding nothing. If forced to move, she moved; if left alone, she remained stationary. Henceforward to the end of the last century, Oxford has properly no history; becomes a thing unintelligible to us; nowhere is manifested in her any vital principle, any character, any purpose: the voice of duty and the significancies of experience are alike lost upon her; she has become the mere creature of necessity, lying, as it were, a log upon the sea of time, the sport of the winds and waves, drifting drifting on whither no man knows, least of all herself. As to religion, the change of masters was accomplished without any difficulty; the altars were pulled down, the masses silenced, recusants hunted out and expelled; and Oxford was declared Protestant. This work, in this workmanlike manner, having been done, the University relapsed into slumber, and all things were allowed to go on as before. Two similar metamorphoses are accomplished with like ease on the passive subject under Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth; and from that time her religion and her rest have been undisturbed. Thus did Oxford receive the Reformed faith in apathy: with what consequences let us see. Oxford merely accepted a new creed—to repeat it, or enforce it to be repeated. Her spirit was not changed. It is not yet changed. To this day Oxford has not yet accepted the true message of the Reformation—"Let every man be "sincere to himself, be tolerant to "others." The old spirit of Romanism, with all its evils and none of its justification, still survives in Oxford. Knowledge is still chilled by the shadow of ecclesiasticism; dictatorial orthodoxy and formulism is still upheld as genuine religion; reverence is still declared to consist in blind acceptance rather than in obedience after honest inquiry.

As to Education, the story is the same. The non-attached students no longer receiving help from the religious houses, fell away; the University made no effort to keep them; the public Professors gradually lost their audiences; the offices and salaries survived. A happy relief for both University and Professors! "In the University of Oxford," writes Adam Smith, at the end of the last century, "the "greater part of the public professors "have, for these many years, given up "altogether the pretence of teaching." The University curriculum, however, was not changed by the Reformation; so, of course the University volunteered none. Indeed, the question of adapting the education to the wants of the times has never since been raised. Edward VI., to be sure, sent down a new code of statutes; but these were never formally adopted, and soon fell into disuse. Then Laud came; a vigorous man, and in his way a true reformer; a man not to be trifled with; but he was a bigot, and blindly attached to the church system. He did just what all men might have expected him to do; invented nothing new or wise, but re-enacted the old system under severe penalties, and imitating its worst feature, gave it under his hand and seal a new patent of immortality. "The archbishop confirmed, "approved, and ratified it for ever." The course of study was to be for all seven years; for many, as much as nine or ten, interspersed with strict examinations. The history of these "immortal" statutes I shall here omit; my readers will perhaps think it sufficient to know their tragic beginning, and their comic euthanasia. I quote from the University Commission Report: "The exercise," writes the President of St. John's, about the new examination, A. D. 1639, "is passing "solemn, and cannot but beget an ex-"traordinary care in the actors on

"both sides to fit themselves for this "awful trial." One student committed suicide the day before he was to undergo Examination. . . . . And now for the close. In Hilary Term, February, 1770, "Mr. John Scott, "of University College, (afterwards "Lord Eldon) took his Bachelor's "degree. 'An examination for a de- "'gree in Oxford,' he used to say, "'was a farce in my time. I was ex- "'amined in Hebrew and in History. "'What is the Hebrew for the place "'of a skull?' I replied, 'Golgotha.' "'Who founded University College?' "I stated (though, by the way, the point "is sometimes doubted) that King Al- "fred founded it. 'Very well, Sir,' said "the Examiner, 'you are competent "'for your degree' . . . . . At this "time the Examiners were chosen by "the candidate himself from among "his friends, and he was expected to "provide a dinner for them after the "examination was over." With this let the curtain drop upon the University.

Let us now turn to the Colleges. Though each has a history of its own, yet, for our purpose, they may be all dealt with together. These, too, the Reformation changed far more radically than could be judged by its immediate effect. Henry VIII., with his rough hand, purged them of Romanists and Romanism in the same manner, and at the same time, as he had purged the University. But the ancient form of colleges was incompatible with Protestantism. Up to this time, colleges had been, 1stly, religious houses, 2ndly, of an eleemosynary character, 3rdly, permanent places of residence and study. With the fall of monasticism all these features disappeared. Colleges ceased to be dedicated to religion, or to have any special connexion with the Church, beyond holding patronage and continuing daily (Protestant) service in the chapel. Fellows were no longer bound to renounce the world and the good things thereof; and these last soon fell to their lot by the rise of the value of land. Formerly the estates had yielded but a scanty pittance, now they brought in a handsome income. Besides, when poverty ceased to be gilded with sanctity, it was natural for the college to elect gentlemen, cleanliness and good manners being, *cæteris paribus*, then as now, preferable to their opposites; and thus, as soon as the University was merged in the Colleges, it became addicted to the Upper Classes. Had the colleges remained as they were founded, for poor men and religious men, I suspect they would have melted their plate, not for King Charles and his handsome cavaliers, but for Colonel Cromwell and his devout Ironsides. Lastly all reasons for residence were taken away; there were no masses requiring a chorus of chaunting monks; one reader sufficed for the plain Protestant service; a recluse life of study was held a Popish delusion; and so, by an easy transition, the poor hard-working monk, living his life in Oxford and never leaving it without licence, soon passed into a do-nothing fellow, with £200 a-year in his pocket, and leave to roam over the world.

Such were the consequences of the Reformation upon the Colleges. A statesman might perhaps have foreseen them; a practical man would have dealt with them as they came up; no honest man could have ignored them. But what did the Colleges do? Nothing. For were they not under Medic and Persian laws? Had they not sworn "on the Holy Gospels" to maintain their Statutes inviolable? This being their position, no man need trouble himself about their history: we hasten on to the end.

Let us suppose at the close of last century a foreigner entering Oxford for the first time: he stands gazing at the grey fronts of our colleges, following with his eye "the stream-like winding "of our glorious street;" or admiring the sturdy muniment towers guarding as of yore the sacred archives. He

thinks with reverence of the great Englishmen of olden time; the work of their hands seems to him imperishable fidelity. Not less so are the words of their mouth;—he hears that the statutes dictated by the founder are still law, that the colleges loyally swear to them and 'keep them with an equal mind.' He reverences still more the distant forecast of those men of olden time, the pious fidelity of after generations. He recognizes and salutes, as it were, the presence of an aged father still in the midst of his children and guiding them with his hand. But what if he were to enter within the precincts, and there, deciphering the "musty parchments," look with his own eyes upon the inner life? He would find many of the old forms,—constitutions, offices, customs, oaths,—but now forms only, or hurtful anachronisms,—for the rest a complete change; religious institutions secularized, resident students turned into non-residents, or calling themselves teachers; what was meant for the shelter of the poor used for the enrichment of the rich; the ascetic monk succeeded by the luxurious fellow. Worse changes than these; Scholarships and Fellowships given away without regard to competence, or for baser reasons; Professorships falling obsolete, or surviving as sinecures; whole colleges ceasing to be educational. Our foreigner, seeing this, would turn away from Oxford as from a sepulchre, noble indeed to outward view and raised over noble departed ones, but now only haunted with obscene spectres, and full of all the impurities of decay. The upshot of all this is to be remarked; the founder's statutes, though sworn to 'on the Holy Gospels,' though preserved inviolable on parchment (except when botched by Visitorial injunctions), were *not* observed, not observed either in form or spirit. The colleges were not what the founders had meant them to be,—far other than that. And yet there had been no revolution, no positive legislation, no symptom, in fact, of any human activity whatever. Time had effected all this; Time with its silent force, both creative and destructive. If a man reflect on this, he will find the scene truly mournful. The founder's bounty had become a curse. For imagine an honest, vigorous man under these circumstances elected a fellow of a college. He lives in the eighteenth century under rules for the fifteenth; is forbidden by oaths to move, is pushed on by the advance of modern life; sees custom enervate, encroach, yet pretends not to see it; now blindly clings to the letter of the law, valuing benefices by the King's books, and maintaining Celibacy for *new* reasons; now tries in vain to justify himself by the statutes, stretching or narrowing their meaning, construing "pauperes et indigentes" as those who more than others want £200 a year, confining the property disqualifications for a fellowship to ecclesiastical benefices and real property; witnesses obnoxious rules pass away, the subordinates evading, the authorities winking; watches offices yearly accomplish less and less, flickering, expiring; above all, he must look on without putting forth a finger to help matters: he has sworn to attempt no change; when he entered the door he left hope behind. But then perhaps he can reconcile himself to his lot. Is he not comfortably housed? Does he not receive some £200 sterling into his pocket? A lot that seemed perhaps to the angels as pitiful as any they looked upon in this earth. A man's stomach fully victualled, his conscience and reason ordered by law to lie inactive!—No wonder learning did not thrive, if learning has ought to do with development of soul; if not learning, still less was there any other human virtue. How could such a man be sincere, when he had daily to shut his eyes to facts, and call things by their wrong names? How could he be earnest, if condemned to be neutral in man's life-struggle against evil and for

good? He became full of selfishness. It broke out in the hateful doctrine that fellowships are not public trusts, but private property. But the extreme penalty; this was judicial blindness. Such an one learnt to feel the material, not the moral, necessities of the times; to put orthodoxy for religion, pedantry for knowledge; to love darkness rather than light; to oppose all reforms, whether from within or from Parliament without.

I would not judge these ruling bodies of the colleges harshly. I readily confess that they meant to do no harm, but rather to be faithful; that they were overpowered by circumstances, and had visited on them not only their own sins but their fathers' also. They were best forgotten, were not their history needful for us to remember, now that we are on the eve of organic changes in the University. What then was their crime? They misunderstood System. Order, let us say, is the peculiar work of man: he is born to be lord over all, and then only fulfils his mission, when his mind is victorious over matter. Each of us in his own lesser or greater world has to reduce Chaos into Kosmos. Now suppose a man looking at the circumstances that environ him, and discerning the true end to be striven for: he organizes a means to it: this is a true system: it impresses order upon things, it accomplishes the purpose of his mind: here Art subserves Nature; here one has a beautiful harmony of freedom and law. But supposing the end attained, or the circumstances changing; how then? Let him modify it to suit the end; let him reject the system, as salt that has lost its savour, and invent a new one as best he may; thereby alone can he himself remain a free man, and can order be perpetuated. Let him keep it, and from a good servant it becomes a bad master: there is now no more order, but only Chaos calling itself order: the man sinks into a slave: at first a passive obedient slave: anon, his mind stirring, his fidelity wavers, becomes treacherous, rebels. Unfortunately this is no rare occurrence; systems tend to live too long. Statesmen are less modest than Solon, and would fain be perpetual law-givers. Not all "glorious" constitutions can claim for their wisest law, that one, that no law shall be irrevocable. Besides the mass of men cling to system: they love the logical harmony, and the seeming order of it: they are not sorry to be saved the trouble of settling things for themselves. Long ago did Bacon sneer at the "mera Sequacitas" of humanity. But further, can any system be perpetual? No; the world rolls round and brings changes; we live and learn. The needs of the time alter; the aspirations of men are raised: system must be squared with these, and the sooner the better. It will have to be done at last. It is in vain to declare the system immortal, or to pray with the Spaniard for his royal master, that it may live for ever, or even for 1,000 years. Death is inexorable with systems as with men. It knocks at the door of the palace as of the cottage. Every day customs have passed away. Feudalism too has passed away. The Roman Church in England has passed away: so too will all outward Churches, and give place to new. It is a false sentiment that would seek to perpetuate systems that have done their work. We may be thankful that the old order does change; else "one good custom "might corrupt the world." Under an effete system a man might abate his industry, and his continual endeavours after better things. He might cease to ask himself the one needful question, "What is my work here to do?" Yes! there is a higher than system—Duty. "Woe be to him to whom that word has "lost its meaning!" The Jesuit spoke truly: there can be a noble casuistry of life. Allegiance to kings, promises to friends, oaths to founders, are as nothing when weighed with a solemn sense of personal responsibility to God.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be.
They are but broken lights of Thee—
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

It is thus I read the history of the University. It was a noble system when ushered into the world, accomplished its work, and was honoured accordingly. Times changed, but the system was retained; and thenceforward there was nothing but evil; the old system was not observed, because it could not be; and the new wants that sprung up were not provided for, because there was no new organization. Oxford suffered at once from having an effete system, and having no system at all.

I chose the close of the 18th century as a landmark, not because evil then ceased, (would to Heaven it had!) but because good then first declared itself. Copleston and Whately, men of energy, came, woke up the University from its sleep, established effective public examinations, and once more made Oxford a place of industry. Since then there has been a constant progress; a higher class of men have been chosen for Professors; the strict system of classical scholarship and Aristotle's text has been relaxed to let in Philosophy and Thought; and Modern History, Law and Natural Science have at last been recognized, and with the happiest result. All this is excellent; and let us hail it as a promise of still further progress. The Colleges too have become more active bodies; and for this change all friends of Oxford should bless the memory of the late Master of Balliol. To that college he was as a founder, and more than a founder, if a life-offering is a better sacrifice than a death-bed bequest, and to breathe the breath of life into the dry bones of a society, a nobler work than to be the builder of chapels and colleges. He indeed must be a great Benefactor, who restores one College to Education. But this would give a small idea of what Jenkyns did for the University. He showed what are the true conditions of success to a college, and what one bold, single-minded and patient man can do. "Everything "should go by merit." This was his simple canon: so able men were chosen as scholars, the able scholars became able tutors, and under him conscientious too; and the pupils catching the same spirit from him and them, and passing from Balliol elsewhere, have communicated it to the University. To him, if to one man, we owe the present Commission. Indirectly, indeed: he himself may have been opposed to strangers intruding into the vineyard wherein he had laboured so long and so faithfully, and may have charitably believed that others of themselves might do as he had done. But it was his influence passing from him to others, and gaining strength in its course, that at last induced Parliament to help us, when we refused to help ourselves.

And now the Gaul is within our gates; the Commission has come. The appointment of it, was it not a declaration of University bankruptcy? Not that the funds are expended—far from it; but that the credit is gone: so now the creditors (the British Public) had better state their grievances, and each college must in turn come up and render its accounts, and be duly whitewashed,—then dismissed with a first, a second or third class certificate, as the case may be. This work will naturally be of the Augæan kind; the clearance of evils, which have accumulated during centuries. To abolish sinecures, to burn the lumber of old statutes, to open close fellowships and scholarships, to secure an open field and no favour, to set free over-ecclesiasticized foundations, to stop the ruinous system of college leases, this, and much beside, the Commissioners, stopping their ears to all excuses of Founder's wills, old custom, &c. will have to do, even if it be necessary for the purpose to turn the Isis and Cher-

well through the colleges. But, on the present occasion, let us pass on; let us leave the Commissioners to pry into each nook and corner, to drive out the evil spirit, and to sweep and garnish the place respectably. Suppose the work done, and the time (happily now not inconceivable) come, when all Professors give lectures, all heads of houses are Abbot Sampsons, all Fellows chosen by merit, all Estates let at rack-rent, &c. &c.; is the work of Reform over? Will the Millennium for the University have come? Shall the great months then begin to roll? Alas! no. The real difficulty then only begins. To say that there is no absurd waste of funds, or mismanagement of property, no jobbery, no sinecurism in a University, is to say very little indeed for it. Remember what Oxford was once—a National place of Religion and Learning. Whether it is that now—and if not, how it can be made so; these are questions that demand an answer, but require some previous review of the actual position of Oxford.

How does the University stand with the country? Any place of public Education ought to be interesting; but, above all others, Oxford, considering her revenues and libraries and privileges, her high professions, her splendid connexions and ancient name. And yet it must be confessed England has but little faith or interest in Oxford. The question of Oxford Reform has been long before the public; but it was and is impossible to raise any general enthusiasm on the subject: people seem not to know, and not to care to know, about it. The matter is settled in the House of Commons—as a provincial question of some magnitude—the interested parties alone contend, viz., sons of Alma Mater, others striking in where general principles or party objects are touched upon. The fact of this estrangement from the country at large is but too clear; the reason of it will be found, I think, in Oxford having made exclusive alliance with Institutions, most noble indeed, but still constituting only parts of the nation. I speak of her connexion with the Church and the Aristocracy.

As to the Church, she is the depository of large patronage, and is one of the two great seminaries of the Clergy. On this matter we know the serene faith of one Oxford dignitary in the position of Oxford. "Look up," he is reported to have said to a foreigner, as he pointed out to him St. Mary's spire; "that is St. Mary's. "That is the University Church. "Don't you know that England has "been the salvation of Europe? the "Church the salvation of England? "Oxford the salvation of the Church?" He should have added, "and the Dons "the salvation of Oxford." Whether the country would endorse either the premises or the conclusion of this Oxford sorites, is perhaps doubtful. However, it is certain that a Church connexion is not now what it once was. Human minds, and English minds in particular, have undergone a revolution with regard to Ecclesiasticism. To be bound up with the Established Church was once to be bound up with the whole nation; is now to be separated from one-half of it, and, if we are to believe the census, an increasing half; to profess to have all truth, and to repress the speculation of others was the pride and duty of a priest, it is now his reproach; monasticism once cast a saintly halo round the head of the priest; the semi-monasticism which now remains is but a mist hiding the shepherd from his flock. Nor is the Church interest in favour of the progressive views of the nineteenth century. It checks a spirit of inquiry, declares that irreverent, which is felt to be the highest form of reverence. It thwarts practical reforms. Had we followed those who "rallied" round the Church, we might have had no Catholic Emancipation Bill, no Jew Bill, no Sunday Bill, no

Ecclesiastical Reform, perhaps not even an Educational Bill on a narrow Church basis. Anglicanism, the culminating point of Protestant Ecclesiasticism, has not helped the case: it has done well so far as it has reunited things holy and things beautiful, and has been accepted: but the attempt to revive antique formalism and the reign of authority, has only weakened that which it meant to strengthen. Altogether indeed the nation, especially the more thoughtful part of it, seems slowly moving away, leaving the Church behind it. Oxford therefore, bound up as she is with the Church, is equally estranged, and more so; for she is held in part responsible for the Church. What the Clergy have preached and done abroad, they have learnt in Oxford.

The connection of the University with the Aristocracy is more obviously an exclusive one. Now-a-days a degree can hardly be taken under £600. Every undergraduate is a gentleman. It was not so once. In early times there was room at Oxford both for rich and poor. Edward the Black Prince and Wickliff met together at Queen's. That the University should be solely for the rich is a theory of modern times, fruitful of many evils; amongst others, of an estrangement between the two classes, and of the detestable notion that the poor need no education, and are better without it:—a theory very much out of place in this century, when Social questions and Universal Education are perhaps the two uppermost thoughts with statesmen.

But the nation might well forget that Oxford is not Catholic in its associations, could they identify it with what is really greatest. Unfortunately they cannot. They compare it with other Universities. "Cambridge," say they, "turns out good men of business, and "mathematics produce physical discoverers. German students live in the "clouds, and solve, or try to solve, "universe-problems. But Oxford, "what is it? It is neither a work-"shop, nor yet a *φροντιστήριον*. The "Education there is something unique; "men there seem to live tolerably unconscious of a spiritual world above "them, or of a very practical world "outside them." Truly the world is not far wrong in this its supposition. As it was said in the times of the Inquisition, that all valuable literature was to be sought for in the Index Expurgatorius, so what is most prized as education is certainly not taught in Oxford. Take the most spiritual kind of knowledge, just that in which England is most wanting, and which a University should specially supply. What of poetry, or philosophy, do we find in Oxford? Indeed, we find Oxford rather shy of the great writers, as Mill and Carlyle, who are shaping the thoughts of the present generation. The fine Arts, wherein Truth appears in its most loveable aspect, where are they? Mr. Ruskin says, bitterly, that only they who have had the blessing of a bad education can be expected to know anything of painting. Certainly Oxford must bear a large share of the shame that in England the fine Arts are considered only as "accomplishments" for ladies, and Artists are held to follow only a superior trade. Natural Science, too, how has that fared? Excellent professors have been chosen, but, being unsupported by the University, have produced little fruit. Or, again, take the more practical part of Education, which, as a practical nation, the English have a right to expect of us, I mean that relative to the professions. How does Oxford stand to the world in this? It simply gives no special training whatever for them. Even the general education seems not to be satisfactory. The best physicians do not come from Oxford. In the law we are not nearly so successful as our Cambridge friends. As to politics, we have produced Sir R. Peel and Mr. Gladstone, both of whom, especially the latter, may be said to have been made at

Oxford. But yet, Mr. Bright's experience of us is, 'that Oxford is the seat 'of the dead languages and undying 'prejudices.'

But if the mass of the nation be estranged from Oxford, it is not so with the members of the University. The philosopher may regard a privileged class with calmness, even though as a philanthropist he be impatient of false distinctions between man and man. The excluded ones may regard it with envy, leavened with a sense of injustice; but the member of the class feels a natural pride in it. Whatever the University is, to the Oxford man it is his own. There have been passed three years of his span of life; there he first tasted of manhood; there, perhaps, Tennyson-like, he has made the friends of his life. Whatever associations Oxford possesses with history, with men, with the great institutions of the Aristocracy and the Church, on him, too, as on her son, is the glory of them, however faintly, reflected. He, too, honest pride may whisper, has been educated amongst those who have gone forth to be the spiritual teachers of the English nation, and has lived in the presence of some of the best blood of England, with those who are now before the eyes of the world, in Parliament, in the Professions, or, as giving laws to little rural empires of their own. And then, too, he knows the place; he knows Oxford. No one but he who has lived under the shadow of what still remains to us of the University system, can conceive how mighty must that Structure have been in olden times. Such an one may remember the public Instruction, the Spartan-like *συσσίτια*, the Common prayers in the Chapel daily; He still has sounding in his ear those never-silent melodious bells that marked the duties of every day, and commemorated festivals and fasts, Saints and Scholars. He remembers—or his infant's favourite picture-book may remind him of—the antique University uniforms, those strange figures, the Scholar with his swelling sleeves, the shorn Commoner, the Doctor, the Scarlet man, flaunting in "the High" 'cum bis ter ul-'narum togâ.' He sees before him the trim grass plots trod by no profane foot; the stiff and stately broad walks; the colleges, by their very front declaring themselves self-complete and autonomous, each guarded by its tower and the Cerberus thereof; each sanctified by its Chapel, and standing 'four-'square to all the winds that blow.' All these familiar sights and sounds impress him with the majesty of that ancient and all-penetrating Order, which is the yet more striking because standing side by side with fresh and laughing young life.

If you ask an Oxford man what he got best from Oxford, "Society to be sure," he will say, and I believe say truly. Certainly, in the last century, there was little else *to* get. We must needs then look into this Oxford Society. And first, a Philosopher, addicted to construct on paper ideal Societies, might observe that this Oxford society is an imperfect one. In it he finds no womankind and their household affections; no poor to call out tender pity and wise helpfulness for the sufferings of life; no faithful elders to be companions and counsellors to the young; the undergraduates live in a world of their own; and each undergraduate lives for himself: though this last the Professor might remark is a necessary condition of all University life—Is it not himself that a man comes to educate? However, leaving our learned professor to his lucubrations, let us descend to fact. Everybody says that they are happy at Oxford. Why so? For several reasons, I fancy; partly because Oxford, with its Sports, Rooms, Independence, Society, Friends, &c., ought to be the happiest place under the Sun; partly because men between eighteen and twenty-one cannot help being happy; partly, too, because everybody else say they are happy.

Many men, I now, have spent the happiest years of their life at Oxford; but they have been men, either possessing the rare gift of unconsciousness of self, or else who have lived a life independent of society, having been thrown by kind fortune or wise choice into a congenial set, or having sought for "perennial fire-proof enjoyments," viz. work in their own rooms, which an Oxford man, more perhaps than any other Englishman, feels to be his castle. I speak not of these, but rather of the mass of men, who come up to the University with no set purpose, but simply to take the place as they find it; and I wish to know whether the tendency of society is to place them in their right position, where the indestructible happiness of youth will find full scope for enjoyment. But, at the outset, I must warn my reader not to measure happiness by the number of enjoyable things, (else Oxford, with its furniture of pleasures, were indeed perfect,) but rather to place it in a healthy sense of satisfaction of the whole man. On the present occasion I wish to judge Oxford simply by this standard; Is it happy or not? Perhaps every man may be happy; certainly young men should be. If a man finds 'the world 'bitter at twenty-five,' something must be wrong somewhere. So far as Oxford society is really enjoyable, I know it must be healthy; and, moreover, be giving the best of all educations. Oxford will have done her duty, as often as she send out one of her sons into the world, gay, hopeful, and of wide sympathy, as a bridegroom out of his chamber, rejoicing as a (young) giant to run his course. So then, I say, if Oxford is to be the seat of the Muses, let her also be the seat of the Sports. Nothing can ever spoil them. The New Racket court I salute; may its shadow never grow less! May future sons of Alma Mater have their scurries with the Drag on runaway hacks! bravely mount their Pink at Bradwell Grove, and do credit to their cloth ere the day be done! May they, too, have their days on Magdalen, their College triumphs at the Gut, their Royal Tennis-battles!

> "Et nos aliquando lusimus horam,
> Nec lusisse piget."

But Life, unfortunately (or fortunately) cannot be made up of Sports. "The German Bursch," writes a modern author, "strives to say, in the "strongest language he can, 'See, I "am an unmoneyed scholar and a free "*man.*' The Oxonian and the Cantab "again endeavour to say, 'See, I am "a moneyed man and a spirited *gen*-"*tleman.*'" Who is there that does not recognize this picture? The truth is, Oxford Society is Aristocratical: it is a microcosm of London fashionable world, minus the ladies and old gentlemen, and with this addition, that you can't get out of it. An Oxford man looks upon his University career chiefly as having given him a Social degree, as having put upon him the "guinea-stamp" of gentleman. No one will deny that there is much good to be got out of such society. There is, as within all Aristocratical bodies, a certain seeming equality, which is very pleasing—a gentleman is a gentleman. Such society certainly breeds courtesy, it "mollifies our manners, "and forbids us to be fierce," and, best of all, it keeps from our eyes all things sordid. In short we may say that Oxford, in three years, and at the prime cost of some six hundred guineas, does manufacture the article which the world asks for under the name of "gentleman." Nor, Christianity apart, can we deny that there is something very majestic and imposing in the grand old gentleman of the old school, who appears in Aristotle under the title of μεγαλόψυχος. But black care sits behind the gorgeous knight. Nowhere does Public opinion seem to me more tyrannical than at Oxford. Perhaps it may be more so at School; but there it is the tyranny of a healthy naturalism, ignorant of better things.

At Oxford it is an Aristocratic spirit, natural only to a few, and resolved, right or wrong, to be in the first place. It is present everywhere; in college it looks at you from the windows; it follows you into the street; it even comes up into your room. Nothing is too high or too low for its observation; it settles that you shall have tight boots and worse than military collars; it chooses for you whether or not you shall be a reading man, and perhaps even a religious man. An Oxford Undergraduate, does he not live as it were in a French drawing-room, hung all round with mirrors, eyes behind every curtain, and gossipping tongues in every corner? Nowhere is a man so self-conscious. Do you doubt it? Then look, pray, at yonder Freshman: you would not think he is a poor clergyman's son, and at bottom a mild, modest individual, so unexceptionably is he "got up" for the market. Mark his eyes; they are now cast down upon his sportingly-capped boots, presently, however, they will look up surreptitiously at you, to see if you too are looking at them—ah! there they go! and immediately they fall again. Or follow him further: he meets a grandee he knows at home (perhaps the son of the squire in the village): "Will he choose to know me or not?" thinks he to himself as they approach; "Shall I speak to him?" He hesitates, half raises his eyes as if going to speak, then passes sheepishly by. His grandee friend looks on with a cold stare; he knows him perfectly well, but at that moment he was walking with——a still greater grandee than himself. Thank God, this is not the rule at Oxford; but such occurrences are but too familiar to us. I myself know of one instance, in which two school friends went to different colleges, and finding their new world rather desolate, were much together in their first term as Freshmen: in the second, one came to the other, and half-sorrowfully bade him good bye, saying, that *his* college did not approve of out-college acquaintances. The evil of this spirit is very much increased by the Oxford system of small colleges. These small colleges acquire a narrow character, either sectarian, or Alsatian, or aristocratic, or otherwise; which is maintained by an *esprit de corps*, and which transmits itself, or is thought to transmit itself to each of its members; and so men learn to judge of others and even of themselves by their college. "Oxford men talk to me," said a lady once, laughing, to a friend of mine, "as if *I* should think better or worse "of them according as they came from "one college or another!" Besides, in a narrow circle there is so much less independence of life; the public surveillance is closer, the contagion of this aristocratic spirit stronger. This last of course, by its nature, domineers, and has for its motto, "He that is not with "me is against me. A milder man has either to join in it or submit to it; escape from it he cannot: he is jostled against it a hundred times a day—in hall, at lecture, in "Quad," or in the High. In a large college he might perhaps find congenial friends who would make a joint stand, or at least he might remain unknown, as ships course safely in the open sea, but in the narrow channel founder on rocks, or dash against each other. Few will deny that Oxford life is an artificial one. Almost every one squares himself to one standard, and that a high one: £200 a year is a deep drain on the purse of most fathers. But it does not stop here: there is every temptation to go beyond it; you feel every outlay of capital purchases you a step in society. Men are not content to be gentlemen, they must needs be fine gentlemen; and so it is to this Aristocratical spirit that we must attribute the greater part of *defleta parentibus*, Oxford extravagances. But extravagance seems to me one of the lightest of the evils: this influence of society makes so many men play parts. The life of many is accommodated neither to their means nor likings.

Poor men do not like to confess themselves poor: some pray to be saved from their friends, those who are not presentable; others become fast for an object, viz., that they may get on in society. How often have I heard certain fast men denouncing dons as "stuck up" unnatural men, and thought they will one day look for the mote in their own eye! These same men sometimes know all along that they are leading false lives, but cannot free themselves because they dare not strike the blow; or if they do not know it already, they will find it out very soon. Have you never compared a bachelor with an undergraduate? There is a difference between them that no difference of age can account for: one is sensitive, and self-conscious; the other far happier, and more natural, walking as it were in the calm upper air. Still more remarkable is the sudden change that often overtakes a man on leaving the University. A few months, and even less, and he is an altered man. It would seem that with his gown he had put on a false character, and in putting off one he had also put off the other. Now, so far as this Society extends (and how far it does I leave to each of my Oxford readers to judge for himself by his own experience), can it be otherwise than unhappy? A Society that forces each of its members to be, from the beginning, over-circumspect in his ways, seems to me to turn him out of the best course of enjoyment, I mean the course whither Nature leads him. A false man is always uncomfortable. Him that would ape grandeur, and wear peacock's feathers, let no man call happy: he is an impostor, and ever trembles for the hour of exposure, and we would here advise him, as he values his own comfort, to drop the peacock's feathers before the world pluck them out. But the genuine aristocrat—he whose birth and wealth seem to entitle him to be aristocratic—he affects to be only what he is—how can he be leading a false life? And yet, alas! he too is false—false to his own better self. Is there not reason within him, whereby he can look into a man and judge of him? Has he not a heart too under that gold-buttoned waistcoat, naturally flowing forth in sympathy towards others? But here we find him, systematically judging men by other standards than reason, by their dress, manner, birth, and even college; and consenting to shut up his sympathy, save to unexceptionable persons, because, forsooth! society says it is *infra dig.* to make himself too common! This aristocratical spirit seems to me to frustrate its own objects: it seeks to purify society, it really poisons it: it would help men to enjoy life, it cuts them off from a thousand pleasures of sympathy; it would make true gentlemen, brave men respecting themselves and others, and instead of that it produces men who are afraid of society, looking down upon others and secretly despising themselves for so doing. Besides, whatever educational power is in society, is thus clearly nullified. Where a man is not a free agent he gets no practice in choosing and acting for himself; not only is his circle of acquaintance with humanity narrowed, but there is instilled into him a false canon of judging men, viz., to look at superficial points, and these not with a brother's eye. Such a man, let him look ever so long, will never see beyond skin-deep, and loses his best chance of gaining the best gift that Oxford can give—friends. Finally, we must say Oxford is the last place under the sun where this spirit should live: for youth, and especially English youth, is naturally frank and truthful. It is to a place of education that we look to raise men's views above Beau Brummellism, or the fear of society, or other prejudices that can be excused in the vulgar, and to instil into them the duty of self-cultivation and true judgment of others.

I have dwelt long on this subject of Society for two reasons. First, I am sure it is more leavened with the aristocratical spirit than most of us are aware. Few will deny, that it is the ruling spirit in the leading colleges of Oxford; but my readers, who are not conscious of being themselves either aristocrats or flunkeys, may perhaps feel indignant at these remarks, think them unjust, or at least that they do not concern them. Let them not be too sure. It is a mistake to suppose the evils of aristocracy lie only in toadying or being toadied; they lie much deeper and wider than this. The sum of them is, that the true thoughts of the individual, whether consciously or not, are lowered to the standard of the world-conventionalities. They show themselves, in a thousand forms, in studied manners, in deference to others, in aversion to quiet home life, in repugnance to work, in false judgments of men and professions, and life in general; in short, in all the *idola* of the *beau monde*. It is just these which Oxford should extinguish in us, and which, I believe, she especially fosters. Secondly, Oxford education seems to lie almost wholly in the society of the place. For as to Religion and Learning, the objects of our pious benefactors, and for which we thank God every Sunday at St. Mary's, these, let it be confessed with all shame, seem to fade away before us as we look at them more closely.

Where might a parent hope for his son to become religious, if not in Oxford, the city of churches, ruled by clergymen, filled with embryo clergymen? But with the son it will be otherwise. Of Divinity he will find little or none; the school divinity proving a modicum of names, places, texts, and articles to be learnt by heart; and the public lectures being chiefly valued as a required qualification for Orders. If the young man is no better than his neighbour, he will attend College Chapel as he attends a lecture, because he must; but, unless specially desired by his father so to do, he will show himself a "parcus cultor" at St. Mary's, where he has to sit on backless benches through learned homilies or epideictic harangues called sermons, listened to chiefly by the regular professional attendants, heads of Houses, respectable College Tutors, and—bulldogs. He will find, if I mistake not, this punctilious worship to be no index of dutiful every-day lives, and all this church-going and chapel-going, to produce few working Heads of Houses, few largely conscientious tutors. He will find Church parties, High Church and Low Church, vigorously contending against each other, but ready to combine to prefer Sabbatarian petitions, or protests against admission of Dissenters; or to cast out from Oxford, on a charge of heresy, her best tutor and her best divine. The present writer well knows that there are many truly religious men in Oxford, and more that believe themselves to be such; but it is his opinion that, except in form, Oxford is not more religious than any well-ordered family or country town in England; and that, as things go, the religion which a student is likely to gather from Oxford (if he gathers any) will probably be of that kind which is least creditable to a place of Education, viz. the *un*thoughtful or *un*fruitful kind.

Then as to learning; if we speak truly, the amount gained in *statu pupillari* is very small. All of us, whether idle or reading men, read too much with an eye to the schools; the idle to get their testamur and Bachelor's gown; the more ambitious to get Kudos, first Classes and Fellowships. The first of these (as all the world knows) may take credit for being able *inter alia* to construe certain Latin and Greek books without gross blunders; to solve simple equations, and in divinity to know Pauline journeys, Herod pedigrees, &c. These we may part company with in the words of an old chronicler: "Ox-
"oniam veniunt multi, redeunt quo-
"que stulti." The select few read

very hard, perhaps too hard, make themselves good scholars, and gain a smattering of Ancient History and Philosophy; and better than all, habits of industry. Some of this learning is, I fear, of the genus, "cram;" but of this elsewhere. Here I do not wish to criticise hardly either the quantity or quality of these attainments; we must not expect the fruit of any three years' work, especially of these three, to be very considerable. The question is, how far they thus acquire a love of knowledge, a belief in it. Some I know do: especially since the establishment of the New Schools and under the abler tutors: but the mass? Let us look to the after-piece. The toga virilis assumed, the B.A., whether Passman or classman (unless retained for College Service or by private pupils), holds his Education completed; he packs up his books to adorn his shelves, or sells them cheap to Abrahams; thinks now there is nothing more to be learnt but his profession, and maybe a dash of politics, and thereupon rushes into life. Many go away with the vulgar notion that a literary man is probably "mild," certainly of less importance *to* the world than a man with title or money. These have to undeceive themselves hereafter, or perhaps never do that, but go and beget children to bear their father's name and hold their father's sentiments. Few return to their books as to old and tried friends; still fewer leave the place with any love for literature, any conception of the relation of knowledge to man or its function in the world, with any belief that their Education has only begun, and must never cease but with their lives. Oxford fails altogether here. If a University does not teach her sons to honour wisdom, how little has she done! General cultivation or mind-work is indeed now (but only lately) recognized in the schools, but even there it is swamped by book-work. The Colleges at Fellowship Examinations are more liberal patrons, especially Oriel, which has had its reward in Arnold and Whately and other great men, and in the public belief that a fellow of that college is a man of power. For this help, such as it is, let the student be duly thankful, hopeful, too, that every year more and more will be vouchsafed to him. At present, certainly, no Dr. Dryasdust need fear literary taste being forced on too quickly in the hot-bed of University Patronage. What there is of it in Oxford, let us say, seems mostly to have been gathered by the wayside, or here and there to have been planted in little garden-plots by loving, unofficial hands: knowledge, desultory indeed and shapeless (there being no wise head gardener), but healthy and genuine. An undergraduate's opinions, and still more his beliefs, have they not been formed by the fireside, in the Union Library, in the chances of daily intercourse? Perhaps my reader may bethink him of sundry evenings devoted to pipes and philosophy, or of midnight hours spent in the company of Tennyson or Ruskin, his spiritual teachers, or of the Sabbath journey over breezy Shotover, and a walking controversy upon Carlyle and Macaulay, or the last number of the Newcomes. Or again, what are Union Societies debating whether "Cromwell was the greatest monarch "or the greatest rascal that ever sat on "the English Throne;" Alfred Societies censuring the "conduct of St. "Augustine as uncatholic and uncalled-"for;" Shakespeare Reading Societies, Architectural Societies, Mutual Improvement Societies, &c.,—what are these but so many co-operations, better or worse than beaverism, of the instinctive cravings of the human animal after knowledge, his own proper food; and protests, as clear as if engrossed on a monster-petition roll, as loud as if shouted forth by a chorus of human voices, against the School System of treating mind as mere Memory, and pouring into it things to be remem-

bered or forgotten, as it partakes of the nature of an iron-bound pail, or a sieve of the Danaides!

Another question, somewhat allied to this one we have been discussing, may arise: that is, how far do three years of education at Oxford impress upon men the necessity of work. People sometimes forget that since the fall of Adam, work has been the condition of man's life here below, and if his condition, then his glory or his shame as he fulfils or rejects it. If a sense of this duty is absent from Oxford, it must be attributed mainly to the modern aristocratical notions of the place. I say modern, for it was not so in the middle ages. Then the knight, born great, felt he was no knight unless he did knightly deeds. So he lived in his own county, ruling and judging, or girding on his sword, he sallied forth to labour, to fight, if need be to die. Such was the ideal of the infancy of Europe: a rude ideal, but the best then known to man and nobly carried out. Plato would have appointed these knights his guards of the second class, his ἐπίκουροι. Men of modern times, if they knew it, are born for greater things. The building up of the whole society by industry, this is their calling, the calling of the highest even more than of the lowest. But the modern aristocrat refuses to accept this creed; he clings to the "spi-"rited element," which in our peaceful times is but mimickry of olden heroism: he is first in society as it is; what more can he want? why dull his spirit with work any more than coarsen his hands with the plough? Let him enjoy life, and do—nothing; or if he must needs follow a profession, let it be that which gives the least work and most pay. Nobody who knows Oxford can deny that these views are popular in the undergraduate world; they are perhaps not unnatural to youth, but are just such as we might hope good tutors to correct by example and precept. Unhappily this has been made impossible by their character, their teaching, and position. Until lately, except at three of the best colleges, Tutors have not been appointed because of fitness. Scholars were elected on close foundations, in due time developed into fellows, and of these fellows such as chose to reside in Oxford (generally those who had no enterprise to seek a calling elsewhere), were the only candidates for the tutorships, and were appointed either by seniority, or by reason of what merit they might seem to possess. To this method of selection, add Classics as the subject of teaching, and Donnism as the law of life, and you have a notion of the Tutorial system. It has failed far more on account of its inherent defects than of the men who worked it; many faithful men have wasted their efforts in trying to reach their pupils through the classical medium at the distance prescribed by University etiquette. The great majority of tutors have sunk under it; have ceased to try to make friends of their pupils, to enlarge the system, or to improve themselves for the sake of their pupils. Some few, greater men than ordinary, have persevered. My own experience testifies that there are some tutors in Oxford who, because true friends and helpers, earn far more reverence from their pupils than any assumption of dignity could ever procure for them. "Donnism" I can call nothing but a solemn trick to impose on the vulgar from a distance; it is utterly irreconcileable with real teaching. Not so did Socrates move the Athenian youth—he descended barefoot into the market-place. Not so has the sacred relation of Disciple and Master ever been established on this earth. As for our Tutorial system, the results of it are open for any man to see; no mere negative results, as if nothing was pretended to be taught. The Tutor is the worse sufferer of the two: he must sometimes feel himself but a sham-teacher; or if faithful to the end, he will petrify into a lonely formalist, and become a solecism among

men, such as we may imagine the ἀλίβαντες, creatures without the sap of life. The undergraduate—he lives in his own world, and shapes his course as best he can: one thing a shrewd spectator may perhaps prophesy of him—he will totally refuse to develope into a solecism by the approved process of gerund-grinding—against that, against work in general he sees a standing warning in his own tutor. Him, therefore, he caps reverently, and passes on deriding, or perhaps pitying.

It is now time to suggest certain practical remedies. Not that I put my faith in any nostrum or number of nostrums, but rather in a better spirit which is already dawning at Oxford, a spirit of active and earnest liberality. This, in due season, will bring forth fruit, suggesting the right measure at the right time. But first we must have an ideal; and here, though I am sorry to go back to that which has been so mournfully abused, I must say that I can conceive of no higher ideal than that old one, a National place of Religion and Education. Only the system must be Catholic; "now no more Ro-"man Catholic, but human Catholic." Oxford must open her doors, and welcome in all classes, all religions, all forms of knowledge. The old connexion between Religion and Learning has been broken, but we cannot afford to separate them; we must cherish for ever that noble belief of our ancient founders, that learning is sacred; that the whole world of truth is bound round the feet of God. Still less must Religion and Learning be antagonistic: on the one hand, let us have no Jowett denunciations, Maurice persecutions; on the other, let no man on the score of Religion refuse to listen to the historical theories of Comte, or the humanity-theories of Carlyle; or hinder Geologists from pursuing the Vestiges of Creation. Something, I say, must be done "to reconcile the hard divorce Between the natural and divine." How that is to be we must trust to time to reveal to us; at present it is wrapped in mystery: it may be through the mediation of Art; it may be by our finding Religion to be the culmination of thought; it may be by our realizing the old monkish adage, Laborare est orare. Meantime, let us work and pray with Tennyson:

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul according well
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster."

I. *Oxford must be Catholic towards the Nation.*—It is idle to expect the same "fabulous numbers to come to "Oxford that flocked thither in the "time of Henry III.;" nor is it possible or even desirable to confine colleges, as of old, to poor men. But they might be extended, and undergraduates attached to them might live in lodgings, as they do at Cambridge. As a college becomes larger it becomes freer. Each man can choose his own life; if rich, he can see society; if poor, he can live alone; if literary, he can find a set after his own heart. But at present, where the colleges are small, keep to themselves, and sometimes despise each other, a man finds himself in a narrow and ill-assorted society, where the fast set lay down the law. Nothing struck me more in visiting Trinity Cambridge, than to observe how independent there men are of those who do not suit them: how much more freely richer and poorer mixed together; and how much more decided was the literary element of the place, because embodied into a set, instead of, as at Oxford, being scattered amongst the various little worlds of the colleges. Then again, size gives permanence. A small college is a reed shaken by the wind; it rises and falls with its governing body; may be changed for better or worse by the influx of a few. But a large college, having once gained a character, never loses it, only improves it: it is built on a rock, and *grows* there. Compare

Trinity Cambridge, and Magdalen Oxford, equally rich colleges. What might Balliol or Oriel not have become, had colleges been capable of indefinitely extending themselves beyond the circuit of their walls? Private Halls this writer does not believe in. They offer nothing more in point of economy and less in point of society, than colleges. They are sure to become distinctive of sects or castes, and then any one who knows Oxford can foretell their fate. They will add to the number of despised places in Oxford. But the most important move will be to establish lodging-houses independent of the colleges. Until that is done, we can never hope to revive the old University, because without them we can have no really poor men. Infallible Bursars may show us ever so plainly (on paper) that college expenses need not exceed £50 a year. Be it so. We know also that very few get through the year under £200. It is society, hemming men in, that is expensive: her demands, depend upon it, will be paid as punctiliously as those of any Infallible Bursar. But supposing there is a man found ready to live on the thin diet the said Bursar prescribes for him, is his a happy lot? He is lonely; but is he alone? Is he as if there were no society around him? or is he conscious of standing in humiliating contrast side by side with his richer brethren? But further, if he be brave enough to face this too, it will not be enough. Why should there not be still others at Oxford; men still poorer,—too poor to pay even college dues, men able only to afford *time* for their education; men, in short, with no pretence to the name of gentlemen? Oxford will not be degraded by manful struggles against poverty. Oxford need not be ashamed to own as sons such men as booksellers' clerk Faraday, Hugh Miller quarryman, or barber's son Joseph M. W. Turner: nay, however she treated* Samuel Johnson, poor Commoner of Pembroke, she prides herself in being the Alma Mater of Dr. Johnson, the author of the English Dictionary.

For such a change the country at large might be grateful. Whole classes of men would be raised: Miltons and Hampdens might be rescued from inglorious muteness and deserted villages. But least of all Oxford herself would be a loser by condescending to assimilate herself to the world at large. As a place of society, each man, in every rank, would be free to hold his own. The gentleman would live in College with gentlemen, and be a gentleman, and, if it so pleased him, a fine gentleman. But the humble Student would sit under the public Professor, and return unknown to his unknown home, poor, but not ashamed of his poverty. As a place of Education, it might hope to gain a spirit of work from the access of men bent wholly on work; and form the habit of keeping practical duties in view, and of constantly referring Philosophy to the wants of the age. It would become a national Institution, bound to England, not by a single thread, but by all the fibres of the body politic. This would be an immense blessing. One great cause of Oxford's degeneracy has been her isolation. As over her fair city set within her circle of hills there often hangs a Bœotian mist, while the breezes play over the open country beyond, so for three centuries the world outside was gaining in liberality, knowledge, and power, and the University grew little the wiser or better for it.

* "Mr. Bateman's lectures at Christ Church were so excellent, that Johnson used "to come and get them second hand from his friend Taylor, until his poverty being "so extreme that his shoes were worn out, and his feet appeared through them, he "saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ Church men, "*and he came no more.* He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having "set a pair of new shoes at his doors, he threw them away with indignation. How "must we feel when we read such an anecdote of Samuel Johnson!"—*Boswell's Life.*

II. *Oxford must be Catholic in Religion.*—Parliament has already given to Dissenters the key of the University, and perhaps, if once independent lodgings were sanctioned, this would be enough. But there need be no difficulty in admitting them to Colleges also, if the authorities would admit what every one feels, that, except to very few, chapel and divinity lectures form a most insignificant part of college education, and that for these they would be kept intact. But no guests will enter to the splendidest feast of an unwilling host. It is in vain for the country to invite Dissenters into the University, if the spirit of intolerance remains. It is this that we must cast off. Let every man accept his position: he is born to live in a world of many creeds. Let him be true to himself, and then he need not fear encouraging others to be true to themselves. Oh! that Oxford felt more deeply the necessity, the absolute necessity for every man to be religious, in the orthodox way if possible, but if not, then in the heterodox, but any how religious. Listen to the words of the Most Reverend Father in God Robert Leighton, D. D. Archbishop of Glasgow:—

"A man, though he err, if he do it "calmly and meekly, may be a better "man than he who is stormy and furi- "ously orthodox. Had I a strong voice, "as it is the weakest alive, yea, could "I lift it up as a trumpet, I would "sound a retreat from our unnatural "contentions and irreligious strivings "for religion. Oh! what are the things "we fight for, compared to the great "things of God?"

III. *Oxford must be Catholic as to Learning:*—And here, as in the question of Religion, I would call my reader's attention to the sentence prefixed at the head of this article. "The subject of "University Reform is deep, deep as "the world." Here I can only shadow forth the principle, and point out a few practical reforms, leaving it to time to do the rest.

But first the Classical Monopoly of the schools and Fellowships must cease. Whatever be the merits of Classics (and I for one should think them most admirable, if made, not the basis, but the coping-stone of our Education), they are removed from modern life, its thought and feeling. It is the austerest kind of knowledge, and in Oxford (and still more at Cambridge) it is taught mostly in its austerest form, and by men who know little of language and care less. What wonder then, if men are taught nothing else for long years, if they are daily lectured, often examined, sometimes plucked in these dreary, dreary classics, what wonder if they turn and say in their haste, "All knowledge is pedantry?" The knowledge we want in Oxford is not a dim veiled phantom of antiquity, but a flesh and blood figure, standing in modern garb before us, and its human face divine open for all men to look upon. Whatever, whether known or to be known, whether of home-growth or imported from elsewhere, whatever can help man made of clay, and having an immortal soul, we must teach and learn in Oxford. We must invite Poetry and Philosophy: but we must not forget Languages and Mechanics. History must be with us, and prophesy of the future as well as tell of the past: Science also, to open to man the treasures of the world, but also to reveal to him of the Creator. We must have the Fine Arts, where truth reaches the topmost heaven: we must have Professional knowledge dwelling upon the earth among men. Not otherwise can we hope our students to have any lofty aspirations of soul, to live wisely in their sojourn here below. Not that I wish to see the University course sink into a trade-apprenticeship; far otherwise than that: but it is only by a constant comparison of the Practical and the Ideal that we can bring either to perfection. The Infinite embraces all things, and is itself one. The Ideal too lies in fact, in

material fact as well as spiritual. Practical professional reforms are then useful where based upon a scientific knowledge of the parts of the profession, and of the relation of the whole profession to society and general truth. This scientific knowledge, would it not be gained better in the University than elsewhere? For instance, lawyers cannot reform their profession in the press of business, in the excitement of a lawsuit, and while at the mercy of solicitors. But in Oxford we might expect them to establish a science of Jurisprudence, on the basis of practical Justice, and to pave the way to a simpler system of laws. That the Professions could be so taught, is abundantly shown in the First Commission Report: and surely some such provision is especially needed for an age and country like the present, in which the principle of division of labour is carried far enough to shut out from professions, now becoming degraded into tricks of trade, the use of science and duty, and in which there is so little faith in the necessity of a spiritual Education.

This expansion of the circle of Education would involve other weighty consequences. It would introduce a new system of teaching, and another stamp of teacher. Dons, their teachings and their ways, would depart from us. We should no longer see in Oxford that melancholy spectacle—a tutor called a teacher, dictating in the lecture-room; men, called pupils, taking or not taking his dictation down. The object would be, not as heretofore, to make knowledge repulsive, but to give it its own comeliness that we should desire it. The broad gulf between the tutors and undergraduates—gods and men—should be bridged over. They should know and be known. The younger should be left no longer to wander on without a guide; nor the other to the

> "Sapless days,
> The dull mechanic pacings to and fro,
> The set grey life and apathetic end."

Other men should be chosen as tutors; not men who are hewers of wood and drawers of water; but men, let us say, Architectonic, who know much, and love what they know, and are ever eager to know more. German Universities have had their Kants and Fichtes; why should Oxford be wanting? But such men will refuse to come, if they have to pay the price of Celibacy. This is the monster-wave that our frail bark must surmount as it best can. Sometimes I look on it simply as a joke, a lusus naturæ, that men should conspire to keep each other as old bachelors. At other times, again, it seems altogether mournful, that the usefulness and happiness of so many worthy men should be thus thrown away. However, he who moots the question of married fellows, stands awkwardly enough between two fires. Each party thinks him absurd; one for dreaming of it, the other for not taking it for granted. "Pshaw!" says the man of the world, "I should like to "know what difference there is be-"tween a fellow of a college and any "other mortal. In the year of our "Lord 1856, to talk of celibacy! Why, "it's sheer monkhood!" The senior fellow may reply, by no means blushing, but bringing to bear his light artillery, and letting a glassy smile pass over his learned countenance: "What, "fellows marry! Would you have our "Quadrangle littered with children "and baby-chaises, our common room "profaned into a drawing-room, the "statute against marbles systemati-"cally violated? Our pious founders "left no room for nurseries, Sir. Why "the fellows, there would be no get-"ting rid of them—they would last "for ever—and the tutors would do "nothing but think of their families." Neither of these two worthies is likely to convince the other; at least I can answer for the man of the world, he'll never change. As for us, we may dismiss the fellow's fear of Idleness. The whole world votes against the Senior

Fellow on that head. Nor need we be alarmed about room in the colleges; bricklayers and carpenters will come to our rescue, when we want them. Perpetual fellows would certainly be a nuisance; but why need they be perpetual? A Fellowship might be determinable after a fixed period, say seven or eight years—that period never to be prolonged, except at the unanimous desire of the college, and then only in favour of college officers. The present system works absurdly enough; a college often loses a valuable officer because of his wife, or is saddled with a useless one till Heaven please to take him. Or, if fellowships are (as some say) alms to the poor, not the old bachelor, but the father of a family, or a young hopeful, should have the first claim. The real objection to the abolition of celibacy is, that it is difficult to conceive the effects of it; it would revolutionize Oxford. To think of sweeping away the common room; that Valhalla of the Gods, where, careless of mankind, they drink ambrosial draughts of old crusted Port, and look out upon the troublous world outside! No, no, it will never do. And yet, perhaps, a true son of Adam might prefer the company of the wife of his bosom and the pleasant babble of children.

* * * *

One night I dreamt I stood, about evening-time, on a bridge. I felt conscious of being near to a veiled female figure. She bore a wand in her hand, and her presence struck me with a peculiarly mysterious awe. The place seemed familiar to me. I looked round, and Magdalen Tower stood full in front of me, keeping ward over the bridge and the city. Its deep bell just then chimed eight o'clock. Yes! It was Oxford. The figure here waved her wand, and a black cloud (which I know not why reminded me of Illiberalism), that had before hung over the city rolled away beyond the horizon, and the city lay in the clear air of the yellow evening sunlight, and from it there came up a breeze, as of health, that fanned and cooled the air about me. The city seemed as fair as ever; the river was rolling gloriously by; and just then a cannon sounded. Immediately I heard, or fancied I heard, "the measured "pulse of racing oars Among the wil- "lows," and from Iffley up the river was borne, at first rising and falling with the wind, but soon growing nearer and stronger, the ringing cheers of men and the heavy tramp of rushing multitudes. This stirred my very soul, and I felt bent upon entering the city, and once again seeing places familiar and dear to me of old. My guide did not restrain me. As I walked up the High-street, I was passed by a riding party coming back from Bullingdon, and a four-horse drag, full of cricketers, in I know not what new-fangled straw hats and harlequin dresses, and trolling out lustily one of the old, old drinking choruses. I could not resist paying a flying visit to the Tennis-court, and to my great delight found it, as of yore, in perfect trim. The city, as I said, looked as fair as ever, and pretty much as I had known it. I found my favourite Merton Chapel; St. Mary's spire still stood secure; and all the colleges were standing, as if firm for all time, just as ever, except perhaps still more grey and solemn with age. But I found to my surprise many new buildings, chiefly Gothic; new churches, new houses, Schools of Art, stately galleries with carved fronts, and filled within with pictures and statues; and there, in the parks, stood the new Museum, all-glorious, its bright stone already sobering with time. I looked into my old college, into my old rooms; "another name "was on the door." I entered; my old arm-chair I found gone, and, indeed, the furniture was all new; but, just as there used to be, were two or three jolly-looking fellows, with their pipes, chatting over the fire. They pressed

us to join them, and I felt tempted to do so, but my guide beckoned me on. My guide took me into some of the galleries, where we found some long-haired students, eagerly seizing the few moments of day-light still left to them, to finish some copies of Hunt and Turner, they were engaged upon; into a laboratory too, where we actually found a Professor busy, and Students, in old jackets, and hands I shall not say of what colour, working, as if rooted to the spot, happy that the sun could not curtail their labours. My guide told me that no college was without its laboratory, and that more men went out in the Physical Science School than in any other school. We also entered several Music halls, which we always found crowded. In one of them there was going on a University performance of Mendelssöhn's "Elijah." As we walked, I could not help observing that the streets seemed to me much fuller of undergraduates than formerly. I met plenty of gentlemen, even more, I thought, than there used to be; though fewer, perhaps, of the man-milliner species that were wont to be the ornament and laughing-stock of the High: but I saw also many that I took to be of the middle rank, and (to my surprise) great numbers of men decidedly in humble life. For the most part like kept company with like; but here and there I saw a Clive Newcome, arm in arm with a beloved J. J.; and, generally, the men seemed easy and comfortable. When the different parties met or passed each other, I saw nothing like rudeness or swaggering on either side. It was much as one sees in London Streets, except that people were more courteous, here as there the poor naturally paying respect to the rich, and making way for them. I noticed, besides, the presence of many men, (clearly not aldermen or burghers,) past the prime of life, some of them walking forth with their wives and daughters, to enjoy the summer evening; and little children came trooping past us, "a sight to make an "old man young," and I saw, too, not a few foreigners, with their many-coloured trowsers, their lively gesticulations, and strange bearded faces. Here my guide took me aside, into a narrow bye-street, and into some humble lodgings, up into an attic, where we found a poor pale-faced student poring over his books, which he had borrowed from the Bodleian library. "Mark him," said my guide; "he is to be a second "and a greater Johnson." Everywhere we were courteously received: we entered several houses, both imposing and humble, and saw many happy home-scenes, the father at work, or with his children, the young with the old, and quiet family life in every phase. These to my surprise I learnt were the homes of the Fellows and Professors and Undergraduates. And now I found myself in a vast room, full of people of all ages, and of both sexes. There were young men and men in green old age, stately matrons too, and young brides, and gay maiden-faces; all talking in groups or couples, and seemingly very merry. If I was not very much mistaken, that pretty young lady, a Professor's daughter, is in love with that undergraduate of Magdalen. At least her mother does not seem anxious to interrupt their conversation in the corner. Ugly visions flashed across me of Professors in petticoats, and three Misses President in blue stockings, living in isolated grandeur, such as used to become the belongings of those supreme dignitaries. Yonder was a Head of a House talking with a Professor. Heavens! I could have taken them for a statesman and a philosopher. I had pointed out to me a young Fellow of Oriel and his wife: he had been before somewhat of an epicurean, but getting his fellowship to marry on, he straightway wedded his first love, and has settled down into a self-denying, hard-working man. These two men, walking arm-in-arm,

and laughing and talking together were Tutor and Undergraduate; what a bright genial look the Tutor had! and how happy his younger friend seemed to be with him! The tutor's work I should have guessed to be lighter, had I not overheard two of his pupils speaking to one another of his wise help and prodigious exertions for them. The sight reminded me of Dr. Arnold and Fox Howe; and yet I could not help recalling my old college tutor, an unapproachable bachelor of superfine morality, and giving periodical tutor-breakfasts in the lecture room. Donnism seemed to have fled away, though I saw one solitary figure, who, by his præternaturally tall neckcloth and saturnine gravity, seemed, I fancied, to protest against this Saturnalian freedom of the inferior young men. Not thus, however, could he save his dignity; for I actually detected two youths of gross levity, mimicking and making caricatures of him in the corner. Altogether this society seemed very delightful to me; the University seemed to me what I had long wished it to be, a sort of family. The husbands seemed to have introduced the glorious equality of the common-room, and their wives to have broken down the hateful distinction between college and college. The ancient courtesy of the place had not left it, but now went hand in hand with an altogether new freshness and freedom; there was none of the stiffness or mock airs of the world, discernible; they had not entered here; but youth and the ever youthful minds of the truly wise seemed to have set the tone, whilst there was abundance of interest from the presence of so much young life, and of the wisdom of the older gathered into the place. For besides these that I have mentioned, were Poets, and Philosophers, and Artists, some talking together earnestly or chatting gaily, evidently enjoying each other's society; others, again, with young admirers clustering round them and hanging on their lips; and their eager eyes and bright faces told me they were drinking deep of the cup of pleasure. I fancied this must be a Commemoration time, and that these great men were here but to receive their degree, and to depart on the morrow. But my guide told me that I saw the place in no holiday attire, but that Oxford was to these their chosen home, the sacred grove, where each, as Numa of old, came to hold peaceful converse with the Egeria whom he worshipped. My guide was very considerate, and pointed out everybody to me. "Those two earnestly talking men were to be friends for life." I thought of Tennyson and young Hallam. "That young Apollo, with a sunlike countenance, he was to be an English Goëthe; that sober youth, with broad forehead, with set lips and eyes sparkling with courage, he shall be a Bacon to the law, reform the Court of Chancery, and 'mould a mighty state's decrees;' yon artist, in sorry clothes, but laughing with those two noble-looking men, and with geniality beaming from his restless eye, he shall be a second Turner, but his fresh heart shall never be frozen by the coldness of the world." It was now time to depart, and my guide said to me, "You have now seen Oxford, but you have seen it only as the Metropolis of Genius, and a temple of industrious peace; at another time we will walk together into the great world outside, and you shall then see it as the 'Eye of England.'" As I stood doubting how these things had come to pass, my eyes fell upon the wand which my guide had in his hand, and by which the black cloud had been rolled away; it was like what I had conceived a Spartan *σκυτάλη*, and had writing rolled round it; but on the outside of the roll I deciphered the words, "The works of faithful men." I looked up, and on her forehead, glittering through her veil, with its star-like letters, I read her name, TIME.

REMEMBRANCE.

FORGET! forget! nor longer vex
Thy spirit with a losing strife:
The past is dead; and death is death,
Howe'er we make it show like life.

Even while thy lips to shadowy lips
Thou pressest, thou art not deceived;
Thy heart no self-beguiler knows;
Even then too well itself bereaved.

Forget! forget! hear Nature's voice
Within thee prompting soft and low:
Time would steal daily thought on thought;
Why keep the phantoms? let them go.

Thou answerest—Nature whispers too—
'Love, joining once, has join'd for ever:
His bond so sacred, hearts by him
Once bound must never wholly sever.

'The hand may press another's hand,
Eye may beam love no more to eye;
Yea, even another soul may be
The dearest, yet Love will not die.'

Yes, but remembrance, when the past
Outshines the present, is but grief;
And I would have thee not forget
Only when memory is relief.

Joy and content not wholly dwell
In memory or forgetfulness;
Half kind, half cruel, each is strong,
One while to torture, now to bless.

Forget not quite; nor yet too well
Remember; let half-memory,
That grieves not with the happier past
The present, thy consoler be.

Thus we recall the dead, when time
Has soften'd anguish to regret:
They seem forgotten; but 'twere crime
'Gainst love to say that we forget.

Think thus of me, as lost, not changed;
Thou mayest, yea thou must, love still:
True love turn'd never yet to hate
Or coldness: love through good and ill.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

PROMETHEUS.

I AM not going, let me say once and for all, to solve one of the insoluble problems, which, wherever the human intellect has been awakened, have perplexed the wise; I propose simply to consider, side by side, the efforts of two mighty geniuses to draw light from this darkness, to educe order out of this perplexity; geniuses themselves widely different, in ages which present more points of contrast than of similarity. We may perhaps venture to draw from their success and failure some hints for ourselves as to the limits of such enquiries, the spirit in which they should be pursued, and the nature of the results to be expected from them.

The struggle, of which this fable of Prometheus is the type, has been imagined, thought, and acted under many forms; but it was more than a chance sympathy which moved the young apostle of intellectual freedom to clothe his inspiration in the old Greek vesture; to catch the Æschylean fire across the gulf of time, and to hold it forth, heightened with his own, a beacon to the next aspirant in the Promethean festival.

Æschylus lived in the youth of Hellenic freedom. He was a poet of Athens, when, suddenly released from pupilage, and led by heroes of her choice, she had quelled barbarian arrogance. He had fought at Marathon. How could he not glory in her strength? Was it not that which had nerved his arm, which "throbbed through all his "pulses like a God's," whether he fought himself, or sang "the auspicious "march of complete men?" Could there be misgivings, where freedom had so triumphed? yet if there was no misgiving, there was perplexity, and it was the very fact that theirs was a reasonable freedom, that made this possible. For while the sense of law, which in Sophocles gives rise to farther questionings, had as yet hardly taken an abstract shape; political emancipation had left the spell of the old religion as powerful as ever. A great mind, reverent in proportion to its love of truth and goodness; a poet, clinging to the past; a statesman, sympathizing in the practical difficulties of his countrymen, could not divest himself of this; least of all could the mind of Æschylus, with all its healthy vigour, so capable of impressions of vague awe.

There was no thought then of abandoning the old mythology; it was their

heirloom from the past, and in it they had to read a present lesson. Now its most prominent features had come down to them from kingly times. The dynasty of Jove was but the mirror of a patriarchal monarchy. But to the Athenian of the age of Cleisthenes, the figure of a patriarchal monarchy had little meaning. As he listened to an Homeric recitation, the words "Father "of Gods and men" might sound pleasantly to him; but in his ordinary mood, how could he think of Zeus as monarch and not as tyrant of the world? This was the meaning of that word monarch, which had been doubly branded on his life by Hellenic tyranny and Oriental despotism. How could Zeus be king, and not wish to govern all things by his own will? How a despot, and not fear, as he was feared by, all? How could he be a tyrant, and not surrounded by the fear and hatred of his ministers, the cry of the oppressed, and the defiance of the inextinguishable spirit of human freedom? It was this sense, that human reason must be free, mixed with religious awe for that which in some lights was a phantom of capricious power, which raised for the Greek those contradictions between reason and experience, morality and religion, which have been the arena of speculation in all ages; and which, even when only partly solved, as some of them never can be fully, not only clear the intellect, but give range to action.

But this was not all. Behind the Olympic dynasty there was dimly seen the groundwork of a yet earlier system, a cosmogony rather than a mythology, in which the powers of nature appeared, no longer in their pristine vividness, but in the distance, shadowy and grey with time. In the speculations which even their religious feeling did not prohibit, these aboriginal Pelasgic Gods might be played off against their successors; or the idea of succession might naturally suggest an usurpation; or, lastly, if the reign of Zeus had a beginning, might it not also have an end? The element of uncertainty thus already introduced was counterbalanced, in the invariable craving of the mind for rest, by a notion which was peculiarly Greek; which is, in fact, a sort of impersonal abstraction of divine power. A blind fate was a consoling refuge from the caprice of an all-powerful will.

The sudden rise of Athenian freedom, and its triumph over despotism on the one side, on the other the old Homeric creed, co-existing with the remains of one still earlier; and fate, the dominant idea of the old Greek mind, must be all considered by us, if we would understand the position of Æschylus rightly. And we must add this consideration, that in interpreting his thoughts, we must of necessity use a language which would have been unfamiliar to him. It was not the Hebrew prophet only, who, in the questionings of his spirit, knew not all it signified; there is much too in the Greek, and above all in Æschylus, the least conscious and most suggestive of poets, which in order to make fully intelligible we must develop. I know that there is danger in this principle, if indiscreetly used, and I shall not attempt to rationalize the details of the mythology. I shall not even ask whether Io means the moon and Argus the starry heaven, or what else they may signify; nor seek to determine how much is meant to be symbolical, how much is merely accessory. There is enough in the story as it tells itself, to lead us to the poet's meaning. Whatever significance had once been wrapt up in Io, was probably lost to him. It was enough for his purpose that her story was one of suffering, and that suffering at the hand of Zeus.

Neither shall I enquire whether the play had a political meaning. Even if it had, though this might somewhat modify our view, it is the speculative struggle which is revealed in it, rather than the immediate object, which would have an interest for us.

But had space permitted, I should have been tempted to dwell at some length on the dramatic power, which, in a plot so sublimely simple, Æschylus has so strikingly displayed. They are broad touches certainly, but each one is a masterstroke. He was no ordinary delineator of character, who could thus individualize for us not only the unattainable, yet human majesty of the Titan, and the servile, courteous bearing of the tyrant's messenger, but old Oceanus, vacillating between friendship and timid duty (like the old men of Colonus, between routine and pity), and his daughters, like true women, sacrificing themselves, with uncalculating faithfulness, at the shrine of heroism.

Before going further, it will not be amiss, perhaps, to paraphrase the story:

"The god of fire, at the command "of the king of heaven, rivets in a "desert glen, by means of Strength and "Force, his servile ministers, his kins- "man, the wise author of human im- "provement. All nature groans toge- "ther with the mighty sufferer, while "the race of men, in the captivity of "their benefactor, suffer the extreme "of misery. But he endures, and re- "solutely defies the will of Zeus; "revealing to those amazed at his har- "dihood the secret of his strength, the "knowledge, namely, hidden from "their abject minds, that even Zeus is "subject to the inscrutable power of "fate, and that a day shall come, when "his tyranny over the human race "shall be at an end. For these threats "he is buried beneath the earth amid "the war of elements, still confident, "and destined to emerge at the fated "period."

Even this rude sketch makes it apparent, that we have here the interminable struggle of human will and reason against a divinely imposed necessity. We are promised that it shall be delivered some day, though not till bowed with myriad pains and woes; extricated, not by its own skill, but by the might of destiny; which shall one day end the tyranny which now fills earth and heaven. The "Prometheus Unbound" of Æschylus is lost to us, and few losses of the kind are more to be regretted; for although the fragments which remain to us show only that, like the centre piece, it would have appeared to us disfigured by that mythological geography, which, however, for the hearers of Æschylus must have had so great a charm, much of it would doubtless have been interesting to all time. Yet it fortunately matters little, by what mythological artifice, whether, like Pindar, by the marriage of Thetis to a mortal, or by whatsoever other device, he obtained a reconcilement. The interesting point is, that the end was reconcilement and not victory, and of this we may be sure; for not only is it abundantly certain, that no representation at a religious festival of the final overthrow of Zeus would in that age have been perpetrated or endured; not only does the form of the myth elsewhere (by no means a strong reason in itself) sanction such a view, but the whole spirit of Æschylus, and the analogy of his other works, demands it.

It is the characteristic of the ancient poets, that they are not carried away by their own creations. They feel with them, they act in them, and yet they are above them. We are not to suppose that all the words of Prometheus or of Antigone are the words of the poet; they are the words which the highest type of human nature, when involved in given circumstances, naturally utters. "He who has his foot free," the chorus or Oceanus, may give the truest admonitions, though himself of an inferior clay. So we cannot doubt that much of what Prometheus says, however any one would for the moment sympathize with it, must have savoured both to the audience and to the author of impiety; whereas the warnings of the trembling chorus, or of the aged time-server, however little

calculated to give comfort, must have at least seemed true.

Again, when we think of the language in which Zeus is spoken of in other plays, we cannot suppose that the representation of him in the "Pro- "metheus Bound" is not partly due to the sufferer's own state of mind, or that in concluding the story something of that gnawing sense of wrong would not be cleared away. Lastly, the analogy of the Eumenides is of itself enough to prove that in the "Prometheus Unbound" of Æschylus, not victory but reconcilement was the consummation. As in that grand old drama the mutterings of the Furies gradually subside, and all ends in peace; so in this it would seem probable, not that the ways of Zeus were justified to men,—that could not be whilst they conceived of him as like themselves,—but that he would be represented as pacified; and the spirit of Prometheus, not as humbled indeed, nor broken, but satisfied, and acknowledging that in pain he had spoken hastily. How this was brought about we know not, except that the eternal agency of Fate determined it, and that it was effected by the hand of Hercules. It is indeed at best an uncertain shadow; but let us think, what must have been the loftiness, the serenity, I had almost said the faith of a mind, which, out of such materials could educe even the appearance of a balanced harmony, which through such clouds and darkness could, however dimly, see the end. Is there darkness in our own day, gloomier than this "twi- "light of the gods?" There is; or rather let us say, there was, for I would speak hopefully. When darkness dwells where light should be, it is deepened not only by contrast but by reaction. The darkness out of which Shelley groped for light was thicker than the haze through which Æschylus strained his vision; and in the Prometheus of Shelley, there is dreary darkness which cannot but be felt, far different from the calm though solemn earnestness of the old Greek. Shelley could not act; he cried himself to sleep and dreamed; his dream was tinged by recent scenes and struggles. Oppression, bigotry, superstition, tyranny, on the one side; on the other, dark and terrible anarchy, scowled and strove till they destroyed each other, and a fair mirage was spread before his thirsting gaze. It was an avatar of the human intellect, heralded by imagination, as the day is heralded by the rosy arch of morning, spread above the hills.

I shall not attempt to interpret the particular images, or rather phantoms, which occur in this work of Shelley's; but apart from any such enquiry this is clear, that the one bright spot in his universe, which gives life and brightness to all other things, and which he delights to think of as one day overspreading all, is human reason, perfected by endurance, and deified by love. We must not forget, that it is a work of imagination we are considering; traces occur in it of principles in Shelley's mind, which we delight to think of as more abiding than the phantasmagoria with which it was then filled. Such is the assertion of an all-merciful Creator of all things good (who is, however, only introduced to contrast with the phantom of superstition), of the power of meekness, and of the original truth and loveliness of Christianity,—though so deformed by bigotry and superstition as to have become the object of his hatred and contempt. Yet, with whatever degree of pleasure we may dwell on these as earnests of possibilities with regard to the whole of Shelley's mind, they do not enter in any intelligible way into the framework of this drama; as ideas, they are at least dormant for the time. His mind, his universe, is filled with the reflected radiance of his own intellect. The figures in the drama are the creations, or emanations rather, of this alone. Beautiful as they are, we miss in them that fulness of substance and

breadth of outline, those deep sonorous voices, which in Æschylus give assurance of a dignified humanity. It is an abstract human nature that is presented to us,—heroic through endurance, divine through love,—yet an ideal so attenuated as to be beyond our sympathies. It is in truth beautiful, but most unsatisfying. We want something more than our own shadow in the cloud, though it have a halo round it, to lift us out of ourselves. The cloud must be pierced for us, and the daylight of our reason must suffer itself to be eclipsed. We know that intellectual progress, aided by philanthropy, must do much to refine and elevate the race; we can imagine a world in which it should be all in all, but it is not that world in which God has placed us.

Whether that bright meteor, the mind of Shelley, could ever have gathered substance from its own nebulous emanations; whether its eccentric whirlings could ever have steadied themselves into an orbit, is a question which has passed from the region of human hopes and fears. Its light was quenched before it had time to settle to an equal ray; but its course was ever upwards. It is harder for us to appreciate what we owe to Shelley, and to Coleridge, and other adventurous spirits of that time, than to see where they missed the mark, and where their aim was misdirected. Shelley's Cassandra-like cry about the power of love, of however little practical effect, has proved the anticipation of a real revival of Christianity. His bitter outcry against priestcraft (which in its bitterness confounded good and bad) is being repeated nowadays, perhaps with little more discrimination, but with more effect, by a portion of the priests themselves. Who knows, if he might not have been a priest, had he lived now?

But in the allegorical treatment of the emancipation of the human race from evil, he is so far less reverent than the Greek, that he anticipated its accomplishment as the result, not of the independent ordinance of a higher power, but of the self-working of an inherent energy.

Æschylus felt the need of something to counterbalance the exuberance of liberty. Shelley groaned for the vanity and vexation of spirit, to which, as he brooded over the failure of the French Revolution, all nations seemed to him to be in bondage. Each had an instinctive faith that the refuge he sought for must exist. Each found it for himself in an abstraction; but Æschylus in the abstraction of supernal power, Shelley in that of human freedom.

Bacon has an essay on the Fable of Prometheus, or the Statue of Man; towards the end of which the following grave words occur; "We must, there-
"fore, with a sober and humble judg-
"ment, distinguish between humanity
"and divinity, and between the ora-
"cles of sense and the mysteries of
"Faith, unless a heretical religion and
"a commentitious philosophy be pleas-
"ing unto us." It is a necessary caution, for human things are after all the shadows of divine; and intellectual idols are the most seductive. It is not the least suggestive feature in it that it bears the authority of the Father of Inductive Science.

There exists in some minds a joyous expectation that science is to regenerate the world; in others, scarce confessed perhaps, the apprehension, that in its progress religion will be overthrown. By far the majority of thinkers are in a state of struggle, longing for the emancipation of the human mind and will from the tyranny of vicious custom and from hurtful errors, from ignorance and wrong; and yet by this very longing for a day of freedom, feeling their powers of action hampered and confused. What are we to say to this? If science is doing much for us, is she to do all? Is faith to be supplanted by reason? Can the human intellect develop human perfection? This is the question, when clearly

put, more common in our day than may at first be thought. I will not answer it, but I will point out one or two of the conditions to which reason must submit, if she would work truly, either for herself or for mankind.

I. She must consent to act; the true chain that binds her, the vulture that flaps and gnaws at her, is the vain aspiration after an ideal liberty. No sooner does she submit to her fetters than she moves freely. So contradictory may such truths appear when we express them, yet to no assertion is the assent of experience more undoubting.

II. She must acknowledge that the mass of mankind are incapable of receiving the truth in its highest form, and that science therefore, however valuable may be its indirect effects on life, cannot be the only teacher. Not the least instructive part of the parable, noticed by Bacon, though not by Æschylus or Shelley, is the tale that mortals, having received perpetual youth from heaven, tied it on the back of an ass, which Bacon interprets to be slow experience, and bartered it at the first well they came to for a draught of water.

III. "Let her know her place, she "is the second, not the first." He is the true philosopher, who with a most real reverence for God's truth as it is revealed in nature and experience, combines a distinct and deeper reverence for yet higher objects,—the objects not of reason but of faith. Such reverence teaches us submission, even to the delay of knowledge. A little altering the line of Æschylus, we remember that human skill is weaker, not than necessity, but than the will of God. The true unbinding of Prometheus is not the triumph of reason, but the reconcilement of science and philosophy with religion. Hitherto their armies have been separated, if not opposed. There has been much impotent authority on the one side, much rebellious feeling on the other; let us acknowledge that in both there has been much to blame. Yet, if greater blame lie on either side, surely they have more to answer for whose timid want of faith had thrown suspicion on the pursuit of knowledge. It was not unnatural, that each young giant in its turn, geology, ethnology, criticism, comparative mythology, should be eager to prove its weapons, even to presumption. But for the servants of the God of truth to shut their eyes to truth, to anathematize it or to explain it feebly away, this surely was unnatural. And yet they did it ignorantly, and we shall do little good by recalling old offences. Still they stand apart and frown as if no might could reconcile them. And indeed it is not Hercules, nor the intrinsic energy of science that can do this, but the spirit of a higher wisdom. It would teach religionists, if they would be taught, that the phantom of superstition is the phantom of misguided fear; that the same God who has revealed Himself in the Bible, also reveals Himself in nature and in the mind of man; that science and philosophy also are not the enemies but the servants of God. It would teach the men of science and philosophy to know their calling, to feel their responsibility, and while they reverence the Supreme Intelligence as seen in the eternal laws of nature and of thought, to recognize also the deeper appeal to yet higher faculties and to more human feelings, which is made in the Christian revelation. The light of science and philosophy may be made subservient to this in many ways, may clear it from apprehension, may widen its application, and this surely is their noblest use. In themselves they reveal God to us as the mind of the world, or as its life, or as a power beyond, "in darkness whom we guess." False religion holds up an imaginary phantom to our fears. It is reserved for Christianity to reveal Him to us as our Father in heaven, reconciling us and all things to each other and to Himself in our Deliverer, who is the Son of Man.

UNHEALTHY EMPLOYMENTS.

OF all our conceptions there is scarcely one more complex or less susceptible of precise definition than civilization. There is no unity observed in fixing on the principles and characteristics which constitute and limit it. While some, believers in the ultimate destiny of nations, take it to be a progression to better things, the process of attaining an ideal perfect state, others use it as a purely absolute term, a standard of humanity, reached or not reached at different periods; while not a few maintain that it cannot be applied without the union of the two ideas. We know that the old nations rose, advanced, and reached the limit of greatness to which the feeble, because false, means employed could tend, forgot the nobleness of further action, and having fulfilled their mission, came to nought; we know too that, since the dissolution of the Roman empire, from the ruins of which the new barbarian life took form, civilization, cherished by the invigorating influence of Christianity, after bursting through the obstacles that had hitherto impeded its advance, started afresh, and has been like an ever-widening stream, progressing, not without continual partial obstructions, now rapidly, now sluggishly, here in one part of its channel, here in another, and having for its goal an ocean, which we trust is no chaotic one. The highest civilization will be an union of moral, intellectual, and material greatness; these elements work naturally into one another, strengthening and modifying; but unless the last be totally subordinate in aim to the others, nay, unless it be considered rather as an accident, the civilization attainable will be but a partial one; and it is to the practical ignoring of this truth that the downfall of the old kingdoms may be attributed. Taking then this system of civilization as the only one which can attain any degree of perfection, perhaps the best criterion that its principles are at work in a nation is the increasing value of human life evinced; this bears upon its face a semblance, though unreal, of being dependent upon mere material happiness. The more barbarous the nation the less regardful is it of human life: there is no instance of a savage tribe reaching so high an average of existence as a more civilized state, although it may possess isolated cases of longevity much greater than the latter; and this too is analogous to the intellectual life of nations; but it is collectively, and not by singular instances, that we must estimate a people's civilization. Now an increasing regard for human life may be fairly taken as an evidence of civilization, inasmuch as it implies increasing absorption of the individual into the common interest; industry and economy in the governed, and wisdom in the governing class; and increasing security, not only from positive criminal violence, but also from causes the operation of which could only be stayed by unselfish motives. That there exists among us at present a vast preventible sacrifice of human life there is no doubt, and it is to the unapplied resources of science, and a wider knowledge of physiology, that we must look for the power of removing the causes. Of the multiform branches of sanitary economy we shall in this paper confine ourselves especially to an enquiry into noxious employments.

The extension of manufactures has

doubtless produced additional wealth and capital, but that wealth does not of necessity increase the length of life is manifested by the returns of mortality for Manchester and other towns, contrasted with those from agricultural districts, in which latter we find the labourers, with half the amount of wages, reaching a much higher average of life than the workmen of the towns. Doubtless, machinery, when its appliances have been more fully developed, and its relations to man properly adjusted, will greatly lessen his physical sufferings; this, let us hope, is its Godlike final goal; but how far up to this time it has, directly or indirectly, aggravated or alleviated them, is a question of great intricacy. That unhealthiness in employment is a law of nature is contradicted by evidence of every kind, and it will be a happy thing for any one who may hold that notion to convince himself as early as possible of its entire fallacy. It is this, and other like objections, that have always been in the way of a right-minded social system, and are really but cowardly pleas for indifference. In a land boasting itself so unreservedly of its philanthropy, it is somewhat strange that there should exist a greater ratio of preventible deaths of this kind than in any other state; the duty of charity has become more abstract, and satisfied in a manner more mechanical than was once the case. I have heard the abominable assumption that this mortality is a wise provision of God, to prevent the overflow of population: to those who maintain this it has been put in a clenching manner, that a parish where life is precarious pays more poor-rates than its neighbours; but for their undeserved comfort it may safely be asserted, that a state of society, such as the total absence of these physical evils would imply, could not be behindhand to discern and arrest any consequent social injury.

Causes of unhealthiness in employments are of two kinds: those which are peculiar and seemingly essential to different trades, and those which do not lie in their nature, but are at present accidental more or less to all, such as want of proper ventilation, deficiency of light, overwork, &c.

We could scarcely, perhaps, select a more flagrant example of an employment deleterious to the health, than the manufacture of lucifer matches. It appears that the fumes of the phosphorus, in which the workpeople are continually enveloped, act upon the teeth and bones of the lower jaw; the bones gradually die, and spongy excrescences grow upon them, and finally the whole or part of the jaw has to be removed, which, if indeed the sufferer survive the operation, is a disfigurement as horrible as any that can well be imagined. Notwithstanding this danger, many, who have been victims of this disease and recovered, return to their former employment. Is there no remedy for this? or are we continually to have the fearful consciousness of encouraging a trade, to the interests of which have to be sacrificed the beauty of the human face and the health of the human body? It was recently discovered by Herr Schrötter, of Vienna, that phosphorus may be prepared so as not to give off any deleterious fumes; nor does the change in the state of the phosphorus thereby produced affect at all the property made use of in the manufacture of the match, which would be a fatal objection to the remedy being adopted.* The chief obstacles to the introduction of the improvement are the increase of price which it would involve, and that spirit of routine which creeps over those occupations wherein little or no exertion of the intellectual faculties is required. "It is a very small matter," says one. "I do not use a dozen matches "in a year." True, but the injustice

* "Annales de Chimie," tome xxiv. 3rd series.

done is injustice still, however divided among numbers, and the crimes of communities must receive their due as well as those of individuals. Is, then, denial of the article recommended? By no means, for many reasons; besides, the "amorphous" phosphorus has been tried, and we believe with entire success, by some employers, and the matches made with it are easily distinguished from the ordinary ones; "they are not luminous in the dark "under 400°; they have no smell, are "not liable to contract damp, and may "be placed on a hot mantle-shelf with-"out taking fire, and will keep for any "length of time without change."*

To take another case. Certain articles of cutlery are ground upon dry stones; hence, the air of the room in which the work is carried on, becomes filled with clouds of impalpable powder of steel and stone, which, being inhaled, passes into the lungs, and gives rise to pulmonary affections, and causes a general wasting of the frame. The remedy for this is simple; a thorough ventilation, together with a magnetized guard worn upon the mouth, which withholds the iron dust from passing into the throat. The neglect of this simple device prevents the workmen from seldom exceeding forty, and not often thirty years of age.†

There is no force in the excuse, that men are willing to engage in such employments, with the dangerous or absolutely destructive nature of which they are fully acquainted; and that no injustice can be argued for refusing to spend energy and money to remove evils of which no complaint is made. The skilled workman will always find great difficulty in changing his occupation without loss, and in the majority of cases is absolutely unable to do so; hence the cruelty of reducing him to the alternative of starvation, or the wasting of his physical powers. Again, there are cases, as above exemplified, wherein skilled workmen have refused to avail themselves of the preventives afforded by science, because the dangers that they incur enhance the rate of wages; arguing, that if all the inconveniences of the employment be removed, such numbers will flock to engage themselves, that their monopoly will be destroyed, and their wages reduced to an ordinary level. What a monopoly is it! a monopoly of those who are willing to stake health and life against a few years of extraordinary prosperity. It is not likely that employers have so unsound a belief in the liberty of the workman, though it is almost impossible to suppose that the small immediate outlay requisite for the amelioration of the evil can have weight with any of them. We must remember, too, that the man who attempts suicide is punished, and that we who look on without doing our utmost to prevent it, are not unblameable; how much less so those who more or less abet him in it?

There are many other occupations, in which the dust or chips of the materials used exert an unhealthy effect, which is, however, obviated or lessened by a little precaution. The miller's asthma is prevented by a reasonable system of ventilation; the inhaling of dusty particles by the mason, stone-breaker, and men of similar pursuits, is considerably arrested by allowing the growth of the moustache. There are others wherein a constrained position for a length of time produces constitutional disorders and general debility. In this respect the chief sufferers are tailors and shoemakers. Dr. Chambers‡ recommends to bootmakers the use of a table invented by Mr. Sparkes Hall, whereby

* "Cyclopædia of Useful Art." Virtue and Co. 1854. See Art. "Phosphorus."

† Dr. Holland, in "The Vital Statistics of Sheffield," published in 1843, showed that while in the United Kingdom 296 persons out of 1000 die annually between the ages of twenty and forty, 885 dry grinders perish out of the 1000.

‡ "The Influence of Occupation on Health." In "Lectures to Ladies."

they may get rid of the necessity of pressing the boot-tree against the stomach, the practice which so fearfully impairs their health; for tailors also various tables have been devised to enable them to keep their work sufficiently close to the eye without compelling the unnatural posture that deforms them. Dr. Chambers also censures the custom of compelling milliners to work in black material by gas or candlelight, whereby they contract ophthalmic diseases. The only reason for it is the assumption that smuts and smoke necessarily fly about from lights, which would irreparably damage other fabrics; the remedy for this is easy, but must be left to the charity of the employer.

These are a few examples of occupations, wherein noxious and poisonous influences are allowed to work unmolested, and where a little knowledge or skill and self-sacrifice would be a remedy, or, at all events, an amelioration; the list might be indefinitely extended, but we can only mention one other, and that because on a subject which should be dear to all Englishmen. Napoleon I. said truly: "Wherever timber can "float, there you will find an English "cruiser." The sea indeed has been with reason our dearest household word for many ages; when, therefore, it should be our endeavour to emulate our past by using every means to ensure the success of our voyages, it is a sad reflection upon the present generation, that very many ships are sent to sea in an unseaworthy state, and insufficiently manned. It is difficult to say how far visions of gain have in each case been the cause of these defects; but, though a fearful charge to entertain against any man, it has been complained that the carelessness exhibited by some about the condition in which their ships sail, is owing to their consciousness that, in case of wreck, the insurances effected upon them will clearly cover all loss. Independently of this sale of human life for gold, apart from this deliberate carelessness, there is quite enough for animadversion in the indifference that will not take the trouble to overlook the state of the ship and crew, and the ignorance of requirements exhibited by many of those whose first duty and ambition it should be to take all possible precautions. This evil has reached such a pitch, that, a short time back, a petition was presented to the Queen by British seamen against the law which obliges them to go to sea in unseaworthy vessels. It is not by such practices that we have obtained our present eminence in naval matters; *that* was reached in the manner in which men arrive at exalted positions of any kind, by making their work the best in their power, and by using the best means for attaining their object. If we neglect this principle, all the competition in the world will be incapable of retaining us in our position. It is our duty individually to discountenance, and by government to punish, this deception.

Let us now pass from employments which are deleterious in themselves, to those wherein the injury is accidental; and though not so direct and palpable, scarcely less dangerous. It is a fact of the deepest importance, that, in many districts of the metropolis, the poor reach but half the average of life attained by the higher classes, while in agricultural counties the labourers *only* fall short little more than ten years of the wealthy.* "The life of man is "three-score years and ten;" even ten years out of a man's short existence are much, but when from experience we find, at this late period of the world, that a very large portion of mankind attains an average of only a third of

* This is manifested by Mr. Chadwick's Sanitary Report, where, for instance, in the return for Whitechapel Union we find the respective value of life to be forty-five and twenty-two.

the life allotted by nature, the suspicion cannot help arising, that our means of civilization must be radically wrong. The extent to which those absolute necessaries for healthy existence, proper drainage and ventilation, are neglected, cannot be conceived by those who form their ideas of the habitations of the poor from what they see in passing along the lanes of a village, or the smaller streets of a town. Moreover, the revelations that have been made and are continually being made, accidentally or otherwise, disclose the fact, that often what are outwardly neat-looking houses, are nothing more than whited sepulchres, hiding, under an exterior of comfort, everything that can create pestilence and domestic misery. Doubtless a great stumbling-block to interference in these matters is the dislike and jealousy with which all uninvited intrusion and sympathy is regarded, the extravagant belief in "independence" held by Englishmen, even in the most wretched condition. But this should discourage no earnest-minded person, for there are sufficient devices to which he may resort, without semblance of encroachment. It is this want of comfort that drives so many to the warmth and more grateful aspect of the tap-room, where they more effectually demoralize their faculties and weaken their energies; nor is this neglect of self-reverence and restraint to be entirely attributed to ignorance and viciousness; too much may be traced to the exhaustion and apathy caused by overwork and other evils, incidental to trades, in which the rage of competition and avarice breaks through all ties of sympathy.

A characteristic of the English is that they can never persuade themselves that they are satisfied; we make everything too long, from our sermons and concerts to our school-lessons and manual labour. It is time that something definite be done to prevent the curses resulting from overwork. Within the last ten years the number of pauper lunatics in England has increased nearly seventy per cent., and that almost entirely owing to this evil. Each day adds more than one to the number of victims; the curse is especially extending among needlewomen and others, where also the fear of debt and the sedentary character of the employment assist to wrench their natural powers.

Passing from overwork, let us advert to a still more universal abuse, the want of proper ventilation in crowded rooms. There is scarcely conceivable a more dangerous occupation than being one of a numerous audience in a large ill-ventilated building, like Exeter-Hall, for instance, and many of our theatres. As a proof of this, any one who takes the trouble may discover that the walls and pillars of the room begin after a time to reek and even stream with the breath that has been exhaled by the assembled multitude; and these gatherings, by temporarily deranging the systems of those present, predispose them for infection, and cause the spread of epidemics.

Crowding of workshops and rooms is as great a bane as any to the interests of the employed. The terrible grotesqueness of the description in *Alton Locke* of "Consumption Ward" affords a too true insight into the widespread system of slop-work tailoring and its results. Mrs. Gaskell also has done great service by putting into form scenes similar, though by no means so painful. It is a melancholy satisfaction that these things have received notice at length, when it was impossible for them to be strained to a greater intensity; it has at least proved this beyond dispute—that Englishmen have a love of order and a belief in work, which even starvation and neglect, mental and bodily, cannot altogether eradicate. Passing by, for want of space, many other incidental evils of like character, there is one to which I would draw particular attention, be-

cause so often viewed with indifference; I mean, the want of sufficient light. There is no influence more purifying from brooding humours and morbid impulses than this great element of our existence; it should be enjoyed as much as possible, and habitations should never be selected without a regard to it. There are numberless seemingly unaccountable complaints which experiment would show to be referable to this want.*

And now what hope of amendment do we rely upon? It must not be for a moment supposed that among employers there are not very many noble and good men who do all that lies in their power to render their employments healthy, and are willing to adopt any reasonable suggestion for further improvement. If this were not so, we might indeed despair; had we then spoken on the subject, it would have been in a far different spirit, and with our immediate aim somewhat modified. What we wish to impress upon the mind of the reader is the vast amount of misery and death brought about by preventible causes in employments, the efforts that have been made to lessen this amount, and the duty of all to imitate these attempts. It is a great step in the right direction that these things are beginning to be discussed. From habituation men become blind to the evil features of a system; but when they see that others, men who are often engaged in the same pursuits as themselves, regard them in a different light, they may be induced to avail themselves of neglected advantages, criticise their own apathy, and direct their energies rather to improvement than extension. There is plenty of opportunity and scope for each man to further the development of those agencies whereby the life of man is lengthened and made more full of happiness and content. All need not undertake the same portion of the duty; for too sensitive minds would be unable to go through the heart-rending and disgusting scenes that must be faced and swept away before anything effectual can be achieved.

I confess that there are many causes for misgiving in this and other aspects of social life at present; but it is to be hoped that it is but a natural overstraining preparatory to a reaction. There is something ominous in the statistics showing the recent increase of crime, while the outcry thereupon and demand for explanations are, on the other hand, signs of a healthy spirit and active determination. It is wonderful how little we know really of some portions of the kingdom—of our mining districts, for instance, the inhabitants of which, one would suppose from our usual method of regarding them, were created to be food for laughter and merry jests to the rest of their countrymen. One distinction should never be lost sight of nowadays, that between order and routine. We are painfully conscious of the sacrifice that the latter has cost us of late: the spirit of it prevents all modification or laying aside of practices which do not answer the requirements of an enlarged knowledge and wider systems. It is, too, an easy explanation to one's conscience that "What has "done for to-day will surely do for "to-morrow." This is regarding the question in that selfish point of view which it is our purpose to reprobate. What has done for *you* to-day will perhaps do for you to-morrow; but is it so with those under you? is it not too often the case that there is a yesterday whose to-morrow is not similar, and that the place which was yesterday occupied by one, who has given way in the struggle, is to-day taken by a stranger? This makes no difference to you; the strange face is as good as the old one, and the strange hands perhaps as useful as the old ones: but there are

* Vide Carpenter's "General and Comparative Physiology," second Edit. Art. 222.

others to whom it does make as great a difference as can be made. Consider this, and enquire of yourself whether it is not in your power in some degree to prevent and abate this evil, being well assured of this, that indifference to others' misery is a crime that cannot go unpunished.

THE SACRIFICE.

A Tale.

"Of love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?
Not so."

ALTHOUGH it was late at night, nay, very early in the summer morning, Henry Radcliffe still lay upon his couch before the wide open window. His eyes were weary with watching the sweet stars slowly fade, and the heavy folds of his dressing-gown seemed to weigh him down with inexpressible languor; the thick blue curtains were loaded with the sweet night air, and such a spell rested upon the room that it required a strong effort for Henry to raise his head from his hand and rise slowly, with eyes on the stars all the while.

"Oh!" he sighed, "I would give "worlds to know if she is true; I "would be willing to die to prove her "sincere."

For he had seen Helen Musgrave as he had never seen her before. Hitherto her conduct to him had been as distant as possible, a cruel thing to an old friend like Henry; but he had been away for a time, travelling on the Continent; and now when he had returned, she greeted him warmly, and during the long summer days they spent together, her manner had been so kind, her behaviour so altered, that he was persuaded she must look on him as on no other man.

But the people in the village talked about Miss Helen strangely; they said Henry was by no means her first lover; that he was not the only one who had been seen walking with her in the Hall gardens at twilight, talking gently; and they prophesied that he, like others before him, would suddenly leave the Hall on "urgent business." Such rumours propagated by the servants at the Hall, and gradually working their way upwards in society, could not fail to reach the ears of Henry Radcliffe, but of course he professed not to regard, and to utterly disbelieve them: nevertheless, the unpleasant thought would recur, had she ever been to any one else what she was to him? and—worse still—had another ever been what he was to her?

True, he was not a declared lover, but she could not help seeing how he felt towards her; and she did see it, shamefully triumphing therein. For it pleased her selfish vanity that another should love her, though she was incapable of returning such love; so, as long as no one else divided her attention, she was extremely gracious to Radcliffe. Besides this, he was so vastly improved; a year's travelling had wrought wonders, and her old playfellow returned to her, a man of polished manners and well-developed intellect. So she was very kind to him. By long experience she knew how most delicately to show her apparent preference for him, and she felt secure in her own marvellous beauty doing the rest. Her mother, a weak and foolish woman, left her entirely to

her own will, though during Henry's visit it had occurred to her that Helen was not behaving quite well to the man to whom she was engaged, in taking so much pleasure in all concerning another. For Helen really was engaged; she found it convenient to be so; it was something to fall back upon after she had won a new heart—to say that there was another whose claims were greater; to express surprise that it was not known, and with false blushes on her beautiful face, to declare *that* the reason for such kindness as she had shown, such confidence as she had placed. Of course she strove to conceal the fact from Radcliffe; she would not have her pastime broken in upon; and at the time Henry was so perplexed about her, she had been exerting all her arts of fascination for his entanglement.

The result of his self-examination was, that he loved her truly and well, and, poor fellow! that he was sure she was worthy of that love, and returned it! He would put his fate to the test; he would see what the next day should bring forth, when he would tell her of all he felt.

So he greeted her in the morning with a determination to find whether she really cared for him; and perhaps his anxiety was visible, for she tenderly enquired if he was ill, and in many ways testified her concern. He could not pretend to perfect health, for the agitation at his heart produced a throbbing headache; so saying that he thought a stroll in the garden would do him good, he asked her to walk with him; and she gladly (oh treachery, with *smiles!*) stepped with him through the wide-open window, and silently, slowly, walked across the lawn, through the pure sunshine, and on to the shade of the chestnuts.

Then she spoke at intervals, in a low tone, of the days when they were children together, and by the sweet voice in which she called up its remembrance, invested the old time with far more delight than had ever belonged to it, making Henry feel as if he had never known her thoroughly till then; and thinking the time was come, he broke forth into a strain of most passionate love. His voice did not rise; it rather sank with the tenderness of his feeling, and at first his speech was confused. Then gathering strength, but not enough to look at her, he went on, telling of his boyish love which she had slighted, of this love of his manhood which—but she stopped him with a quick gesture, and, raising his eyes, he saw her standing before him, pale and calm, with the sunlight falling through a gap in the trees on her fair hair, and trembling with the leaves over her beautiful neck, fading then, and leaving *him* in deep shadow. He would have spoken again, but again she stopped him, still pitilessly calm; then while he watched her, the sunlight brightened to intensity on her golden head, and a smile came to her eyes, as she said lightly:

"Oh Henry! have you not heard? did they not tell you about Charles Forster? I am engaged to *him*. You have often met him here."

But she saw the love going from his face in scorn for her unfaithfulness, so she strove to regain his heart. Sadly she drooped her eyes towards hands folded on her bosom, and letting her bright curls fall as a veil, she stood before him, saying nothing, leaving the beautiful sight to move him.

But when he spoke it was in an altered tone, his soul was full of sorrow for the man whom she was so cruelly deceiving; and she was surprised, almost alarmed, that the first words he uttered were not of himself, but of Charles Forster. All tenderness was gone from his tone; he spoke to her gravely, almost sternly, of her deceit, pleading the cause of her lover as though he himself were in no way concerned, and ended by entreating in a voice shaken with earnestness, that for the love of Heaven she would leave the

game she was playing, and be true to herself and her future husband.

Then, turning, he left her standing, looking after him, like a beautiful enchantress at a victim, which, by some charm more potent than her own, has escaped from her spells. But he did not once turn round, so she ran back across the lawn into the house.

Henry would not go to the Hall again; so he wrote to Mrs. Musgrave, saying he was going to London that day. She was much perplexed, and asked Helen if she could account for his sudden departure, but was only more astonished at her daughter's indifference; so after weakly upbraiding her with giving offence to an old friend, she rambled off to some other subject.

Meanwhile Henry proceeded at once to London, to his home, and he felt, as he was borne swiftly along, as if he had trusted even more of his happiness than he had known to that one venture, and now it was all gone. He could not tell his father, a man of business, what had happened; he would only have been laughed at for his folly in falling in love with such a flirt as Helen Musgrave; and his mother was dead, so he shut that secret up in the storehouse of his heart, to be looked at by himself alone. True, he had one friend, Richard Merton, who was dearer to him than all others, and to whom he had been used to tell his whole soul; but more than a year was gone by since they had parted, and few letters had passed between them, because of Henry's constant change of residence, and he could not tell whether the old love would return as warmly as ever. Would his friend be the same to him? He could not tell; for a year ago they had boasted to each other that no love more earthly than that of virtue and beauty should ever be their ruling passion. So he said: "None but myself "may know of this, and alone will I "combat my grief."

But one love remained to him even yet, that of Art, and now he resolved to give up himself to that, to live for it, and maybe to die for it. So the first evening he returned home he told his father that there was something he must say to him; but the old man, divining from his steadfast face some grave and important thing, said—

"Not to-night, my son; but in the morning I will hear what you have to say; to-night we will only talk together over the time you have been away."

After his father had left him, Henry sat up late, but time fled quickly, and whether he would or no, his memory was busy with the last few days, and his heart was troubled; but he was quite sure he did not love Helen Musgrave *now;* that dream was gone, and for ever; and, as he thought of her, he saw more clearly, as it stood out in relief against the character with which his imagination had invested her, the pitiful meanness of her conduct. Still he felt that the place she had occupied in his heart was empty; there was a cold aching, instead of warm love; he thought the void could never be filled. He tried to pour into it all his love for his father, for his dead mother, but in vain; the chasm remained. So he determined not to think of her more than as she must flash across his mind from time to time; he would never again devote to her all his thoughts, as he was doing now. Before he in this way extinguished the last spark of hope in his heart, a thought came which made him cover his face with clasped hands. If there had been only human obstacles in the way, if, after struggling through many difficulties, he might have found her waiting for him, pure and good as he once thought her, *nothing* should have separated them. But—oh! she was not worthy; so he resolutely shut the door of his heart against her.

The next morning, entering his father's study, he looked so ill as to excite anxiety, but he imputed it to

the fatigue of travelling, and quietly took a chair opposite his father. Mr. Radcliffe began, "I have something to tell you, my son, and take this the earliest opportunity of doing it. I am happy to say—" but this almost interrogatively—"I am very happy to say, that I believe you have quite conquered the silly notions you had when I last spoke to you on this subject. Of course you know what I mean; in short, Henry, my boy, I want to tell you that it is my particular desire that you should commence studying for the bar." This was said hurriedly, and was the opening of the flood-gates to Mr. Radcliffe's eloquence; for he instantly began an harangue on all the advantages which must accrue from such a proceeding, and talked so long and to such purpose, that he regretted not having chosen that profession for himself. Then, having dilated on all his prospective blessings, he turned to his son for an answer. But none was forthcoming, not till Henry was unable any longer to see the joy which the old man both felt and showed; for he would make sure to himself that, as his son gave no answer, he had no objection to raise. Still unwilling to dash all this to the ground, Henry hesitated, but at last, taking courage from the object in view, he spoke resolutely and slowly, telling his father he was in no way changed from the time when they had spoken together on the subject last: and, speaking with real affection, he told how he grieved to disappoint the hopes of such a father, but persisted that he durst not so far contradict the impulse within him as to comply with this wish. He said, "I can be nothing but an artist; I am fit for nothing else; whatever else I may do I should bury my talent; and remember the fate of the servant who hid his lord's money."

Mr. Radcliffe looked up, and all the love for his son stormed his heart; looking at him there, so pale and sad, he yielded. Is was a mighty effort; it was no mean thing to see his only child, for whom, ever since he was a little one on the knee, he had cherished a private though great ambition, throwing himself away as he thought; it was no slight sacrifice to bring his ambition down till its widest scope was the happiness of his child.

And Henry appreciated all this; and his love for his father was increased tenfold as he saw the effort made for his sake, till, by a strange contradictory influence, he felt almost inclined to throw away all except the hope of pleasing his father; but he durst not. Rising, he walked across the room, holding out his hand; it was grasped firmly, and Henry, stooping down, kissed the hand he felt then to be to him the dearest in the world.

But it was many months before he could gather strength to begin the course he had marked out for himself, and then it was with much mistrust and little ambition, only with intense love and earnestness, that he began the life, and took upon himself the name, of an artist.

He had met his old friend again, and found him daily more worthy to be loved, yet no word of the greatest trouble of his life ever passed between them. He knew not why, except that it might be from an indescribable feeling that Merton was concealing from him some like scene in his own life with a jealous care. So from this thought his love for his friend grew more tender, and often, looking into those earnest eyes, he thought he saw reflected his own trouble and struggles. Another thing, too, bound them closely together; Richard was of so delicate a frame of mind and body, that Henry's manhood seemed needed for them both, and from that circumstance there was a very gentle feeling between the two. One evening, standing with his hand on the lock of his friend's room, he paused, listening to the rich tones of that familiar voice; for from the dusk there came to his

ears, words which had often wandered through his heart, but to which he could never have given such utterance.

In the greatest battle of his life
Man stands by himself alone;
No hand save his and the foe's to the strife,
No heart to beat high but his own.

Yet the war goes on right desperately,
And whether he stand or fall
Himself and God alone may see
Till the judgment day of all.

The low chanting ceased as he opened wide the door, and stood in the gloaming, before the brother of his heart.

Another time, when walking with an old friend, Roger Mackenzie, he was greatly pained by hearing him say Richard Merton was looking ill, and he was the more grieved, because it put a fear of his own into words; so he tried to persuade himself and his companion that it was only a slight paleness, consequent on a head-ache a week before. Nevertheless, he could not banish a troubled feeling, which made him inclined to go at once to Merton, and he smiled at himself as he found that he wanted to be sure of his *safety!* So he quickly turned his footsteps towards his friend, and reaching him, found indeed that he looked ill, but the paleness vanished in a flush of joy, and they stood long together with hands firmly clasped.

Henry and Richard and his sister, had been play-fellows when children, and now when they were grown up the intimacy was as great, so that Radcliffe and Joanna Merton were like brother and sister, and often looked back to their childhood with peculiar pleasure.

"You remember Mary Stanfield, who used to be our constant companion;" said Joanna, "she is come to stay with me, and now we shall all four be together again, only more like one family than before, because we shall not be separated so often."

"But," said Roger Mackenzie, "will you not reckon me among your old friends, Jonnie? I have known you nearly as long."

Jonnie said, "No, they were complete without him," and rose hastily to meet Miss Stanfield, who was entering the room. She was a young girl of eighteen, looking even younger, and she greeted Henry as though very glad to see him again. In a short time they all felt as if they had never lost sight of one another. Joanna told Henry that Mary had spent six months with her, soon after his going abroad, and that she had returned home with her for two or three more. "But," she said, "I find I can scarcely live without her, so I have persuaded her to come back to me. I cannot get on with my music, or anything alone; and as for the mornings with Richard, they are desolation itself."

"Yes, indeed," said her brother, "we missed you very much, Mary; Jonnie is so wild without you."

"What do you read with them then?" asked Radcliffe.

"Oh, I'll tell you," answered Joanna, "nothing but dull history, and a variety of things about which I understand nothing; and then endless music, drawing, and poetry. Now I hate poetry, so I always leave them at that part of the morning; and when I am alone you see there is no one to fill my place, so I have to stay; therefore that is another reason for me to be glad Mary is here."

Roger smiled as he thought of Richard and Mary on the bright summer mornings; and Henry, meeting his glance, derived therefrom an idea which rendered him doubly grave for the rest of the evening. He thought he saw in his friend's gaze an additional shade of earnestness as it fell upon Mary, and he noticed her sweet eyes cloud with sorrow as they lighted upon Richard's pale face.

It was a hot July morning, and Mary and Joanna were alone in a large room, looking towards the south. Joanna, seated in the clear sunlight, looked bright and beautiful as the day, but Mary's face was grave even to sad-

ness as she stood in the shade of the heavy purple curtains. Turning over some music, she spoke—"It is time for your brother to come and hear us play these duets; I wonder he is not here."

"Oh, never mind, I hope he wont come. Do you know, Mary, it seems as if he was your brother too. Doesn't it?" she added, raising her eyes from the book she was reading to Mary's face.

"I do not think so, he is too far above me for that; almost more like a very kind master," said she musingly.

"Well, I must leave you to receive him then; I have sinned already in spending so much of this glorious day in the house." And throwing down her book, she sprang through the large open window, and fled along the terrace, with her long fair curls glowing in a blaze of splendour.

Mary sat down to the piano, and began dreamily striking a few rich chords with her right hand, while the other hung listlessly by her side, like a lily drooping in the heat. Presently Merton knocked at the door—an act specially demanded of him by Joanna—and Mary arose to greet him. He looked ill, but this was now only too usual; his face also was very grave, but she was so accustomed to that, she said nothing.

After they had talked for a while about the beauty of the morning, Mary said, "Shall I sing for you, as Joanna is away, and we cannot have the duets?"

"Yes, do," he said; and sitting down, she seemed to sing in that rich voice of hers an accompaniment to the Midsummer morning; those low sweet notes were the sunshine and the shadow in music. He said nothing, but with a quiet, grave smile, arose; she also left her music, and turning to him, spoke.

"I have heard from home this morning, and must leave you next week."

"I am very sorry," said Richard, cutting a pencil for her.

"So am I, but mamma wants me now, and remember, I have been with you two months."

"Two months! No, Mary, not so long as that!"

"Yes, indeed; have they not gone quickly?"

"Very."

And an additional shade of gravity stole over Richard's face; he was a great contrast to his little pupil as she stood beside him. He was sitting with his head bent down, apparently examining her pencils, so low that his face was hardly visible. From the white lids and pale complexion, however, it was easy to imagine the blue eyes fixed so determinedly on his fingers; but the crown of rich brown curling hair gave the colouring wanted for the beautiful picture. She was standing by him, looking over his shoulder, and, though her complexion was darker, she looked much brighter than he: her hair was a deep brown, looking almost black in shadow, but with a golden bloom on it, when, as now, the sunlight glanced over her head.

Merton started up.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I had forgotten you were standing; pray take this seat."

"No, thank you, I will go to Jonnie now," and she slowly stept out on the broad terrace, with her dark eyes drooped in the intense light, and the rich colour in her face so transparent in the sun, that the life-blood seemed fairly beating in her smooth cheeks no less than in the heart which throbbed so wildly under the small hand.

But Richard followed her only with his eyes, and, when her slight figure passed from his sight, he slowly rose and left the room, as the sun was hidden by a thick cloud. Leaving word that he had gone to see Radcliffe, and should not be home till evening, he passed out into the hot road. A short time,

and he was with his friend, who had already been long at his easel; so, not to disturb him, he asked to look at a number of drawings lying on a small table.

"Certainly," said Radcliffe, "they are only sketches of scenes and people I saw abroad, and so perhaps more interesting to me than you." But it was not so; for an hour passed in silence, Henry absorbed in painting, and Richard looking at the little pictures, or rather at one. He had cast aside a number of sketches, now of a tree, now of a tower, a beautiful statue, or a shattered column; and when Henry turned to speak, he was seated with his head wearily leaning on his hand, and his eyes dreaming over a small water-colour of an Italian girl. It struck Henry now for the first time, why that face had seemed familiar to him, it bore a strong resemblance to Mary Stanfield; therefore, appearing not to have seen his friend, he said carelessly,

"I wish you would rid me of a few of those; indeed, if you will take all the heads I shall be glad, for they are not nearly so powerful in recalling scenes as the landscapes, for which I know you care little."

Then there was silence again.

In the evening the friends sat together in Henry's studio, by the light of the fire, talking of things which had happened during Radcliffe's absence. After a while Merton said,

"You, my dear fellow, are then really an artist, you have actually begun your career."

"Yes," said Henry with gravity, "but with little ambition; at present I do not even dream of success."

"But why not?" broke from Richard almost impetuously; then, sadly—"You have your life before you, and strength to devote to the task; it is not as if, like me, you carried about with you the constant idea of death: for, Henry, I can no longer keep it to myself, I feel, I know, I shall never live to see the fulfilment of any one of my hopes. Do you not remember how my brother William died this time two years of consumption? and you cannot have forgotten how it was said that the same undeveloped disease was the reason of my marvellous likeness to him as he lay without life. I talk to you thus calmly about it, because for myself I have fought the fight and won the victory; I have given up my brightest hope for this life, but I cannot help looking forward for you."

Henry was silent, he could not use common-place expressions of affection, and sympathy would have been utterly out of place; it was not wanted. But he felt then, from the suffering he had gone through, that some dream of his friend's had been alike ruthlessly broken. Not in the same way perhaps, but notwithstanding the different means the end was the same; neither of them would ever live to call the woman whom he had loved best in the world his wife.

So when he did speak it was in a low voice; and, falling in with the humour of his friend, he would not speak sadly of the great change which was before him, but only hopefully of the happiness beyond, if he should at last reach that heaven for which it had been the object of his life to be prepared.

And the friends became doubly endeared to each other, because they felt such times as the present would rarely come again. After a while they talked of other things, and that subject was not again alluded to, except at parting, in the lengthened pressure of hands, which felt as though they could never separate.

But after Merton's departure, Henry sat again by the fire; and the remembrance of their early friendship was very vivid in his mind: then he thought of the time when that friendship had grown into love, almost insensibly, but very surely. It had been during a tour among the Lakes which they

had taken together; and he thought with pain now, how they had talked of the long future, looked for so naturally. And then he wondered what the unknown years would bring to *him.* Sorrow surely; joy perhaps. Victory? but he could not answer that question yet. Months passed on; Mary Stanfield went home, but Jonnie stayed with her brother, who to all eyes was rapidly wasting away. Radcliffe's life was a very quiet one; he had not yet attained to such celebrity that his name should be on the lips of any but his friends; but to them he was very dear. The struggle that had taken place was over, and he saw on looking back, the slough from which he had escaped. He knew that a while ago his heart was bitter against the whole world, and that for the sake of one he would have denied any good to all: because one woman had shown him only evil, he would have drawn therefrom a cruel inference. And he shuddered to think of all to which it would have led; dark misanthropy and scepticism. And besides greater things, it would have shut against him the doors of Art; for his sullied soul could never have comprehended the great field of purity and delight wherein he now walked, a monarch. So he rejoiced, and went on his way rejoicing and strengthened.

What time he could, he spent with Merton, and that did him great good; for from his friend fell unconsciously, day by day, lessons which strengthened him to bear with all endurance the burden he carried.

Both bore a heavy sorrow; both felt it, but neither spoke to his brother for fear of adding a straw's weight more to the burden he saw to be almost too much already.

But at last one night, when Merton had been ill a long time, and Henry was sitting by his bedside talking to him, there came a sudden pause.

Each knew what it meant; delicacy for the other had placed a barrier between them on one subject only, but even that must be removed before the perfect communion of their souls should begin, never to end.

It was evening; the sun had set as their great hopes had done before, and the two were silent.

Merton lay back on his pillow, his pale face looking unutterably lovely, because of the slightness of the veil which hid his pure soul: and as Radcliffe looked at him, he felt the void in his heart fill almost to breaking with love and sorrow for his first friend.

So he spoke, feeling it was expected of him, and without any preface, told his friend of all the dreams once his, and the rough awakening. Even after this lapse of time, he could not say anything against *her;* and if he could, he durst not in the presence of one whom he thought so far above all human passions. So he did not notice, while he went on telling of the war and the victory, the calm face growing troubled, as it lay looking upwards, nor that the bright head turned round from him and hid itself; he was too much absorbed in his own sufferings, which seemed to him told for the first time, and by some one else, yet meeting with a wondrous sympathy from him; for, as he had never let the secret pass his lips before, they formed themselves with difficulty to the words. By degrees he came to the point where he had awakened, to know that he was on the brink of a precipice; but he spoke diffidently of the Kind Hand which had shown him the evil, and the Great Cure, for he felt that his friend must know all this so much better than himself. Then he went on, till he told of the daybreak, and how he had walked in light ever since; with sometimes a cloud of human sin or sorrow obscuring it, but always passing away. Then he suddenly stopped: "Oh Richard, Richard!" for the thin figure on the bed was shaken by a tempest of sobs, which still continued, while Radcliffe said again,

"Oh Richard, Richard, don't!"

And throwing himself on his knees by the bedside, with one hand he took away the two thin ones so tightly clasped together against the face, while with the other he drew the bowed head to his breast, and hid it there, for he would not look on it.

After a while the sobs ceased, but still he would not speak, only gently caressed the hands that were powerless now. He was startled to hear Merton break the silence first, in a voice free from any trace of the emotion so lately there. Henry was awed as he listened to a story utterly unexpected. While he listened he rose, and slowly, from the impulse of love within him, drew his friend quite into his arms, and still without looking at his face, held him closely, as though they should never part. For Richard was telling of a love in comparison with which his own was nought; it was so wholly self-sacrificing. It seemed Merton had loved Mary well ever since his brother's death, when she had been the one to soothe him and point out a hope which might sustain him for his life. At first he had indulged in all the dreams love gave; nay, he was sure now they had been well founded, for he knew she had loved him. Then came the knowledge that the Destroyer had marked him for his own; the certainty that Death was undermining with unerring hand the foundation of his yet young life. And he had framed a resolution worthy of a martyr. She should never know. He would not allow himself the unutterable blessing of her love for the short time of his life, because of the grief that would be hers when he was gone. So he had resolutely drawn back even the little way already advanced, and had quietly endured the pain of seeing her also withdraw with (he knew it) a feeling of shame for having ventured so far. Ah! that was the worst; that she should reproach herself for unwomanly conduct, when none ever had surer ground whereon to build. Then faintly smiling, he said,

"But it may not seem much sacrifice to you, for I have been a thousandfold rewarded, even here on earth, by a love far beyond that of father, mother, brethren, or wife, and by that great sorrow have been taught a thing I shall never forget, and the joy of which shall endure for eternity."

And thus they talked,

> "Until the night,
> Descending, fill'd the little room,
> Their faces faded from the sight,
> Their voices only broke the gloom."

And when they ceased, it was as though an Angel spoke to them.

Soon after this Richard died. He left word with Jonnie to give Mary his Bible, in which he first wrote with a firm hand, "For my dear little Pupil," for so he had taught her to consider herself, knowing then everything else would soon vanish.

But he made Henry promise never to lose sight of her, and told her himself one day (for she was with them again at his wish), half playfully, half in earnest, but withal fully meaning it, that he delegated his office to Henry, and she must think of him in future as she now thought of her present instructor.

She told him with tears she never could.

Jonnie seemed by the trouble brought upon her to improve wonderfully, (though Mary was ever in advance) and her true nature was so called forth that it would never hide again beneath the veil of nonsense and waywardness wherewith she used to delight to tease her friends.

Roger Mackenzie felt this, and one day, a year after her brother's death, told her that he had loved her from the first; so she gave him her hand, for her heart was his already.

Meanwhile Radcliffe, after his second loss greatly troubled, still followed the profession he had struggled for through

every difficulty. His name was abroad in the world, but his early sorrows had calmed the nature that would otherwise have delighted in fame. Mary was proud of her friendship with him, "he was so good," she said. She often thought that, in dying, Merton had let the mantle of his gentle spirit fall on Henry, and therefore loved him the more.

Their friendship began even before Richard's death, and he had been made happy by knowing it would continue.

In course of time, Mary married one who would have been worthy of her, even in his eyes; and her simple and sweet character became fully developed by many trials, for hers was a lot even more clouded than most. Her husband died on the first anniversary of their wedding day, and she and an infant son returned to her father's house.

One day, when he was quite an old man, Radcliffe stood before his easel, trying to recall a face which troubled him, because it flitted continually before him without becoming clear and distinct.

So he sought to catch it during one of its momentary flashes; and as it grew beneath his fingers, a little boy who stood by him cried out with delight at its wonderful beauty: and then Henry knew that he had gathered together the best emotions of the only three women he had known well, and personifying them, had caused even the child at his side to shout for joy.

Henry kept this picture for himself, but after his death, when servants entering found him lifeless before it, it was sold with others; and though a great delight to all, never did half the good to any that Henry Radcliffe got in painting it.

SHAKESPEARE'S TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

IT will perhaps be best to state definitely at the outset what is the object I propose to myself in this article, and what is the method I shall pursue for the attainment of it. We English are perpetually making our boast of Shakespeare. Perhaps, of all our authors, not even omitting Bacon, his name is oftenest on our lips and on our pens. But (with the exception of a few plays, well known, though not even these critically, and rather from stage representation than from private reading,) I apprehend the large majority of us know not much more of the great dramatist than of the great philosopher. Accordingly, we have thought that a welcome service might be done many of our readers if a few plays (especially such as have been more than ordinarily neglected, with less than the usual excuse for such neglect,) were recommended to them by a careful, and somewhat lengthy, analysis. I think it is running a very slight risk to make the assertion, that few of my readers are well acquainted with "Troilus and Cressida;" while to some, not improbably, this will be literally a first introduction. Yet, little known as it is, it deserves to rank only below those dramas which, by universal consent, are acknowledged Shakespeare's greatest. Its characters are drawn with the true creative power which makes them move before us like living men and women. Some whole scenes are of quite first-rate excellence; while the play throughout abounds in passages of the highest poetry, both emotional and reflective.

For the accomplishment of our purpose, it seems to me that the most suitable method will be a mere analysis of the drama itself; and I shall therefore confine myself almost exclusively to the

actual text; and I warn such as require a dissertation on the genius of Shakespeare, or a comparison of him with other dramatists, or of "Troilus and Cressida," with other dramatical or poetical productions, that they must seek elsewhere. I think, however, that the text of this single play will furnish more than enough matter for the few pages which I can devote to it. I shall not shrink from such questions as arise naturally, if not necessarily, from the text, as the difference between Homer's and Shakespeare's treatment of the dramatis personæ, and the anachronism by which Greek and Trojan warriors are brought before us as Mediæval knights. But these I shall handle as briefly as possible, only at such length as is absolutely requisite for my purpose. Again, I shall not pretend to analyze every scene. "Troilus and Cressida," however grand and beautiful in many parts, is yet, it must be confessed, far from perfect; having in it much that, with the purer manners of the present age, had best be passed over in silence, or with as little notice as may be. I allude, I need not say, far more to the character of Pandarus than of Thersites. Thersites is very coarse; but all he says may be read. No reader will get harm from it. But I own Pandarus is to me a very painful blot on the whole play; and I cannot understand why Shakespeare did not represent the love of Troilus and Cressida, so truthful and trustful in Troilus, without the introduction of any such character at all. One only reason occurs to me, the unworthiness of Cressida; but this sounds to me a very poor defence. Yet, let it be observed, that there is no *immorality* in the portrayal of Pandarus. Immorality in a writer consists in representing virtue as vice ought to be represented, or vice as virtue; in making virtue hateful, contemptible, undesirable; vice tempting, seeming worthy of our honour or love. Such a writer was Byron. Such poems as The Giaour, Lara, even Childe Harold in parts, but above all Don Juan, are emphatically *immoral*, the more dangerously so the more refined they are; their legitimate tendency, if not their conscious aim, being, to make virtue loved less and vice more. But in Pandarus (and this will apply to all similar characters in Shakespeare,) we have, it is true, the mirror held up to nature, vice shown her own features, with the utmost freedom, with far more freedom than I, in these days, am prepared to advocate. But the mirror is a level one, its light is a dry light; there is no transformation of the features, no turning of ugliness into beauty; the portrait is a genuine, most unflattering one; and the wretched Pandarus goes off the stage finally, as he has come on and gone off previously, not so much with our hatred as with our disgust and unmitigated contempt. Best, I think, had he never come on at all; but since Shakespeare *has* introduced him, let us be sure we observe how hateful and contemptible he has made him. In consequence of this freedom of language, chiefly in these two characters, Thersites and Pandarus, I shall be compelled to take very little notice of the former, and none at all, if possible, of the latter; (though I would remark that there is much in Thersites genuinely comic; no little practical philosophy too, though of the cynical sort;) and this, with other reasons, (as the narrowness of my limits, &c.) will oblige me to select only the most striking and important scenes. This will naturally give an inadequate idea of the whole, in one sense too favourable, the scenes selected being for the most part the finest; while, on the other hand, all really excellent plays cannot afford the loss of a single scene, however seemingly unimportant.

Now, one of the first things that will catch the reader's attention in "Troilus and Cressida" is the Mediævalism which he will find pervading it, at once, in the incidents, in the senti-

ments, in the language and in the characters. This bears testimony to the theory of Carlyle (Heroes and Hero Worship,—The Hero as Poet,—a lecture which those who have not read it will do well to read) that Shakespeare was the exponent of the civil life, as Dante of the religious life, of the Middle Ages,—an epoch in Shakespeare's time ready to pass away, but still lingering, waiting to be recorded by him, and so kept alive for future generations. To take instances from "Tróilus and Cressida;" first in the incidents. The single combat between Hector and Ajax is of a thoroughly Mediæval spirit. A challenge is sent from Hector, "impatient of the dull and long-continued truce," (though we have just read that Ajax "*yesterday* coped* Hector in the battle,") who will maintain with his lance, his lady to be fairer and truer than any of the Grecian ladies.

"If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that 's true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance."

The classical reader should compare this joust with the combat between Menelaus and Paris, in the third book of the Iliad, to observe the points both of similarity and of dissimilarity. The passage I have quoted illustrates also both the Mediæval tone of sentiment and the chivalrous phraseology of this play. As a farther illustration of the former, I make one quotation, out of many, that at once offer themselves—from this same third scene of the first Act.

"*Æneas.* How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æneas. Ay;
I ask that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æneas. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove accord,
Nothing so full of heart."

As a parallel to this last, I cannot forbear quoting Henry the Fifth's address to his soldiers before Harfleur, in an age separated by no great space from the culminating point of chivalry in England:

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood;
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!"

* Encountered, coped *with*.

It is true this is the right spirit for a soldier in all ages; I make the quotation only to show that, as a *fact*, Shakespeare, in his description of the Trojans, had in his mind the warriors of the Middle Ages.

Mediæval phraseology teems everywhere in "Troilus and Cressida;" for instance, in the passages already quoted. I may now, therefore, pass on to the dramatis personæ, several of which we shall find fashioned closely after the Mediæval model. Troilus, Hector, Æneas, and Ulysses, are all true knights. In particular, Troilus and Ulysses are almost ideals; the one the youthful knight, whose place is the field and his lady's bower; truthful, simple-hearted, fearless, constant in love:

> "*A true knight;*
> Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word; [tongue;
> Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his
> Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calm'd; [free:
> His heart and hand both open, and both
> For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows; [bounty,
> Yet gives he not till judgment guide his
> Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
> Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
> For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
> To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
> Is more vindicative than jealous love."

Ulysses is portrayed far more as Homer has portrayed him; yet is he none the less mediæval; the warrior-statesman,—fit alike for the field and the council; knowing fear as little as Troilus, but withal cautious, prudent, as prompt to plan with his brain as ready to strike with his hand; his days of "loving" past, but yet, feeling a genuine knightly sympathy with the "love" of a younger knight. At first this reads strangely to more than classical scholars, to all who know anything of the tale divine of Troy, whether from Homer, from Pope, or from Lempriere.

Our poet seems to have taken strange liberties with his dramatis personæ; the whole play appears an anachronism. Indeed, if Shakespeare aimed at being a translator (however paraphrastic) of Homer, he has signally failed. The godlike son of Thetis has little of the god in him, except personal courage (the most common of good qualities), and that doubtful virtue, love of honour. No choice of a glorious life with an early death before inglorious length of days; he lies idle in his tent, partly in sullen anger, partly because of his love for one of Priam's daughters,—killing the time with caricatures of his brother chieftains, till piqued out of his proud indolence by Ulysses. No chasing of Hector three times round the walls of Troy, after slaughter of innumerable Trojans; the Trojan hero is not slain at all by him, but by a troop of Myrmidons, and that when his shield and helmet have been laid aside. Ajax, of all the Grecians in strength and valour second only to Achilles, is here a mere "valiant ignorance," a very butt, the laughingstock, not only of Nestor and Ulysses, and Diomed, but also of the "fool," Thersites.

Diomed, the vanquisher of Ares and Aphrodite, is a male flirt, though shrewd, and bold, and ambitious enough. In the character of Thersites there is one thoroughly mediæval touch, the immunity of "fools," treatment very different from that which he receives from Ulysses in the second book of the Iliad. Of a truth no translator of Homer is Shakespeare here; the same events, the same actors; yet with how great a difference! We must look upon this play then, as standing independent of Homer and the classics; another page in that book of human nature, in which Homer and the ancient poets also wrote; that human nature which in its essentials was the same in the days of Homer and the days of Shakespeare, which is the same also in our days. No antiquarian either is our countryman, seeking to reproduce the manners and speech and costume of days gone by; but a poet, striving to set before his spectators and

readers life-like characters which shall affect them with love or hatred, with joy or sorrow, not unlike the men and women living round them, however ancient and foreign the names they bear. This is the vocation of the poet, who lives only in and for his own age; if to this, when taking his subject from ancient times, he can add correct costume and phraseology and manners, he at the least approves his learning: but, if for these he sacrifices anything of the life of the characters themselves, if they move and speak with ever so little less freedom and naturalness, because of their antique and unfamiliar dress and language, his spectators and readers will think the price paid for the antiquities too dear, and wish the paraphernalia away, that they may see more closely and truly the working of the heart and mind within. Poetry, like art, is of no time and no country; manner and costume are only accidents, utterly trifling in comparison of that which is the essential, the very soul, of both, the interpretation and eduction of man's spiritual nature, which like them is the same in all times and in all nations. Therefore, though I approve of plays being put on the stage with all practicable historical accuracy, yet, to take a current and well-known example, I think the apparatus with which Mr. Kean has produced King Henry the Eighth (at the best not well adapted for representation, from its want of a plot), so far from setting it forth and adorning it,—like a too gaudy dress, rather overlays and conceals it, almost usurps its place. Indeed, the withdrawal of the fifth Act (which in the representation was little else than a mere show), would seem to be a sign that Mr. Kean has some suspicion of this himself.

Our play being named "Troilus and Cressida," we naturally expect these two to be the principal characters, and their history to constitute the plot. Their story is told chiefly in three scenes, Act iii. Sc. 2, Act iv. Sc. 4, Act v. Sc. 2, which I have little doubt nearly all readers will find the most interesting of all. Side by side with this main plot runs another, the reconciling of Achilles with his countrymen, which is effected by Ulysses, and results in the death of Hector.

The first scene opens with Troilus armed, but, unmanned by his love for Cressida, longing to unarm; an ignoble and unchivalrous kind of love, unworthy of so true a knight as Troilus afterwards shows himself to be; but his love has not yet been declared, and does not know itself returned; and so, engrossed by its own hopes and fears, cannot as yet do its proper work of inciting to great deeds, which may ennoble both the lover and the loved.

In the third scene we are introduced to the Grecian camp, to a conference of the chieftains, though lacking the greatest warrior of them all, Achilles. Indeed, it is the want of him, which, with the evil example set by his withdrawal to the rest of the army, is the main cause of their present ill success.

This scene is chiefly admirable for that which, as I have already observed, prevails throughout the play, the grandeur and beauty of the speeches. In accordance with the aim stated at the commencement of this essay, I shall make quotations at some length, as well from this scene as from others, frequently introducing them, as it needs must be, without any comment. I cannot begin better than with the following:

"*Agumem.* Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled."

The like strain is pursued by the "venerable" Nestor, and the subject is then taken up by Ulysses, who dwells on the evils of disorder, want of system (how applicable in these our own days!) and the excellence and utility of order, of "degree." The whole speech is worthy of the most attentive examination; I quote the following as a sample:

"Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself."

Then he paints a most vivid picture of the amusement with which Achilles whiles away the time in his tent, with his friend Patroclus:

"The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
* * * * *
At this fusty stuff the large Achilles on his press'd bed lolling
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, *Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just!*
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being 'drest to some oration.
That's done, as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then forsooth the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet; and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries *O, enough Patroclus!*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen."

Presently a trumpet sounds, and Æneas enters, bearing Hector's challenge, which is warmly taken up, the general himself and the aged Nestor each declaring himself Hector's opponent, if none else come forward; to which Æneas chivalrously exclaims—

"Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!"

Ulysses sees at once that this challenge, though general in its terms, points specially at Achilles, and from it conceives a plan to pique his pride, and bring him back to their ranks, by playing off Ajax against him, and setting him to fight Hector.

"No, make a lottery;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort* to fight with Hector. Among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends."

The second scene of the second act takes us to "a room in Priam's palace," where the Trojan princes are debating whether they shall accept the terms just proposed by the Greeks, to raise the siege upon the restoration of Helen. Hector and Helenus are for giving her up: Troilus would retain her, for the sake of his father's honour. Hear how enthusiastically he speaks of her:

"It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;

* Lot.

Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce, [desired;
And did him service: he touch'd the ports
And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive, [and freshness
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning. [our aunt.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a pearl
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants."

In the midst of this a shriek is heard, "Cry, Trojans, cry!" and the royal prophetess—a true prophet, but, like so many other true prophets, not believed till too late—rushes in "raving." Let the reader observe how differently her entrance is received by Troilus and by Hector. Troilus, whose advice has been the contrary of what he knows her warning will be, exclaims, "'Tis our *mad* sister." But Hector says, "It is Cassandra," Cassandra, the beloved and inspired of Phœbus Apollo. Her wild bursting in upon the debate must be grand indeed as represented on the stage.

"*Cas. (within.)* Cry, Trojans, cry!
Priam. What noise, what shriek is this?
Troil. 'Tis our mad sister; I do know her voice.
Cas. (within.) Cry, Trojans!
Hector. It is Cassandra.
[*Enter* CASSANDRA, *raving.*
Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age, and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry, a Helen, and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go!"

The discussion is renewed after her departure, and Paris joins in it, of course in favour of the retention of his wife.

"Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject; then I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well
The world's large spaces cannot parallel."

The Mediæval spirit again; very different from the language in which she is often spoken of in the Iliad, in which Diomed too speaks of her in this very play. The debate ends as we might have foretold: it is decided to keep Helen; Hector, after having delivered his "opinion in way of truth," that she should be restored to her husband, allowing his love of battle to carry him over to the other side, like many another man in ancient and in modern times. I am unwilling to pass over the next scene without remarking with what exquisite humour Ajax is played upon by his brother chieftains, till at last he makes that sublimely absurd request to old Nestor

"Shall I call you father?"

I will now pass on to the second scene of the third act, which I am sure most readers will find more interesting than any we have yet examined. Here Troilus and Cressida mutually confess their love, and plight their troth, troth most religiously to be kept by Troilus with true knightly faith, but very soon to be broken by Cressida. I think already her coquetry and inconstancy peep out; not that I doubt her sincerity, but it is far from being of that entire trustfulness and self-forgetfulness which is the glory of the love of Troilus, the essence of all true love. Her "confession" has in it some appearance of "angling for the thoughts" of her lover; and her self-defence, "Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love," sounds not unlike the voice of conscience. But she is really in love with the simple, truthful hero, and has no thought yet of playing him false. The reader must

tudy the scene for himself: it is one of the most beautiful in all Shakespeare. I will merely make two quotations, the first a speech of Troilus, while he is waiting for Cressida.

"I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me; [fine,
Swooning-destruction; or some joy too
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying."

Cressida confesses her love thus:

"*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart. [day
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and
For many weary months. [to win?
Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard
Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord, [me—
With the first glance that ever—pardon
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown [fools!
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we
Why have I blabbed? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not: [man;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence, [draws
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness
My very soul of counsel: stop my mouth."

The next scene prepares woe for Troilus, woe and shame for Cressida. Antenor has been taken prisoner: her father, Calchas, demands the fulfilment of a promise made him by the Greek chieftains, the ransom of his daughter, now to be exchanged for Antenor. The claim is granted, and Diomed is commissioned to effect the exchange. But now we have arrived at the crisis of the minor plot, and the scheme of Ulysses for bringing back Achilles is to be tried. The chieftains proceed to his tent, in front of which he is standing with Patroclus; by the advice of Ulysses, the others slight him, even insult him: Ulysses is to come last by himself, reading, in the expectation that the indignant warrior will demand of him the reasons for so sudden and galling a charge. It is almost impossible for this scene to be excelled, whether we regard the delineation of character or the excellence of the speeches, considered by themselves: it is a perfect treasury of knowledge of human nature, and what I will call practical philosophy.

"*Achil.* What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind: I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agam. What says Achilles? would he ought with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, ought with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better.
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you, how do you?
[*Exit* MENELAUS.
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus?
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.
[*Exit* AJAX.
Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not Achilles?"

To my mind this short dialogue is a more convincing proof of the dramatic power of its author than whole scenes of mere fine speeches. Then the indignant complaint bursts from the wounded spirit of Achilles,

"What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too. What the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour;
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do pluck down one another, and together
Die in the fall."

But now Ulysses passes by, and to him, as had been anticipated, the other applies. Observe the difference in the address of Ulysses, full of respect, even of reverence,

"Now, great Thetis' son,"

Great son of a goddess. Ulysses easily effects his object of bringing Ajax into comparison with Achilles, and shows the latter the evil consequences, not only to the Greek army, but also recoiling on himself, of his proud, wayward leness.

"O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!"

Let all proud, wayward, self-willed geniuses, doing nothing because they see nothing great enough for them to do, or because society is not sufficiently ready to acknowledge and honour their greatness, lay to heart and diligently ponder and profit by this admonition of the wisest of the Greeks. Then follows a speech, to surpass which we shall in vain look, in Shakespeare or in any other writer, the equal of which we shall right seldom find. I could most earnestly desire that every reader had it by heart, and trust that it is well known to many; but I venture to quote it almost entire, sure that those who are unacquainted with it will be very willing to read it once more.

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made; forgot as soon
As done. Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright. To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way:
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours.
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And gives to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt (*gold?*) o'er dusted.
The present eye praises the present object."

I cannot forbear quoting still further from Ulysses a passage interesting as coming from an Elizabethan poet, in those times, so soon to pass away, when the sovereign of England was a real, almost an absolute, monarch.

"The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;

Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive
deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like
the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure
to."

Ulysses now, like a true master of policy, departs, leaving his advice to digest itself in the mind of his auditor.

We will pass on to the fourth scene of the fourth act, the parting of Troilus and Cressida. A trite, a very, very trite story, but never told more beautifully than here. I do not know what to write about it, except to advise all to read it many, many times: detached quotations can give but the most inadequate idea of it, indeed scarcely any idea of it at all, as is the case with all good dramatic scenes. One thing I will remark upon, that it seems to me that Cressida is already prophetic of her own inconstancy, when in reply to her lover's "expostulation,"

"Be thou but true,"

she interrupts him with,

"I true! how now? what wicked deem
is this?"

I think one who was really confident of her truthfulness would not have been so hasty to defend herself where no charge was brought. She should have known that such exhortation implied no distrust of her, but rather was a sign of her value to her lover, and of doubt of *himself*,—that he was not, and could not, be worthy of her.

In the next scene she is brought by Diomed to the Grecian camp, to the presence of the Grecian chieftains, where her coquetry and levity display themselves at once, and meet with a most appropriate rebuke from Ulysses, who, with his keen insight into character, discerns hers at a glance. Agamemnon "salutes her with a kiss," whereupon Ulysses, divining her inclination, recommends that she be "kissed "in general:" when his turn comes, instead of availing himself of his privilege, he begins the following word-skirmish with her.

"May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give
me a kiss
When Helen is a maid again, and his,
(*Menelaus'*.)
Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when
'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss
of you."

The single combat between Ajax and Hector is now fought; and, as Troilus has come with his brother to the Grecian camp, he prevails upon Ulysses to conduct him to the tent of Calchas, whither we will at once follow them. I think most readers will agree with me in pronouncing this (Act v. Sc. 2.) the finest and most interesting scene in the whole play; that it is the most effective on the stage (though I have never seen the play performed) I have not a doubt.

Again let me warn the reader that no extracts can in any way do justice to a dramatic scene; in particular, such as this must be read, still better witnessed on the stage, if well performed: but I will do what I can, however little, towards enabling him to understand and appreciate it.

The time is night; the place, before Calchas' tent in the Grecian Camp, under the wide heaven: Diomed enters first, bearing a torch, and presently to him Cressida from her father's tent. Meanwhile Troilus and Ulysses come on, and take up their stand at a little distance from the tent; and after them the "bitter fool," Thersites,—no unimportant addition he. With this arrangement of the dramatis personæ we may well look for something grand; and indeed we shall not be disappointed. Poor Troilus! His first words are,

"Cressid come forth to him!"

In those words the whole story is told: she is false. What simple words

they are; yet of what infinite and terrible meaning. I have space only to remark briefly upon the general bearing of the actors in this scene; they are drawn with more than the hand of a consummate dramatist; as we read, they are living men and women to us, and we feel vividly the awful woe of Troilus, his stunned bewilderment of grief, at the faithlessness of her whom he had trusted absolutely, which makes him for a while doubt his very eyes and ears. Throughout he is lost in astonishment, in horror; he scarcely hears the admonitions of his companion, who with difficulty restrains his violence from openly bursting forth; though while Cressida is in his sight, his emotions can take shape only in broken exclamations. Where all is perfect, it seems idle to make selections; yet one or two instances of the marvellous truthfulness with which this character is delineated in this scene, I will venture to bring forward. Cressida whispers Diomed, upon which Ulysses says to Troilus:

"You are moved, prince: let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go."

How many a dramatist, of great excellence too, would have put some rant about contempt of danger into the lover's mouth; but what writes he who knew the human heart as no other dramatist has ever known it? Troilus does not even hear his monitor; he is staring at his false mistress and her paramour, totally absorbed in them; he has ears and eyes and attention for them only; and so says nothing about contempt of danger, but exclaims only:

"Behold, I pray you."

Let the reader realize this; let him *see* that false woman whispering her false new lover; her true lover gazing upon them, scarcely believing, though he cannot doubt: and I think he will agree with me that here we have a better proof of dramatic power than even Ulysses' grand speech:

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back."

When she withdraws, her lover and his companion stand awhile in silence. Picture them, reader, standing in the vast silent night, with the bright, solemn stars, to the Greek verily divine, "Diana's waiting-women," gazing quietly down upon them as they gaze for ever upon all men. How does Troilus stand? Perhaps still staring at the tent where Cressida—no, not Cressida, but she who once seemed to be Cressida, has so lately been; perhaps with his eyes wandering about in vacancy, because of the deep, inexplicable working of his soul. By his side the wisest of the Greeks—the wisest and the kindest, for truly and most gently does he sympathize with the desolate lover, whose world he has seen destroyed. There they stand for some minutes, with not a word spoken by either; till, as was natural, the patience of Ulysses, much enduring though he be, is the first to fail under this, and he breaks the sad silence:

"All's done, my lord."

But Troilus is still tongue-tied, and he answers only, "It is." The very natural question follows, "Why stay we then?" And now the flood-gates of the lover's heart are burst open, and his deep, unfathomable thoughts seek some relief in words; not burning yet, but—O strange human heart—subtle, sophistical—the reason playing at trying to confute the senses, well knowing all the while that it is but an idle game. And yet surely that was *not* Cressida; no, for Cressida was true; surely not Troilus's Cressida; some phantasm of her—Diomed's Cressida. Yes, a phantasm; and for long, weary years, the world shall have many shadows for him; be often full of them—one huge shadow itself: for Cressida was the truest thing in the world, and she has proved false, and that gives a problem, very easily, though not satisfactorily,

solved. What remains for him now? What, but to seek Diomed—hated with a hatred as unutterable as was the love for Cressida—to find him and slay him? For now the burning words have come; no more subtle word-spinning, but intense, furious, yet unalterable passion, reaching its climax in that heart-broken cry, "O Cressid!"—no, not Cressid; it is only the old habit that makes him call her by that dear name; not Cressid, now, but "*false* "Cressid! false, false, false!"

There is one thing in the conduct of Ulysses I think well worth calling attention to, both because it might escape the notice of many readers, and because, though it may seem a trifling matter, yet it really displays his character very significantly. This is the manner in which his pity for Troilus shows itself. If the reader will examine, he will find that, as in the third scene of the third act, he greeted Achilles as "great Thetis' son;" so here he frequently calls Troilus, "my "lord," and "prince;" and that not till towards the middle and at the close of the scene. This respectful address, I believe to be his mode of displaying his sympathy for the Trojan; for to a man so deep-seeing as Ulysses sorrow is sacred, especially the sorrow that has fallen undeservedly upon a noble mind.

Thersites does not say much; but it would have been a loss, indeed, had we been without this bitter "fool" to be a spectator of the sin on the one hand, and the woe on the other; taking great delight therein, yet with the moral sense within him speaking out plainly through the thick covering of misanthropy.

No less admirably drawn is Diomed; a perfect master of that ignoble art of winning the fancies, if not the love, of weak women, so accurately described by one, doubtless himself a proficient in the same.

"Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast, [sighs;
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by
What careth she for hearts, when once possessed?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes,
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk confidence still best with woman copes;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns thy hopes."

Childe Harolde, c. ii. st. 34.

Poor Cressida is no match for his bolder mind and colder heart; to him it is little, if at all, else than mere amusement, a slight interlude in the game of war: but to her it cannot but be much more than this: her love, her truth, her good name, are the stake for which she plays, and which she is sure to lose, and she cannot but feel much in earnest in such a hazard. Yes, poor Cressida, I say (though I cannot really pity her), at the best but a passionate girl, she is here sunk below contempt: her very paramour despises her; the "fool" jeers her. She appears no more in the play, and so departs with all our hatred and contempt unmitigated, rather aggravated by the miserable defence in her last speech.

The main interest of the drama is now over, though the concluding scenes, like all Shakespeare's battle scenes, are grand; and must be stirring, indeed, in representation. Troilus singles out Diomed in the field, hunting him for the sleeve which he wears in his helmet—the sleeve given by Troilus to Cressida, and by her to Diomed. He is not successful, however; even loses his horse, which his rival sends to his mistress; yet he does "mad and fan-"tastic execution," charges both Ajax and Diomed at once, wins the praise of his brother Hector,

"Yea, Troilus! O well fought, my youngest brother,"

And when Hector is slain, solemnly devotes himself to avenge his death.

"Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be called
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead!
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march, away;
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—you vile, abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And, thou great sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe."

So ends (or rather so ought to end, leaving out that hateful last speech of Pandarus, which however may be regarded as an epilogue) this magnificent play; a play, I grant, with many defects; with harsh constructions and inaccuracies; with far worse than these, much that, to our ears at least, sounds coarse, not only in Thersites, but also in Ajax; even the love of Troilus and Cressida indulging in the unlawful sensual enjoyment; worst of all, the character of Pandarus, all notice of which, in my *analysis*, I have avoided. Yet with all these defects and offences, such as none but the master-dramatist could have written; worthy of the author of Hamlet and Macbeth, ranking only below his very greatest: containing some scenes absolutely unexcelled, characters that seem like so many actual men and women; and, not least, to some readers possibly best of all, so much poetry, both impassioned and philosophical, as alone would stamp it as the production of none but one of the first of poets.

Well pleased shall I be if this rude analysis shall cause any to turn to the play itself; and, if such good result should follow, I may before long examine after the same fashion another play, not better known than this, and as little deserving of such neglect, that we may in this Magazine do something, however little, towards making the great name of Shakespeare more than a shadow and a sound to so many of his countrymen.

CARLYLE.†

Chapter II.—"*His Lamp for the Old Years.*"

IN our first Chapter we examined Carlyle's Faith. We have now to consider his Work. His Work naturally separates itself into two divisions, according to its subject-matter, as that is Past or Present. On the one hand there is History; on the other what I should like to call Modern Political Economy, or Modern Politics, if my readers would understand that it has little or no relation to statistics, or whigs, or tories. Each of these subjects is necessarily blended very intimately with the other, the judgment of the past illuminating the present, and the knowledge of the present reflecting light back upon the past. For the two periods are but one continuous reach of the great river called Human Work, which—notwithstanding sudden turns

* The Sun.

† The editions I refer to are, The Miscellanies, 3rd edition; Past and Present, 2nd edition; Sartor, 3rd edition; Cromwell, 3rd edition; French Revolution, 3rd edition; of other works the first editions.

here and there, (to be duly accounted for, when we learn the dip of the ground,) turns and windings, so that the current seems wandering at chance, or running backwards, or lawlessly overflowing its banks, yet flows onwards, onwards with indivisible life and sure singleness of purpose towards its appointed end. This would appear so in some measure, let whoso will speak to us of these two sections of time, but it is especially the case when Carlyle is interpreter; for he is one of those who know that the Universe, as the Maker of it, is One, and that "the "Present contains the whole Past and "the whole Future." The result of which is, that his Belief is penetrating, comprehensive and self-consistent, such, as it appears to me, has belonged to no one who has tried the same task as he. He has chosen for his high argument to justify the ways of God to men, not by coining dreams of the inconceivable, as Milton did, but by expounding complex terrestrial facts; the very facts which men have recorded with modern pens and paper, or such as we ourselves may read in the columns of The Times, and look upon in the streets of London.

In this number, I can hope only to say something about the substance and method of his work in History—"The Lamp for the Old Years."

By taking a bird's-eye view over the ground in which Carlyle has worked, it may be seen that he has, in various detached operations, sketched for us the history (a very incomplete one of course) of the European Era, which may be called our own. There are a few Essays on earlier subjects in the Hero-Worship, and a life of Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay, in the Miscellanies, written to show how his favourite principle holds true of all human work in all times and places; and the Life of Abbot Samson is narrated in "Past and Present," by way of contrast to our modern method of governing; but almost the entire bulk of his histories will be found to relate to the European Era, which commences with the Puritan movement in the seventeenth century, (or more properly with the Reformation,) and which is still running and to run, its work being by no means yet completed. The great feature of this time is, that it is emphatically one of Change. Much has died a natural death, or been put an end to; much has been born into new active life; but the New is not yet master of the field, the Old disputes every inch of ground, and the Order and Harmony which are to issue as the crowning result, (for we will not despair of our destiny,) are yet in the blue distance of the far future. The Era of the Sword has gone by, and an Era of Tools has come; Feudalism has given place to Popular Government, and Belief, like the dying dolphin, is assuming the strangest uncertain hues. But as yet there is no peace, but only strife. Industry is not yet organized, but is divided against itself, man against man, master against master, and masters against men; Popular Government is a squabble, in Parliament between party and party, out of Parliament between class and class, rather than Government by the Wisest; and who shall say that the Faith of the European Common Wealth is One, as it has been, and as it once again (for Europe is now a spiritual commonwealth for ever,) shall surely be? All our dearest interests are thus tempestuously tossing to and fro; but of these, Belief is certainly the most important, because it includes all the rest, and the fortunes of it have been as eventful as any in these two hundred years. Its first phase was Puritanism, when a resolute attempt was made to put in effect God's written Word in every department of social life; its next, the Materialism and Atheism of last century; and now one would fain hope, a gospel is stirring, which shall combine the virtues of both, the intense devoutness of the first with the fulness

of knowledge and breadth in practice of the second. We are much concerned to know about all these things; for here, whether we choose to think of it or not, is a battle going on, with the mastery of a European Future for the conquerors. We all live, have opinions and act, are soldiers on the battle-field, and have to choose our side—again whether we think of it or not. It is better that we should think of it! That we should understand the purpose of the battle, and choose the right side, lest haply we be found fighting against God. Perhaps Carlyle may help us to choose well, and then inspire us to fight manfully for the right. At any rate, in these volumes are to be found what is the earnest conviction of one deeply-thinking man respecting the quarrel, and the part taken in it by many eminent persons, about whom the intelligent portion of the population, as if by general consent, seems anxious to know the truth.

In his Essay on Luther, (in the Hero-Worship,) Carlyle describes the life and character of the man, who ushered in the New Era, by declaring that the ancient Papacy had become a lie, and must go. In his "Cromwell," the triumph of the Puritans under Oliver over an unwise monarch, and an intolerant Church, and the birth of the Industrial Classes to power; in his "French Revolution," and the four volumes of the Miscellanies, the work of Destruction and Emancipation which was commenced by the French Encyclopedists, Diderot, Voltaire, and Rousseau, and which culminated in the conflagration known as *The* Revolution; and lastly, the Rebuilding Work of the German "Architectonic" Thinkers, Schiller, Schlegel, Novalis, Richter, and, above all, Goethe. These are the four great movements of the Time, no child's play, or tavern brawls, but tremendous realities, with a divine purpose in them, each one of them decisive, progressive; all intimately connected with one another, and determinant of much in the world's destiny. And their history will lie chiefly in the lives and works of the Leaders; for it was they who commanded and guided other men, and so directed the course of events; they were the Captains of their Time. On such, therefore, Carlyle bestows his chief study, but he joins with them other men, important in their influence, or at least characteristic in their aspect. Burns and his prophet songs of Faith; Johnson, who made a valiant stand to retain the Old, until the last drop of virtue should be wrung from it; Scott, who at the moment, when High Life was sick of its very existence rejoiced himself, and refreshed thousands with romance and cheerful story of the ancient Past, that manful and glorious Warrior Age, and with pictures of his native Highlands, where Nature, old as Creation, young as To-day, spoke of a whole world of majesty and loveliness, as an ever-living reality; Napoleon, who preached in decisive manner to France and thence to Europe, the gospel of "La Carrière ouverte aux talens," "the Tools to him who can use them," the essence of true Democracy; Cagliostro, the King of Liars, fit portent of a decaying time; Byron, the poet of despair, Irving, the preacher of unreal phantasies, both victims of the Babylon in which they lived; honest Elliot the Radical and Corn Law Rhymer—these and others: and now it is reported that the history of the great Frederic of Prussia is on the anvil.

Such has been the specific historical work of Carlyle. A great part of it in the form of Magazine Articles! But notwithstanding this fragmentary form, the reader will do well to consider it as a Whole, for such it intrinsically is. An incomplete whole, it is true, but like an unfinished bust, a record of the most worthy features, and suggestive of the rest. Carlyle, alone of all men, who have written upon this Modern Era, has, so far as I can judge, really comprehended it as a whole, and made

out a consistent and intelligible story of it; an achievement which, considering what a complex contradictory Era it has been and is, so altogether novel in the world's history, I must reckon to be a quite solitary feat in literature. Others, and their name is Legion, (for we all know what a scribbling time this has been and is,) have recorded and criticised several detached portions, but for the most part in terms of extravagant praise or censure; all the quarrels of the time exploding incessantly in literature, and leaving the heretics and the orthodoxicals, the new batteries and the old buttresses, enveloped in smoke and bespattered with mire. Accordingly, except here and there where a gleam of true insight may shine out, the whole drama of two centuries long appears a perfect hubbub, an omnium gatherum of the strangest conflicting phenomena, without connection and without purpose, of which the result only is manifest, our present condition, and that too is a hubbub like the rest. What relation those men of the past bore to us, except that they were our grandfathers, once or several times removed, or what we are to do for those who come after us, except to be their fathers and grandfathers, and provide for the present necessities of the day and year, the encomiasts and denouncers cannot tell us, or tell us something incredible. Of the true character and ministry of the Shepherds of the People in those generations we knew next to nothing, until Carlyle discovered them to us, and many know next to nothing still. Cromwell was a 'fanatical hypocrite,' Voltaire a detestable Atheist, Scott a pleasant writer, Byron a genius, but a licentious moral-desperado, and no better; Napoleon a mere State-Pirate, and those German Philosophers cloudy condemnable Free-Thinkers, Goethe especially, a man not to be made out, but selfish, heartless, something of a Sorcerer, and certainly a Sceptic. Such are, at least, the popular notions, by no means utterly extinct. And surely most unhappy notions! That so many, nearly all who practically governed the world all this time, were bad men, some of them entirely bad, is a mournful belief. It would seem as if the world were abandoned to the Evil One, and it were now his turn to be King. But in fact, such a theory is incredible. These are notions only and not convictions: people know that these men *did something*, which was not for the hour only, and secretly they admire them for it; nor can any man admire without in some sort reverencing, and even loving, for deep in every heart lies the belief quite ineradicable, that the world is a true world, not the Devil's at all, that falsehood cannot flourish here for long, and greatness, which is not a transient show, must be goodness. Life would be otherwise impossible! How Carlyle has satisfied this secret craving of Faith, by exhibiting the meritorious character and services of these famous persons, I have already suggested in the sketch given of the History of the Period with its chief events and men; several of his judgments I shall presently once and again refer to, in order to illustrate his principles of Historic criticism; the rest I must leave for the reader to study in the originals, here only stating Carlyle's witness of two, but those the most important, Goethe and Oliver Cromwell.

Carlyle, who has studied the Modern Literature of the Germans more reverently and affectionately than perhaps any other living man, pronounces it the Higher Literature of Europe, meaning thereby, that it has attained those secret truths which are needful to guide the lives of men in this time, and shall guide them before very long. Jean Paul he loves, the poet of content and purest joy; Schiller, the chivalrous hearted; Novalis the mystic, devoutest of men; but above all he reverences the royal Goethe; Goethe he calls "The Wise Man," Goethe he calls his spiritual father, Goethe he honours with such devotion as only his

own rich heart can give. It is pleasant to think that these two were permitted to recognise one another (though with seas between) as Master and worthy disciple, while they were both alive: and how the Old man received, on his last, last birthday, from friends in England, (fifteen chosen ones of whom Carlyle was chief,) a ring, that ancient token of faithful love, graven with the mystic symbols of human duty and divine all-surrounding law. Goethe must, I think, on that day have thanked God for His gift of life.*

What Goethe was—a man and a German? Yes, and therefore most certainly not without his faults, by which accordingly he is for the most part estimated in this Land of Respectability. On these, however, it is not necessary here to say anything, as whatever they were, they were not the essential part of Goethe; nor need I insist upon his literary talent, which every boarding-school now teaches to have been supremely great, but only upon the Priest-like office which he fulfilled for his countrymen and for Europe. Of this let Carlyle speak, for he knows; and let us listen to a few words from that sublime Hymn of Praise for the Departed, which he entitles "Death of Goethe." (*Misc.* iii. 90.) "A Wise Man came into the "world with clearness of vision and "greatness of soul, to accomplish this "old high enterprise, amid these new "difficulties, yet again: A Life of "Wisdom. Such a man became, by "Heaven's pre-appointment, in very "deed the Redeemer of his time. "Did he not bear the curse of the "time? He was filled full with its "scepticism, bitterness, hollowness, "and thousandfold contradictions, till "his heart was like to break: but he "subdued all this, rose victorious over "this, and manifoldly by word and "act showed others that come after "how to do the like. Honour to him "who first 'through the impassable "paves a road!' Such, indeed, is the "task of every great man, nay, of every "good man, in one or the other sphere, "since goodness is greatness, and the "good man, high or humble, is ever a "martyr and 'spiritual hero that ven-"'tures forward into the gulf for our "'deliverance.' The gulf into which "this man ventured, which he tamed "and rendered habitable, was the "greatest and most perilous of all, "wherein truly all others lie included, "*The whole distracted existence of man* "*in an age of Unbelief.* Whoso lives, "whoso with earnest mind studies to "live wisely, in that mad element, may "yet know, perhaps too well, what an "enterprise was here; and for the "Chosen Man of our time who could "prevail in it, have the higher reve-"rence, and a gratitude such as belongs "to no other.

"Precious is the new Light of Know-"ledge which our Teacher conquers "for us; yet small to the new light of "Love which also we derive from him: "the most important element of any "man's performance is the Life he has "accomplished. Under the intellectual "union of man and man, which works "by precept, lies a holier union of "affection, working by example; the "influences of which latter, mystic, "deep-reaching, all-embracing, can "still less be computed. For Love is "ever the beginning of Knowledge, as "fire is of light; and works also more "in the manner of *fire*. That Goethe "was a great Teacher of men means "already that he was a good man; that "he had himself learned; in the school "of experience had striven and proved "victorious. To how many hearers, in "the airless dungeon of Unbelief (a "true vacuum and nonentity), has the "assurance that there was such a man, "that such a man was still possible, "come like tidings of great joy! He "who would learn to reconcile reve-

* See Miscellanies, iii. 147.

" rence with clearness, to deny and defy
" what is False, yet believe and wor-
" ship what is True; amid raging fac-
" tions, bent on what is either altogether
" empty or has substance in it only
" for a day, which stormfully convulse
" and tear hither and thither a dis-
" tracted expiring system of society, to
" adjust himself aright; and working
" for the world and in the world, keep
" himself unspotted from the world—
" let him look here. This man, we say,
" became morally great, by being in his
" own age, what in some other ages
" many might have been, a genuine
" man. His grand excellency was this,
" that he was genuine. As his primary
" faculty, the foundation of all others,
" was Intellect, depth and force of
" Vision, so his primary virtue was Jus-
" tice, was the courage to be just. A
" giant's strength we admired in him;
" yet, strength ennobled into softest
" mildness; even like that 'silent, rock-
" 'bound strength of a world' on
" whose bosom, which rests on the ada-
" mant, grow flowers. The greatest of
" hearts was also the bravest; fearless,
" unwearied, peacefully invincible. A
" completed man; the trembling sensi-
" bility, the wild enthusiasm of a Mig-
" non can assort with the scornful
" world's mockery of a Mephistopheles;
" and each side of many-sided life re-
" ceives its due from him. . . . .

" And now we turn back into the
" world, withdrawing from this new-
" made grave. The man whom we love
" lies there: but glorious, worthy; and
" his spirit yet lives in us with an au-
" thentic life. Could each here vow to
" do his little task, even as the Departed
" did his great one; in the manner of
" a true man, not for a Day, but for
" Eternity! To live, as he counselled
" and commanded, not commodiously
" in the Reputable, the Plausible, the
" Half, but resolutely in the Whole, the
" Good, the True:

" Im Gamzen, Guten, Wahren re-
" solut zu leben!"

Beautiful, beautiful is this, and true. He must be a sceptic indeed, or can know but little of our time, who fails to see in these words, and the many other noble and wise things in this "Death of Goethe," how profound is Carlyle's devotion, and on what good reason founded. Is there not here testimony to the hallowed work Goethe has wrought in one heart, prophesy of what he may, what he surely shall do for many?

Gervinus has said that Goethe carried to the utmost the Philosophy of Life needful for our time, and that it now only remains for others to repeat what he has said, and reduce it to practice in every province of work. This seems to me a profound saying, and to be greatly confirmed by observing what Carlyle, Goethe's chief disciple, has done. For his devotion has been of a truly practical sort, not admiration only, but faithful service. He has accepted the Master's message, and believed; and for him there is no longer wearying Inquiry, paralysing Doubt, about his own destiny and that of the universe, but calm assurance, firm speech, and resolute action. A translation of Wilhelm Meister (executed very early in life), the Wanderjahre and The Tale; several elaborate criticisms of Goethe, both man and works, which we find in the Miscellanies, these are among Carlyle's offerings, and these first made Goethe known in England. But Carlyle has done much more than this, for he has put the faith he has received into a new and emphatic form, and published it again and again in most earnest, most eloquent, most cheerful, very readable English, and the principles of judgment which Goethe taught him he has applied in the most daring and successful manner to the external life of men in the Past and in the Present, doing for Social Life and Action what his Forerunner did for Individual Thought. A Hero-Worship due, and duly, most nobly fulfilled! It is beautiful to watch how the work of a Great Man grows; how

this faith of Goethe, which he himself in his own stormy time could only apply to private Thinking and to Art and Literature, has already developed itself into a Political Creed, to serve which one man at least would slay or be slain with the readiest good-will, and which must some day "fashion "Acts of Parliaments," and dictate in the columns of newspapers, and do many other wondrous things we know not yet. Was it not so also with the work of a Higher than Goethe? The Christian Gospel first purified the hearts of a few poor fishermen; it has since given Law to Empires. It is thus that God educates and governs mankind.

To Goethe Carlyle is most loyal, as to a Great Man who has lived in his own time; as, indeed, every one should be most loyal to the living Great ones, for to this end were they given *us:* and our highest duty lies in paying them their due, as also our most fatal sin is in denying it. But much as Carlyle honours the Thinker or Priest, the instinctive passion of his soul is for doughty man, the Practical Doer, or Captain of Men banded in associative work; above all for the Believer, Warrior, King, names awful to every ear—lovely only to the brave. As all these he honours Oliver Cromwell.

If any thought can work mechanically in the brain, it may be said that Carlyle found Oliver out by "Might "is Right"—found him out. The Puritan Movement was indeed a conflict of Mights; the Might of believing men on one side, the might of Systems old and venerable on the other; and the Systems went down, falling as it were in a single day, before the breath of men. Great, too, were the fruits of the struggle, Social Freedom, Social Industry and Peace, the chief blessings and pride of England to this hour. Here then Carlyle looked, we may well guess, for a hero, and found one in Oliver Cromwell. His discoveries he has given to us in four volumes, in which all the authentic words uttered by Cromwell's tongue and pen found extant, are collected and edited so that "thick-eyed England" may read and understand. As no volunteer in the public service, but farmer for forty years in the fen country, then as Captain, Colonel, General, active and faithful as all these, and lastly as a ruler of commanding power, who would have his authority obeyed, and his country do her duty abroad, we already knew Oliver; but we thought this compatible with his being a hypocrite, and what we call a bad man. We ought to think so no longer, either in this, or any case. Oliver's true character is now plain to us, an indisputable glorious unity, such as there have been few in time. What we knew before is all confirmed; the life of it, the how and the when, the constancy and patience, and cruel difficulty of it, are all set forth, for whoso will to see it. Those lightning strokes of his are no longer the hasty blows of passion, but the necessary means to execute a single-minded public purpose, and his success seems not so much extraordinary as inevitable. Now whether fanatical or not, this man appears to have been a Puritan of godly speech from his early manhood to his dying day; his first letter to Mr. Story shows this; so does every public document, every private letter to his own family; so does that last divine death-bed prayer for his country: it is only our own want of earnestness, our own feebleness of faith, that make us fancy that such language could not have been true. He also appears a very plain-spoken man on all occasions: in his first despatch to the Speaker after that bloody business of Tredah, he carefully states the fact of putting the garrison to the sword, and his reasons for the same, not repenting of it at all: and when he has ejected one Parliament in a summary way, and determines to call a Parliament of his own, his summons and opening speech announce clearly enough the true character of the matter; "I, "Oliver, thought this thing necessary,

"and did it." Strange, too, he appears a man of true tolerance, and royal courtesy; strangest of all, a man of affectionate heart, really loving his wife and children, and friends, somewhat tenderly, and being beloved in turn by them. All this he appears, and much more; the total of it, a most brave and just man, who feared God. Carlyle relates how, before going to Scotland, Cromwell held counsel of Ludlow, whom he had marked as a fit man for Ireland, to go and second Ireton there.

"He testified the great value he had "for me, Ludlow; combatted my ob- "jections to Ireland; spake somewhat "against Lawyers, what a tortuous, "ungodly jungle English Law was; "spake of the good that might be done "by a brave and good man; spake of "the great Providences of God now "abroad on the earth; in particular, "'talked for almost an hour upon the "'hundred and tenth Psalm,'" which to "me, in my solid, wooden head, seemed "extremely singular! Modern readers, "not in the case of Ludlow, will find this "fact illustrative of Oliver. . . . . In "such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to "the Wars, 'A god-intoxicated man,' "as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I "have asked myself, if any where in "Modern European history, or even in "Ancient Asiatic, there was found a man "practising this mean World's affairs "with a heart more filled by the Idea of "the Highest? Bathed in the Eternal "Splendours—it is so he walks our dim "Earth: this man is one of few. He is "projected with a terrible force out of "the Eternities, and in the Times and "their arenas there is nothing that can "withstand him. It is great—to us it is "tragic; a thing that should strike us "dumb! My brave one, thy old noble "Prophecy *is* divine; older than He- "brew David; old as the Origin of "Man;—and shall, though in wider "ways than thou supposest, be ful- "filled!"

In Carlyle's opinion Oliver is the last and the highest example in English History of a true Governor, who knew his duty and did it, who spoke truly and acted bravely, "who fed his people "with a faithful and true heart, and "ruled them prudently with all his "power." It is very instructive to see how Cromwell made use of other men, and how he acted on the conviction that success was only to be won by employing good men, "who made some "conscience of what they did." In one of his Speeches (iv. 223), he gives the history of his Ironsides, "who were "never beaten;" and in a letter written during the beginning of the Civil War, we find the following: "I beseech you "be careful what Captains of Horse "you choose, what men be mounted; "a few honest men are better than "numbers. If you choose godly, ho- "nest men to be Captains of Horse, "honest men will follow them; and "they will be careful to mount such. ". . . I had rather have a plain, rus- "set-coated Captain that knows what "he fights for, and loves what he "knows, than that which you call 'a "'Gentleman,' and is nothing else. "I honour a *Gentleman* that is so in- "deed!" (i. 224.)

As the record of the man who got England through her great climacteric, these volumes should be very precious to us: and indeed I must reckon them the most valuable piece of English History, which as yet we possess: but they are serviceable at this time chiefly for this, that they add to the reader's Belief. They convince him, (is there not much need for his conviction?) that War and Politics may be made, just because in fact they are a sacred work, that the true Philosophy of State is to get good men for rulers at whatsoever cost, and the true Philosophy of Life is no other than that which is to be found in the Puritan watchword, 'Fear God, and keep your powder dry.'

I have chosen the judgments upon Goethe and Cromwell for examples, because they illustrate Carlyle's own belief respecting the duty of a Man to

himself and to others; and because to the English literary world they were both nothing short of discoveries. But to any reader of Carlyle it is well known that these and other findings are not like those of any common historical pearl-diver, and that Carlyle's work is of a different kind from ordinary historical work, altogether something new and wonderful, not only in its decisions, which are as convincing as they are surprising, but in its form and spirit, which haunt and startle and waylay. So that we may well ask, Whence is this? How is it, that *he* can make the old dead Past a new and beautiful, and living Wonder-land? We are helped to answer this by the Essays which he himself has written on the nature of History and Biography, and by the many friendly expositions of deep things, which occur from time to time in his narrative—little wayside shrines and wells of holy water, whither the reader turns to worship and refresh himself for the journey. The reason we may say, is that he writes as a Poet about Poetry. As a Poet! Alas to minds brutalized by the Comus-wand of modern unbelief, this sounds a flat condemnation; for to them Poetry is either nothing, or else a traitor to Truth, a dream of the Imagination far removed from fact; their own life they feel to be not Poetry but dull Prose, and they conceive human life to have been always so. Consequently they reject Carlyle's Work as untrue. But there are others who know that Poetry is only the highest science, and that the Poet is the person appointed to see for us, and to help us to see, to penetrate through the shell of appearances, and reach the divine meaning that lies within: whether the phenomenon be stock or stone, or that wonder of wonders, which includes all others, the History of Men. Such will welcome this recommendation; such will, or perhaps already do know how well in this case it is due. For Carlyle, approaching his subject with the conviction that this is God's world, and that the Past is "a true Epic Poem, and universal Divine Scripture," has gazed into it most reverently and lovingly, and has read its "open secret," which is the Law of manifold God-given Force, and so has set himself to follow it in some of its most glorious and some of its most secret workings among men. His conclusions, as those of the Imagination always do, seem quite irresistible, to be intensely, absolutely true. One main reason for this is, that Carlyle, true Poet as he is, has seen as the primal Reality, that the Universe, though made up of Fact, is nevertheless a Mystery, and rests on a thousand Mysteries, ever inexhaustible, unfathomable, now as hitherto and always. The Mysteries of Life and Death, Time and Eternity, Good and Evil, Prosperity and Adversity, the unity of Man, the unity of Men, and the infinite Nature of all things: Carlyle has taken counsel of such, and has for them a feeling of intense wonder, guided and restrained by a power of masculine thought which sees their practical office and relation to men. And this too is one chief secret of that fascinating interest, which glows in his narratives. He himself wonders that such things should have been; such an infinite number of chances meeting thus and thus, such vicissitudes, such a miraculous drama going on in one little corner, and a whole miraculous world outside!

All historians (and in one sense each of us is an historian, having certainly an opinion, and most likely a tongue about yesterday and yesterdays) profess to speak of Men, but for the most part they do *not* speak of Men, that is, of infinite creatures having mysterious souls in them, but only of superior machines doing certain things. They speak chiefly of events, of battles, sieges, commerce, court-intrigues, and the like; of the human life, underlying and involved in all these, they take little account. This is the tem-

per of shallow men in all times, but it is quite characteristic of our own. Educated in atheism and materialism, we believe in things only, care for things only, treating as quite subordinate the bodies and souls of men, even our own. Thus blindly do we exist and work, seeking for gold, not human affection, clamouring for measures and not men, finding in railways and steam-engines the progress of the species. Of course this powerfully acts on our opinion of the Past, and breeds as much injustice there as here. One conclusion we immediately form is, that men were worth little who were not as highly civilised as ourselves, that is, who had not the steam-engines and railways, the Police force, and the Morning Newspapers. Another consequence is, that if any act foreign to our own experience be recorded, we practically do not believe it to have been the work of men of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. We should have acted so differently! Could we have spoken the words of David, or have worshipped Odin as our Deity, or sung Psalms on a bloody battlefield, or joined in the September massacres? Impossible! and so we pass on unbelieving—thinking those who did these things translated, or fanatics, or brutes, or what not, unheeding that they were men. But Carlyle's spirit is utterly different from this of modern history and modern life. He believes in the Past; cares for men, and writes of men. "History is but the essence of innu-"merable biographies,"—biographies of men, each of whom had a quite infinite nature within him, a whole heaven and a whole hell, and, do what he might, nevertheless continued a Man. "That men should have wor-"shipped their poor fellowman as a "God, and not him only, but stocks "and stones, and all manner of ani-"mate and inanimate objects, and "fashioned for themselves such a dis-"tracted chaos of hallucinations by "way of Theory of the Universe: all "this looks like an incredible fable. "Nevertheless it is a clear fact that "they did it. Such hideous inextri-"cable jungle of misworships, mis-"beliefs, men made as we are did "actually hold by and live at home "in." "The Seventeenth Century *did* "exist: it was once an actual flesh "and blood fact with colour in its "cheeks, with awful august heroic "thoughts in its heart, and at last with "steel sword in its hand!" "Marat "once slept in his cradle like any other "child." It is easy for us to say we believe this, but very hard to do so practically—harder than it was for Antonio to believe Shylock, when he said, "If you prick us, do we not "bleed?" for he saw his Shylock, but we do not see ours; ours is wrapt in the cere-clothes of the Past, a mere mummy. And yet a true glimpse of him is so indispensable! Truly a Poet is needed to image for us those departed ones; and right welcome should one such be, one who has himself seen (with the inward eye) and believed, can speak to us as an eye-witness, so that we too may see and believe. Such a Poet is Carlyle. His Lamp is greater than Aladdin's in thaumaturgic power. It summons up the men of the Past, and behold, now we see them, as once they were in life, enacting over again the deeds of which the old Almanacks drowsily prose. We see them, and the world in which they lived, and may we not also see what most of all we desire, the spirit in which they acted? Surely thus, rather than by any amount of dissection and labelling of motives and deeds according to rule ——

"One day, in the latter end of August, "John Felton, a short swart Suffolk "gentleman, of military air, in fact a "retired lieutenant of grim serious dis-"position, went out to walk in the "eastern parts of London. Walking "on Tower Hill, full of black reflec-"tions on his own condition, and on "the condition of England, and a "Duke of Buckingham holding all

"England down into the jaws of ruin "and disgrace—John Felton saw, in "evil hour, on some cutler's stall there, "a broad sharp hunting-knife, price "one shilling. John Felton, with a "wild flash in the dark heart of him, "bought the said knife, rode down to "Portsmouth with it, where the great "Duke then was; struck the said "knife, with one fell plunge, into the "great Duke's heart. This was on "Saturday, the 23rd of August. Fel-"ton was tried, saw his wild flashing "inspiration had been not of God, but "of Satan. It is known he repented: "when the death sentence was passed "on him, he stretched out his right "hand, craved that this too, as some "small expiation, might be first strick-"en off, which was denied him, as "against law. He died at Tyburn." —— John Felton, though hanged at Tyburn, is now in a sense alive again: we learn from this what manner of man, inward as well as outward, he was, and, above all, feel that he was a reality and no phantom-name, and so may judge him a just judgment. But I find it is so with all whom Carlyle speaks of. He shows us the men and the spirit that was in them: Richter, and his soul of pious joy; Johnson, and his brave patient heart; Cromwell, guided by faith and matchless fortitude; the French Sansculottes, intoxicated with revolutionary rage; these, and many another, at his bidding we recognise as brother-men, who, though in different circumstances from ourselves, had yet the same problem to work out, the problem of Living—a very difficult one.

One datum in this problem always was, as it always is, an uncertain To-morrow, and a 'Day-after-Tomorrow' *very* uncertain. Hope and Fear were then as now, really part of Human Life; and in troublous times, when there were only breakers ahead, we may be sure were both terribly busy, urging to the strangest acts just for the need of the day, or even hour. We may be sure of this, yet how often do we utterly forget it; accounting Cromwell a plotter for the Crown from a boy, and passing other foolish, unjust sentences! I quote the following to show how Carlyle takes it into his reckoning. "What shall be done with "King Louis? . . . . A King de-"throned by insurrection is verily not "easy to be disposed of. . . . . We "will remark here that this business "of Louis looks altogether different "now, as seen over Seas, and at the "distance of forty-four years, from "what it looked then in France, and "struggling confused all round one. "For indeed it is a most trying thing "that same Past Tense always; so "beautiful, sad, almost Elysian-sacred, "'in the moonlight of Memory,' it "seems; and *seems* only. For ob-"serve, always one most important "element is surreptitiously (we not "noticing it) withdrawn from the Past "Time: the haggard element of Fear! "Not *there* does Fear dwell, nor Un-"certainty, nor Anxiety; but it dwells "*here;* haunting us, tracking us; run-"ning like an accursed ground-discord "through all the music-tones of our "Existence;—making the Tense a "mere Present one! Just so it is "with this of Louis. Why smite the "fallen? asks Magnanimity, out of "danger now. He is fallen so low, "this once high man; no criminal or "traitor, how far from it; but the "unhappiest of Human Solecisms; "whom if abstract Justice had to pro-"nounce upon, she might well become "concrete Pity, and pronounce only "sobs and dismissal! So argues re-"trospective Magnanimity; but Pu-"sillanimity, present, prospective? "Reader, thou hast never lived, for "months, under the rustle of Prussian "gallows' ropes; never wert thou "portion of a National Sahara Waltz, "Twenty-five millions running dis-"tracted to fight Brunswick! Knights "Errant themselves, when they con-"quered Giants, usually slew the

"Giants; quarter was only for other "Knights Errant, who knew courtesy "and the laws of battle. The French "Nation, in simultaneous, desperate "dead-pull, and as if by miracle of "madness, has pulled down the most "dread Goliath, huge with the growth "of ten centuries; and cannot believe, "though his great bulk, covering acres, "lies prostrate, bound with peg and "pack-thread, that he will not rise "again man-devouring; that the vic-"tory is not partly a dream. Terror "has its scepticism; miraculous vic-"tory its rage of vengeance." (*Fr. Rev.* iii. 98.)

Again, Man does not live alone; is there not Society, human Fellowship? There it was, and there it is—a mystery; yet an undeniable, ever-present fact—beautiful, wonderful, the very city of God, the home and workshop of men—the Poet cannot forget it. Carlyle sees it, feels it, penetrates its secret, follows its subtle operations, as I find no other historian doing. Is there any one but himself, who could have felt to such purpose, that ten centuries went to the making of Dante; that Catholicism and chivalry ruled in Shakespeare's heart; that Cromwell is the political author of Modern Liberty and Industry; that the spirit of John Knox found its way into Walter Scott, is the strength of David Hume's invincible Logic, of all Scotch thriftiness and cannyness; and that now David Hume, though his name be a bye-word as a Philosopher, is virtually the Intellectual Pontiff of Orthodoxy itself? And Carlyle loves Human Fellowship; honours it as the crowning work of God, and reveres the bonds which unite men into families and nations, as His most sacred ordinances, the centres round which all human Duty grows.

If his work lies chiefly, as every historian's must, with the doings of Public men, so that he has but little scope for showing his tenderness for the sweet affections of home, or his rollicking sympathy with social merriment (wherein Shakespeare is so supreme); yet opportunities will now and then present themselves in his histories, and then come words, few perhaps, but pregnant, genuine, out of a full heart, often most beautiful and touching. Abbot Samson's gratitude to his old friends; Oliver's care for his old mother, and hers for him; Fanny Cromwell's difficulties in love; the faithful devotion of Louis Quinze's daughters to their wretched father dying of the small-pox: these and many others, are touched with a most loving hand. In the Biographies, this poetry of private life, both grave and gay, is quite the prevailing topic; and in the Sartor, the chapters called Genesis, Idyllic and Romance, equal anything I know in literature, in their sweetness and depth of feeling for these primary relationships which come straight from Heaven.

If the ties of the family are thus precious and beautiful in his sight, scarcely less are the ties of that larger family which we call a Nation. To him a Nation is a living unity with a work to do, and a divine Law to obey. That Work is the Ordering of Human Life, the teaching and governing of men; and requires in practice a system of wise Ruling and faithful Obedience, which will be complete and efficacious just so far as it tends to interpenetrate the whole of Society, to embrace every man, and direct every province of work. And the Law, Carlyle, loving concrete words which express Truth in living form, calls Hero-Worship. That no talent be wasted, but the Thinker be everywhere sought out and made the doer, or the teacher of doers, and be reverently obeyed, this he says is the Law of a Commonwealth. It is the secret of all National well-doing recorded in the past, of all mighty and enduring works, Roman Laws, English Polities, Christian and other religions, the appointed means to make men do their duty, which includes all other blessedness.

The last and worthiest example, which the world has witnessed, on a great scale, is the Feudal Period, which Carlyle describes in his Past and Present. Here in England we had real Kings for supreme Governors, and for their counsellors and right-hand men, a chivalrous Norman Nobility on the one hand, and on the other a Christian Church open to all; and we had a Saxon people that felt the duty of obedience. Whereby this was done, that every man was outwardly bound to those around him by some human relationship, by some appointed duty of faithful service in which love was possible; and in every parish there was a Lord, a Spiritual Pastor and a Church. Perhaps when we think of this organization, of its completeness and beauty, of the faith, the wisdom, the valour, the patient endurance, the resolute justice and all manful virtue which were required that it might be accomplished and maintained; and of the many pious and useful lives, which were led under its shelter, we shall think no praise too high for those who wrought it out, and agree with Carlyle in esteeming above all others, the true Captains of working men. Hence, at any rate, his zealous admiration for Abbot Samson, for Oliver Cromwell, for Mirabeau and Danton. These men could command, and did. But as we know, in very different times, and with very different results. Carlyle has had to labour chiefly in the recent Past, and there unfortunately he finds no wise government, no great governors to study. Two centuries ago we entered upon a splendid inheritance; but we have been living since on the decaying nobleness of the elder Order, the Feudal and Ecclesiastical System, and we have left our new mighty acquisitions, Literature and Practical Labour, to shift for themselves. The National Work has not been done. The State has not done its duty, nor the Church hers. And the consequence has been the saddest waste of human talent, everywhere thought without action and action without thought; and, if we look below the surface, disorder and rebellious discontent on all hands. We have had (at least in Home-work) no great doers, but only a multitude of little doers, as at Manchester and Birmingham, struggling with much sorrow to make some poor substitute for true Order serve them; and the greatest and most interesting amongst us have been one-sided men, Soldiers and Secular Magistrates, as Napoleon and Frederick of Prussia, or else Rebels, some fighting terribly in confused masses with pikes, as the French Revolutionists, others fighting solitary with pens, as Voltaire, Byron, and all the chief men of Intellect down to the present day. It is such that Carlyle has had to judge—Rebels, most of them:—and taking each by each, he has had to say: "This "Man was a member of a Nation, but "the Nation did not do its duty to him, "did not appoint him to his fitting "place and work, and there govern "him or obey him;—and now what did "he do? Did he possess his soul in pa- "tience, and rest contented with his "lesser task, labouring incessantly to "do that? If so, he has done well, "perhaps right well. Or did he give "way to fruitless indignation and de- "spair; in the hour of victory forget "mercy? If so, he has done ill, but "there is much excuse for him. In "any case much pity is due, as for one "whose right hand was maimed, the "fullness of whose task was marred." It is evident how just is this consideration, and yet it is so seldom adequately weighed. At best, people try to make allowance for what they call "hard circumstances," forgetting that these "hard circumstances" were at bottom nothing else than the injustice of fellow men, and were felt to be so. Was there not in those French Revolutionists a burning sense of wrong? And can we wonder at their revenge?

These latter days are indeed full of confusion, and mournful shipwrecking

of noble gifts, yet let none think that God has abandoned his world, and that there have been no worthy men amongst us. Surely there have been such; though their shortcomings, their misdoings, be only too painfully evident. For evil is not wanting at any time, or in any man; the task is always to find the good within and above the evil. But how do this, how find your good men, or heroes? Carlyle always says, that to perceive heroism one must be a bit of a hero oneself. The proverb and the world says, "A hero is no hero to his valet." True, answers Carlyle,—"To the valet soul;" but to the heroic soul, which can see the secret greatness which the Great one wears everyday, and which is indefeasible, he will be a hero still, in spite of all defects, greater far than he shows to the staring world far off. Is not this absolutely true? The eighteenth century, nearer by a hundred years than ourselves to the Feudal Era, could see nothing in it but barbarous ignorance, barbarous superstition and cruelty, but the band of true Seers granted to Europe in this nineteenth century have seen for themselves and revealed to others, what a noble, noble Period that Feudal Era was, what an Era of Faith and Work it was; how the Spirit of Duty, of Worship, of Truth, of Order, of Loveliness, of complete Manfulness was struggling victoriously against utter Disorder, and all which that includes, and what a heritage of precious things it bequeathed to us, some of which we have improved and perfected, others which like swine, we have trodden under foot. And on the other hand consider what a Living Great one is? The populace will burst forth into uncontrollable shouting when a Nelson embarks before them; but to the faithful friend who has followed him through a hundred fights and knows what Nelson is, Nelson is Saint Nelson, God's own favoured son, the very symbol of divinity! There *are* Heroes yet. Let it be granted therefore that the first condition to discover this truth of Heroism is to have a reverent open mind. Before you look through your historic telescope open your eyes! Believe that there is something to be seen, then perhaps it shall be given you to see it. Thus the reason why Carlyle has found such glory even in these last two centuries, is that he is convinced that human Nobleness was *there;* and his soul of admiration passionately craving for a fit object has sought and has found. Nor is his tribute a blind and thoughtless one—that was for other ages; Carlyle is true to his own, and he has joined all the patience of modern scrutiny, the fulness of modern knowledge to the old spirit of Belief, the conscientious intellect of a man to the submissive trust of a child.

Beginning therefore in this spirit, there is always help for us to tell us which way to look. For this period has been a busy one for pens and paper, and many histories have been written by men of more or less intelligence, recording what they deemed worth remembering of the things they saw and heard. Of these those histories are for facts the most valuable which are contemporaneous, but being so to speak extemporaneous too, they are apt to be mistaken in judgment. For the greatest is not always he who makes the most noise in his own time, especially if the time be a Quack Era, as surely this Modern one has been, when the many being without guidance run after Impostors who are only the Archfools of mankind. That crowd yonder may be gathered round the door of a dropsical Mother Southcote. But may it not on the other hand be gazing at a true St. George conquering the very Dragon? It may; for both are attractive spectacles. Time however, which is shaken by a hand divine, sifts all things, and in due number of years, the false, the unworthy perishes from memory, but of the worthy somewhat at least remains firmly recorded, all men feeling that so it ought to be. Re-

corded, therefore, it is, for after generations to consider; but how? Perhaps by a wise grateful man, even a sacred poet, perhaps by a dull chronicler who knows only that a great thing has been done, and finds that So and So has been concerned in the doing of it. In any case, it is probable that the men who make a figure in historical books (that time-process of which I spoke having taken place), are well worth considering, for their life has not been an idle one; they have been Doers. Here, in short, in this company are to be found what heroes or quasi heroes the times have produced. By no means, however, is the judgment commonly entertained of such men to be relied on, especially if their conduct be tarnished by some conspicuous evil deeds, or their work has been a fighting one, when the sword is sure to be bloody, and most likely notched too, perhaps altogether broken. For, in the first place, critics of an inferior order love to find fault and pass hanging sentence; it is an easy thing to do, and an exercise of authority that gratifies their vanity; and in the next, historians infected with the mechanical morality of our time are apt to judge men as if they were holding tribunal in some court of temporal (i. e. temporary) Justice, and in so doing act on principles altogether false to their office. A Court of Justice, such as those that sit in Westminster Hall, has to decide not on a man and the whole of his life in their relation to the infinite divine laws, but upon some particular action of his, as it conforms or not to certain determinate human rules. Such a court, moreover, has to do its business quickly; it therefore avoids all collateral issues, sternly refusing to hear anything not immediately connected with the fact at stake. As Macaulay somewhere truly says, "It is no set off for "a soldier charged on the Police List "with being drunk and disorderly, that "he helped to win the battle of Water-"loo." Well, with this method in the Police Court one can find no fault; it is necessary, altogether reasonable and right. Only don't think that here and thus you have final judgment of any man. For such judgment, if considered complete, is not just, but cruelly unjust; it is bearing false witness. It is the sign of a vulgar mind, of an immoral, not a moral one, and of a mind therefore wholly incapacitate for dealing with history, to go sentencing in this fashion. Such a mind, if consistent, would reject the sun for its spots, would loathe every human body, because it has the seeds of death in it; and every human soul, because its taint of sin is visible without spectacles. Do we not all walk abroad with the doom of death in our countenances (even in a child's fair brow you may read prophecy of coming wrinkles)? Do we not sin every day, and even in our noblest acts? Judged by this standard, no one is worthy of admiration. David, a man after God's own heart, would be classed for ever with the ordinary creatures of the Newgate Calendar; Shakespeare's memory would be cut for his highly improper language; Bacon be held the meanest of mankind, because he took bribes; Turner a mere miser, because he was parsimonious in his shillings; and Nelson no hero, because an adulterer. No, the historian and critic of men (which last every one is, let him care to do his duty as such or not) must form his decision on larger grounds. He must strive to learn all he can concerning a man, his natural endowment, his circumstances, and all their interdependent operations; if time forbids that, he must at least weigh all he knows; and at all times he must take for his model no lower than Him who knows all things, and judges just judgment. Above all, the historian must, by viewing the good work actually accomplished, seek for and lovingly consider what good there was in the person to be judged, for there lies his real character, the divine and fruitful part of

him; and thither tend the peculiar temptations to which he is liable. Thus, and in no other way, can the conduct of any man be comprehended. Sympathy with excellence, therefore, is the condition of true insight into human character; a truth often said before, but which must be said here over again, because it is in modern practice so much forgotten: the reader will find it universally applicable. Nay, if I may make a surmise, he has perhaps already applied it to an interesting case in his own experience, not without satisfaction. Has he not thought of some mortal maiden (who surely has her little faults)—"*They* don't know how beautiful, how good she is: they don't *love* her as I do!" The reader, I think, is likely to be right, but at any rate it may be asserted that, to attain to any wise judgment of mankind, it is needful to keep the condemnation of faults, and even crimes, strictly subordinate to the appreciation of good and true things. Now in this respect Carlyle seems to me to stand high among the historians of all time. In delineation of character, few English authors have as yet excelled, because the bulk of English literature dates in a period when the knowledge of "how divine a thing is man," had fallen into oblivion, and all insight deeper than the surface was thereby rendered impossible; a few writers of the Elizabethan age can be named, of whom our Catholic-hearted Shakespeare is supreme; he does justice to every kind of character he represents, whether hero or knave (Bardolph, for instance, the degraded tippler and thief, predestinate to the gallows—when we learn how he wishes he were with his old comrade, Sir John, "wheresome'er he is, whether in heaven or in hell," do we not at once comprehend his whole character and history, his friendly social nature, temptations, depravities and all, and even feel a regard for poor Bardolph?) but since his time what other man? a few perhaps, but even those have a narrow range. Now I do not wish to compare two men so unlike as Shakespeare and Carlyle, but only to affirm that Carlyle, in the far harder province of reality, and a past reality, brings with him a noble quality of candour and justice, such as we find so subtly, so admirably exhibited by Shakespeare. He too has a generous and great heart, and can find room in it more or less for all men, for men of very opposite nature, some of them not a little repulsive at first sight. His anger he reserves for the Present, where reformation is yet possible, and the first need is to cast out the evil spirit from amongst us; of the Past, whose work is done and is unchangeable, he will speak faithfully, most faithfully, but with that charity which rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in truth. He is just to men. Even Count Cagliostro will, I think, hardly quarrel with his sentence, "wheresome'er he is." Carlyle can with all sincerity give praise to so many different kinds of men. Boswell and the Doctor, Novalis and Voltaire, Monk Samson and George Fox, Jean Paul and Byron, Goethe and Cromwell, Napoleon and the Quaker Cotton Lord: in all these he can find virtue, and know that the virtue of each was friendly to the other, and conspiring to the same end, nay, that fundamentally all good is the same. He is a chronicler, like honest Griffith, who will keep men's honour from corruption (is it not God's honour too?), who, with religious truth and honesty, will teach us to honour men, even those whom we should most have hated living. There are those French Revolutionists, reeking with the blood of Massacre, to whom at first nought but horror and indignant reprobation seem due. Much horror is due, but something else besides. "Their crimes," says Count Montalembert, "are tra- "vestied with a revolting buffoonery." O Count Montalembert! not until you have first measured the wrongs of the

French people, and looked upon their crimes with the eye of those who did them, and seen how in their fury they thought them just; not until you have considered the utter sincerity of those men, their death-defying patriotism, and the good they did, by giving a death-wound to your depraved aristocracy and your false Church, can you judge those savage countrymen of yours in any wise justly. Carlyle has done this, and his judgment is just. Again there are Voltaire and Diderot, men utterly repugnant to his own character, men as irreverent, unbelieving, superficial, as he is reverent, believing, profound: Carlyle can forgive them (what a great divine word is that Forgive!) for he knows the Atheism and moral anarchy of their time; and across all their narrow dogmatisms, and the evil of their life and precept, he can observe and value not only their keen intellectual qualities, but their sincerity, truthfulness, self-consistency almost heroic, and the good service they wrought for their time and ours. They laboured, he says, to advance knowledge of every kind, except the highest, they swept away much oppressive superstition, they struck iron into the heart of Superstition itself; and thus, and by the beacon light of their melancholy Atheism, the inevitable issue of a Mechanical Logic, which they had to follow (for no better guidance was given them), they have helped us to new wisdom, to a new and wiser Piety. (See the Essays on Voltaire and Diderot, *Misc.* vol. ii. and iii.) There is Rousseau too. Carlyle sees his Sentimentalism, his Egoism, and the insufficiency of his Contrat Social, none more surely; but he pushes these aside to mark his passionate strivings after Truth in his spiritual Wilderness; and writes thus in the *Sartor:* "What "are your historical facts, still more "your biographical? Wilt thou know "a man, above all mankind, by string-"ing together bead-rolls of what thou "namest Facts? The man is the spi-"rit he worked in, not what he did, "but what he became. Facts are en-"graved Hierograms, for which the "fewest have the key. And then your "blockhead studies not their meaning, "but simply, whether they are well or "ill-cut, what he calls Moral or Im-"moral. Still worse is it with your "bungler; such I have seen reading "some Rousseau with pretences of in-"terpretation, and mistaking the ill-"cut Serpent of Eternity for a mere "poisonous Reptile." (*Sartor*, 219.) In the Hero-Worship Rousseau's character is considered at length.

There are also Burns and Byron, both men of high worth, fallen into evil days that could not, would not, guide them, men too sincere and brave for their generation, who could not live comfortably as the world of Pharisees about them lived, and had not strength to live by themselves, warring single-handed against an ungodly universe, and so sought a refuge in delirium and self-indulgence. They fell; but not without a struggle. "Granted," says Carlyle, "the Ship comes into "harbour with shrouds and tackle "damaged; the pilot is blameworthy, "he has not been all-wise and all-"powerful; but to know how blame-"worthy, tell us first whether his voy-"age has been round the Globe, or "only to Ramsgate and the Isle of "Dogs." (*Misc.* i. 316.) This method is the only just one, and there would be little need of insisting on it, were it not that it is so antagonistic to the received habits of Modern Thought. There is a Tea-table Morality, which finding its great or even its little laws broken (the clipping of an *h* is enough in some circles), pronounces the culprit's doom at once, and is cruelly, fatally unjust. Such a Morality is mechanical only, and though indispensable, is at best negative, superficial, partial; taken as complete, it is most false. For then it denies what is Divine in man, and bids us look for what is evil only in others and in ourselves. It seems so sure a test, and so fair, so

proper, so "highly respectable," but it is false, mean, accursed, very miserable, utterly un-Christian, coming of that beam which is in our own eye, now so very wooden. Oh seek a truer Morality! Love and worship the True and Good, and you will find it.

This is but the mask of Virtue, and marks the penultimate stage of Spiritual Unbelief, threatening, (for a Mask is intolerable for long,) to pass into the ultimate one of undisguised depravity. It is the work of the Devil himself, that "divider and accuser of men," as Mr. Maurice* truly says. And courage! for the Devil is at no time wanting in enemies, and here in Carlyle he has a stout one. Carlyle's endeavour in all his historical writings has been to apply a manly and divine morality, which through whatsoever confusion and evil shall recognise what is good, and honour it; and so endeavouring, he has found, even in the last distracted century, mankind to be in very truth a holy brotherhood, the beloved children of the Most Highest. "Blessed "are the pure in heart, for they shall "see GOD!"

If there is a Mechanical Morality, there is also a Mechanical Religion. This requires, not only of its own circle, but of all men in its own time, and in all previous ages of the world, a religious belief identical in form with its own, and condemns all dissidents as impious wretches who have done and can do nought good—are they not unbelievers? A most monstrous *ir*religion, denying the first principle of all religions, and especially the Christian Religion, denying the handiwork and presence of God! A blasphemy, which it would be quite shocking to think of, did we not know that no brother-man really believes it, even the worst of those that profess it practically denying it every day of their lives. Still the theory is so put forth, and I believe has a larger number of disciples in our own country (enlightened England!) than in any other. Ancient Socrates, ancient Mahomet, sweet young children, Roman Catholics, Chinese, all men and women, except a small fraction of Jews long ago, and a small fraction of Christians now; in short, ninety-nine hundredths of the human race are made an anathema, pronounced the property of the Devil in this world, and even in the next. How any man can sleep quietly on his pillow with such a theory inside his head is a wonder! Against so blind and dismal a notion, Pharisaism of the worst kind, Carlyle wars with his whole soul, and yet not bitterly—he is too wise for that, but with noble humour, which is but Truth smiling in its strength, and with such brave assertion as this: "Are not all "true men that live, or ever lived, "soldiers of the same army; enlisted "under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle "against the same enemy, the empire of "Darkness and Wrong? Why should "we misknow one another, fight not "against the enemy, but against our-"selves, from mere difference of uni-"form? All uniforms shall be good, so "they hold in them true valiant men. "All fashions of arms, the Arab turban "and swift scimitar, Thor's strong "hammer smiting down Jötuns, Lu-"ther's battle-voice, Dante's march-"melody, all genuine things are with "us, not against us. We are all un-"der one Captain, soldiers of the same "host." (*Hero-Worship*, 189.) No narrower shall be our communion of Saints.

Again, how touching and true is Carlyle's vindication of the beloved friend of his youth, Edward Irving the preacher! The Elegy, or whatever else that "Death of Irving" may be called, is but four pages long, but they are most precious pages. I would sooner lose Milton's Lycidas than lose that little excerpt from Fraser's Magazine, which is saying much. For

* I may as well mention that views of Society, and principles of historic criticism, not unlike those here stated, are enunciated by Mr. Maurice in his Preface to Laws' Remarks on Mandeville's Fable of the Bees

the thoughts are as noble as Milton's, the faith and sorrow as devout, and which cannot be said of Milton's, the words are all *true*.

The following little story, told in Lewes's Life of Goethe, is an example of a different manner, but of a like purpose, and is worth more than a smile.—At a party in Berlin, Carlyle was present, and much was said by the company of Goethe's irreligion. Carlyle kept silence for a while (great in that too); then at length interposed: "Meine Herren, did you ever hear the story of the man who abused the Sun, because it wouldn't light his cigar?"

Here the Editor (and perhaps the reader), cries Enough for this month; so, though having somewhat more to say on this "Lamp for the Old Years," I reserve it for another time.

A NIGHT IN A CATHEDRAL.

LATE in the summer, or you may call it early in the autumn, a few years ago, I was making, unaccompanied, a pedestrian tour in the north-west of France. One of the first places I visited was Amiens, where I arrived on the afternoon of a bright sunny day. I almost immediately went to the Cathedral, in which I spent an hour and a half before dinner at the Table d'Hôte. Knowing very little about the technicalities of architecture, I will not attempt to give a description of the church, but will only say that I had never seen such entire loveliness in all my life. Since that time I have seen many cathedrals, in Germany and Italy, as well as in France, some of which are perhaps to be placed before this at Amiens; but it still remains in my memory with a peculiar tenderness,—something like the first love of childhood, which the loves of manhood can never efface. Almost immediately after the Table d'Hôte I returned to it. By this time the sun had set, and the short twilight rapidly died away. The Cathedral was to me now a totally different place from what it had been in the broad sunshine. I had examined it carefully and minutely before dinner, and thus I now had a considerable knowledge of its details, which were every moment becoming dimmer and dimmer, one after another fading altogether out of my sight. And now the influence of the place stole over me, growing stronger and stronger as the darkness increased. While I could see the rose windows, and could make out distinctly the tracery and the stained glass—the exquisite figures of the stone carvings in the choir aisles—the stilted arches of the apse, and the carving of the stalls—the building had been so beautiful that I felt no awe of it, nothing graver than love. I even took pride in it as a glorious work of man, nay, felt vain myself that I was a man also, like those who had planned and built this miracle of beauty. But, in the solemn twilight, in the deepening darkness, I saw farther and more truly; I saw it as a house of God, and all my pride was bowed down, and I was filled full of awe and humility. I paced up and down the aisles: I passed chapel after chapel, kneeling before which I could dimly see hundreds of people, scattered throughout the vast space. I walked softly, almost on tiptoe, fearing to disturb them, and feeling some shame, or, at the least, regret, that I was not praying with them. I passed the awful light in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament: the painted glass was faintly illumined, adding to the solemnity, with its pure holy colour. Light after light came out in the immense expanse; the feet of French people, walking with more familiarity in their own accustomed

church than I, a stranger, echoed from time to time. Every now and then the shutting of a door reverberated with a hollow but musical sound, and, scattering the stillness for a moment, the next moment made it still deeper. And for a few minutes I heard voices chaunting, far off, I knew not where; perhaps in a Lady Chapel attached to the Cathedral. They were scarcely audible; heard, even so faintly, only because of the depth of the silence. The magic of their sweetness is beyond all power of words to tell. In the hope of hearing them better, I sat down on one of the many rush-bottomed chairs in the nave, looking up towards the choir. They soon ceased, but I still sat, looking through the rood-screen, at the apse, of which I could see very little distinctly now. I did not care much for that; so well had its details been impressed on my memory; though at times it was painful to distinguish so little, the grandeur and extent so overpowered me and weighed me down. The night darkened, and still I sat or walked. The people present went away gradually, and fewer and fewer came in their stead, till at length I could see no one in the whole church. I did not know what time it was, having no watch with me, and not having heard a clock strike. I guessed it was about nine, and I expected that the Cathedral would soon be closed; but I was loth to leave it until the very moment when the doors should be shut. I waited, as it seemed, about a quarter of an hour, without seeing any one, or hearing any human sound. So, comforting myself with the intention of returning in the morning, and going into the choir, and up into the triforium, and the tower and spire, I walked with reluctant steps to the south door, by which I had entered. It was fast; so I went to the door at the west end, but found that closed too. Upon this I walked to the north, but was greatly disconcerted to find the entrance there blocked up. With much quicker steps I went back to the west door and tried it again; shook it, pushed it, examined it as minutely as I could in the darkness—but all in vain. With increased trepidation I returned to the south door, trying to calm myself by the thought, that it was the one most likely to be open, and that I had tried it at first somewhat carelessly. I examined it more carefully than even the west door, but equally in vain. I was now really alarmed; so I walked, somewhat slowly, round the whole church, looking out keenly and anxiously for another door. I walked completely round twice, but found no exit; there were only the doors leading to the towers. There was no longer room for doubt; I was shut up in the church by myself. I can scarcely tell what was my first feeling on this discovery. Often the first emotion on the reception of startling news is almost the very worst representative of the multiplicity of feelings which it will afterwards from time to time occasion. Intelligence, the effect of which has been strong upon one for years afterwards, in the various phases of anger, grief, remorse, regret, at the time of receiving it, has left me almost as it found me—with the mind, doubtless stunned by the suddenness of the blow—only a little flurried, and unable to think consecutively, and this excitement rather giving pleasure than pain.

And so this night I cannot say what feeling was predominant when I first discovered that I was shut up alone in so awful a place. Which came first? Was it terror, or a sort of sentimental pleasure, or resolution, or simple regret? I cannot tell; for a few seconds perhaps none at all very strongly or decidedly; or rather all were absorbed in, or more or less mixed with, surprise. But very soon they came, and for many long hours they stayed, feelings of such strength and acuteness as I have rarely experienced at other times even for a few minutes. My first thought was to try to sleep, both in the hope of thus passing the time in unconsciousness, and because I was very

much tired. I placed three chairs side by side and lay down upon them. I had slept soundly many a time on a bed as hard; but I had not calculated upon the cold, which, when I came to keep still, I found intense.

After an interval of two or three years I cannot pretend to describe accurately the many mental phases which succeeded one another during this long night, the exact order in which they came, the strength with which they possessed me, least of all the precise length of time which they lasted. But there is much that I can recal with entire certainty, that I shall never forget till the day of my death. Some of these many feelings I will endeavour to describe, without any attempt at accurate chronology or minute analysis. My first emotion on finding that I could not go to sleep, was simple terror, which the sense of the darkness, while I had my eyes shut, had commenced. When a boy,—having been an imaginative and somewhat solitary child, reading much, and playing chiefly by myself—I had been a helpless prey to the fear of spirits—ghosts, hobgoblins, —all but fairies—and with not much love of them; and perhaps still more to the horror of the physical accompaniments of death. But, when I was fourteen years old, I began to attempt to control this terror, and had since so perseveringly excluded from my observation and reflection fearful sights and thoughts, that for the most part I held it in complete abeyance. But it was the safety rather of one who flies, and escapes for the time, than of one who fights and overcomes once and for ever. I felt, I feel even now, that if I were suddenly brought before some very terrible thing—I say it with full belief—I even fear I should go mad. So now, all alone in darkness, in what seemed the dead of night, though probably it was not ten o'clock, in a place so fearful as a church, with the dead beneath my feet, and with spirits appearing to hover all round me—all the old fear and horror rushed back upon me, and seized me wholly, utterly powerless against them. The skeletons rose from beneath the stones—thin, white ghosts glided before me; the fiends in the tympanum, and from under the feet of the saints, thronged into the church, and menaced me; the gargoyles followed them, and played uncouth antics all about me, on the floor, in the triforium, in the stalls—mowing and grimacing at me. I heard their hideous half-human cries distinctly, mingled with the rattling of the bones of the skeletons. In a few minutes, after the first shock, Reason came to my aid. I need not record her arguments, everybody could guess them, and everybody, like myself, would have found no relief from them. Presently Imagination succeeded her, with a little more success—telling me that I was not in a common church, with a graveyard round it, but in a glorious Cathedral, the centre, as it were, of the living town; that the dead, who lay beneath my feet, were not ordinary men, but heroes and saints, buried here as a great honour and privilege, sanctified themselves, and adding sanctity to their resting-place; that above the fiends stood angels and holy men, treading upon them in triumph. These thoughts somewhat mitigated my fear, but were far from charming it altogether away.

But now that it had once been checked, I summoned up all my resolution to keep it down. I looked out boldly into the darkness, and tried to fill up the details of the architecture, as I had seen them in the daylight. In such a multitude of beauties it is hazardous to say what had most impressed and delighted me; but if I were to select anything, it would be the stone-carvings in the aisles of the choir, representing, on one side the history of St. John the Baptist; on the other the history of a Bishop, I presume a Bishop of Amiens. I had been particularly struck by the calm pure beauty of some

of the faces; and now, standing before these carvings in the darkness, I tried to recal those countenances, to still the tumult of my dread by their heavenly repose. They came out from the blankness, but with partial distinctness; after a little while passing off into foul and ugly faces, of demons and wicked men, which increased my fright.

Upon this I attempted to realize the performance of Mass in the Cathedral. I had not yet heard Divine service in France, and had but a very vague conception of the grand and beautiful music which in a little while I heard in the Cathedrals of Beauvais, Chartres, and Rouen. I had heard the Roman Catholic service performed a few times in England, and had been greatly impressed by its splendour and pathos; but I had no idea how the Mass and Vespers, as celebrated in these French churches, range rapidly through every variety of feeling;—now a solemn simple Gregorian chaunt, presently a solo on the organ, bowing the hearer prostrate with its pathos;—now organ and choir bursting out in a loud song of triumph, as if for some victory just won over the powers of evil, which anon subsides into a strong but melodious strain of calm joy, like the angels singing in their undisturbed bliss of eternity. Accordingly, I guided myself chiefly by the remembrance of Mozart's Requiem, which I had heard performed at Exeter Hall; but both from this circumstance and from the influence of the darkness, my mass became a Service for the dead: the organ played a mournful prelude; I heard the sorrowful *De Profundis* sung by bass voices to a Gregorian chant; then a priest intoned words which I could not understand, till suddenly it seemed that the whole choir of the church was filled with a huge orchestra and chorus, which thundered forth with stern sublimity, as I had actually heard in the *Dies Iræ* of the Requiem, that fearful cry of self-condemned humanity:

> "Quantus tremor est futurus,
> Quando Judex est venturus,
> Cuncta stricte discussurus!"

As I have said before, I cannot pretend to accuracy in this account, and accordingly I do not know whether what I am about to describe came next in order or not. I set myself to work to call back the times in which the Cathedral was built, and to summon up before me its builders and its earliest congregations. I knew nothing of its history, except that its date might be placed generally in the thirteenth century. I knew also very little of the Middle Ages; but I could not help knowing enough to picture vague figures of bishops and priests in rochet and cope, knights in chain armour, crusaders with the cross on their left shoulder, among them the holy Louis with his beautiful, devoted face, and his companion in arms, our own Edward, with his loving brave wife Eleanor, and, by association, the Lion-hearted king, the most stalwart of them all, whose very name passed into a word of terror among the Saracens.

I saw also the masons at work on the statues, while others of the guild painted the frescoes; and in the midst of them the architect himself, whose name I knew not, whose name, it may be, the world is equally ignorant of, such is the caprice of fame; the chief designer of this grandeur and beauty, but himself a workman like the rest, a master mason. I saw him carving a statue in the tympanum, the Virgin Mary, whose face grew beneath his hands with such pure loveliness as I had never seen in face before, either in art or in actual life. And next him was a young man, who perhaps was his favourite pupil, placing a female saint on the back of a devil, which was already fixed up in the porch, crouching down helplessly, though with defiance in his looks; but before the saint's feet could be set upon him, he leapt down from his place, and gambolled into the church; and, oh horror! he was followed by a host

of devils and gargoyles; and the stern knights and sad priests rose from their graves, skeletons with armour and robes dangling and folding about them, making the night hideous beyond endurance.

All my courage was beaten down; I rushed to the west door; I shook it with all my force, I struck it with both my fists, I hurled my weight frantically against it, but no answer came, except hollow reverberations, after which the stillness deepened tenfold. It was beyond the power of man to bear; I shrieked aloud! fool, fool that I was, who could hear me? only frightful echoes of my own voice mocked the wild cries of my senseless anguish.

Then my frantic violence suddenly gave way, but only to a quieter kind of despair, and I burst into tears, sitting down on the tomb of a knight that is placed at the west end. But by this time fortunately I had become very sleepy, and despite the cold I fell into a doze, which came to me at first as a most welcome relief. But soon my terror pursued me into my sleep, and brought up before me visions which I had not seen since I was a boy, lying ill of sick headache. It seemed that I was in some place unutterably vast, which at one time appeared the Cathedral, at another time vaster even than the earth itself. But huge as it was, it kept pitilessly growing on every side, higher, deeper, wider; I say pitilessly, for there was a personality in the inanimate objects of my dreams, which was perhaps their greatest torment. Then I felt myself in the presence of awful, cold beauty,—inexpressibly lovely, but with no love for me. It was as if some old friend had proved false, or as if I had hitherto mistaken my own nature, and aimed at that which was too high for me. How miserable, how degraded I felt! I could see the beauty, but could not feel it,—at least not as I had felt it of old, when it was almost unmixed delight to me; but now I could only feel fear, not mere awe of it, and I had lost a power which I had thought would never leave me,—which seemed my life, my essence, my very self.

Then I was standing in the midst of friends, and we were together, talking softly and tenderly; but suddenly, in a second, I stood, I know not how carried thither, on an island, alone,—of immense size it seemed, with a limitless ocean rolling round it,—yet, far off, at an infinite distance, I could see myriads of men and women, in the world, and could catch, how faintly and mournfully, the hum of their voices as they talked together. What agony of desolation! Separated from all for ever, to be a far-off spectator of men, a listener to the sound, the sound only, of their voices! I awoke starting, and opened my eyes, but only upon the intolerable blackness. Like a solid wall it stood round me on every side. I seemed in the heart of a rock, of a mountain; buried, but in worse than a tomb, with its cold obstruction of earth; buried in darkness, in darkness which might be felt, which closed me in, and would not let me stir. I lay motionless, in an agony of stillness; for I felt myself, for a few seconds, literally unable to move.

I was still very sleepy, and probably passed great part of the night in a state of drowsiness; but the cold, which, while it cruelly eat into my body, yet in some measure befriended me by drawing off my attention from my mental suffering, would not permit me to sleep, or even to stand still long together. Motion on the one hand diverted my fear; but on the other hand it had its peculiar terrors. It was while I was moving that the fear of the darkness was the greatest. It seemed to present an impassable barrier to my advance; sometimes it seemed itself to advance against me, threatening to devour me: at times it was full of all horrible things, but generally it was mere void blankness, more fearful, I think, than even when it seemed alive with demons and foul

beasts. But yet greater was the dread of passing the doors that lead to the towers. The terror, yet fascination, of these was beyond description. I had rarely gone up into towers, and they were as yet a mystery to me: a belfry was as strange and dreadful a place to me as a vault. But to this was now added the immense height of the Cathedral: I felt the well-known longing to throw myself down from it, and it seemed as if, in the utter darkness, could I have ascended the tower, and got on to one of the parapets, I could not have resisted the spell. I say as I walked by those doors I was in positive alarm for my life: my will was thoroughly weakened, quite broken by terror, agitation, and want of sleep: I had no power to prevent myself from passing by the doors, neither could I make head against the desire of entering one of them and mounting to the parapet. In this agony, one thought alone comforted me; the belief, the almost certain assurance, that the doors would be locked. So, half with this expectation, to put an end to my fascination, half in obedience to it, I tried the locks. Thank God! it was as I had expected; they were fast. And thus the long hours went on, and still the darkness continued. I could stretch my account to much greater length by waiting till memory should give substance and continuity to those shadowy fragments which are now floating in my mind. I might tell how strangely the symbolical character of the Gothic architecture affected me, though I knew little of the symbolism; at one time relieving me by engaging my mind in an attempt to understand its meaning; at another time deepening my fear by its mysteriousness. Or I might attempt to describe, more at length and with more accuracy, my physical sensations, the effects of the cold, of the dampness, of the fatigue, of the want of sleep, of the faint hunger that every now and then reminded me that I had eaten nothing since six o'clock the preceding evening. But I must draw to a close, telling only of the last stage of my sufferings, when the morning at length came to end them. Grey and dreary, it broke very slowly, for some time only darkness visible; and little by little the tracery of the windows, and the stone carvings, and the capitals of the pillars, were given back from the gloom. How different they seemed now, in this desolate dawn, and yesterday, when I first beheld them, in the brightness of the afternoon sun. For the morning, a little while back so eagerly longed for, now, when it was come, was almost as unwelcome as the night. I have never in all my life besides felt such profound sadness as now while this dawn was slowly brightening. Alone in a foreign country, shut up in a church, the ghostly twilight shimmering in through stained glass,—I was prostrated in utter dejection. It seemed that all the sorrows of my life rose to my mind, which, by its very weariness, was unable to control its thoughts,—sorrows which in the active day had not risen from their tombs for months and years; above all, the great sorrow which for a time had made the earth, a garden before, a very wilderness to me. I saw faces which I had not looked upon for years; faces of the dead,—and, sadder still, faces of the changed; these last, coming sometimes with the smile of the kinder, earlier time, sometimes with the cold look of estrangement; my living friends also passed before me, but with looks how different from their own! None laughing,—a few smiling, but sorrowful smiles,—and one or two were weeping; and I listened, and the voices were changed, and it seemed a voice, once heard how often, and still remembered how vividly, sobbing, and, amid its sobs, brokenly uttering my own name,—a voice which I had never heard weep, but which I had often thought must have wept bitterly many times over lost love.

At last, at last, the key turned in the lock of the south door, and the world was open to me again; but I walked to the entrance leisurely, almost listlessly, too far exhausted to feel much joy at my deliverance.

ON POPULAR LECTURES,

Considered as an Irregular Channel of National Education.

AT a time when the question of the regular education of the people occupies so much attention, presenting, alas! so few chances of speedy solution, it may be not uninteresting to consider some of the irregular channels offered to those who have the progress of their country at heart, and are able and willing to contribute to the public welfare.

The irregular channels of instruction are indeed as numerous as the various modes of intercourse, and few have absolutely nothing to add to the common stock.

But those, to whom with much earnestness I now venture to address myself, are chiefly they, whose early collegiate or other studies have possessed them of knowledge, for which their active pursuits afford little or no sufficient scope; and those channels of general information, to which I now more particularly refer, are the various institutions throughout the country for the purpose among others of giving popular lectures.

How many thousand men are constantly regretting, that nothing in their daily life recals the learning of their younger days! How many are declaiming against the waste of early energies over subjects doomed apparently but to be forgotten! How many are endeavouring to console themselves by the hope, that at least their faculties have been improved, while their secret hearts deplore the materials thrown away in the process of improvement! Such is our system of education, that a man once professionally embarked, finds his vessel stored with less of what he does than what he does not want.

An absolute necessity for this there may or may not be; the time may or may not come when our education, like that of the great ancients, will be natural and indigenous. But that so many should allow themselves, amid vain regrets, to forget, or not forgetting, suffer the knowledge once acquired, to lie comparatively useless in the face of eager crowds, is that, against which, when so much cant of "duty to God "and man" is afloat, a reasonable protest may well be entered.

It is no exaggeration to say, that not one educated man in a thousand avails himself of the opportunity offered by the increasing demand for popular, especially village, lectures, to make his unprofessional of *any*, his professional knowledge of *all* the use to others, which he might do without any severe tax upon his comfort. Thousands of gentlemen, kindly solicitous for the welfare of their parishes; more clergymen, still more teachers and tutors, and others besides, have left the various colleges of the kingdom with sufficient acquirements on many subjects to be able to impart most useful ideas to a common audience. Many have learnt, at least the principles, of mechanics; some have learnt chemistry; some one thing, some another; and thus there is hardly a branch of which the elementary, and therefore the most important principles in a national point of view, might not be generally diffused among those, whose time of life, con-

scious deficiencies, and earnest British habits, make eager to receive any knowledge they can.

Statesmen and philanthropists have done their work; they have planted the seed; popular lectures are more or less in operation all over the country; but gaps must be filled up; the lecturers are few; the subjects unorganized. It is our part, then, to tend and support the tree.

I am well aware of the objections openly current against lectures; of the secret hostility of some men; of the diffidence, or worse, the pride of others, and the apathy of still more.

To all these I venture to address myself. Would that my pen were able to keep pace with my conviction!

The great objection in theory entertained against the knowledge imparted by popular lectures is grounded, in fact, on the very irregularity of the channel. The channel being so irregular, it is said, the knowledge imparted will be piecemeal and incomplete; the views adopted shallow; entertainment will become the standard of truth; brilliancy prevail over soundness; the appetite of the people be corrupted and seduced, and the foundation laid for a general craving after those epideictic displays, which stranded ancient Greece in sophistry and lies.

In answer to this, it may be said, that the irregularity of the channel ought to be no argument in itself against lectures in our own country at any rate, where the best part of the education of the people, such as it is, that part, at least, which makes us, in the aggregate, the wisest people in Europe, is derived through the most irregular of all channels, namely, the Press.

An Englishman conversing with an intelligent foreigner, Rector of a Prussian Bürgerschule, was lamenting to him the small per centage of the population, who in England, compared with Scotland, can read, and the still smaller per centage who can write; from which he inferred a vast superiority in the Scottish over the English system of education. "Very likely," returned the Rector. "But," he added, "you "must not measure national educa- "tion by reading and writing, for they "are, after all, but a means of profi- "ciency. In Prussia we all read and "write. You will hardly find one man "who does not; so much so that I was "called upon by an officer, a hundred "miles off, to account for the fact, that "one recruit from my district (by no "no means a prominent one) could "not read. And yet, in politics and "common sense, our Prussian is a mere "child. Your labourer, even he who "cannot read, is a man. And you owe "this to your press. One, who can "read, gets a paper, gathers round him "five more who cannot; they go to the "pothouse, and with their beer imbibe "the political wisdom of centuries."

The testimony of such a man is of some interest, coming from Prussia. Nor do I think, such is the English temper, that the danger will ever lie in the direction of Greek sophistry and display. The Greek intellect tended ever to expand everything to its furthest limits, until subtlety of speculation vanished like an over-grown circle on the waters; but on the contrary, the English tendency is to bring every thing to a point. It has been wittily said, that if three Englishmen should meet at the top of Mount Vesuvius, they would resolve themselves into a motion; and I remember a gentleman to have observed, that whenever he asked a labourer immediately after a sermon, what he thought of it, he might be at a loss for an answer; but if he gave him time to talk it over with two or three more men like himself, they would be found to have come to a very fair conclusion. To this habit, due probably to long years of local self-government, we may look for soundness in the fruit of popular lectures; and if to this we add the

sterling common sense, the honest prudence, the calm sagacity, the *semper cui bono*, which characterize the minds of our countrymen, we need fear little that what is counterfeit, will ultimately prevail over truth in their minds.

I am aware that I advocate the delivery of popular lectures by men (if possible on professional subjects, but where it is not possible, since labourers are almost everywhere wanted) even on unprofessional subjects. And although objections may very naturally arise against this practice, yet on the other hand, surely, there are many reasons, why it is better perhaps that unprofessional men should undertake a subject, rather than it should not be undertaken at all. Indeed, professional men from their very proficiency may fail to realize their early difficulties—the very difficulties to be overcome in the case of a popular audience. But I would rather plead the saying of Dr. Johnson, that the English seldom think long, but they think right. Rather than not think at all then, better begin by thinking even wrong. Who ever held his first pen without blotting his fingers? who ever drew his first stroke straight? And as with the man, so with the nation, and even on the broadest ground, with all nations. The path of progress has lain often through seeming, often too, through real error. Who would have said that fortune-telling and gipsies (for the Chaldeans were little better) would give birth to astronomy; who could have thought that violence would beget law; lawlessness, rule; fanaticism, philosophy; alchemy, chemistry; quackery, physic; jobbing, political economy; gambling, insurance offices? And it is perhaps not too much to say, that we might be without our railways, if for two thousand years mathematicians had not broken their heads, squaring the circle which cannot be done. Error, in short, would seem to have been the constant road to truth. Mankind may be likened to the feline race, which alights on its feet, fling it up as you will. And looking back, each may remember how the nonsense egg of his young idea has hatched the full-grown sense of his after-thought. Yet it would be hard, I apprehend, to conceive two things to outward appearance more utterly unconnected than an egg and a fowl.

The great thing, then, is for the people to begin to think; and let us trust that thought, once begun, will right itself.

And lectures would seem to be chiefly valuable in this, that they are calculated to furnish the same general stimulus and inoculation to public thought, on a large scale, which our ruder forefathers originally received through conquest and, in later days, through pilgrims and crusaders.

Let any man look back upon the growth of his own mind; let him observe how much of the knowledge acquired through regular channels may often have lain inexplicably barren; how often, on the other hand, small and apparently insignificant facts and sayings, conveyed as it were by the winds of heaven, have grown to such dimensions as to have somehow absorbed and assimilated all the materials presented to his notice. Then let him consider that, according to different tempers, capacities and circumstances, different ideas, equally simple in themselves, become to different individuals centres and, so to speak, cell-germs of development; let him, moreover, consider that each man grows not in himself alone, but that we are all members one of another, wheel within wheel, inseparably connected, by love and by hate, acting and reacting, with and without our will multiplying our neighbour's existence, and he may form some notion of the effect of *one single idea* thoroughly introduced into the circulation of the national sap.

The speculation is obvious; but, like many things which lie unheeded at

our feet, it may be questioned if many men have ever thought it worth their while to follow even in a general way the consequences of the introduction of one new fact or idea into a mind, modifying the relations of all the facts already there—how, these relations being modified, even should the new fact never once be mentioned, its influence, perceptible or imperceptible, must infallibly work on all around. And is not a noble field opened to those who, despairing of being able to cope in brilliant achievements with the giants of the earth, may yet, could they but realize it, be instrumental in sowing the seeds of progress, prosperity, and happiness in whole generations of men at a trifling inconvenience to themselves?

Words fail me to follow the ramifications of usefulness branching through the length and breadth of the land, that might result, if only Cambridge and Oxford, in the persons of their sons, would make even that portion of their knowledge available, which is too generally allowed to sink fruitless and forgotten in dark corners of the mind. I remember a clergyman, in the prime of life, who had taken a high wranglership, relating how he had just gone down to Cambridge, at the time of the examinations, and being in the rooms of a friend, sat down to a problem paper, fresh from the senate-house, on optics (his crack subject), just to see what he could do; "but," he said with a smile, in which no doubtful shade of sadness lurked, "it was all "gone." Those who know what a wranglership means, especially a very high wranglership—what a laborious and searching process the training involves, will feel more tempted to share in the sadness than in the smile.

But what shall be said of the vast amount of time spent in after-life in random, aimless reading, and because aimless, therefore also too often tedious and barren? How many read they know not what, nor with what object? If such time were spent in maturing given topics, and bringing them to the level of a common audience —one of the most fruitful of mental exercises—would a man read with less pleasure because his reading, far from being merely selfish, and contributing to the relaxation of one only, might add to the improvement of a thousand? And if diffidence should stand in his way, if he should think: "I am not "equal to the task; I cannot write a "book—to write a lecture seems little "less;" he may gather courage from the thought, that the greatest merit his performance can have will lie in its simplicity and elementary character.

"Les progrès de la science ne sont "vraiment fructueux, que quand ils "amènent aussi le progrès des Traités "élémentaires," is the golden motto adopted by an Oxford mathematician, who in consequence has written a treatise said to be the best in the language. To suit my present purpose, I might paraphrase the motto thus: "Know-"ledge is, then only, nationally pro-"lific, when its first and most ele-"mentary principles have been brought "down to the common sense of the "many, and grafted into the living "current of their daily thought."

Newton knew this when he translated his Principia from his own calculus into common geometry; Guizot felt this when he said that "Common "sense is the genius of mankind," and Wellington set his seal to the truth when one day, in answer to the compliments paid him, he said, "You call "it genius; I call it common sense."

(To be continued.)

RIDING TOGETHER.

FOR many, many days together
The wind blew steady from the East;
For many days hot grew the weather,
About the time of our Lady's Feast.

For many days we rode together,
Yet met we neither friend nor foe;
Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
Steadily did the East wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,
Clear-cut, with shadows very black,
As freely we rode on together
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often, as we rode together,
We, looking down the green-bank'd stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather,
And saw the bubble-making bream.

And in the night lay down together,
And hung above our heads the rood,
Or watch'd night-long in the dewy weather,
The while the moon did watch the wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick together,
Straight out the banners stream'd behind,
As we gallop'd on in the sunny weather,
With faces turn'd towards the wind.

Down sank our three-score spears together,
As thick we saw the pagans ride;
His eager face in the clear fresh weather
Shone out that last time by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dash'd together,
It rock'd to the crash of the meeting spears,
Down rain'd the buds of the dear spring weather,
The elm-tree flowers fell like tears.

There, as we roll'd and writhed together,
I threw my arms above my head,
For close by my side, in the lovely weather,
I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together,
He waited the death-stroke there in his place,
With thoughts of death, in the lovely weather,
Gapingly mazed at my madden'd face.

Madly I fought as we fought together;
In vain: the little Christian band
The pagans drown'd, as in stormy weather,
The river drowns low-lying land.

They bound my blood-stain'd hands together,
They bound his corpse to nod by my side:
Then on we rode, in the bright March weather,
With clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together;
My prison-bars are thick and strong,
I take no heed of any weather,
The sweet Saints grant I live not long.

THE SUITOR OF LOW DEGREE.

HE loved her, and woo'd her, and won her heart,
Though nor title nor riches had he;
And he ask'd her hand of her parents twain;
But they laugh'd in scornful glee.

For they were noble, with gold and land,
And pedigree proud and old;
And he was poor and of low estate,
And they jeer'd him as over-bold.

And what hast thou, they cried with scorn,
To set against gold and land?
Proudly he eyed them—the thought of my brain,
And the work of my own right hand.

But they laugh'd the more and bade him begone,
So he turn'd him and went his way;
And they heeded not that the maiden's cheek
Grew paler from that day.

Far, far away, from his own countrie,
Away o'er the sea he fled;
And for years no tidings of him came,
Like one among the dead.

But meanwhile he labour'd with head and hand,
And wrought so wondrously,
That his fame flew on, through village and town,
To his country beyond the sea.

She heard it, his love; and his greatness fill'd
Her heart with delight and pride.
They heard it, her parents; and now full fain
Had they given her for his bride.

He came at length to his own countrie,
And they stood together again;
And they cringed and smiled, that were before
So proud—the parents twain.

They spoke not of wealth, they spoke not of land,
Nor of pedigree proud and old;
When he ask'd for the maiden, no longer, as once,
They deem'd him over-bold.

Take her, they cried, for her heart is yours,
And with her gold and land.
And they led her to him with eager haste,
But he proudly withheld his hand.

I want not gold and land, said he,
My love shall never be sold;
I will not have one acre of land,
Nor yet one piece of gold.

To some noble neighbour give your land,
To swell his wide domain;
To some wealthy neighbour give your gold,
That he may add gain to gain.

But if she loves me as once she loved,
Let her give me now her hand,
And I will not sell it for all your gold,
Nor yet for all your land.

She went up lovingly to his side,
And gave him her lily hand;
And her heart was full that he prized her worth,
But cared not for gold and land.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

THACKERAY AND CURRER BELL.

The Newcomes; Vanity Fair; Our Street; The Perkins's Ball. Jane Eyre.

IF to be imperfectly understood in his own day be any pledge to an author of immortality to come, Mr. Thackeray may be thought to have no small prospect of "life beyond the grave." That the objects of his satire should so misunderstand him is natural, but it is strange that so many of the pure-minded and good should not have discovered how kind a heart, how deep a love of all that is true, sincere, unaffected and noble, what a fragrance of philanthropy lies beneath the often bitter leaves of Mr. Thackeray's writings.

It is in this that we believe him to have been so much misunderstood, affording another instance of the truth how seldom in the first instance mankind judge righteous judgment, or, at any rate, by any other standard than the outward appearance. If it has been well said, "*Le monde n'a pas de "longues injustices*," it might equally well have been added, "*Bon Dieu, "qu'elles sont grandes, tant qu'elles "durent.*"

Let Pitt Crawley lay trains for his aunt's money, let him overreach his nephew, improve an honest empty-headed brother's backslidings to his own advantage, pay clandestine court to his brother's wife, who despises and deludes him, and neglect his own, who adores him, what then! Pitt is an accomplished diplomatist: he trims his character as he trims his nails, and the world judges of the one as it does of the other—both are rounded, polished, and decorous.

Let Barnes Newcome sneer at an old relation as a venerable washerwoman, in fact, sneer at everything; let him *play* the "languid puppy" at his club, and in his father's sweating-room *be* the cold, sharp, energetic screw, the veriest curmudgeon; let him leave his own children, the children of a woman whom he has inveigled from an honest lover, to nakedness and starvation, and ply the cupidity of high-born parents to let his ambition rob his friend of a girl who loves that friend; after her marriage, by brutal and dastardly treatment, let him drive the miserable wretch to desperation,

divorce, and irrevocable ruin, what then! Barnes Newcome inherits his father's title, and becomes Sir Barnes; Sir Barnes is a member of Parliament; Sir Barnes lectures on the poetry of womanhood and the affections: "a "public man, a commercial man, yet "his heart is in his home;" he, too, has trimmed his nails,—we beg pardon, his character,—and the world is most graciously pleased to accept the homage paid by vice, accounting it for virtue. Then comes a bold and straggling hand, writing cabalistic lore—it lifts the pall, and a whited skeleton appears.

Sad and bitter lessons: sad to the spectator, bitter and galling to those who fall under the lash of the satirist. But why should a man's lessons be all so bitter and sad? Is there no sunshine in the world? Is gloom perpetual and everlasting? Do clouds for ever engross the heavens? Is there no patch of blue to comfort mortal eyesight? Truly, there is both sunshine and gloom, both cloud and blue sky; but even as one painter most excels in fixing the frolics of light, so another's heart will perchance (perforce?) be in the storm, or his life spent in depicting the grey sadness of the sky. What right have you or I to say—paint sunshine alone, or storms alone; what right to prevent an author from writing satire exclusively, or panegyric exclusively?

Not, indeed, that Mr. Thackeray is much given to croaking, any more than to panegyric. He seldom croaks, and when he does, it is with easy, artistic phlegm. One of his peculiar characteristics is the even-handed coldness with which he treats both sides of his subject, and all sides of his characters. And although in his last work, by a happy termination, he has departed from his usual severity as an artist, few novelists have been so felicitously cool, and rigidly impartial.

He leaves all real croaking to his readers:

"You pay your shilling, and take your "choice. The famous little Becky puppet "is uncommonly flexible in the joints, and "wicked in the expression. The Dobbin "figure, though apparently clumsy, yet "dances in a very amusing and natural "manner."

But at the close of the fair he says:

"Ah, *Vanitas Vanitatum!* Which of us "is happy in this world? Which of us "has his desire?—or, having it, is satisfied?"

Something like croaking, too, this; but only a sigh, expressive of the profound melancholy which comes over the manager of the performance, as he sits before the curtain on the boards, and looks into the crowd. And whoever sees with the author's eyes must be melancholy for a while. "*All is not* "*gold that glitters*," is the maxim inscribed on every page of his writings. It pervades his plots—pervades his characters. Through "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes," from top to bottom of "Our Street," whether we follow the Kickleburys up the Rhine, or watch the ball at the Perkins's, the still small whisper of the author pervades the atmosphere: "Be- "hold the tinsel." A melancholy voice in the midst of an overwrought civilization; where every advantage has its disadvantage, every picture its reverse; where platters have insides, and two sides are to every question! Not they who talk most of money, and loudest about their interest, are most interested or greedy of lucre. Not they who prate of love and extol friendship, are most loving and true. Not they who raise their voices in loud appeal to justice, are most righteous and equitable. And yet some men are most generous, most noble, most disinterested, who are no less loud in profession than in action. Some can love deeply, very deeply, whose discourse of love is warm. Some will speak nobly of justice, who are most nobly just. As our author himself expresses it with two-edged irony:

"It does not follow that all men are

"honest, because they are poor; and I "have known some who were friendly "and generous, although they had plenty "of money. There are some great land- "lords who do not grind down their ten- "ants; there are actually bishops who are "not hypocrites; there are liberal men "even among the Whigs, and the Radi- "cals themselves are not all aristocrats at "heart."

What a chaos, men will say, and how can we ever walk straight?

From seeing the maxim so broadly written, that "all is not gold that glit- ters," they go a step further, and too often say, "there is no gold at all, no "friendship, no truth, no devotion; all "is selfish, fickle, and insincere—all is "dross, begilt and betinselled." But here they forsake and calumniate their master. There is gold; but it is hard to find, lying often where men would fain not seek it. Then there is silver gilt, next best; and if that cannot be had, why then consult your purse, and try brass—brass electro-plated.

Do you see that lofty figure? It looks like a heroine; only Mr. Thack- eray has no faith in heroines, hardly more so, in fact, than in heroes.* It is Miss Ethel Newcome, who, under a warmer and less artistic hand, would no doubt have grown to an extraor- dinary heroine, but under his, turns out little more than such a woman as most men have seen somewhere or other in their lives, even though they may not have had the *entrée* to the drawing-rooms of her chaperon and grandmother, Lady Kew, nor been ad- mitted into the privacy of Sir Brian, her father. Ethel Newcome is one of the hundred girls every year, as the phrase is, on the market—a phrase which the veracious history before us will not, perhaps, bring into greater favour than it is. But, as Major Pen- dennis says to his nephew Arthur, whom Mr. Thackeray has selected as *locum tenens* in his new creation, Ethel "is one of the prettiest girls out this "season, Lady Ann's daughter, an ex- "ceedingly fine girl. I hear the young men "say so," continues the worthy major; "and nothing shows more how monstrous "ignorant of the world Colonel Newcome "is, worthy old Indian. His son could "no more get that girl than he could "marry one of the royal princesses. Mark "my words: they intend Miss Newcome "for Lord Kew. Those banker fellows "are wild after grand marriages. Kew "will sow his wild oats, and they'll marry "her to him; or if not, to some man of "high rank. His father, Walham, was a "weak young man; but his grandmother, "old Lady Kew, is a monstrous clever "old woman, too severe with her children, "one of whom ran away, and married a "poor devil without a shilling. Nothing "could show a more deplorable ignorance "of the world than poor Newcome sup- "posing his son could make such a match "as that with his cousin. Is it true that "he is going to make his son an artist? "I don't know what the deuce the world "is coming to. An artist! By gad, in "my time, a fellow would as soon have "thought of making his son a hairdresser, "or a pastry-cook, by gad."

Where is the gold, and where the tinsel in all this? How much of both is there in Ethel, "seventeen years "old, rather taller than the majority "of women" (that is, a little below the average height of heroines), "of a "countenance somewhat haughty and "grave, but on occasion brightening "with humour, or beaming with kind- "liness, quick to detect affectation and "insincerity, impatient of dulness and "pomposity." Look at her "passing "her hand gently over the softest of "lips and chins, her face assuming a "look of arch humour, as she thereby "indicates her admiration of her cou- "sin Mr. Clive's moustache and im- "perial, while the blushing, bowing "youth casts down his eyes before "hers. She is more sarcastic now "than she became when after years "of suffering had softened her nature. "Truth looks out of her bright eyes, "and rises up armed, and flashes scorn "or denial, perhaps too readily, when "she encounters flattery, meanness,

* These words are here used in their vulgar sense; not in the true sense in which the word "hero" occurs so frequently in Carlyle's writings.—Ed.

"and imposture." Surely this sounds something like gold; not of the heroic standard, perhaps, not the soft and tender metal seven times purified and refined, but still gold, with that amount possibly, of the indurating alloy sufficient to make it wear the stamp of sublunary life.

"And yet, if the truth must be told, "this young lady is popular, neither with "many men, nor with most women. The "innocent youth who pressed round her, "attracted by her beauty, are rather "afraid, after a while, of engaging her. "This one feels dimly that she despises "him; another, that his simpering com-"mon-places (the delight of how many "well-bred maidens!) only occasion Miss "Newcome's laughter. Young Lord "Crœsus, whom all maidens and matrons "are eager to secure, is astonished to "find that he is utterly indifferent to her, "and that she will refuse him twice or "three times in an evening, to dance as "many times with poor Tom Spring, who "is his father's ninth son, and only at "home till he can get a ship and go to "sea again. The young women are "frightened at her sarcasm. She seems "to know what fadaises they whisper to "their partners, as they pause in their "waltzes; and Fanny, who was luring "Lord Crœsus towards her with her blue "eyes, dropped them guiltily to the floor, "when Ethel's turned towards her;* "and Cecilia sang more out of tune than "usual; and Clara, who was holding "Freddy, and Charley, and Tommy, "round her, enchanted by her bright "conversation, and witty mischief, be-"came dumb and disturbed when Ethel "passed her with her cold face; and old "Lady Hookham, who was playing off "her little Minnie, now at young Jack "Gorget, of the Guards, now at the eager "and simple Bob Bateson, of the Cold-"streams, would slink off when Ethel "made her appearance on the ground: "whose presence seemed to frighten away "the fish and the angler."

There may be more dross than gold, perhaps, in all this, and yet, reader, which will you choose?—to which award hearty sympathy?—to "the "innocent dancing youth," or to the lofty Miss Newcome? To the simpering common-places of Lord Crœsus and the guilty blue eyes of Fanny, or to the full glance of Ethel's cold eyes, only "on occasion brightening with "humour, or beaming with kindliness "and affection?"

But, you say, is there no mean, no medium between haughtiness and wit on one side, and weakness and silliness on the other? Listen to the author: "Every advantage has its disadvan-"tage. For every ounce of gold there "are pounds of gilding. Every jewel "has its counterfeit. The great Koh-"i-noor itself served all practical pur-"poses in imitation. Goodnature and "weakness are (how often!) found to-"gether—how often convertible and "mistaken. Overflowing tenderness "is mistaken for weakness, and vacil-"lation wears the look of kindness. "Superiority and pride, like birds of "a feather, flock together; and they, "too, with the undiscerning, pass for "the same."

But, you ask, is it always so? No, certainly not. But, we apprehend, a satirist describes not the rule, but the exception; or, at any rate, what ought to be and generally will be found to be more or less the exception. For instance, what grosser mistake than to suppose Juvenal's writings contain a faithful picture of the whole of Roman society! And all Mr. Thackeray's characters, though less grossly so, are more or less exceptional, without being heroes or heroines. He describes the effects of overwrought civilization, in excess or defect of the golden mean of perfection—not so much the golden mean itself. All his writings, viewed in this light, are profoundly true; viewed as exact pictures of the whole state of society, they are at best but clever distortions. And this is one great source of the misapprehension

* Is this not rather uncommon in society, where the first accomplishment a girl learns is to acquire an unflinching stare? But perhaps eyes that brook the gaze of a man will cower before a woman.

under which both the author and his writings commonly lie. "He is a misanthrope," says one—"A disappointed man," says another, "and his characters and scenes are libels on human nature." But is every novelist bound to describe the whole of human nature, for the especial behoof of Smith or Cavendish? Must every novelist be patent looking-glass maker to Cavendish and Smith, so that whoever else's face is there, their own, so to speak, may be painted in the centre, a possession for ever? You are unreasonable, Cavendish, you are unreasonable, Smith; and if Mr. Thackeray, out of the continent of human nature, has chosen him a small principality of his own to describe, it is unjust of you to declare, through thick and thin, because it lies out of your corner, that he meant to describe that also, and has altogether failed. It is the West End chiefly that he describes, and not even the whole of that; but, so to speak, the part which is diseased by the reaction of the very laws of progress, which lead men lower down in the scale to improve under ordinary circumstances. It is that culminating part of the ancient tree, which is beginning to bleach and decay, while ever fresh and healthy branches are spreading and sprouting from below. In society, as in nature, there is constant action and reaction. Refinement, pushed to the limits of a particular phase, breeds degeneracy and torpor, and, as a consequence, the artificially begotten inferiority of some characters leads an opposite class of minds to exaggerate all their own claims to superiority, until they become or threaten to become vices. Thus the independent spirit of Ethel is made haughtier by the petty cringing and self-seeking of Fanny. The self-confidence of one man swells and frets at the sight of another's vacillation. The modesty of Addison recoils and shrinks before the forwardness of Steel. "*Rien*," says Montaigne, "*Rien ne me redresse tant dans "mon assiette, que de voir les défauts "d'autrui.*" And still more might the saying of Luther be applied, for civilization is like a drunken man on horseback—"prop her up on one side, "and she falls over on the other."

And if it be said that all this is nothing new—being, in fact, no more than Aristotle's doctrine under a new dress, of the extremes which lie on either side of the golden mean, we may ask in Mr. Thackeray's words:

"What stories are new? All types of "all characters march through all fables: "tremblers and boasters; victims and "bullies; dupes and knaves; long-eared "Neddies, giving themselves leonine airs; "Tartuffes wearing virtuous clothing; "lovers and their trials, their blindness, "their folly and constancy. With the "very first page of the human story do "not love and lies too begin? So the "tales were told ages before Æsop: and "asses under lion's manes roared in "Hebrew; and sly foxes flattered in "Etruscan; and wolves in sheep's cloth-"ing gnashed their teeth in Sanscrit, no "doubt. The sun shines to-day as he did "when he first began shining; and the "birds in the tree overhead, while I am "writing, sing very much the same note "they have sung ever since they were "finches. Nay, since last he besought "good-natured friends to listen once a "month to his talking, a friend of the "writer has seen the New World, and "found the (featherless) birds there ex-"ceedingly like their brethren of Europe. "There may be nothing new under and "including the sun; but it looks fresh "every morning, and we rise with it to "toil, hope, scheme, laugh, struggle, love, "suffer, until the night comes, and quiet. "And then will wake Morrow and the "eyes that look on it; and so *da capo*."

And day by day the planets go their everlasting rounds. But if, because neither they nor the sun are new, Kepler had not observed and Newton generalized his observations, we should be without the laws of gravitation. And this, which is true of astronomy, may equally well be applied to human nature. No less than the former, the latter has laws, orbits, oscillations and eccentricities, which remain, even more than the heavens, man's peculiar study

and richest field of speculation — a field so far from having been exhausted by the curiosity of ages, although for ever lying next our feet, that, if compared with many a waste reclaimed but yesterday to science from barren observation, it will be found to have yielded a smaller proportionate harvest than any other realm of thought. Not that we need wonder at this, if we judge of psychology by the analogy of its correlative science physiology, in which the study of anatomy preceded that of organic life. Being at the centre ourselves, our looks are first turned towards the objects at the circumference. Another reason is the natural aversion felt by all men until a particular stage of thought arrives, to believe or even suppose that man as a living agent *can* be the subject matter of science. The idea seems fatalistic, and to interfere with their freedom. Man is his own last study. We speak here of the genuine scientific process, when man has been schooled by many blunders and failures to proceed methodically. Every one knows that at different times centuries have been spent in abortive efforts to discover "the essence," "the philosopher's stone," etc. etc. First comes the dissection and rational survey of the dead and inanimate, next comes the analysis of that which lives and moves, last of all generalizations on the moving cause. So in Ethics, the critical and inductive theory of human action might naturally have been expected to con e last of all in the scale of sciences; and so it has proved indeed, for it is yet in great measure to come. But however distant such an event may be, every fresh writer who stereotypes the society or any part of the society of his day, has bequeathed a valuable legacy to moral philosophy. As Copernicus to Kepler and Kepler to Newton; as Vesalius to Bichat and Bichat to Carpenter; such were Homer and the tragedians to Aristotle; and such Milton, Shakespeare, and our novelists, let us hope may be to him who some day will discover the theory, if not of human, at least of British, gravitation. But in the meantime, it is interesting to note how the same phase of society and feeling is reflected in different minds; how the social oscillations—the great actions and reactions of class characteristics, normal and abnormal, find a kindred exposition under a garb outwardly most dissimilar, in minds apparently far as the poles asunder. Who, for example, at first sight would accuse Thackeray and Currer Bell of any connection? And yet, at the bottom, the present time is viewed by both much in the same light. Hitherto, in all highly civilized nations a time has come, when the machinery and scaffolding of civilization have threatened to overgrow the building itself; a time, when prudence threatens to choke goodness, cleverness to trample on simplicity, affectation to lord it over nature and even over art; when interest blinds justice, worldly wisdom petrifies the heart, and etiquette poisons comfort; a time when the letter seems likely to swallow up the law, means to usurp the place of ends, and rules to make a clean sweep of reason; when honours are more coveted than worth, riches than happiness, power than affection; when clothes are for character, and hollow praise for genuine love—a time rich in the "irony of fate." Such in some respects seems to be our present phase. And far as Currer Bell and Thackeray seem apart, yet a deep hatred of this predominance of the husk over the kernel, of the letter over the spirit, of the essence over the accident, will, we think, be found to form the prevailing undercurrent of their works.

Jane Eyre by many has been looked upon as an immoral production, and Currer Bell as the treacherous advocate of contempt of established maxims and disregard of the regulations of society. Now this is precisely the

fault which the Pharisees found with the teaching of the Saviour. Where indeed, we would ask, is the immorality of Jane Eyre, if not that, acting in the purity of her heart and the might of her integrity, she spurns the letter to give triumph to the spirit? Who are they, that prate of falling and make a sickening display of their humility, but those who gloat over human frailty, and, longing to fall, are for ever spreading the sterile couch of deprecation beforehand? Are there no strong hearts left? Because temptation has often triumphed, has singleness of purpose died out of the world, and may no one be calmly conscious of virtue to act and strength to resist? Jane Eyre is Currer Bell's answer to the question—and, viewed as a contrast to the disgusting cant of immorality lurking beneath tawdry finery and mock humility, may be considered no unimportant contribution to the characteristic delineations of our time. Her situations are often extremely forced; she revels in the depiction of freedom; but after all, she makes will triumph over temptation, exalting the spirit over the letter, nor is there anything in her descriptions which betrays more than the intense aspirations of a powerful moral sense and the eager desire to raise the weak and neglected of the earth to the independence of mind, without which, virtue is but a shadow. The noble conduct of the women, who, through evil report and good report, in spite of sneers and fears, within the last few months, left the comforts of an English home to bear consolation and kindness and care to our wounded beneath an eastern sun—was in the true spirit of Jane Eyre.

We will quote the following passages from Jane Eyre and Vanity Fair, with a view to illustration, and also to compare the peculiarities of their authors. Jane is governess in Mr. Rochester's family. His wife is mad. He loves Jane Eyre, and has just related to her the unfortunate circumstances, which in earlier life led him to contract an alliance with a woman he never did love.

"A pause.

"Why are you silent, Jane?"

I was experiencing an ordeal: a hand of fiery iron grasped my vitals. Terrible moment: full of struggle, blackness, burning! Not a human being could wish to be loved better than I was loved; and him who thus loved me I absolutely worshipped: and I must renounce love and idol. One drear word comprised my intolerable duty—"Depart!"

"Jane, you understand what I want of you? Just this promise—'I will be yours, Mr. Rochester.'"

"Mr. Rochester, I will not be yours."

Another long silence.

"Jane!" he recommenced, with a gentleness that broke me down with grief, and turned me stone-cold with ominous terror—for this still voice was the pant of a lion rising—"Jane, do you mean to go one way in the world, and to let me go another?"

"I do."

"Jane" (bending towards and embracing me) "do you mean it now?"

"I do."

"And now?" softly kissing my forehead and cheek.

"I do"—extricating myself from restraint rapidly and completely.

"Oh, Jane, this is bitter! This—this is wicked. It would not be wicked to love me."

"It would to obey you."

A wild look raised his brows—crossed his features: he rose; but he forbore yet. I laid my hand on the back of a chair for support: I shook, I feared—but I resolved.

"One instant, Jane. Give one glance to my horrible life when you are gone. All happiness will be torn away with you. What then is left? For a wife I have but the maniac upstairs: as well might you refer me to

some corpse in yonder churchyard. What shall I do, Jane? Where turn for a companion, and for some hope?"

"Do as I do: trust in God and yourself. Believe in heaven. Hope to meet again there."

"Then you will not yield?"

"No."

"Then you condemn me to live wretched and to die accursed?" His voice rose.

"I advise you to live sinless; and I wish you to die tranquil."

"Then you snatch innocence and love from me? You fling me back on lust for a passion—vice for an occupation?"—

"Mr. Rochester, I no more assign this fate to you, than I grasp at it for myself. We were born to strive and endure—you as well as I: do so. You will forget me, before I forget you."

"You make me a liar by such language: you sully my honour. I declared I could not change: you tell me to my face I shall change soon. And what a distortion in your judgment, what a perversity in your ideas is proved by your conduct! Is it better to drive a fellow-creature to despair, than to transgress a mere human law—no man being injured by the breach? for you have neither relatives nor acquaintances whom you need fear to offend by living with me."

This was true; and while he spoke my very conscience and reason turned traitors against me, and charged me with crime in resisting him. They spoke almost as loud as Feeling; and that clamoured wildly. "Oh comply!" it said. "Think of his misery; think of his danger—look at his state when left alone; remember his headlong nature; consider the recklessness following on despair—soothe him; save him; love him; tell him you love him and will be his. Who in the world cares for *you?* or who will be injured by what you do?"

Still indomitable was the reply—"*I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself.*" Becky Sharp respected herself in a very different manner, as we shall presently see. "I will keep the law given by God, sanctioned by man. I will hold to the principles received by me when I was sane, and not mad—as I am now. Laws and principles are not for the times when there are no temptations, they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise up against their rigour; stringent are they; inviolate they shall be. If at my individual convenience I might break them, what would be their worth? They have a worth—so I have always believed; and if I cannot believe it now, it is because I am insane—quite insane; with my veins running fire, and my heart beating faster than I can count its throbs. Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all I have at this hour to stand by; there I plant my foot."

I did. Mr. Rochester, reading my countenance, saw I had done so. His fury was wrought to the highest; he must yield to it for a moment, whatever followed; he crossed the floor and grasped my waist. He seemed to devour me with his flaming glance; physically, I felt at the moment powerless as stubble exposed to the draught and glow of a furnace—mentally, I still possessed my soul, and with it the certainty of ultimate safety.

The soul, fortunately, has an interpreter—often an unconscious, but still a truthful, interpreter—in the eye. My eye rose to his; and while I looked in his fierce face, I gave an involuntary sigh; his gripe was painful, and my overtasked strength almost exhausted.

"Never," said he, as he ground his teeth, "never was anything at once so frail and so indomitable," etc.

Mind triumphs over matter, and Jane keeps her word and departs.

As a contrast in artistic performance, in spirit and in style, with this we compare the following picture from Vanity Fair.

"'Rawdon,' said Becky, very late one "night, as a party of gentlemen were "seated round her crackling drawing-"room fire (for the men came to her house "to finish the night; and she had ice and "coffee for them, the best in London): "'I must have a sheep-dog.'"

"'A what?' said Rawdon, looking up "from an *écarté* table.

"'A sheep-dog!' said young Lord "Southdown. 'My dear Mrs. Crawley, "what a fancy! Why not have a Danish "dog? I know of one as big as a came-"leopard, by Jove. It would almost pull "your Brougham. Or a Persian grey-"hound, eh? (I propose, if you please); "or a little pug that would go into one of "Lord Steyne's snuff-boxes? There's a "man at Bayswater got one with such a "nose that you might,—I mark the king "and play,—that you might hang your "hat on it.'

"'I mark the trick,' Rawdon gravely "said. He attended to his game com-"monly, and didn't much meddle with "the conversation except when it was "about horses and betting.

"'What *can* you want with a shep-"herd's dog?' the lively little South-"down continued.

"'I mean a *moral* shepherd's dog,' "said Becky, laughing, and looking up at "Lord Steyne.

"'What the devil's that?' said his "Lordship.

"'A dog to keep the wolves off me,' "Rebecca continued. 'A companion.'

"'Dear little innocent lamb, you want "one,' said the Marquis; and his jaw "thrust out, and he began to grin hide-"ously, his little eyes leering towards "Rebecca.

"The great Lord of Steyne was stand-"ing by the fire sipping coffee. The fire "crackled and blazed pleasantly. There "was a score of candles sparkling round "the mantelpiece, in all sorts of quaint "sconces, of gilt and bronze and porce-"lain. They lighted up Rebecca's figure "to admiration, as she sat on a sofa co-"vered with a pattern of gaudy flowers. "She was in a pink dress, that looked as "fresh as a rose; her dazzling white "arms and shoulders were half covered "with a thin hazy scarf through which "they sparkled; her hair hung in curls "round her neck; one of her little feet "peeped out from the fresh crisp folds of "the silk: the prettiest little foot in the "prettiest little sandal in the finest silk "stocking in the world.

"The candles lighted up Lord Steyne's "shining bald head, which was fringed "with red hair. He had thick bushy "eyebrows, with little twinkling blood-"shot eyes, surrounded by a thousand "wrinkles. His jaw was underhung, and "when he laughed, two white buck-teeth "protruded themselves and glistened "savagely in the midst of the grin. He "had been dining with royal personages, "and wore his garter and ribbon. A "short man was his lordship, broad-"chested, and bow-legged, but proud of "the fineness of his foot and ancle, and "always caressing his garter-knee.

"'And so the Shepherd is not enough,' "said he, 'to defend his lambkin?'

"'The Shepherd is too fond of playing "at cards and going to his clubs,' an-"swered Becky, laughing.

"''Gad, what a debauched Corydon!' "said my lord—'what a mouth for a "pipe!'

"'I take your three to two;' here said "Rawdon, at the card-table.

"'Hark at Melibæus,' snarled the "noble Marquis; 'he's pastorally occu-"pied too: he's shearing a Southdown. "What an innocent mutton, hey? Dam-"me, what a snowy fleece!'

"Rebecca's eyes shot out gleams of "scornful humour. 'My lord,' she said, "'you are a knight of the Order.' He "had the collar round his neck, indeed—"a gift of the restored Princes of Spain.

"Lord Steyne in early life had been "notorious for his daring and his success "at play. He had sat up two days and "two nights with Mr. Fox at hazard. "He had won money of the most august "personages of the realm: he had won "his marquisate, it was said, at the gam-"ing-table; but he did not like an allu-"sion to those by-gone *fredaines*. Rebec-"ca saw the scowl gathering over his "heavy brow.

"She rose up from her sofa, and went "and took his coffee-cup out of his hand "with a little curtsey. 'Yes,' she said, "'I must get a watch-dog. But he won't "bark at *you*.' And, going into the other "drawing-room, she sat down to the "piano, and began to sing little French "songs in such a charming, thrilling "voice, that the mollified nobleman "speedily followed her into that cham-"ber, and might be seen nodding his head "and bowing time over her."

But that the same spirit under the utmost difference of the outer garb, and the same hidden sympathy united

the clergyman's daughter and the man of the world, may perhaps be seen from the following passages.

"Conventionality is not morality; "self-righteousness is not religion. "To attack the first is not to assail "the last. To pluck the mask from "the face of the Pharisee, is not to lift "an impious hand to the crown of "thorns.

"These things and deeds are dia- "metrically opposed: they are as dis- "tinct as is vice from virtue. Men "too often confound them; they "should not be confounded; appear- "ance should not be mistaken for "truth; narrow human doctrines, that "only tend to elate and magnify a few, "should not be substituted for a world "redeeming creed of Christ. There "is—I repeat it—a difference; and it "is a good and not a bad action to "mark broadly and clearly the line of "separation between them."

These ideas under Mr. Thackeray's pen assume the following shape:

"Shame! What is shame? Virtue "is very often shameful according to the "English social constitution, and shame "honourable. Truth, if yours happens "to differ from your neighbour's, provokes "your friend's coldness, your mother's "tears, the world's persecution. Love is "not to be dealt in, save under restrictions "which kill its sweet healthy free com- "merce. Sin in man is so light, that "scarce the fine of a penny is imposed; "while for woman it is so heavy, that no "repentance can wash it out. Ah! yes; "all stories are old. You proud matrons "in your May-fair markets, have you "never seen a virgin sold, or sold one? "Have you never heard of a poor way- "farer fallen among robbers, and not a "Pharisee to help him? Of a poor "woman fallen more sadly yet, abject in "repentance and tears, and a crowd to "stone her? I pace this broad Baden "walk as the sunset is gilding the hills "round about, as the orchestra blows its "merry tunes, as the happy children "laugh and sport in the alleys, as the "lamps of the gambling palace are lighted "up, as the throngs of pleasure-hunters "stroll, and smoke, and flirt, and hum: "and wonder sometimes, is it the sinners "who are the most sinful? Is it poor "Prodigal yonder amongst the bad com- "pany, calling black and red and tossing "the champagne; or brother Straightlace "that grudges his repentance? Is it "downcast Hagar that slinks away with "poor little Ishmael in her hand; or "bitter old virtuous Sarah, who scowls at "her from my demure Lord Abraham's "arm?"

And here it may not be out of place to point out a few particulars in which we conceive Currer Bell and Thackeray to agree and to disagree. Both satirize existing features of society; but Currer Bell, by describing what is not; Thackeray, by describing what is; the former by eliciting moral heroism from the depths of a nature apparently ordinary; the latter by divesting of heroism characters which might pass for heroic; the former by giving reins to an aspiration after plain unvarnished and inner truth of human action, which betrays her into exaggerations; the latter by coldly saying, "there is high life for you, such as it is; pick out the good and steer clear of the evil, if you can;"—a spirit which occasionally leads him in spite of his benevolence and artistic impartiality beyond the boundaries of irony and satire into indiscriminate cynicism.

We are told, for instance, that Hobson and Brian Newcome, so long as their mother, the old bankeress, was alive, contrived to sow their wild oats under the rose, in spite of her puritanical jealousy, but that when the old lady was gone, Mr. Hobson had no need any more of disguise, but took his pleasure. Fighting, tandems, four-in-hand, anything. All very proper. "But," proceeds our author, "do not "let us be too angry with Colonel "Newcome's two *most respectable* bro- "thers, if for some years they neglected "their Indian relative, or held him in "slight esteem. Their mother never "pardoned him, or at least by any "actual words admitted his restoration "to favour. For many years, as far "as they knew, poor Tom was *an un-*

"*repentant prodigal, wallowing in bad* "*company*, and cut off from all respec- "table sympathy."

Coupling this with the fact of their own wild oats, the irony is sufficiently fair.

Thackeray continues his ironical defence. "Their father had never "had courage to acquaint them with "his more true and charitable version "of Tom's story. So he passed at "home for no better than a black "sheep."

In short, they turned the small end of the glass to their own, the large end to their brother's sins. "His "marriage with a penniless young lady "did not tend to raise him in the "esteem of his relatives at Clapham. "It was not until he was a widower, "until he had been mentioned several "times in the gazette for distinguished "military service, until they began to "speak very well of him in Leadenhall "Street, where the representatives of "Hobson Brothers were, of course, "East India proprietors, and until he "remitted considerable sums of money "to England, that the bankers, his "brethren, began to be reconciled to "him."

So far, this is all in the vein of impartiality, so peculiar to Thackeray; for, although the defence is to a great extent ironical, it is clear that he himself is ready to make some allowance for the circumstances. But unfortunately he does not stop there. His hand begins to shake a little, and his two-edged probe to cut both ways —as much in a wrong as in a right direction. "I say," he continues, waxing more cold and cynical as he warms with his subject, "do not let "us be hard upon the brothers. No "people are so ready to give a man a "bad name as his own kinsfolk; and, "having made him that present, they "are ever most unwilling to take it "back again. If they give him no- "thing else in the days of his difficulty, "he may be sure of their pity, and "that he is held up as an example to "his young cousins to avoid. If he "loses his money, they call him poor "fellow, and point morals out of him. "If he falls among thieves, the re- "spectable Pharisees of his race turn "their heads aside and leave him "penniless and bleeding. They clap "him on the back kindly enough when "he returns, after shipwreck, with "money in his pocket. How naturally "Joseph's brothers made salaams to "him, and admired him, and did him "honour, when they found the poor "outcast a Prime Minister, and worth "ever so much money, *Surely human* "*nature is not much altered* since the "days of those primeval Jews. We "would not thrust brother Joseph "down a well and sell him bodily, but "—but if he has scrambled out of a "*well of his own digging*, and got out "of his early bondage into renown "and credit, at least we applaud him "and respect him, and are proud of "Joseph as a member of the family."

All this is too indiscriminate, and when applied to *human nature at large* savours of vulgar misanthropy. That relations should be unable to repress feelings of vexation at the sight of their own flesh and blood digging pits of private and family scandal, is surely not so very reprehensible. Nay, that their vexation should be greater in proportion to the proximity of the ties, would seem, indeed, to be the legitimate result of greater affection in the beginning. In high life, ties of blood are (God knows) often slender enough, but not so universally so, after all, judging by the prevalent outcry against nepotism. It is necessary to the well-being of society that black sheep should meet their deserts. But then comes the evil of the law—that the punishment is often altogether arbitrary, and that it so often falls on the wrong person. Over this Mr. Thackeray may well draw the edge of his razor. On the other hand, what would become of society,

if the plan were reversed—if all men went mad after black sheep; if white sheep were as carefully tabooed; if to be in debt, to gamble and to drink and cockfight, drive tandem, seduce, be hail fellow well met, what if all this should become the gauge of excellence?

Mr. Thackeray may be the last man to defend such a state of things. Were it the rule, instead of the exception, we verily believe such is the temper of his mind, his love of liberty, his hatred of tyranny, assumption, extremes, absurdities, and usurpations of all kinds, that he would attack the tyranny of license as he now assails the tyranny of convention. But if it be not—and it is not the rule, neither are the cases set forth by Mr. Thackeray by any means the rule,—it behoves him the more to guard against leaving impressions on the minds of his readers which mar the good he would otherwise produce. The impression he too often leaves is that all respectability is a deception—the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual wickedness. "Why "should we care for it, then; let us "live and choose for our friends the "'good fellows' of life. Let us seek "for heart. Intellect, industry, you "see—self-command, the energy and "thrift of Barnes, what are they, to "the noble and irregular instincts of "Clive? 'Gad, ma'am, 'boys will be "boys,' and Barnes, who was never a "boy, never was a man. He lived to "die a villain; whereas Clive was a "happy man, after all." This, then, is one fault that we venture to find with Mr. Thackeray: that he draws the balance *too much* in favour of mere feeling and impulse.

Another fault we may be excused for pointing out before we proceed to close this article with the more agreeable and congenial task of dwelling on some of the excellencies by which, in our opinion, the author of "The Newcomes" is pre-eminently distinguished as a writer of fiction. We have said that he seldom croaks; he is too much a man of the world—he is too well schooled in the different sides of social pictures to take things otherwise than coolly and philosophically. But he cannot, we think, be exonerated from moralizing to an undue extent. It would seem as if it were the result of the impatience of a writer not caring to be at the trouble of dramatizing his sermon. Thackeray seems to cling to his moral reflections as tenaciously as Walter Scott did to his descriptions. Both are exquisite of their kind, and the reflections infinitely more interesting than the descriptions. But where a writer has unequalled powers of putting men in action, his fame as a novelist will be just in proportion as he himself consents to retire from the scene.

It is urged against Thackeray and Currer Bell, that, in different ways, they both covertly undermine principle, to give unlimited license to feeling. But what is principle? Principle, to me, is feeling regulated; to you, feeling suppressed. And yet life, after all, is but feeling—feeling of some kind or another—from the cradle to the grave! If you unduly fetter and cramp it, you are answerable for one of three things: its corruption and degeneracy, or its violent explosion, to the detriment of bystanders; or else its decay and death. "All is not gold that "glitters." All is not respectability that bears the name. There is real and genuine respectability; and there is its figment and phantom to terrify the weak, to grieve the good, and to amuse the bad. We execrate practical jokers, who trifle with the fears of the unsuspecting, and ought we to defend the infinitely greater mischief of those who tamper with the tenderness of their neighbours, either because they are too supine to distinguish between virtue and vice, or because they make their own standard that of the world; or finally, because

they cannot or will not separate the rule from the paramount reason? Men are not made for rules, but rules are made for men. We are not to be happy for the good pleasure of society, but society is for the "good pleasure" and best happiness of man. If not, oh that we had wings, and might fly to the desert! Why should we not all have as much, instead of as little, happiness as we may? And if my neighbour's views or character are deficient, and he ruthlessly interferes with and poisons my happiness, shall I not murmur? No doubt he who would get on without any rules at all, might as well contend against maps, triangles, compasses, and in short, the whole fabric of civilization. But, on the other hand, who could maintain that a map is a substitute for a landscape, or that to love a sunset is the feeling of a madman, because sunsets are not found in maps? If nobody ever went beyond the tether of a rule, we should all stand still, and the state of the world be stereotyped in imperfection. Ore implies dross; refining, refuse; labour, some degree of waste: but so long as there is a healthy preponderance of gold, refinement, and effort after excellence, so long may we be well satisfied that we are not at a stand-still. It is not that we should relax the code of discipline and framework of society for the comfort of one or more individuals, but that by an enlightened study of the reason we should raise the spirit of the rules by suitable improvements, or by an enlarged and liberal interpretation. Has not the whole current of our national progress been against unjust and illiberal restrictions, founded, not in the nature of things, but in the intolerance of men? And so within the bosom of society, the sooner we get rid of the hateful priestcraft and druidism of a spurious respectability the better, and the greater praise to those who lend their talents to the task.

In conclusion, what is the moral and purpose to be derived from the writings before us? To be what we are, to say what we think, and daily to strive that what is best shall please us more and more: such are the lessons which Mr. Thackeray's writings seem calculated to convey.

And yet, if we do so, shall we be happy?

Alas! the world is in embryo still, a chaos of paradox and repugnancy. You must not only be humble—you must seem so; you must not only be loving, sincere, unselfish, you must appear to be unselfish, loving, and sincere. What follows? Let me but "seem," then, "to be," shall take its chance. Why should I rack my brain for the essence, when the appearance is so short a cut to comfort? Why court the simple eloquence of truth, when meretricious affectation and fine talking, which is pleasing intoxication to myself, and dust in the eyes of my audience, will serve every rational purpose? And if I cannot say from my heart, "Glory to God in the high-" est, and on earth peace, goodwill to-" wards men," how easy it is to say it with my lips, by aping the shibboleth of party.

Ah, reader, have you any experience, and have you not discovered how *to seem* is as everything, *to be*, as nothing? Do not half the people in the world act as though they thought that to seem happy is far more important than to be so?—to seem pious even greater than to be good?

But courage! Truth is in the nature of things, as sparks fly upwards, as the drops fall down. Men do not love evil and shamming for evil and shamming's sake. Who would compass by foul means what he can by fair? Do we not all run riot after seeming goods? Wherein we pursue goods, we *are good;* wherein they are but seeming goods, it is our ignorance. Let us but overcome that ignorance, and so let us more and more leave the tinsel and burrow for the gold, detest affectation and cling to the truth, eschew the shadow and clasp the reality.

CARLYLE.*

Chap. III.

Another Look at "The Lamp for the Old Years."

TOWARDS the end of my last chapter I insisted on the necessity of understanding the Past time before passing sentence on it, and that the only way to do so effectually was to migrate thither in spirit, and follow the men as they lived and worked, see as they saw, and feel as they felt, and, above all, seek affectionately through all difficulties and contradictions, for the good inherent in them, as for the very heart and substance and inspiring power of either man or work; and I gave a few examples of what Carlyle, thus looking, had seen, and thus seeking, had found in his special province of history the last two centuries; how he had taught us to form a braver, truer, and far happier judgment than the common one, of such men as Voltaire, Byron, Goethe, and other men of the time who left their mark behind them. I now wish the reader to acknowledge that this method of Carlyle's is but the due following of "Might is Right" as the universal law, and to accept it as true of all history; of the history of all Action no less than of Opinion, through all the strange, eventful fortunes of men and nations hitherto. Let him acknowledge that all thought which has had a lasting influence on Belief, has had along with its error, a measure of truth or Divine Might exactly proportionate to its actual effect: that all work, likewise, that has stood the test of time, and all relations of authority amongst men, which have been in anywise permanent, must have been then and there rightful in the main. Is permanence, then, the test of worth in work, and in a world where nothing is permanent? Yes! it is a very helpful test, though it requires, no less than any other, a wise mind to apply it. For does a thing last among men, maintaining itself against all enemies? Then it is a sign that many men are at least reconciled to it, do suffer it to remain, tacitly approving of it; that experience satisfies it; that in short it must have or have had some solid foundation, some alliance with real fact, which means justice and truth. It must be a good thing, and not a bad thing. This is true; and yet let any Order show in the strivings of its birth or the plenitude of its power, or the decay of its age, any symptoms of oppression or other vice, which man, "drest in a little brief authority," is at all times apt to yield to, and the modern Leveller will condemn it as an unjustifiable tyranny from the beginning! Thus, have we not seen in America, that "land of Anarchy *plus* the Street-"constable!" a rebellion against the primeval law of the subjection of women to men, which Fact has justified all over the world for six thousand years and upwards?—a rebellion which one may prophesy will be temporary only. And if this be so of an authority, the form of which is of necessity perpetual, and therefore present as well as past, and of the most simple natural kind, it is no wonder that condemnation is hurled far and wide with the utmost assurance against systems of authority now past and gone, which

* The Editions I refer to are, "The Miscellanies," third Edition; "Past and Present," second Edition; "Sartor," third Edition; "Cromwell," third Edition; "French Revolution," third Edition; and of other works the first Edition.

we cannot so easily see the good of, now that their virtue is all diverted into other channels, and their names are labelled with the vices that produced their downfal. The old dog is hanged, and *has* a bad name, and now he only scents the gale. Nevertheless, could the old dog's history be truly known, we should most likely find that once he was a useful servant to men, obedient to them, victorious for them; and most surely these old authorities and institutions did once sustain themselves by the might of their usefulness, which was their present rightfulness, and by that only, and were by no means mere stupid legalized tyranny. The compulsion we abhor in them was for the most part only a martial law, very needful for martial times, all society being "in a state of surge," as our French neighbours call it; and the relation between men so created and preserved was in the main a just one.* Thus, as Carlyle has shown, the Feudal Barons were in their day the right rulers of England; the Pope at Rome was the right ruler of Christendom; the white Englishman was, nay is, the proper master of the Jamaica negro. The title of their authority was Might, but it was a good and true title, a God-given one: the injustice of their practice was but weakness, and in time their ruin. For by the self-same law, what is unjust cannot last. Feudal Serfdom had to go; Roman Papacy had to go; Black Slavery had to go, men enduring their wrongfulness no longer; and alas! in the hurry and rage of the change, much good went with them for the time. Each of these institutions carried with it order, organization, and left but a sorry substitute in its room. There is a penalty on Injustice! Might is Right still.

These are but three examples; an infinite number remains behind. Carlyle always accepts both voices of the Past, the condemning as well as the approving; the rising and the setting sun; the summer and the winter of all human things.

It is important to insist upon the Law of "Might is Right" applying to many acts that at first sight seem acts of brute force only. Violence! it is a word full of painful significance; and one must admit that history abounds in examples of violence which were simply crimes. Nevertheless, we ought to know that the Eden-gift of physical strength is a right noble one, given to man to do his master service; that there is a true Right residing in the Might of it. Does Robert Burns do wrong with his plough to the "wee "modest, crimson-tipped flower" or the "brown, timorous Beastie?" Or does London, being carnivorous, commit thereby a thousand daily crimes? The ploughman's trade and the butcher's are, I think, both lawful and manly. These examples are beyond all gainsaying; but violence to men? This too is surely often a duty, and, rightfully performed, belongs to the true heroic class of human deeds, is sometimes truly sublime. Because it then implies a stern conquest of self, not of self-centred passions, but of the first impulses of noble, brotherly affections; because reverence for God and His laws claiming preference to regard for men, has then to manifest itself in visible and terrible action. Such is Penal Justice, a perpetual necessity for men and nations. To forward it, to honour it when done, is the duty of all; Nature herself teaching this, as by faithful instinct even the child reveres his father's sword, and the maiden heart ever loves the soldier: but to execute it—this is emphatically

* Since this series of articles has begun, Mr. Froude's History of England has appeared; it abounds in practical illustration of all that I have said or have to say concerning Carlyle's principles of historic decision. Carlyle is the true godfather to that excellent book.

the duty of Men, true and strong and brave. This is a very old truth, but modern philanthropism would fain deny it, and Exeter Hall, not content with thinking Penal Justice a sorrowful, would persuade us that it is a degrading, work. But Carlyle despises such effeminate philosophy, which would make the Past as gloomy as it makes the Present feeble. He will honour Penal Justice, whensoever it has been done, and moreover, (what is for our present purpose more important,) *howsoever* done; whether with solemn order, or fiercely, savagely, even with much accompanying crime. For he will always judge according to the substance, and not by mere external incidents. And as the everlasting essence of Penal Justice is War, so in every society its primary form has been open War—War with its savagery and misery and wastefulness, and thousandfold individual injustice, which, if we condemn utterly, we do very foolishly. Looking at it in a broad and manful way, as Carlyle has done, not losing our nerve at the sight of human suffering, or our judgment in intemperate indignation for wrong, we may say that war was a necessary means to win that beautiful result now visible in all European Societies, pre-eminently in England; visible, and yet so seldom thoughtfully noticed—Peace in our streets. Warfare there still remains, even in England, but now a better warfare; temperate and just, orderly, solemn, and beautiful in the sight of men, drawing to the side of right all good men, and finding every year fewer and worse, (who are also weaker) adversaries; so that instead of lawless revenge by private club and dagger, we have a Code of Law, Courts of Justice, and just judges; instead of a fierce, greedy soldiery, a few civil persons in blue; (brave warriors none the less!) instead of headlong massacre or torture at the stake, an "improved drop" at Newgate, with a chaplain in attendance.

What a progress! What a miserable faith to conceive that this result has been won by chance, or worse, is the upshot of mere contending evils! "Might is Right" saves us from such a doleful misbelief, and points out the truth that the continuous fighting of those old Feudal Barons did at heart mean this, "Let there be Justice; let "there be war against the unjust man!" A right worthy maxim for men in all times and places. I am not aware that any modern writer, except Carlyle, has insisted upon this, as the very key to the history of that and other fighting times. I am sure that none will do justice to the terrible as well as the happier labours of the past, unless he begin by believing that wherever an enduring good has been produced, good men and good deeds have had the making of it. The application of this principle to National History, has a much wider field than that which we should call Criminal Justice. For let it be duly considered, that robbery and murder are not the only punishable crimes, though the mechanism of human law chiefly touches these, but all social vices, all violation and neglect of public duty, especially that of strict truthfulness and faithful activity, are punishable, and are inevitably punished; and that this is the true significance of all great Revolutions. As enduring facts, these Revolutions first justify themselves; on closer inspection, they prove to be acts of Justice. At first lawless, terrible, rudely yet undoubtedly penal, afterwards they develope into order new forms of social combination, and in their season bring forth good works of men. Thus was ushered in a Roman Republic, a Roman Empire, a British Constitution, and many other notable national conditions. Such also was the French Revolution, the frightful incidents of which are yet all too pre-eminent in our memory; its ultimate results are still unknown to us; but thus much, as Carlyle has shown,

is certain, that it was a penalty upon the misrule and neglect of long years, the death-doom of institutions whose work was done. It, too, was in the main just. Sixty years is too short a distance to give us the right view of this mighty movement as a whole; and we are too apt to judge of it by details, such as the September Massacres: and even of these we judge too harshly, by not considering sufficiently that eternal mystery of human fellowship, whereby the children are visited with the sins of their fathers, and each has to bear his brother's burden, as well as share in his blessings; and by forgetting that when masses of men are striving together for life and death, discriminating justice is impossible. That the Septemberers did a most brutal, cowardly, and wicked deed, is a conclusion which none can miss, and which Carlyle in nowise questions; on the contrary he directly affirms it: but he insists on the other hand, that an approximation to due retributive justice is practicable only under the sanction of custom and the security of order, and that the Septemberers had none such to guide or restrain them: they were the untaught and much-wronged mob of the St. Antoine; they knew only that they had enemies, and that those enemies were in their power; if they destroyed them, did they not, even in that mad hour, extemporise "a tri-"bunal of wild-justice?" I cannot condemn Carlyle for dwelling upon this, as many have done—even his friend Sterling—far otherwise; it is to me one more emphatic proof of his god-like strength and candour of judgment, which can grasp the most tremendous movements of conflicting good and evil, and do justice to all. Weaker minds act in some sort like the Septemberers: in their fear they massacre whole multitudes of the past.

The conduct of all Revolutionists must be judged in the same large way, those of modern times not excepted. Carlyle also fearlessly applies the principle of "Might is Right" to the case of National Conquest: surely a dark subject in these days. The Mechanical Morality which so paralyzes faith, thought, and action, and the selfish tyrannous cowardice, which would make the whole world work in chains, for fear of mischief, here as elsewhere are all too predominant, preventing us from knowing the truth of National Duty, and making that great province of the Past, called International History, a barren waste for us, the record of mere crime and misery. But it is a false and narrow notion, this modern one, that Nations have no concern with one another, except that of passing the commercial money-bag in the most convenient way: they are a Brotherhood of men founded upon Justice, wherein the element of crime, and with it the element of punishment, cannot be wanting. Punishment, and as with individuals, not only for the palpable wrongs of external violence, but for national evil of every kind—most surely for evil not-doing as well as for evil-doing. Nay, further, to those who look upon the wide world with its glorious resources as given to mankind to make the most of it, and who know that mankind ought to make the most of it, that each nation owes to itself and to others a quite infinite duty, a right of Conquest immediately discloses itself. Happy indeed for that Society, which has made for itself a Law; where the warfare and the conquest are of a quiet regulated kind, where Justice can be done by formal judgment, and from day to day, not in bloody assizes once a century; where each man and each company of men are appointed to their proper place and work by lawful authority, and there protected. But what if there be no law? For one thing there will be much unhappiness; perpetual warning by terror and sorrow to haste and make a law; but meanwhile the unwritten Divine Law of Justice does

most surely exist, most surely through all confusions it shall work, and shall ever choose for its instrument the supreme might of men; failing the sceptre for its minister, it shall choose the sword. It is a painful, but withal a glorious truth, that Nations have hitherto been managed by Sword Law. As yet there has been no International Law worthy of the name; the Papal supremacy in the medieval times and the Press in our own, are the nearest approximations to it, but provisional merely, and very arbitrary and ineffectual: after many centuries, a few commercial rules, and a few fighting laws, "rules of the ring," have got established, and that is all. So that if on the one hand War has been a constant crime, most wasteful and miserable (as I most fully admit, but cannot here enlarge upon), it has no less been a constant duty. If we would understand History we must acknowledge this, and remember too the cruel temptations, difficulties, necessities of warfare: we shall then form a judgment of the old warrior-ages and warrior-nations very different from the sweeping condemnations which modern philanthropy pronounces, as it sits in its comfortable cathedra, which was once won by the sword, and is still hedged round visibly or invisibly with protecting bayonets. In all seriousness I would say that the savage who thought it all right that nation should war against nation, is nearer the truth than we who think it all wrong. The world is *not* a prison, all its inhabitants felons, and its history a mere Newgate Calendar: far otherwise! Justice must always carry a sword in its right hand; and this Exeter Hall Theory is in truth an abnegation of Justice; neither is it so humane, as it thinks: it was once the faith of a Robespierre! And yet I will not altogether quarrel with the narrowness of modern theories, but only with the vain arrogance of them. As to the ancients was given a narrow but intense belief that they might execute their peculiar work of War, so to the most of us a limited vision is given that we may execute with singleness of mind our work of peaceful Industry. Enough, if we do that well; and let wiser men govern us in the present, wiser men interpret for us the fierce drama of the past; the wisest that can be found, for such are needed. The work of the true historian ranks in difficulty and glory among the very highest.

The *a priori* method is one way of attaining a right conclusion upon the 'thousand wars of old;' of still greater force is the retrospective one, that looks from the eminence of the present, over the road which has led hither. Think upon the Divine work of human progress which has been realized in the world, upon the fruit which 6000 years bear to-day; just think upon it, reader—and then ask yourself, "How has this come to pass?" War, you will find, you cannot help finding, has had a great hand in it. Conquest has been a mighty uniter of men, a great cultivator, a great preacher, everywhere a right arm of truth and knowledge and order; commerce of cotton and books is quite a modern contrivance, once impracticable, unknown. By Conquest were nations first formed, by conquest Empires have been built up; conquest has hitherto been a chief fact, a ruling influence in the history of mankind. And yet, we are told, this is altogether wrong, and the glories of human achievement have been the winnings of mere banditti robbery; Satan lording it over his heritage, directing the course of the world, and strangely, to a good end! Really such a theory is a libel upon God *and* the Devil! It is a mere mistake; it is incredible; a thinking man must not, dare not, believe it. If these conquests will not square with our formal notions of Justice, why, we had better see if we cannot enlarge our definition of justice, and make it agree more nearly to the law of the world; or better still, know

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Such thoughts as these are perpetual in Carlyle's writings, he has enforced them very grandly in some chapters of the tractate called 'Chartism,' a book now out of print, but which, it is to be hoped, will not long continue so, for it is one of the wisest and most instructive that he has written. I extract two passages:

"M. Thierry has written an ingenious book, celebrating, with considerable pathos, the fate of the Saxons fallen under that fierce-hearted Conquistator, Acquirer or Conqueror, as he is named. M. Thierry professes to have a turn for looking at that side of things; the fate of the Welsh too moves him; of the Celts generally, whom a fierce race swept before them into the mountainous nooks of the West, whither they were not worth following. Noble deeds, according to M. Thierry, were done by these unsuccessful men, heroic sufferings undergone; which it is a pious duty to rescue from forgetfulness. True, surely! A tear at least is due to the unhappy; it is right and fit that there should be a man to assert that lost cause too, and see what can still be made of it. Most right;—and yet, on the whole, taking matters on that great scale, what can we say, but that the cause which pleased the gods has, in the end, to please Cato also? Cato cannot alter it; Cato will find that he cannot at bottom wish to alter it. Might and Right do differ frightfully from hour to hour, but give them centuries to try it in, they are found to be identical. Whose land was this of Britain? God's, who made it, His, and no others, it was, and is. Who of God's creatures had right to live in it? The wolves and bisons? Yes they; till one with a better right showed itself. The Celt 'aboriginal savage of Europe,' as a snarling antiquarian names him, arrived, pretending to have a better right; and did, accordingly, not without pain to the bisons, make good the same. He had a better right to that piece of God's land; namely, a better might to turn it to use; a might to settle himself there, at least, and try what use he could turn it to. The bisons disappeared; the Celts took possession and tilled. For ever, was it to be? Alas, *For ever* is not a category that can establish itself in this world of Time. A world of Time is, by the very definition of it, a world of mortality and mutability, of Beginning and Ending. No property is eternal but God the Maker's; whom Heaven permits to take possession, his is the right; Heaven's sanction *is* such permission—while it lasts; nothing more can be said.—p. 73.

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"man, what is he, if we will consider? "The wise man; the man with the "gift of method, of faithfulness and "valour, all of which are the basis of "wisdom; who has insight into what "is what, into what will follow out of "what, the eye to see and the hand to "do; who is *fit* to administer, to direct, "and guidingly command; he is the "strong man. His muscles and bones "are no stronger than ours; but his "soul is stronger, his soul is wiser, "clearer,—is better and nobler; for "that is, has been, and ever will be, "the root of all clearness worthy of "such a name. Beautiful it is, and a "gleam from the same eternal polestar "visible amid the destinies of men, "that all talent, all intellect is in the "first place moral; what a world were "this otherwise!"—p. 38.

It will, I am sure, be manifest how much this law (or universal fact) of "Might is Right," faithfully considered, justifies and clears up in History; how it will emancipate the modern reader from the tyranny of likings and mislikings, rightly called prejudices, and require him to consider the facts of each case thoroughly; how it will help him to understand the rough doings of Goths and Romans and Moors, and the other grim conquerors, of whom the annals of every kingdom bear record. And to those men in old time he will thereby do justice. Remembering how, till the last few centuries, what a warring world this has been, I do not see how it is possible to escape the conclusion that the noblest nations have been the conquering nations, and that their leaders, must, despite all blemishes, be reckoned among the noblest and best men; Joshua, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Mahomet, our own William the Conqueror, and the rest. Nay, modern times shall not be altogether excluded. Robert Clive, for instance, founder of our Anglo-Indian Empire, what was he? It may be worth while to examine. What India was in the beginning of last century; and what India is now, most persons have some notion of. A country has been redeemed from the anarchy of decay, rendered comparatively a garden of order, and is now full rich in future promise. The result is accepted by the tacit consent of all sensible men. But can Truth account Clive "a just man?" Clive, it may well be thought, felt in that day, that the time was come when the fruitful land of Bengal and its many thousand inhabitants should be no longer misruled by a Surajah Dowlah, or by other plainly incompetent wicked men like him; felt deeply, very deeply, even if unconsciously, that his wise and strong countrymen, the English, ought to have it for theirs; felt what a Joshua or an Oliver Cromwell would have expressed in the words, The Lord has delivered it into our hands. Now, under these circumstances, with the goal clearly in view, Clive is in too great a hurry to arrive there, and meanwhile thinks that all is fair against lying Hindoos, and so he hatches a secret conspiracy, forges a treaty, and employs other scandalous artifices, of which Macaulay tells us; finally, he conquers gloriously on the plain of Plassey. Shall we call this man a mere liar and unjust robber? By no means. These lies and base trickeries were all avenged upon him and us; as Macaulay rising into high truth, emphatically says, they really hindered our success; and for Clive himself, while we condemn these crimes, let us say that he was nevertheless a wise, brave, and just man, who, in the main, saw God's will concerning India, and did it.—Again, almost as I write, the kingdom of Oude is being annexed to our Indian possessions. Is this too just? The *Times* and the English public seem to think it is; but is it because the Nabob broke his written word given fifty years ago? Such an answer will satisfy no one. Dimly, yet certainly (as is our English fashion), it is here felt, that the Right is our Might. We *can* govern the

people of Oude as they should be governed, and we ought! We are called to do it.

It is easy to understand how such a principle as "Might is Right," applied to individual and National conduct, must sound to many most unjust, most immoral: and it must be admitted that it always has been, and will always be, very liable to abuse,—as, indeed, God's gifts always are; and the highest faculties and truths the most of all. Yet, fairly judged, it is but an extension of Law and Duty to include all the fiercer efforts and convulsions of Life; an assertion, that in the strangest fiery confusion, as well as in the known and quiet and beaten road, there abides the presence of Divine Law and Human Duty. The negative commands of the Decalogue are good, their plain meaning sufficient for the daily life of the Israelites or English citizens; but for an invasion of Canaan, an invasion of India? and yet these too shall be lawful and right. And the practical danger of accepting, at Carlyle's teaching, a principle of action and judgment superior to all codes of law, and even all spoken systems of morality, reduces itself to its proper limits, if we take into account that Carlyle, on the other hand, perpetually insists upon the claims of human law, its sacredness, its true divine authority; again and again affirming, that walking in the beaten path, patient obedience to constituted authority, thorough performance of proximate and common duties, is what is appointed to almost all men at all times; and that the right fulfilment of these is the only qualification to understand and accomplish other loftier, wider enterprises, which will, from time to time, reveal themselves as needful to be attempted. At the present moment, Carlyle's counsel to England is more than any man's, an exhortation to do home duties; and his counsel to every Englishman is to begin by reforming himself. I mention this, in order to anticipate natural objections: but if England be for the present condemned for its evil deserts to those minor tasks, and yet be saved from the terrible necessity of attempting mighty ones, while unfit for them, (as France was at the end of last century); narrow notions of duty cannot explain the grand epic homicidal Past. That had to be transacted by men single-minded in their fierce purpose; it can be judged truly only by men as brave as they, and wiser than they. "Tea-table Morality" has there no place; at best it is fit only for modern tea-tables, there to keep comfortable and decorous routine; and thus let us allow it performs a useful function. It is wholly unfit to deal with the great men and great things of the earth, because it cannot understand how closely divine deeds and the worst crimes approach one another in outward aspect. At tea-tables, the taking away of life is murder; the seizing of goods is stealing; the notion of order is, that matters should be quite comfortable to all parties. The Execution of Charles, the assumption of supreme power by Oliver Cromwell, are mere lawless horrors; cover your eyes and shriek! But Carlyle can face these horrors, because he is a true man. With a daring so peculiarly his own, that I call him "bravest of the brave" in literature, he loves to ponder over the wondrous phenomena which attend great men in epochs of change; loves to contemplate the path of these children of might as of a flaming sword; and above all, when the hero, asserting his God-given right, has not only to break through the trammels of routine, but with steeled heart goes forth to fight and to conquer rebellious men. Oliver is a man whom he delights to honour, let pedantry, maudlin philanthropy, Tea-table Morality, and coward minds say what they will. And thus he writes touching Oliver's self-election to the throne of England. "Power? Love "of power! Does 'power' mean the "faculty of giving places, of having

" newspaper paragraphs, of being wait-
" ed on by sycophants? To ride in gilt
" coaches, escorted by the flunkeyisms
" and most sweet voices—I assure thee
" it is not the Heaven of all, but only of
" many! Some born Kings I myself
" have known, of stout natural limbs,
" who in shoes of moderately good fit,
" found *walking* handier; and crowned
" themselves, almost too sufficiently,
" by putting on their own private hat,
" with some spoken or speechless, 'God
" 'enable me to be King of what lies
" 'under this! For Eternities lie un-
" 'der it, and Infinitudes, and Heaven
" 'also and Hell. And it is as big as the
" 'Universe this Kingdom; and I am
" 'to conquer it, or be for ever con-
" 'quered by it, now while it is called
" 'To-day!'"—The love of 'power,' if
" thou understand what to the manful
" heart 'power' signifies, is a very noble
" and indispensable love. And here
" and there, in the outer world too,
" there is a due throne for the noble
" man:—which let him see well that he
" seize, and valiantly defend against all
" men and things. God gives it him;
" let no Devil take it away. Thou also
" art called by the God's-message.
" This, if thou canst read the Heavenly
" omens, and dare do them, this work is
" *thine*. Voiceless, or with no articu-
" late voice, occasion, godsent, rushes
" storming on, amid the world's events;
" swift, perilous; like a whirlwind,
" like a fleet-lightning steed: manfully
" shalt thou clutch it by the mane, and
" vault into thy seat on it, and ride
" and guide there, thou! Wreck and
" ignominious overthrow, if thou have
" dared when the Occasion was *not*
" thine; everlasting scorn to thee if
" thou dare not when it is;—if the
" cackling of Roman geese and Consti-
" tutional Ganders, if the clack of hu-
" man tongues and leading articles, if
" the steel of armies, and the crack of
" Doom deter thee, when the voice *was*
" God's! Yes, this too is in the law for
" a man, my poor quack-ridden, be-
" wildered, Constitutional friends; and
" we ought to remember this withal,
" *Thou shalt* is written upon Life in
" characters as terrible as *Thou shalt*
" *not*,—though poor Dryasdust reads
" almost nothing but the latter hith-
" erto."—*Cromwell*, iii. 312.

Thou shalt! Every man casting one earnest glance upon his own private past feels this to be true. Bitterer, more overwhelming far than the remembrance of any sins, is the remembrance of that one great sin of Not-doing. The gift of Life has been his; what might he not have done with it? and what *has* he done? Looking forward too, it is, "Thou shalt," that fills the view; an *infinite* Duty. Something, however, all men have done; and some have done great things, though even these have often an ugly wrappage. Look through the wrappage even as Carlyle commands! Then old History beams cheerful again; our ancestors grim with battle-stains though they be, smile graciously, gloriously on us their timid grand-children; and, lo! the Time-Spirit is no longer a deadly Juggernaut, performing its frightful annual journey, but a car of triumph for men past and to come: perhaps in a corner of it some of us may be permitted to ride! In short, is there not in this teaching of Carlyle's a gospel of good news to our sceptic despondent age? A gospel of good news—for once more, a man living amongst us is heard to affirm, that God *is* King of the earth, and rides in the wild whirlwind of human deeds, as well as whispers in the still small voice of the secret Conscience, so that the Past is but a Psalm of Praise; and our glorious world is no longer a dead Machine, but an arena of infinite duty, where every force is consecrated, every sin meets its authentic retribution; as of old, the seat of Divine judgments; an awful world; for ever beset with mystery, resplendent with infinite majesty and terror.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Carlyle, with his "Might is Right," has an eye only to the catastrophes of

History, to the convulsive efforts and flaming victories of men, earthquakes as it were, raising up mountains, and swallowing up whole cities; though, undoubtedly, he has chiefly singled out these for study, because they most require expounding. People are apt to think Carlyle a sort of Ballad-singer come again, chaunting (in prose) the exploits of a few favourite Heroes, and the discomfiture of their enemies, just because he is great in this way. But he is not the vulgar lover of noisy gunpowder Percies they take him for. For who can consider the Life of Man, still more the Life of a Nation, and fancy that either is a grand firework display—a few fine single rockets, and the rest utter darkness and nothingness? Certainly Carlyle cannot. For along with that loud, blaring doctrine of "Might is Right," he has another, which he calls (when in the nomenclating mood) "The Divine Empire of "Silence." The Divine Empire of Silence, a mystical title! nevertheless a reality, and the highest reality; the infinite, divine, and everlasting Mystery of all things, and especially of Man.

To begin with, Life is no firework display; but a long, long struggle, demanding the energies of the whole man; not lightning resolve only, and death-defying valour, and brilliant noisy qualities; but far more the *silent* qualities, patient abiding purpose, calm strength, and all manner of quiet endurance, quiet endeavour, which leave record of themselves chiefly, often entirely, in their effects. Victory is indeed appointed to good men, but seldom such as the world can shout for in the hero's ears; seldom even such as the good man can himself see (has he not to live by faith?); and always it must be won by Suffering:

> Suffering which is permanent, obscure, and dark,
> And has the nature of infinity.

And so Carlyle reckons adversity no evil; it is, he says, the element of human life; a training in the stern reality of things, which compels a man to be sincere, and urges him to work sincerely; a training, which to the wise and strong, brings new wisdom and new strength. Oliver hemmed in at Dunbar, "upon an entanglement very "difficult;" Oliver toil-worn with the thousand nameless anxieties of governing; Richter writing cheerily in his kitchen, "amid the hissing of frying-pans;" Samuel Johnson in his garret: Carlyle dwells upon these, and others in like circumstances, with the heartiest and most affectionate sympathy; for he knows that difficulty and sorrow are good for man. It is the deep feeling for this truth that forms one element of that pathetic power, in which Carlyle is without a rival in the prose of historic literature; and one of many things that win for him the trustfulness of the reader, as for one whose Faith has bravely faced the dark side of existence, and has come forth the purer and the stronger for the trial. Still more profoundly touching is his sympathy with those who have to strive, not against poverty only, and the ills of the flesh, but against spiritual darkness and error, and who may not utterly win. His estimate of Johnson in this respect is a very beautiful example, inspired with a graciousness which seems quite divine; so gracious is it, and yet so just.

Nor is Carlyle so unjust to men as to conceive that in any conflict, the Good is all arrayed on one side, and the Evil on the other; witness his judgment of Montrose the Cavalier, the faithful Swiss Guards at the Tuilleries, the valiant Count de Bouilli, and a hundred others. To the vanquished he does justice, as to the victors. The conflict, he says, is always one of Mights and Rights, and whatever may seem the issue, every Might, every Right, is fully accomplished. Accomplished very often silently, slowly, mysteriously, but inevitably; and it is because Carlyle knows the

assuredness, that he can penetrate the mystery deeper than others, and can make the silent speak. That union of might and right, which, when we first heard it, sounded the loudest and most immoral of paradoxes, now proves a most useful truth, when we watch Might trudging along through long years and centuries; just as the sun might scorch all things into tinder, if brought within a stone's throw of the earth, but at its proper distance is the source of light and life and beauty. And it is thus that Carlyle can reveal new cause for cheerful faith in many a comfortless-looking page of history, where the defeat of the good man seems utter at the first sight, or that which seems useless or entirely evil still obstinately lingers on.

Wallace was a beaten man, and died a cruel death on Tower Hill, but his valour in due time made Scotland, if not an Independent Kingdom, still a free kingdom. Johnson was a beaten man; his Toryism and Church-and-State have fallen or are falling, for it is high time for them to go; but his loyalty has served to keep alive and fruitful the remnant of their ancient virtue, until a better shall come. The Pope too is a beaten man, for Luther defeated him three centuries ago; but he is not yet quite worthless, for when he is he will die altogether. And always the man or creed sick unto death are of some good to the last, if it is only the good of calling forth pity and helpfulness; and even though the helpfulness resemble the charitable office of the Hindoo, who takes his dying relative to the banks of the sacred river, and chokes his mouth with a handful of the sacred mud. Herein Carlyle, as usual, is just to the men of old, because he reaches the secret heart of other times than his own; so different in this from modern Eclecticism, which can admire only its own handsome face, and from shallow modern Radicalism, which condemns the whole Past at a single blow. Of which here is another signal instance: He has just been relating how "old Anselm, exiled Archbishop "of Canterbury," was believed in by the people; "how by phantasy and true "insight they had the intensest convic- "tion, that God's blessing dwelt in this "Anselm;" and he continues: "This "quarrel of Rufus and Anselm, of "Henry and Becket, is not uninstruc- "tive to us. It was at bottom a great "quarrel. For admitting that Anselm "was full of divine blessing, he by no "means included in him all forms of "divine blessing; there were far other "forms withal which he little dreamed "of, and William Redbeard was un- "consciously the representative and "spokesman of these. In truth, could "your divine Anselm, your divine Pope "Gregory, have had their way, the "results had been very notable. Our "Western World had all become a "European Thibet, with one Grand "Lama sitting at Rome; our one ho- "nourable business, that of singing "mass all day and all night. Which "would not in the least have suited "us! The Supreme Powers willed it "not so. It was as if King Redbeard, "unconsciously addressing Anselm, "Becket, and the others, had said: "'Right Reverend, your Theory of "'the Universe is indisputable by man "'or devil. To the core of our heart "'we feel that this divine thing, which "'you call Mother Church, does fill the "'whole world, hitherto known, and "'is and shall be all our salvation and "'all our desire. And yet—and yet "'—Behold! though it be an unspoken "'secret, the world is *wider* than any "'of us think, Right Reverend! Be- "'hold, there are yet other unmea- "'surable Sacrednesses in this that you "'call Heathenism, Secularity! On "'the whole, I, in an obscure but most "'rooted manner, feel that I cannot "'comply with you. Western Thibet "'and perpetual mass-chanting—No. "'I am, so to speak, in the family-way; "'with child, of I know not what,— "'certainly of something far different

"'from this! I have—*per os Dei* I have "'Manchester Cotton-trades, Brom- "'wicham Iron-Trades, American "'Commonwealths, Indian Empires, "'Steam-Mechanisms, and Shake- "'speare Dramas in my belly, and can- "'not do it, Right Reverend!' So ac- "cordingly it was decided, and Saxon "Becket spilt his life in Canterbury "Cathedral as Scottish Wallace did on "Tower Hill; and as generally a no- "ble man and martyr has to do,—not "for nothing, no, but for a divine some- "thing, other than he had altogether "calculated."—*Past and Present*, p. 332.

There is rough humour in this; but surely also a deep insight into the hurly-burly of the Past, and a true pathos for suffering men. Let it be said no longer that Carlyle worships the laurel-wreath alone! He has read the "open "secret" of human life, which is not all folded in laurel-wreaths; he knows that few are crowned, that to every earnest man life is a battle, and many fighting bravely in the foremost rank must fall. He too has learnt to worship in the holiest of all temples, the Temple of Sorrow.

Becket, Wallace, Johnson, Hero-Martyrs known to fame—their recorded names win at least some grateful remembrance from us, some grateful speech; their victories lie only in the outskirts of the Empire of Silence. There is a more silent Past than theirs. Are there not *Unknown* Heroes? "Do I think?" exclaims Carlyle, "of Cadmus or the Unknown "Orientals, when I write with *Let- "ters?* The world is built upon the "mere dust of heroes; once earnest- "wrestling, death-defying, prodigal of "their blood, who now sleep well, for- "gotten by all their heirs."—*Cromwell*, iv. 327.

Nor heroes only; but heroic rank and file. Think of them. Of that great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations and kindred, and people and tongues, millions of fellow labourers, brothers of ours and dear to us, who have gone through great tribulation, who have worked in their little span of life, glimmered in their little nook of earth, helping to make it beautiful for us, then like quiverings of auroral light, have vanished for ever, and their place knoweth them no more. Their names are written in the Book of Life, but "the "Morning Newspapers have never "heard of them." Knowledge, oh what then is Human Knowledge? A speck, a something in the sky. What is History? A single thread. What is Fame? An infant's cry of pleasure or pain. There is a divine sorrow in the silence of the Past; as he who has written "Tears, idle tears" may tell us: would that there were room to quote that most perfect of poems! And to him who will consider it, what a set-off is here in this Mystery of Silence, which should humble us to the very dust, against that proud joyous doctrine of "Might is Right." Yet between the two truths there subsists an inevitable, an everlasting brotherhood; nay they are the same, for Truth is One. Thousands of mankind come and go, live and die, unnoticed by their brethren; but their work remains, every stroke of it. The harvest of "the happy autumn field" is garnered in our store; and the days that are are heirs to the days that are no more. And one lesson at least we may learn from this, *the* lesson of Christianity, as Carlyle calls it; "Think of the humble, the unknown "workers; work, not for Fame, but "in the Great Task-Master's Eye."

Dwelling on the secluded life of the gifted Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, Carlyle has said, "She sat imprisoned, "or it might be sheltered and foster- "ingly embowered, in those circum- "stances of hers; she was not ap- "pointed to write or to act, but only "to live. Call her not unhappy on "that account, call her not useless; "nay perhaps call her happier and

" usefuller. Blessed are the humble,
" are they that are *not* known. It is
" written, 'Seekest thou great things,
" 'seek them not:' live where thou art,
" only live wisely, live diligently. Ra-
" hel's life was not an idle one for her-
" self or for others; how many souls
" may the 'sparkles showering from
" 'that life-fountain' have kindled and
" illuminated; whose new virtue goes
" on propagating itself, increasing itself,
" under incalculable combinations, and
" will be found in far places, after many
" days! She left no stamp of herself
" on paper; but in other ways, doubt it
" not, the virtue of her working in this
" world will survive all paper. For the
" working of the good and brave, seen
" or unseen, endures literally for ever,
" and cannot die. Is a thing nothing
" because the Morning Papers have not
" mentioned it? Or can a nothing be
" made something, by never so much
" babbling of it there? Far better,
" probably, that no Morning or Even-
" ing Paper mentioned it; that the right
" hand knew not what the left was
" doing! Rahel might have written
" books, celebrated books. And yet
" what of books? Hast thou not already
" a Bible to write, and publish in print
" that is eternal; namely a Life to
" lead? Silence too is great; there
" should be great silent ones too.—
" Beautiful it is to see and understand
" that no worth, known or unknown,
" *can* die even in this earth. The
" work an unknown good man has
" done is like a vein of water flowing
" hidden under-ground, secretly mak-
" ing the ground green; it flows and
" flows, it joins itself with other veins
" and veinlets; one day it will start
" forth as a visible perennial well."—
Misc. iv. 193.

Again and again it must be said of the man of whom I write, that he has faith in the unseen, faith such as has been vouchsafed to few; that it is the primal source of his wisdom, of his insight, and of that moving power by which he touches our hearts, and fashions our thoughts after his own.

The silence of the Past is intimately blended with that other silence of the Future. For was not every Yesterday once a To-morrow, and is not all History only Prophecy accomplished? In no historian has this feeling worked with such living poetic or creative power as in Carlyle. Inspired by it, he can make a formal ceremony a very wonder of interest, as in that glorious chapter in the first volume of the Revolution, called "The Procession," and impart to events that in their day seemed trivial, their true and most momentous significance. Let one example be given from the "New Eras" in his Chartism. "What a shoot was
" that, that England, carelessly, in
" quest of other objects, struck out
" across the Ocean, into the waste
" land which it named *New* England!
" Hail to thee, poor little ship May-
" flower, of Delft-Haven: poor com-
" mon-looking ship, hired by common
" charter-party for coined dollars;
" caulked with mere oakum and tar;
" provisioned with vulgarest biscuit
" and bacon;—yet what ship Argo, or
" miraculous epic ship built by the
" Sea-gods, was not a foolish bum-
" barge in comparison! Golden fleeces
" or the like these sailed for, with or
" without effect; thou little May-
" flower, hadst in thee a veritable
" Promethean spark; the life-spark of
" the largest Nation on our Earth,—
" so we may already name the Trans-
" Atlantic Saxon Nation. They went
" seeking leave to hear sermon in their
" own method, these May-flower Pu-
" ritans; a most honest indispensable
" search; and yet like Saul the son of
" Kish, seeking a small thing, they
" found this unexpected great thing!
" Honour to the brave and true; they
" verily, we say, carry fire from Hea-
" ven, and have a power that them-
" selves dream not of. Let all men
" honour Puritanism, since God has so
" honoured it."—p. 80.

Again the Past was once a Present; and is there not in every Present, and in every living heart, a kingdom of

Silence, an infinite number of things altogether beyond the reach of Speech? This seems to be a disparagement of man's peculiar gift; but it is far otherwise. It was Herder, I think, who wrote an Essay to prove that with the gift of the Divine Reason or Soul, Speech was a necessity; and that even if Speech had not been directly imparted, men must have discovered a method of articulate intercommunion. But in this high faculty which requires Speech for its servant, there is, and has always been, an inner heart, which is for ever unutterable. For its office is to behold that Divine Universal Presence, that dwells in earth and sea and sky, and has its chief temple in Man himself, and demands from him infinite love and wonder, infinite adoration and obedience. And how shall he in anywise fully express this to his brother men? Words cannot do it, nor even deeds, nor even the witness of a whole life, seen face to face, which of all utterances is the fullest and worthiest. The Infinite cannot be comprehended, cannot be expressed: it can only be shadowed forth in symbols of a higher or a lower kind. Accordingly that which is greatest, in any man, must be silent: uttered it cannot be, not even to himself: in that high hour of visitation from the living God, thought is not. Such glory by others, and by himself, can only be seen by the eye of Faith, and even thus as in a glass darkly. Carlyle loves to dwell upon this thought, when treating of his heroes: their Silence, he says, is always greater than their Speech.

How he uses his eye of Faith! like a keen sportsman, that tries every brake and bush in his path, and yet knows how the game lies. How he strives to seek after the hidden meaning in the lives and works and words of these heroes, and of all men! Seeks for the presence of the Divine Law, and the human spirit striving unconsciously to obey it,—or it may be to disobey it. His subjects are for the most part common ones; he discusses men well known to History, and topics the most debated in modern times: but he deals with them as no other man has done, at least no modern man, and finds in both a very deep significance, which startles the reader by its novelty, and fascinates him by its absolute truth. His results, in chapter after chapter, as I have said before, come upon us quite like revelations. Thus, in the horrors of Wars and Revolutions he marks the law of Divine Retribution; in vain Boswell he sees a spirit of Reverence for the inspired wisdom of an ugly Johnson; of the French Revolution, and all modern Radicalism, he perceives the secret meaning to be a blind passionate cry for wise government, and a just relation between men and men.

And if it is true of individuals and special movements, that the highest good in them is silent, so it is of mankind at large. Their external performance, looks, as compared with what it is conceivable it might have been, a sorry one; but the very soul of it is nevertheless divine,—is a prophecy of infinite good:

"Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,
'Dive through the stormy surface of the flood,
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the secret springs of silent good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved spirit brighten strong in faith.'"* *Wordsworth.*

* Compare also the concluding sonnet to the River Duddon, called "After Thought."

"I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away. Vain sympathies!
For backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide;

If Carlyle and other wise men can thus use their eye of faith, let us use ours as well as we can; and for one thing see in him, Carlyle himself, a spirit infinitely greater than all his spoken words.

And further, the very sacredness of such Divine things as men can think and speak of, is such that it is only a profane heart that can suffer the tongue to talk lightly of them, or too much. The thoughts live in the inmost deeps of the mind, and have to find some utterance, but not the utterance of a town-crier. In gracious looks, in the simplest and most earnest words, in the mysterious emphasis of symbols, above all in action, lies their right expression. Hence Carlyle calls those ages, those men great, which are silent, which speak by symbols,—above all those which act nobly. Great, therefore, to him are the middle ages; great are the emblematic Shakespeare and Goethe, so perfect in self-restraint and in wise utterance; great is even silent laborious Johnson. To this list, which can be enlarged at will, we must add Carlyle himself. His spirit is ever dwelling with the highest, but he very seldom uses the most hallowed names, and then with a perfect simplicity, either of still solemnity, as if with composed frame, and eyes lifted up to heaven, or of earnest passionate adjuration; far oftener however he but touches on the thoughts with quick allusions, or typifies them in symbols, gathered from every domain of sense, his humour here especially doing the noblest service,—uniting all earth to heaven.

But on this principle, how can he honour Cromwell and the Puritans? The fact is, that Cromwell and his fellows, so it seems to Carlyle, acted more constantly than any company of men in history, in the sense of a Divine Presence, and their speech corresponded. Corresponded, but tried too much; for the defect of these men lay in the over-value of the office of words, and in their neglect or denial of things earthly (which are also heavenly), Nature, Art, Pleasure, so that speech, even in that generation, became to many a Cant, and remains so to many still. Moreover, Carlyle always insists that the great virtue of Cromwell and his helpers, consisted in what they *did*, which a candid man, living in an Industrial Age, with at least a due amount of Political and Religious Liberty, will not think small. And they never boasted of what they were doing for the Middle Classes, not even to themselves. Silence, Unconsciousness, are characteristics of all great doers; a doctrine very favourite with Carlyle, which, as he applies to the Past, so also with much significance to the Present.

The sum of all is, that Carlyle judges Men by what they have really believed, and what they have really done. Spiritual Beliefs, or what we call Religions, have been many, and to all Carlyle will do justice. In every case he will seek the substance underlying the form, and will with a courage and candour unusual, assert and approve it; was it not Truth?—the measure of Truth which it was given men then and there to know? Practical Beliefs too, which alas, are not always of the spiritual kind, he will honour as they deserve,

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The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish; be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know."

forgetting none. The highest is that which recognizes God in all things, especially in the relations between man and man: then follow others through many degrees; as Diderot's Faith that Material Knowledge is good, and all Lies are bad; the vulgar Englishman's faith in "Cash and Comfort to be won "by work;" lowest of all, is the naked faith that Pleasure is pleasant; but this last is utterly selfish, and is in fact no belief, being a denial of the supreme law and fact of human existence; it is a spiritual death, insupportable by any for long, leading generally in men and nations to quick suicide. Always, too, Belief is the parent of Action; in whatsoever degree it is sincere, it is worthy, it is fruitful. Insincerity, Unbelief, is alone hopelessly barren.

Carlyle thus winds up his essay on Mahomet. "On the whole, we will "repeat that this Religion of Maho- "met's is a kind of Christianity; has "a genuine element of what is spiri- "tually highest looking through it, not "to be hidden by all its imperfections. "The Scandinavian God *Wish*, the god "of all rude men,—this has been en- "larged into a Heaven by Mahomet; "but a Heaven symbolical of sacred "Duty, and to be earned by faith and "well-doing, by valiant action, and a "divine patience which is still more "valiant. It is Scandinavian Pagan- "ism, and a truly celestial element "superadded to that. Call it not false; "look not at the falsehood of it, look "at the truth of it. For these twelve "centuries it has been the religion and "life-guidance of the fifth part of the "whole kindred of mankind. Above "all things, it has been a religion "heartily *believed*. These Arabs be- "lieve their religion, and try to live "by it! No Christians, since the early "ages, or only perhaps the English "Puritans in modern times, have ever "stood by their Faith as the Moslem "do by theirs—believing it wholly, "fronting Time with it, and Eternity "with it. This night the watchman "on the streets of Cairo, when he cries, "'Who goes?' will hear from the "passenger, along with his answer, "'There is no God but God.' *Allah* "*akbar*, *Islam*, sounds through the "souls, and whole daily existence of "these dusky millions. Zealous mis- "sionaries preach it abroad among "Malays, black Papuans, brutal Idol- "ators;—displacing what is worse, "nothing that is better or good. To "the Arab nation it was as a birth from "darkness into light; Arabia first be- "came alive by means of it. A poor "shepherd people, roaming unnoticed "in its deserts since the creation of "the world; a Hero-Prophet was sent "down to them with a word they could "believe: see, the unnoticed becomes "world-notable, the small has grown "world-great; within one century "afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on "this hand, at Delhi on that; glancing "in valour and splendour, and the "light of genius, Arabia shines through "long ages over a great section of the "world. Belief is great, life-giving. "The history of a Nation becomes "fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon "as it believes."—*Hero Worship*, p. 119.

Again, Carlyle judges men by what they have done. It is the old divine doctrine, "By their fruits ye shall "know them," applied to the infinitely complex and ever-varying phenomena of Human Life. By their deeds—not their long prayers in the synagogue and charities at the street corners, but what they have actually accomplished for men. Carlyle applies this with noble breadth and freedom; with him all good is one. Every truth added to human knowledge, every deliverance from a lie, every right impulse given to a brother man, every solid work from the making of a road or even the breaking of a single stone for it, to the ordering of a kingdom, every good act however defaced and mutilated, every righteous life under whatever form,

shall be reckoned as fruits, and be religiously, gratefully gathered up. Sins and short-comings, blossom frustrated and fruits blighted by the East wind, every man has enough of these: let them be forgotten, or if remembered, as is sometimes needful, then not without thoughts of the East wind. Work and the spirit of Work, or Duty, is the most precious and memorable thing which the Old Years contain.

Those who desire wise judgments, clearly, emphatically stated, will, I am sure, find no lack of them in the historical volumes of Carlyle. Yet it must be remarked, that the historian has other work besides that of "judging." Labelling men and things with any titles whatsoever, cataloguing of them according to any standard, is after all but little gained, if it be not perpetually remembered, that man sees but a little way into anything; can catch but a few syllables of the deep counsels of the Almighty. That it be known and taken to heart, that His counsels do reign here; that the Universe, wherein man dwells and works, was, and is for ever, every day of it, a Divine riddle past our finding out, a very wondrous mystery: this, as it is the first joyous impression of our opening years, is also the last solemn teaching of History. It is one of Carlyle's most peculiar merits, that he does know this, and by a thousand ways which address themselves to the heart, can make his reader sensible of it. To show how he effects this and many another noble purpose, would lead me into an examination of the qualities of his artistic skill, (his "style" as it is called, and admitted on all hands to be very remarkable,) and of the magnificent faculties he brings to his task; for which there is no room here. Here, at least for the present, must end what I have to say concerning his "Lamp for the Old Years." A glorious Lamp it is, and to be bought for a few pounds; but must I add?—of no use to him who has not an Eye. Would that there were more Eyes amongst us! Would that those who command our thoughts and conduct, and who are leading us on towards the Future could but see!

And yet one word more; Carlyle, it is said, does not love men. I can only call this a foolish, miserable error. How *can* we say it of one who has spent a life in the loving portraiture of men, especially in the honouring of the Greatest and the Best? How *can* we say it of one, who, as it remains to tell, has laboured much and earnestly to reclaim us, our English Nation, from evil miserable courses, and to guide us into the ways of righteousness, which alone are ways of blessedness? "O Je-
"rusalem! Jerusalem! thou that kill-
"est the prophets, and stonest them
"that are sent unto thee!"—A sad, sad thought, on which I will not dwell, for now to me this Article is a thing of the Past.

RUSKIN AND THE QUARTERLY.

"Vex thou not the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex thou not the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it."—*Tennyson.*

JUDICIOUSLY has the reviewer of modern painters in the Quarterly put in the forefront of his battle the assertion, that the function of art is not to express thought, but to make pretty things; for herein lies the whole quarrel between Ruskin and the pedants in literature or art who have opposed him.

What a strangely different life a painter's would be to what I have conceived it, if the art of painting were of such a nature as this writer thinks; for I have been used to think a painter different from other men, (common men I would rather say, for these painters, as I have thought of them, I have reverenced hitherto very much,) different from common men in two things: first, in a power of eye and hand; they see things differently from common men, remember them longer, though this last especially is not quite peculiar to them; but over their hand they have wonderful mastery, strange *feeling* in it rather, which they can more or less, according as they are good craftsmen, guide, but which also more or less guides them, I mean their thoughts; sometimes restraining them, sometimes leading and lighting them as rhymes and measures do a poet: in this then the painter differs from all other men, but what if he had only this power?

It is indeed impossible, *quite* impossible, that he, having this power, should have no other power,—no use for his gifts,—God never treated any man so since the world began,—no man ever yet who could speak melodiously wanted thoughts to speak; that was why his melody was given him, that he might think towards his fellows; and in like manner no man who had that hand-power, was without heart-power, nay, without some special power of heart and brain, for which power's sake all that mystery of skill lying hid in the nerves was given him; *he* was not meant to be silent, whatever other men might be:

"* * Art was given for that—
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

So then, besides their power of painting, these men must have the power of observation; they can see things as scarce any other men can, can see strange aspects of well-known things; can see deep into the natures of mysterious things; visions float before their eyes and pierce to their hearts, which go far enough from our dull, sealed eyes; and these visions they tell us of, these thoughts of God's world, of men's deeds upon it, as well as they can by means of their art; with many disappointments doubtless, often with ineffectual struggles, to tell us *all* they thought of; often too with bitter shortcomings, with failing from the old dream; with forgetfulness of the dear figure seen clearly but for such a short time; they do this for us with their "powder mixed with oil," even as the poets do with words; what thanks, what worship shall we give them in exchange?

At all events, free licence to tell us what they think, whether that thought is "fit for pictorial purposes" or not, and earnest thanks for any thought of theirs, even if their language halts in the sight of all men; no names of dead

men, howsoever venerable, shall cumber them; no rules, howsoever good they seemed once; only this law to guide them: "tell us what you verily "see, but do not pretend to see what "you do not."

This was what I have thought about artists, this is what Ruskin has in his writings taught me to think, that their gift of painting was a great gift, but not their greatest, which greatest gift was the same as that which God has given him whom we call a poet.

Here is the part from which the Quarterly Reviewer quotes, given somewhat more at length:

"Painting, or art generally, as such, "with all its technicalities, difficulties, and "particular ends, is nothing but a noble "and expressive language, invaluable as "the vehicle of thought, but by itself no-"thing. He who has learned what is "commonly considered the whole art of "painting, that is, the art of representing "any natural object faithfully, has as yet "only learned the language by which his "thoughts are to be expressed. He has "done just as much towards being that "which we ought to respect as a great "painter, as a man who has learned how to "express himself grammatically and me-"lodiously has towards being a great poet. "The language is, indeed, more difficult "of acquirement in the one case than in "the other, and possesses more power of "delighting the sense, while it speaks to "the intellect; but it is nevertheless no-"thing more than language, and all those "excellences which are peculiar to the "painter as such, are merely what rhythm, "melody, precision, and force, are in the "words of the orator and the poet, neces-"sary to their greatness, but not the tests "of their greatness. It is not by the mode "of representing and saying, but by what "is represented and said, that the respec-"tive greatness, either of the painter or "the writer is to be finally determined.

"Speaking with strict propriety, there-"fore, we should call a man a great painter "only as he excelled in precision and force "in the language of lines; and a great "versifier, as he excelled in precision and "force in the language of words. A great "poet would then be a term strictly, and "in precisely the same sense, applicable "to both, if warranted by the character "of the images or thoughts which each in "their respective languages conveyed.

"It is not, however, always easy, either "in painting or literature, to determine "where the influence of language stops, "and where that of thought begins. Many "thoughts are so dependent upon the lan-"guage in which they are clothed, that "they lose half their beauty if otherwise "expressed."

"Contradicitur," says the Quarterly Reviewer, "it is false this, from begin-"ning to end." Or rather the first part, for he does not tell his readers that he has read this last sentence or anything else in Ruskin's works which helps to explain this paradox, as indeed it sometimes seems. I wish he were not so unfair, not so bitter, it is a miserable thing to read, an unkind spiteful review, though more miserable to write if one only knew it. But he goes on, in a somewhat muddled manner, trying to prove this his "Contradicitur:" as thus—

"The only way to arrive at the true "end for which an art is valuable at all "is by determining those qualities which "no other art but itself can express, and "which are therefore to be considered as "*proper* to it."

"Expressing qualities!" what kind of an operation is that? "thoughts" he meant, only it did not look well, considering what he was going to prove; so nonsense was the result.

"Now thought," he says, "having "a language proper to itself, cannot "possibly be defined as the great spe-"cific excellence or purpose of the art "of painting."

Oh! was that the point at issue then, or not? whether "thought" had *one* language only "proper to itself," or whether it had at the least two, poetry namely and *painting;* and, perhaps also, others, though this is beside the question? This mode of argument one sometimes calls "begging the "question." "A language proper to "itself!" what do we do with the other languages then? Language of the eye—one can sing about that effectually enough:

"And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,

Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she view'd, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel
* * * *
Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound."

The poet saw that well enough, could not the painter see it also? Well—

"The best pictures the world ever saw, "or perhaps will see, repeat, as in the "innumerable Madonnas and Holy Fam- "ilies the same thought over and over "again."

Is the Madonna a "thought" then? Holy Families are they "thoughts?" Mary, Joseph, who long ago planed real boards with real labour, John, who wore at that same time camel's hair raiment, easily to be known as such by the feel and look of it; the Holy One, where these thoughts, or realities? for it is plain from the sentence immediately following this, that the writer of this article does not mean that the painters of that time painted Madonnas and Holy Families alike, expressing the same "qualities;" which we call thoughts about the Madonnas or the Holy Family. So, if you please, read in this place for "thought," subject of "thought." Well—

"Indeed, were we required to answer "Mr. Ruskin's proposition as positively "and broadly as he has made it, we should "be far nearer the truth by denying it "altogether, and declaring that the lan- "guage of painting is comparatively of no "value as the vehicle of thought, which "is a faculty conveyed much better by its "own proper medium—the written forms "of speech; but that the language of "painting being capable of utterance, "where every other art is silent, is in "itself everything.

"That there is, however, a certain mea- "sure of thought compatible with, and "separate from, the language of painting, "we shall be the last to deny. But here "we are stopped by the vagueness of the "term itself; for though Mr. Ruskin "urges further on, that 'it must be the "'part of a judicious critic carefully to "'distinguish what is language and what "'is thought, and to rank and praise pic- "'tures chiefly for the latter.' Yet such "is the confusion and contradiction promi- "nent in his own thoughts and language, "that it becomes no easy task to ascertain "what he really means by 'thought,' "'ideas,' 'subject of intellect,' &c. as "applied to painting."

Yet, in answering Mr. Ruskin, it would be better not to accept the analogy between the language of painting and other languages; because it is pretty deeply rooted in men's hearts, that language is only a means, even though it be a noble and expressive one, for the conveyance of thoughts of some sort.

Yet after all do we seem merely to be having a contention of words concerning the meaning of the term "thought," as used by Ruskin and others? It almost seems so from the latter part of what is quoted above, and more particularly from what the critic says concerning Raphael's Sistine Madonna, where, indeed, with one notable exception, he says "right things, but calls them by wrong names," though even that is not always by any means a venial error, as in the case of "Bishop "Blougram" himself.

Yes, it seems so, but on the whole is not so; in spite of muddled argument, often suicidal, he really thinks that art is, on the whole, something to amuse people; it is good for something; even so, this great art, which may God keep from ever falling to that rank! Yet taken so, it seems to me that mere architecture or pretty pattern painting on room-walls, or other art not imitative, would have this advantage over elaborate imitative painting, that it would be infinitely easier, being in other respects nearly, if not quite, equal to it: but how much below true art, with full power of imitation, would these be? art, whose aim was to use all its powers, increasing and ever to increase them, in telling as man to man what we find not out for ourselves; sternly restraining them from mere waste in the display of "cleverness," rejoicing much in them nevertheless; putting truth before all things, before any beauty, any power of moving men's

minds, any rhetoric of art that is; which, indeed, can make people shout loud enough in some Election-square, can even make them feel brave and just, and loving; but as for making them brave and just, and loving men, —here, indeed, it fails, because it goes not deep: "not necessarily having "truth for its subject matter."

Yet, it is dismally certain that on the whole, this is what the reviewer degrades the art of painting to; something which amuses men, at best refreshes them when they are tired; think of a man spending his life in an art of this kind! Many do it now not called artists — upholsterers for instance; the life is endurable, I suppose, if it is not thought about much, and has running alongside of it some love or other. Yet imagine yourself living in the days of Giotto—what a start would come across you when you first entered that Arena Chapel, first saw the works of the man sent from God with visions of the things that had been: so Joseph walked, and Mary, and One greater than they. Christ, forgive me, if I never thoroughly believed this thing till now; and this other thing, I too have thought that, but had no language to speak it in, and so was perforce dumb. How many thoughts would those colours and lines have given you? Would you not have reverenced the seer and his language? Has he not been a leader of men, this Giotto, no mere juggler to make the people laugh? his life was better than an upholsterer's.

How many things are there, intricate thoughts not even by any sweetest poetry to be quite clearly expressed, which can by painting be infinitely expressed? one such I saw the other day. This:

"Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? For we forget:
Ah, no! no!"

How many depths of thought are there not there? how many years of life? how many lives from the time of the flood till now?

"Yet this is not the painter's thought; "it is Alfred Tennyson's."

Is it not thinking then, to be able to throw yourself into a man's mind, a poet's especially, who is different from common men, and think his very thoughts? if it is, see here!

She turned round about, bitter thoughts in her heart; she would not weep, but the old love was going, ah! so soon; he sat silent there, and watched his golden-haired ideal fleeting from him, both thinking of the time when they will be together always, never one any more, the very memory of that sweet, long-past dream, growing dimmer and dimmer as the dull days go by; they see each other sitting together man and wife, unloving now, thought well of by the world; they see each other, for they still think the same thoughts: shall this be? how desolate the lonely world will be! and she creeps a little nearer to him, half involuntarily—"ah, no! no!" And he catches her hand and holds it tight, and kisses it; and she turns away still, her right hand feeling how her heart beats; she tries to choke her tears down, but one has overflowed already, and presently she will turn and be in his arms weeping "idle tears:" very close together they will be, one again, in spite of "April Love."

How many, reading these lines before, came upon these thoughts, very clearly expressed in the picture in sweetest language? many more, doubtless, saw nothing there but the swing of the rhythm, the clash of the rhyme; but to one who has seen this picture it is no more a set of words indistinctly put together for the rhyme's sake, but something very living and beautiful, the very purple dress, green leaves, and golden hair, telling us clearly of the beauty they loved so, they two, and which bound them together so closely.

Yes, dismally does this writer deny that truth is the aim of painting, utterly misconceiving that chapter on the false religious ideal in the third volume of Modern Painters. A mournful chapter enough, not to have been written by any; but the greatest, the faithfullest, one fearing no truth wheresoever it might seem to lead—was it easy, do you think, O critic! for a man who loved art to determine finally this?

"Has there, then," (the reader asks emphatically,) "been *no* true religious "ideal? Has religious art never been "of any service to mankind? I fear, "on the whole, not."

This would be easy enough to say for one who thought all art to be only the art of tickling the senses by clever deception, the art of arranging pretty draperies, painting pretty or picturesque figures because they were pretty or picturesque; but for one who thinks the power of painting a gift from God for the expression of noble thought, not so easy: not a pleasant thing to have to come to this decision, that so many beautiful things were, "on the whole" *wrong:* think of our critic being so far advanced on this path of his as to impute to Ruskin base eagerness to overthrow the fame of dead men in writing this and such as this! It is very bad indeed, this kind of criticism; but almost mournfuller to me are his comments on that part of the chapter where Ruskin is talking about the cartoons of Raphael, that one especially of the charge to Peter. He cannot see that painting has anything to do with man's history; Ruskin is wrong (he says) for blaming Raphael's falsifying of the facts in that cartoon that he might "serve the Papal "heresy of the Petric supremacy." What then, was Raphael right? was it a heresy, this Petric supremacy? and if so, was it right to bend the facts, stern facts enough, for the sustentation of a mere lie? or is the truth to be accepted and talked about when it keeps at a distance from *us* in history, in far-off theology, but calmly to be pitched aside when it comes near to us, that we may enjoy a picture better?

The reviewer says again, that it is irreverent to represent Peter "all "shiny, dripping, and shivering"—a mere dirty fisherman; that "such a "man or painter would as certainly, "could his life be turned eighteen "centuries back, and he transformed "into an Israelite of that time, be "found among those who said in their "reason and unbelief, 'Is not this the "carpenter's son?'"

Is it so distressing, then, to think that Peter did not wear a "superfine, "double-milled Saxony blue coat," linen shirt, laced and gold studded, that he was only such a man as God chose to make the ears of the world tingle, not with irresolute, badly-aimed broad-sword stroke, as before in that torch-lighted garden, but with words and deeds spoken and done with authority.

That a man should pretend to think this, that it was degrading to Peter and to Some One Else this poverty of theirs; truly he must be a poor painter who could not show in the faces of men *some* of their souls, enough, at all events, to make purple robe and golden crown *needless*, if nothing else: yet there were some long ago who put a purple robe on Him, alas! in mockery —neither could *they* see anything reverent in such a One who was poor.—Yes,

> "This age, shows, to my thinking, still
> more infidels to Adam,
> Than directly by profession simple infidels
> to God."

As for this cartoon, is it not absolutely *true* what Ruskin says of it? Can any one not quite blinded by foolish, aimless bitterness, pretend to say that he thinks Ruskin's picture, painted in *such* words, is not infinitely more touching, ay, more beautiful, than that composition of unearnest faces and

unmeaning action painted, even suppose it were by Raphael? Peter's face, now, think of that! Not so easy to paint, I grant; but think of any man who could paint well, had mastered the language of painting, daring to paint, instead of passionate, reverent love, a calm anybody's face, thinking, (if haply it thought at all,) concerning the Roman Church, on earth.

Did none of you, thinking of those times, ever wonder what side you would have taken if you had lived then, and with half awe, half longing, wished it might have been so, to have seen Him face to face? alas! perhaps not to have known Him, perhaps even to have thought Herod's purple and gold more venerable than that face looking unutterable things, than that voice speaking "not as the Scribes;" but to have seen those brave deeds done, to have heard Peter speaking that morning, not by any to be counted a "mere dirty fisherman," while the world lasted, though not yet clad in king's robes.

Then think if some one were verily to show you how it had all been, not as it "would, or might, or should" have been, but as it *was:* what strange feelings you would have as you approached that vision!

Shall I be disappointed at it? Shall I feebly deny it, though I know it to be true? Shall I feel as if I had been over-hasty in believing those things which they told me always were so easy, which, alas! are not easy to believe? Or shall I say this is TRUE, therefore right, whatever comes of it, and so saying, find one difficulty clearing off after another, one beauty after another growing and glowing bright every moment? Yes, I hope so: meanwhile may some one show us this vision, some part of it, at any rate, and see whether we will thank him: it may come, nay, it must come, if art is to be what she even now seems to be fast becoming. For is it not strange that now, this very year in the which the two bitterest attacks have been made on Ruskin of any yet, in the "Quarterly," namely, and the "Edinburgh," he himself, not without reason, sings Io Pæan for the triumph of the Pre-Raphaelites? Not a thing to be wondered at, this triumph, only scarcely to be expected so soon; doubtless not much hindered by the critics, for these men, you see, were of "stubborn instincts," yet not by any means acknowledged either by the critics or by the public: the latter generally feeling themselves called upon "not to understand" many of the pictures, and if that fails, (as the stretch of most men's conscience has a limit,) they (somewhat cautiously) pick infinitesimally small holes in the truth of the pictures, or even in the execution of them.

Nevertheless, who shall doubt that the Pre-Raphaelites are winning the victory, when he sees the pictures on those walls? Names, more than one or two, not seen there before, claim to belong to that school decidedly; the older ones work harder than ever, and one seems to be drawing very near towards realizing that wish of ours, to know for certain how Christ and his Apostles lived; and there are comparatively few men who calmly offer us "maps" when we ask for pictures. Ah me! what things those pictures are to make one dream. It is hard to come back again from seeing women's faces, coronetted with golden hair, looking lovingly on us and all the world; from seeing those aspens, thin-leaved, against the golden autumn twilight sky and purple hills; from seeing the strong writhed serpent dying, crimson-bleeding hard by the sphinx there; from "April love," from purple mountains, and green forest glades; hard to come back from seeing all these, and more, dreamlike, and from feeling the dreams they bring along with them, to hear merely our somewhat muddled and very bitter and unkind reviewer droning on still, for pages and pages of respectably printed

paper; and not being quite harmless in his droning either; for people will have a king, a leader of some sort, after all; wherein they are surely right, only I wish they would not choose king Critic-mob.

"We are stopped by the vagueness." Very much so, my friend; and for ever to be stopped, I fear, if you go on in this way, persisting in shutting your eyes and hearts to a man's thoughts, and reading with full intention to see nothing whatever but words —ugly things, black, on a white ground, forgetting apparently that we are not reading some mere ethical treatise, system of philosophy, or such like, but a book "all about" Modern Painters, wherein a man may speak his thoughts without caring so much for the words, so long as his meaning is clear. Clear? Clear enough, surely—may even speak his thoughts at any time, not caring much whether they *seem* to be consistent with that which he verily thought yesterday, which he will think again to-morrow, nay, which he thinks now, for, strange to say, most things have two aspects or more, not contradictory, certainly; and men with any faith can mostly see these, and know well that it is vain to try to "reconcile" them, for if they were not friends already, they could not both be true, which they are, and so leave them, wide apart and startling sometimes, but not opponent. This wise men do; foolish ones try hard to make these things meet, or to prove that they cannot exist in the world together, though they are there before their eyes; in which process, being troubled not much by their conscience, and apt to choke down any obstructive facts, they succeed, to the admiration of themselves and all men, by the help of a syllogism stick, which, however, being taken away, they fall hopelessly at once; hands and knees of no use now, the very nose of them scraping along the gravel, collecting no small grit there.

A great part of this review is spent in defence of Claude and the Poussins, and the Dutch painters, of whom I only wish to say this: that I myself, and I believe very many others were in no small ecstacy at discovering that we need no more admire these men, for we always deemed their pictures ugly and uninteresting at least, and doubted if they were true: nay, we doubted not, for the very name "pic-"ture," made us think of something dusky and unreal; and we did not love pictures, though we paid some reverence to them. Then this man, John Ruskin, rose, seeming to us like a Luther of the arts. Think of a man actually making a critical book on art interesting! Was ever such a thing heard? Thenceforward, let no one wanting to be listened to, or even to be respected, write twaddle upon art, for we will not have it: for now we know well that this art of painting is connected with man's suffering, man's thought; we can see Giotto now, Dante standing near him; Angelico, strange painter, kneeling and weeping as he paints; young Raphael, beautiful and glorious; great Michael Angelo; Andrea del Sarto, sinned against and sinning (O Robert Browning!); Tintoret, and the Venice walls flaming from base to cope; and what if there is a gap there with nothing in it but our old enemies, Claude and Co., who reduced us to such slavery, made us hate painting almost; yet Nelson and the Waterloo field kept us still a nation worth keeping, if only for the production of Turner, Millais, Hunt, many another noble name, I hope, as the years go on, kings over the people.

Not easily, therefore, O Critic, will you get us to think you superior to this man, John Ruskin; not easily will you get us to believe that every little slip in observation through four great volumes makes a man wrong at once and for ever; not easily that every fierce word, fiercely scornful against shams, is spoken in mere ma-

lice and petty spite, utterly unaccountable, even in the lowest man. Neither, if you try to do this, shall we feel inclined to spare you when you say such things as this, very *falsely* talking about falsehood here, writing about the "Notes" on the Pictures in the Academy :

"Even granting that Herbert had erred "in the high light of a jewel, or Maclise "(for with equal injustice Mr. Ruskin "accuses the one of the breach of that "principle of perspective the observance "of which he abuses in the other) in the "drawing of a border pattern, even grant- "ing this, what does it prove? A picture "is not a culprit, to be cross-examined "and detected by a trap here and a slip "there. Mr. Ruskin's ideas of truth and "falsehood, as applied to art (all traceable "to his false start as to the nature and "purposes of art), are utterly futile and "nonsensical. Falsehood only becomes "such when there is the power in the de- "ceiver to pervert the truth, or in the "deceived to believe the lie. It is not, "therefore, the man who makes the blun- "der *in* a picture, but he who makes a "false statement *about* a picture, who is "the real offender. Setting aside the "malice which is so obviously the leading "principle in this pamphlet, the mere fact "that he was driven to such paltry modes "of criticism, is the highest encomium "that living artists could receive."

Would not any one think from this, (and some more which I have not quoted as not being essential,) that Ruskin was only able to find fault with Maclise and Herbert for petty mistakes in drawing and such like? The "Edinburgh" does the same thing, by the way. What is the *truth* here? That Ruskin out of all the pictures exhibited that year, (1855,) chose these two as the representative pictures respectively, of the actively bad class, and negatively bad class; Herbert's picture of 'Lear and Cordelia,' namely, having *nothing* in it, and Maclise's of the wrestling scene in "As you like it," having something—lies, namely. Oh, truly, this is a fine accusation! You throughout, O critic, have been laboriously trying to convict Ruskin of erring in matters not so much greater than these, and now you say that he can find no fault with Maclise, but the wrong drawing of a border ornament.

To young painters, earnest and laborious, painting what they see, in God's name, quiet passing over of their slips, or friendly gentle mention of them; but to Maclise!—listen :

"The silk star-broider'd coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever; and amid
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,
Glows forth each softly shadow'd arm
With bracelets of the diamond bright;
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

"She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart;
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

"His spirit flutters like a lark,
He stoops to kiss her on his knee.
Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be."

What kind of awakening was it, I pray you, for that "perfect form in "perfect rest?" Anything like that in Maclise's picture, all the noise and rattle of the "Palace Chambers far "apart" brought into the room where the lovers were; and the prince, such a prince! Certainly no fairy one, "with joyful eyes, and lighter-footed "than the fox," but a somewhat rakish and very stupid young man in the costume of Charles the Second. Such a princess, of the stout sort, and above the heads of them, many devils, green-black in colour, chased (apparently) by many fairies (stout also) of the not uncomfortable sort: poor princess, to wake to such a reality as *that* picture! poor prince and princess both!

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old."

As it is, I am afraid they will never get there.

What mercy to Maclise who painted

the "Hamlet" in the Vernon Gallery? Maclise, whose acre of ugliness stared out above another picture one year, less in inches than the other in feet, which one could almost think deserved a better fate than to be gaped at by silly women, saying, "I don't under-"stand it a bit;" or, "Oh it's quite "shocking!" to be sneered at by bad men, not so unlike that man there, with conscience *not* to be awakened. Poor Eva! hard to be married so, but hard also that your marriage, not unpathetic, not unworthy of the thoughts of men, should be painted *so*.

What excuses for Maclise?—who paints our brave Ernest Orlando, with no possession but his young manhood of muscle and brain, as a very fool, fit to do nothing on this earth; who paints romance-loving, freedom-loving genial Rosalind, like the foolishest of modern fine ladies with much hair and little brains—fancy letting his faults slip when he is set up as "a master in "Israel." Think how he has clouded the great poet's mind for us; we shall now no more read that most glorious of his comedies, without having those coarse facts thrust across our picture; no more now be able to have the music and pictures, both so exquisite, of "The Day Dream," floating about us without some thought of Maclise's Prince, "in the costume of the period."

Our reviewer says: "One great "proof, were there no other, of the "falseness of Mr. Ruskin's reasoning, "is its quantity. Only on the wrong "road could so much have been said "at all."

This sentence is one of those reckless, somewhat meaningless, and utterly untrue things, with which critics are in the habit of fishing for praise for originality. "Mr. Ruskin's reason-"ing?" What reasoning? All those four volumes of Modern Painters? If not, what part of them? Well, certainly, if painting were what you think it, little would be quite enough to be said about it; but what if it has close connection with "Many Things?" See, moreover, how untrue this assertion is: the theory of the Christian religion and how to live by it, can nothing or but a little be said about that? The theory of right government, can nothing, or but a little be said about that, except it be false? Be sure always, or nearly so, when a thing seems very easy of belief, very clear and plain, with only one clean-hewn side to it, that somewhere there lurks, unseen, quite a terrible army of difficulties, disbeliefs and unexpected entanglements, which, by using a little clear insight at first, by accepting some guidance from other men, would have been beaten long ago.

I have not written much on this article; I could say much more, but it is altogether such a weary business, not without some shame even, to one who undertakes ever so much in outline, to tell people that a bitter unfair critic is wrong.

That fight at Inkermann was, indeed, a glorious one, yet the slaughter of the wounded soldiers by the Russians reflected some disgrace on the noble English victors ever. And so it is here; as one rises from reading this review, with brain somewhat muddled by the confused no-logic of it, one thinks, after all, this man utterly stupid and dull as his writing is, has in some sort done that which he wished to do; his base bitter words will come across Ruskin's noble words, will sully them somewhat, whatever faith one has in the truth of the one and the falsehood of the other.

And yet after all, courage! What happens for the more part in a battle when across some mean slayer of the wounded, flashes one with inspiration from the God of battles, and nerves high strung for fight, and *notched* sword bright and trenchant?

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

I SUPPOSE one can hardly help regarding this book in its personal aspect,—not merely as a History of England, but as a History of England by the author of the "Nemesis of Faith." For that book has been talked so much about, and so harshly judged, and its publication has had such a well-known effect on the fortunes of its author, that Mr. Froude must forgive those who are not personally acquainted with him, if they find it difficult, till his History has taken the position which it will undoubtedly take, to disconnect him from his former work. Not that he would be, I suppose, in any way anxious to forget, or to bid others forget, that he wrote the "Nemesis;" but we may be sure that he would prefer to be judged by his more matured and hopefuller production. I think the "Nemesis of Faith" was the saddest book that I ever read, the prolonged and bitter *De Profundis* of a great soul sick with the inanities of modern life and faith, and knowing not where to turn for consolation or guidance. That is but a scant and sickly gleam of hope, if hope at all, which seems to suggest to him the reconstruction of our ways of thought and maxims of society on a nobler and truer basis by the giving up utterly of what he calls the "Hebrew mythology," and all that we derive from it. Surely the root of the matter is not there; and the more I read Mr. Froude's History, the more I am convinced that he himself has found that it is not there. One of the most significant facts with regard to the present generation, a fact that stares us everywhere in the face, is, that we have lost altogether that deep and true faith in the Old Testament History, in the real heart and meaning of it, which did so much for our ancestors. We are as ready as men ever were to tear each other to pieces for expressing historical doubts; but this is more for the love of the contention, than of the truths for which we contend. Probably, for one man, who having been brought up in the belief that the Old Testament History gives a true account of God's dealings with men, is led through that belief into scepticism and sin, there are a hundred or more whose moral laxity and weakness is distinctly traceable to the opposite notion; to the notion, that this History after all cannot be true, universally; but only, if true at all, as an exceptional case, as a story of things which we have nothing to do with, and can scarcely understand. Mr. Froude did not prove the weakness of our age far enough. It lies, not in the covering crust, the superstition that clings so blindly to old forms, but in the abscess beneath, the abyss of faithlessness which that scepticism covers. What we want is to repair our loss; to make it complete and consistent will do us but little good. Now, at last, Mr. Froude has shown us a more excellent way; and I cannot help re-

* History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Volumes I. II. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1856.

garding the book I have before me as a palinode, a confession, that the sooner we can return to the faith of those majestic old times the better it will be for us. He seldom distinctly refers to modern ages; he does not emphasize the contrast he suggests: for he knows full well that every earnest reader will set to work on this book, as he does on almost all History now-a-days, for the sake of comparing ages, long past away, with the state of things he lives and works in himself.

For if there be one thing very conspicuous in the history of the English Reformation, and of the period immediately subsequent to it, and in the history of all the great actors during those times, it is their living and earnest belief in the God of the Bible, and in those transactions of His which the Bible sets forth. This colours all they say; this underlies all they do. Be this belief right, or wrong, by the help of it, they warred most successfully against all forms of evil, and did some of the greatest works the world ever saw. In that one portion of the work of those ages which Mr. Froude's two volumes set forth, a phenomenon is presented to us, the like of which I suppose no age ever saw—a great revolution wherein all church machinery, all the accidents that had been connected for centuries in the minds of men with the truths of religion, were destroyed or remodelled, without the least peril to the truths themselves, which, instead of weakening and waning, only shone out the clearer, and were the more distinctly assented to by all men. A church reformation of so extensive a character just now would, one fears, have quite a different ending.

I hope I have said enough to induce the readers of this magazine to follow me for a short time through Mr. Froude's volumes; partly that I may show them wherein his worth as an interpreter of history consists, but more especially that, forgetting him in his work, I may help them to understand something of what English life in the sixteenth century was; what the men of those days were doing, and in what spirit they did it; and how great some of those men whom we have ungratefully and arbitrarily chosen to vilify and misrepresent really were.

Mr. Froude's first chapter is a most interesting and most startling analysis of the social condition of England in the sixteenth century; I cannot illustrate the tone and tendency of it better than by quoting the summary with which it concludes:

"In the brief review of the system under which England was governed, we have seen a state of things in which the principles of political economy were, consciously or unconsciously, contradicted; when an attempt, more or less successful, was made to bring the production and distribution of wealth under the moral rule of right and wrong; and where those laws of supply and demand, which we are now taught to regard as immutable ordinances of nature, were absorbed or superseded by a higher code. It is necessary for me to repeat, that I am not holding up the sixteenth century as a model which the nineteenth might safely follow. The population has become too large, and employment too complicated and fluctuating, to admit of such control; while, in default of control, the relapse upon self-interest as the one motive principle is certain to ensue, and when it ensues is absolute in its operations. But as, even with us, these so called ordinances of nature in time of war consent to be suspended, and duty to his country becomes with every good citizen a higher motive of action than the advantages which he may gain in an enemy's market; so it is not uncheering to look back upon a time when the nation was in a normal condition of militancy against social injustice; when the government was enabled by happy circumstances to pursue into detail a serious and single aim at the well-being,—well-being in its widest sense—of all members of the commonwealth. There were difficulties and drawbacks at that time as well as this. Of liberty, in the modern sense of the word, of the supposed right of every man, 'to do what he will with 'his own,' or with himself, there was no idea. To the question, if ever it was asked, May I not do what I will with my own? there was the brief answer, No

"man may do what is wrong, either with
"what is his own or with what is another's.
"Producers, too, who were not permitted
"to drive down their workmen's wages
"by competition, could not sell their goods
"as cheaply as they might have done; and
"the consumer paid for the law in an ad-
"vance of price: but the burden, though
"it fell heavily on the rich, lightly touched
"the poor; and the rich consented cheer-
"fully to a tax which ensured the loyalty
"of the people. The working man of
"modern times has bought the extension
"of his liberty at the price of his material
"comfort. The higher classes have gained
"in wealth what they have lost in power.
"It is not for the historian to balance
"advantages; his duty is with the facts."
—*I.* 79.

Indeed, we cannot too constantly bear in mind, that we live in a changed time; nor only that, but in a time of change, change which may not be measured by years, in which years do the work of centuries. In the individual, boyhood is the time of rapid changes; years pass over the man, and leave him just as he was; his hair a little grayer perhaps, his memories a little dimmer, his heart a little less elastic; but in the boy, from month to month, almost from day to day, you can trace growth of body and intellect, changes of feeling, alternations of desire and passion. It is not so in nations, in any the world has seen; least of all in this England of ours. For five or six centuries previous to the Reformation there was very little change. Society remained much the same; not only the outward forms, but the class-types, and the relation of the classes to one another were much the same at the era of the Conquest and at the era of Henry VII. Since then we have been sweeping through a multiplicity of changes, increasing every century in their frequency and intensity, till now at length the youngest of us would scarcely recognize the England of his own boyhood. The results of this on our national character are, at least for the present, anything but good; the fever, and rapidity, and multiformity of modern life contrast painfully with the severe and simple entireness of the mediæval character:

"For what wears out the life of mortal
men? [ing rolls;
'Tis that from change to change their be-
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,
And numb the elastic powers.

* * * * * * *

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven,
and we
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt nor clearly will'd;
Whose insight never has borne fruit in
deeds, [fulfill'd;
Whose vague resolves never have been
For whom each year we see [new;
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-
day— [too?"—
Ah do not we, Wanderer, await it
Matthew Arnolde. The Scholar Gipsy.

We can never reproduce the Past; yet may we hope to make its good our own, if we believe that, through all change of circumstance, universal principles of right and truth lie at the base of every success, and form the real greatness of every noble deed and character.

The topics which Mr. Froude dwells upon, and which we may more briefly refer to, as illustrating the care of government for the people, and the mutual consideration of various classes of society for each other, are: the feudal tenure of land; the sumptuary laws; the scale of income; the rates of wages and prices; the trade laws; the poor laws; and the education both of rich and poor for civil and military duties. Mr. Froude's hobby is the statute-book, as we knew from his Oxford Essay, and very well he rides it; —illustrating from its pages every principle he lays down. And it is worth while observing, how different the tone of an act of parliament in those days was from those which are enacted now. They are absolutely readable; they have graces of style about them, and considerable vigour; the vigour of honest sturdy hearts, to which routine and red tape are abominations. Read

this statute for the encouragement of the linen trade.

"The King's Highness, calling to his "most blessed remembrance the great "number of idle people daily increasing "throughout this his Realm, supposeth "that one great cause thereof is by the "continued bringing into the same the "great number of merchandize made, and "brought out and from, the parts be-"yond the sea into this his Realm, "ready wrought by manual occupation; "amongst the which wares one kind of "merchandize in great quantity, which is "linen cloth of divers sorts made in divers "countries beyond the sea, is daily con-"veyed into this Realm; consumed and "spent within the same; by reason where-"of not only the said strange countries "where the said linen cloth is made, by "the policy and industry of making and "vending the same are greatly enriched; "and a marvellous great number of their "people, men, women, and children, are "set on work and occupation, and kept "from idleness, to the great furtherance "and advancement of their common-"wealth; but also contrariwise the in-"habitants and subjects of this Realm, for "lack of like policy and industry, are "compelled to buy all or most part of the "linen cloth consumed in the same, "amounting to inestimable sums of mo-"ney. And also the people of this Realm, "as well men as women, which should and "might be set on work, by exercise of like "policy and craft of spinning, weaving, "and making of cloth, lies now in idle-"ness and otiosity, to the high displea-"sure of Almighty God, great diminu-"tion of the King's people, and extreme "ruin, decay, and impoverishment of this "Realm. Therefore, for reformation of "these things, the King's Most Royal "Majesty intending, like a most virtuous "Prince, to provide remedy in the pre-"mises; nothing so much coveting as the "increase of the Commonwealth of this "his Realm, with also the virtuous exer-"cise of his most loving subjects and peo-"ple, and to avoid that most abominable "sin of idleness out of the Realm, hath, by "the advice and consent of his Lords and "Commons in Parliament assembled, or-"dained and enacted that every person "occupying land for tillage, shall, for "every sixty acres which he hath under "the plough, sow one quarter of an acre "in flax or hemp."

Generally, the Statute-book of this age, as of all earlier ages in English history, shows a disposition to deal thus summarily with what are now considered private affairs. The principle of a sumptuary law, for example, would in these days be scouted at once, as something quite out of the province of government. It undoubtedly is so, as we at present think of government; but every page of the early Statute-book shows that such interference is not fairly characterised as un-English. Indeed, among the word-trickeries by which we delude ourselves, that use of the word "English," and of the yet more sacred word "*liberty*," as applied to the license of doing anything we please without reference to any law, human or divine, is one of the most painful. In our own day, a wise and good philanthropist has been vehemently attacked for proposing that a magistrate should have power to inflict summary imprisonment on any man who was not able to give an account of his means of livelihood; and more recently still, one of the most enlightened of our statesmen has been cried down in the most unconscientious way, because he had the boldness to bring forward a scheme of compulsory education. This is not the place to criticise either measure; I only point to the fact, that both these men, despite the abuse they met with for their un-English love of policy, were recommending measures clearly in the spirit of the Plantagenet and Tudor period, the longest and, during its latter part, the most prosperous period in our history. With regard to sumptuary laws—such as that of 10 Ed. III., cap. 3, that nobody should have more than two courses at dinner—the obvious objection to this class of laws is that their enforcement was impossible; and Mr. Froude wisely remarks that they seem to have been promulgated more for the sake of the moral authority which they had as a declaration of what wise and good men considered to be right, than as laws to which obedience could be compelled.

The great principle of the feudal system, that the land of England must

provide for the defence of England, was, in Henry the Eighth's time, in full vigour. There was a military organization, a descending scale of owners, each of whom possessed his separate rights with regard to those above and below him in the scale, which the law guarded and none might violate. Serfdom had merged into free servitude; and this was so regulated, that every man had his place; that, though the peasantry had their own choice of masters, there were severe restrictions which prevented either master or servant from disobeying the bond for any light or insufficient reason. Thus the balance was evenly held between a landed monopoly and a peasant proprietary—troublesome from the number of independent owners, and incompatible with the accumulation of capital. Of course all such arrangements pre-supposed a fidelity between man and man, a reverence for the obligation of oaths and acknowledgments, which we must admit we have lost.

But to make the comparison still closer; we are, perhaps, too much disposed to measure the happiness of a labouring man as we measure everything else now,—to regard it as varying directly as the wages, and inversely as the rent and the price of food, carrying that standard back with us to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we meet with results that fairly startle us, though at the same time, they are no other than ought to have been inferred from the traditional sturdiness and fierceness of the English Commons upon the battle-field. The majority of labourers lived in the houses of their employers; if a man lived in a cottage of his own, he was probably worse off with regard to sustenance than his brother up at the hall. Now look at the prices of food. Wheat, always fluctuating of course, kept at a pretty steady average of six-and-eightpence the quarter—barley being about three shillings—beef and pork were fixed by statute at a halfpenny per pound—mutton at three farthings; though the act was unpopular, as tending to raise the price. Fresh meat, moreover, was sold in all markets the whole year round. Strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteen-pence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon; table-beer less than a half-penny. French and German wines were eightpence the gallon—Spanish and Portuguese wines a shilling. This was the highest price at which the best wines might be sold; and if there was any fault in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the amount. Rent again, cannot be accurately fixed; and we can only judge from information about the rent of more considerable farms, such as we get from Latimer, who tells us in one of his sermons that his father "had no lands of his own; only he had "a *farm of three or four pounds by the* "*year*, at the uttermost, whereupon "he tilled so much as kept half-a-"dozen men. He had walk for a "hundred sheep, and my mother "milked thirty kine. He was able, "and did find the king a harness with "himself and his horse. I remember "that I buckled on his harness when "he went to Blackheath field. He "kept me at school, or else I had not "been able to have preached before "the king's majesty now. He married "my sisters, with five pounds or twenty "nobles each, having brought them "up in godliness and the fear of God. "He kept hospitality for his poor "neighbours, and some alms he gave "to the poor; and all this he did of "the said farm." Mr. Froude considers himself below the truth in assuming the penny in terms of bread, beef, beer, wine, and lodging, to have been equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. Then, if we turn to the table of wages, we find an enactment, (6 Henry VIII. cap. 3.) which fixes the wages of artisans (carpenters, masons, and the like) at sixpence a-day for half the year, fivepence for the other half, or an average

of five-pence half-penny the year round; the common labourer, working by the piece in the harvest months, brought up his average to fourpence a-day for the whole year. Moreover, he was engaged by contract for a year, and could not be dismissed before, unless grave misconduct could be proved against him before two magistrates. So with a weekly holiday, he earned, steadily and regularly, the equivalent of twenty shillings a week; besides that, the parish almost always provided common land for fuel and pasture.

The main difference between this state of things and ours, lies in the fact that the rights of various classes were portioned out by the rule, not of economy, but of equity; it was not the accumulation of capital, but the highest degree of physical well-being of all classes compatible with the producing power of the country, that they desired to see. In those days, private proceedings interfering with the common weal, could not for a moment be tolerated; when, for instance, in the Isle of Wight, a system of uniting farms had begun to prevail, to the great depopulation of the island, and manifest weakening of its capabilities for defence, it was at once enacted that no one should take any several farms more than one, "whereof the yearly "value shall not exceed the sum of ten "marks;" and that, in case of leases of several farms to a greater value having been already made, the lessee should choose one farmhold, and the rest of his lease should be void. This measure soon justified itself; the population of the island almost alone defended it in 1546, against an army of 60,000 Frenchmen. A measure of somewhat similar form was carried in the twenty-fifth of Henry VIII. to check the money-making spirit which had begun to prevail in the country, by enacting that no person should have or keep on lands not their own inheritance more than 2000 sheep.

Such other facts of this character as can be collected, Mr. Froude collects. He shows how the wealthier peers had incomes varying from two to six thousand a year, out of which they had to defray the cost of an enormous retinue, and, in war, of a great share of the expenses; thinking, as they always did, first of England, and only next of themselves; how the court expenses in this magnificent reign fell under twenty thousand pounds, including the cost of supporting the royal castles and forests, the yeomen and followers, in estimating which we must remember that though necessaries were so cheap, luxuries were very dear indeed; how the qualification of a justice was £20 a year, and how strict was the surveillance which he had to exercise, and which was exercised in turn over him; how the "wages" of a parish priest were kept by statute under £6, so that there could be no very marked difference in habits between priest and squire, and the commons among whom they lived; how the glory of hospitality was kept up, and all tables open at dinner time to all comers; how the people lived in frank style, "hating three things with "all their hearts—idleness, want, and "cowardice, and for the rest, carrying "their hearts high, and having their "hands full."

Then he goes on to speak of trade, of the guilds and companies, of which only the shadows now remain, but which were part of a vast organization penetrating the entire trading life of England, an "organization set on foot "to realize that most necessary, if not "difficult condition of commercial ex-"cellence, under which man should "deal faithfully with his brother; and "all wares offered for sale, of what-"ever kind, should honestly be what "they pretend to be." There were companies in every town, whose duty was to see that no one professed a trade to which he had not been educated, to determine the price at which

every article ought to be sold, totake care that every one bought what he supposed himself to be buying. Into the details of this system, and the statutes which illustrate it, I can hardly follow him; I will bring this uninteresting abstract, or rather enumeration of particulars, to a close by very briefly referring to two other points.

Every man was trained as a soldier; when the bow became the peculiar weapon of the English, regular practice was ordered:—"Every hamlet had "its pair of butts, and on *Sundays* and "holidays all able-bodied men were "required to appear in the field, to "employ their leisure hours as va-"lyant Englishmen ought to do;" a statute re-enacted by Henry VIII., himself the best rider, the best lancer, the best archer in England, with the proviso that "every man being the "King's subject, not lame, decrepit, "or maimed, being within the age of "sixty years, except spiritual men, "justices of the one bench and of the "other, justices of the assize, and "barons of the exchequer, do use and "exercise shooting in long bows, and "also do have a bow and arrows ready "continually in his house, to use him-"self in shooting." This, then, was the principal amusement of the English, but they were moreover an especially dramatic people; plays and pageants, and allegorical devices of fantastic splendour, fill up a large portion of the pages of the contemporary historians.

Where hospitality is so general, vagrancy must be guarded against; and accordingly we find many very severe acts against "valiant and sturdy beggars;" two, especially, in Henry VIII.'s reign. Indeed, from the time of Richard II. there had been a series of poor-laws, indicating plainly enough that pauperism was no result of the dissolution of the monasteries, as one hears every day from weak and vain opponents of the measure. The Act of 1531 provided that justices of peace should make strict search in their several parishes and districts for all aged and impotent persons, living necessarily on alms, and appoint to each certain limits within which they shall beg (under penalty of being whipped), furnishing them with letters authorizing them to beg; that if any person or persons, "being whole and mighty "in body," be found begging, or be not able to give account of himself, he should be arrested and brought to the next market town, and there tied to the cart's-tail, and whipped "till his "body be bloody by reason of such "whipping," and then be enjoined on oath to return to his parish and put himself to labour "like a true man "ought to do;" that scholars of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge that go about begging without due license from the chancellor or other authority, shipmen pretending loss of their ships, proctors, pardoners, and all other idle persons, using various games and plays, or feigning knowledge in "physick, physnamye, and palmistry," should be punished in the same way; and on the second offence be scourged two days, put in the pillory for two hours, and lose one ear, the other being mercifully reserved for the event of a third transgression. The Act of 1536 was yet more severe; the increasing evil required a stringent remedy; and now the sturdy vagabond found a third time offending, and thus proving himself to be of no use on the earth, but only living thereon to the harm of the commonwealth, was punished with death. This law was formally and deliberately repassed under Elizabeth, and it was thus shown to be the express conviction of the English nation that it was "better for a man not to "live at all, than to live a profitless "and worthless life."

The English were a stern people; their intense hatred of evil brooked no sentimentalities. Between the passing of these two Acts, a dreadful crime—the crime of poisoning, unknown in

England before, was punished (for the first and last time) by a most dreadful death; the convicted criminal was boiled alive. Such things happened in London three hundred and thirty years ago. Even the martyr-fires of Smithfield were far less an evidence of recklessness or cruelty, than of a stern determination to oppose to the very uttermost all that was repugnant to God's law. Right opinion, to the people of that day, seemed most intimately and closely connected with right action; the heretic was an enemy to the commonweal; an enemy to man and God.

I have been thus disproportionately lengthy in my analysis of the first chapter of Froude, because it is the most important in his book. To correct errors in the popular belief about individual characters and particular actions, such as the execution of Anne Boleyn, is indeed well; but it is surely a greater work to chastise and refute a false belief about a whole period, a gratuitous and ungenerous assumption that we are better and better off than they, without whose labour and unselfishness we should not have been even what we are, should scarcely have been a nation at all.

Such wholesome arrangements as we have been considering go right to the mark; they were helped by the national spirit. The course which public opinion and parliamentary tradition necessitates in any parallel case, now seems bungling and inoperative beside them. Take an instance from the adulteration of saleable articles, especially articles of food: as long as the organization of trade-guilds, which Mr. Froude describes worked well, and for a long time it did work well, there was very little fear of such adulteration; the main safeguard, being the public spirit and sense of duty among the tradesmen themselves. This cannot be too much insisted on as a feature of the time; all knowledge we can anywhere obtain about the inner life of that age confirms the obvious inference from the statute book. We, on the other hand, have bartered the moral power of preventing such abuses for the scientific power of detecting them. Instead of public virtue, in the least as in the greatest, we have Dr. Harsall and his microscope, and a Parliamentary Committee sitting from day to day, Mr. Scholefield in the chair. One fears they will have to sit a long time before Devilsdust, the miller, and Cocculus, the brewer, and Chalk, Alum, and Co. the bakers, are, as they ought to be, utterly and thoroughly expunged from among the types of English society. Legislation can only utter a feeble protest against the tone of public morals on all such points; it can take but half or quarter measures where it can interfere at all. We must look far deeper for the possible source of a change in the spirit of the commercial classes. Such a change, one may hope, God is even now preparing for us. At all events, many things which have happened lately, instances of self-devotion and public feeling which we were hardly prepared to see, as well as the roused indignation of the people against the perpetrators of some more than usually startling frauds, combine to assure us that there is manly and English feeling left among us, of such sort and in such degree, as to give us the best and highest hope for the future.

Turning now to the narrative part of this history, I shall run very rapidly through the great drama that is nearly played out within these two volumes, itself most rapid, action succeeding action, with a swiftness that takes away the breath. And yet the English Parliament knew full well what they were about; they saw that revolution was inevitable; they went on with bold hearts and steady faces, little recking of the future, but only of the present, and their duty that lay therein: and like every great work which the people of England have ever achieved, this

work was done soberly and peacefully, without loss of temper or

"The random heat,
And blind hysterics of the Celt."

The devout world of England at the time of the death of Wolsey was still for the most part Romanist. There was great excitement among the people; they had begun to see very clearly that the priesthood were not labouring for their benefit, but for their own, and to suspect that the broad distinction which the Church had laboured to draw between the religious and secular world (like the analogous distinction among modern Protestants), was by no means coincident with, but rather traversed almost at right angles, the broader distinction which God's word and men's consciences drew, between those who did right and those who did wrong. They saw priests committing with impunity, or under peril of a small pecuniary mulct, sins, for which if amenable to a secular tribunal, they would have suffered most severely; while a layman, if brought under the power of the ecclesiastical courts by even the slightest suspicion of heresy, was kept in prison at the pleasure of the ordinary, and suffered all sorts of inconvenience, without the slightest hope of compensation. Naturally, the priests were most unpopular, and if a clergyman was knocked down into the kennel, as often happened, the presumption is not that the offender was a Wickliffite or a "Lutheran," but rather that he was not. These were waiting in silence the course of events, enrolling themselves in the Association of Christian Brothers in London, meeting stealthily in little companies at one another's rooms at Oxford, or gathering round Tyndal at Antwerp; poor, few, and unknown; armed only with the truth. Listen to what Froude says of the principle which carried them to victory; his words are worth pondering.

"They had returned to the essential "fountain of life; they re-asserted the "principle which has lain at the root of "all religions, whatever their name or "outward form, which once burnt with "divine lustre in that Catholicism which "was now to pass away; the fundamental "axiom of all real life, that the service "which man owes to God is not the ser-"vice of words or magic forms, or cere-"monies or opinions; but the service of "holiness, of purity, of obedience to the "everlasting laws of duty.

"When I look through the writings of "Latimer, the apostle of the English Re-"formation, when I read the depositions "against the martyrs, and the lists of "their crimes against the established "faith, I find no opposite schemes of doc-"trine, no plans of 'salvation,' no posi-"tive system of theology which it was "held a duty to believe; these things "were of later growth, when it became "again necessary to clothe the living "spirit in a perishable body. I find only "an effort to express again the old exhort-"ation of the wise man—'Will you hear "the beginning and the end of the whole "matter? Fear God and keep his com-"mandments; for that is the whole duty "of man.'

"This, as I understand it, was the po-"sition of the early Protestants. They "found the service of God buried in a "system where obedience was dissipated "into superstition; where sin was expi-"ated by the vicarious virtues of other "men: where, instead of leading a holy "life, men were taught that their souls "might be saved through masses said for "them, at a money rate, by priests whose "licentiousness disgraced the nation "which endured it; a system in which, "amidst all the trickery of the pardons, "pilgrimages, indulgences—double-faced "as these inventions are—wearing one "meaning in the apologies of theologians, "and quite another to the multitude who "live and suffer under their influence—"one plain fact at least is visible. The "people substantially learnt that all evils "which could touch either their spirits "or their bodies, might be escaped by "means which resolved themselves, "scarcely disguised, into the payment of "moneys.

"The superstition had lingered long: "the time had come when it was to pass "away. Those in whom some craving "lingered for a Christian life turned to "the heart of the matter, to the book "which told them who Christ was, and "what he was. And finding there that "holy example for which they longed, "they flung aside, in one noble burst of "enthusiastic passion, the disguise which "had concealed it from them. They be-"lieved in Christ, not in the bowing rood,

"or the pretended wood of the cross on "which he suffered; and when that "saintly figure had once been seen—the "object of all love, the pattern of all imi- "tation — thenceforward neither form "nor ceremony should stand between "them and their God."

Wolsey was not a persecutor; he had nothing harsh about his nature; he never punished where he could silence; and his conduct in this respect stands in strange contrast to that of his successor Sir Thomas More. This is one of the cases in which, if we could look back at the men of old, we should be very prone to reverse our judgments as hastily as we formed them. We should see with surprise the spotless saint, sending innocent men to the stake for having in their possession an English Testament, or keeping them imprisoned in his own house in defiance of the law, and we should see the unscrupulous Cardinal refusing to hear accusations, or if he must needs takes cognizance of them, taking the utmost pains, and braving the opposition of his brother Churchmen, to save the lives of the transgressors.

There is a curious narrative by one Dalaber, an Oxford undergraduate, which I wish I could give in full, so well it illustrates the difficulties with which seekers after truth had to contend in those days, and so close it brings us to the life of three centuries ago. Wolsey founded, as we all know, a college at Oxford, called St. Frideswide, or Cardinal College (now Christ Church); he introduced some promising students from Cambridge, courting talent, as he always did, instead of crushing it. Frith, the martyr, was among them, and John Clark, who used to read St. Paul's epistles to a select circle of young men; these formed themselves into a secret society, and a certain Thomas Garret, a fellow of Magdalen, and "Christian Brother" of London, coming up to Oxford with a whole library of Testaments and tracts, took the lead among them. The alarm is taken; the proctors are out after Garret: Dalaber of Alban Hall, whose brother in Dorsetshire wants a curate, sends Garret thither, that he may "convey himself some whither" over the sea. Dalaber then for his own safety, migrates to Gloucester (where now stands Worcester College), on the Thursday, and, having by Saturday afternoon arranged his furniture and books in his new chamber, (all but the heretical books, which he kept in a secret place at his old rooms,) determines "to spend that "whole afternoon, until evensong at "St. Frideswide College, at my book "in mine own study; and so shut my "chamber door unto me, and my study "door also, and took into my head to "read Francis Lambert upon the gos- "pel of St. Luke, which book only I "had then within there. And so, as "I was diligently reading in the said "book of Lambert upon Luke, sud- "denly one knocked at my chamber- "door very hard, which made me "astonished, and yet I sat still, and "would not speak; then he knocked "again more hard, and yet I held my "peace; and straightway he knocked "again yet more fiercely; and then I "thought this: peradventure it is "somebody that hath need of me; and "therefore I thought myself bound to "do as I would be done unto; and so, "laying my book aside, I came to the "door and opened it, and there was "Master Garret, as a man amazed, "whom I thought to have been with "my brother, and one with him." Garret, it seems, had lost heart, returned, been taken by the proctors, been locked up in the rector's house at Lincoln, escaped while the rector was at chapel, and found his way to Dalaber: but the servant who had directed him to his friend's rooms slipped off suspiciously, and they felt by no means secure. After they had prayed together, with much weeping, and consulted what was to be done, Dalaber packs him off again, in dis-

guise, into Wales; returns to his study, and "with many a deep sigh and salt "tear did with much deliberation read "over the tenth chapter of St. Mat- "thew's gospel." Then he went to Frideswide to find Master Clark; they were almost at Magnificat before he came thither. He stood at the choir door; he ought to have been among the singers, but now his singing and music was turned into sighing and musing. As he stood there, he saw the Commissary (the Rector of Lincoln) come hurrying in, "bareheaded, "as pale as ashes (I knew his grief "well enough), and to the dean he "goeth in his stall, and talked with "him very sorrowfully. Then they "two came away; and about the mid- "dle of the church met them, Dr. "London, puffing, blustering, and "blowing, like a hungry and greedy "lion seeking his prey. They talked "together awhile; but the commis- "sary was much blamed by them, in "so much that he wept for sorrow." Dalaber consults "the brethren" at Corpus Christi, stops the night at his old lodging at Alban Hall, and rising at five hastens through the storm to his rooms at Gloucester College. He arrives there all over mud; the gates are not opened till seven, and he paces about, full of care, under the walls for two hours. He finds that the proctors have visited his chamber, thrown his books and clothes into disorder, probed the very bedstraw with bills and swords. He is sent for by the "prior "of the students," replies to his questionings with an ingenious lie, to the effect that Garret had gone to Woodstock for a piece of venison promised him by one of the keepers; is summoned before the Commissary, the Dean and Dr. London (Warden of New); after a long and unsatisfactory cross-questioning, is set in the stocks, and meditates there of many and godly things which he had heard from Master John Clark; about noontide the commissary visits him, and finding him obstinate, offers him some dinner. Here the narrative abruptly closes, and the world will never know whether or no Dalaber obtained the promised dinner. We only know that he confessed nothing, except his own heresy, and was sent to Bocardo; that "the "Commissary being in extreme pen- "siveness, knew no other remedy but "this extraordinary, and caused a "figure to be made by one expert in "astronomy—and his judgment doth "continually persist upon this, that he "fled in a tawny coat, south-east- "ward, and is in the middle of Lon- "don, and will shortly to the sea- "side," and that, by less doubtful means, he was, after all, discovered at Bristol, conducted to Wolsey, and persuaded to abjure. It is rather a relief to know that he died afterwards for the truth which for once he surrendered. Clark too was imprisoned, and died in confinement, and of the rest, some abjured, and all were dispersed. So died out heresy in Oxford.

The most powerful auxiliary of Protestant doctrine was Papal corruption. The enormous abuses of the Ecclesiastical courts, the mortuaries and the Peter's pence, the profligacy and the non-residence of the clergy, weighed far more heavily on the people than any question of mass or purgatory. The clerical system was felt to be utterly out of place in this industrious England—a blot upon the land. The priests and monks had, like all other classes, a great work which God had given them to do—to develop religion and intellect in all men, to help the poor and infirm, to try all state policy, all private transactions, by the highest motives—a grander work than anything in these days will help us to conceive. They had become unfaithful and unconscientious, the only idle class in the realm. There was but one bishop in all England, Latimer said, hard at work in his diocese, namely, the Devil. He so busy, and they so idle, what would have become

of public morals, but that God had taught the English people a better lesson than their clergy could teach them?—and in the strength of that lesson they saw that, come what might, the Church must be reformed. Wolsey saw it too: he set to work earnestly, but it was not to be done his way; he would have reformed the Church without relaxing the connection with Rome, or leaving room for doctrinal innovation. He would have purged the monasteries, not suppressed them; and when the English succession was settled, and the alliance with France was established, he would have joined the victorious arms of the two countries in a holy crusade against German heresy and Moslem infidelity, and Europe should once more have been one fold, under one shepherd. But it was not to be: though it was only what we call a combination of circumstances which put an end to his scheming.

King Henry had set his heart on the divorce. We know nothing of the private influences, the stirrings behind the scenes, which perhaps had originated, or, at all events, confirmed his resolve. Henry's genial and impetuous temperament, and Catharine's stern severity, were not likely to coincide well. We only know that it cannot have been unbridled passion in the first instance for another woman which led him to seek for the divorce. He had never seen Anne Boleyn; he was not a man—and this must distinctly be borne in mind—of licentious habits, he had passed the flower of his youth without blemish; and yet his determination was fixed so that no power on earth could shake it. It were far nearer the truth to say that he desired a separation for public reasons. At all events, for public reasons it was most desirable; and so the people felt. There was no hope of settling the succession while Catharine was queen; Henry had looked in vain for a son; Mary was weak and delicate, and whether she survived so long or no, her father's death would be the signal for civil war. The question of succession was most doubtful; the country was only now taking breath after a long and very calamitous war which a similar doubt had originated. James of Scotland, the next heir, was hated by the people, yet he would have rejoiced to force himself upon them, and France would have backed his claims. A White Rose agitation was fermenting in secret, and Poles and Nevilles and Courtenays were rallying round the heiress of the king-maker. We must not, led away by pity for a loving and suffering woman, refuse to give considerations like these their due weight. Moreover, we have no right to assume that the moral scruples which Henry repeatedly put forth did not exist. He was no hypocrite, more than we all are. Every one's conscience is more sensitive when its dictates coincide with inclination, and have expediency to back them; and the legitimacy of his connexion with Catharine was certainly open to the gravest doubt. The main obstacles to an agreement were Catharine's resolute and stern purpose, which would admit of no compromise, and the chivalrous ardour of her nephew, Charles the Fifth, in her favour.

European affairs were, at this crisis, curiously complicated. An army of Charles's Lutheran subjects, under Bourbon, had sacked Rome, and imprisoned and insulted the Pope. Henry, on the other hand, seemed the Pope's mainstay. Even Wolsey was misled into believing that the Emperor was the enemy of the Papacy, and though England and Spain were bound together by long and close alliance, by the personal popularity of Charles, and by the intimate commercial connexion between the English and the Flemish merchants, he determined on a rupture; preferring, in opposition to the instincts and genius of the nation, a French alliance. It was a desperate throw, and he staked everything upon

it. A league was formed with Francis to drive the imperialist troops from Italy, and, if possible, depose the Emperor. Meanwhile, a long and dreary course of negociations had been opened at Rome on the divorce—negociations which had but one result, to disgust the English king and people with a tribunal which could only support its claim to infallibility by chicanery and vacillation. This was just one of those cases for which the Pope's dispensing power had been conferred on him: if he could not meet the case openly, prudently, and courageously, men would naturally suspect the authority by which he held the power. They were beginning to feel that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was on its trial, that it must stand or fall by Clement's conduct on this occasion. He was a poor weak old man, with no convictions of any sort, but always swayed by what he had last heard. He inclines at first to support Henry; but will the alliance shield him from the Emperor's wrath? He sobs, and sighs, and shuffles, and twists and untwists his handkerchief, and waits, as weak men wait, for "something to "happen." Wolsey assures him that there is nothing but "universal and "inevitable ruin" before him if he does not comply. Gardiner taunts him with a dilemma:—if he *will* not decide, where is his justice? If he *cannot*, God must have taken from him the key of knowledge. "True," said Clement, "the canon law says that the "Pope has all laws locked up in the "writing-case of his breast *(in scrinio "pectoris)*, but God forgot to give "him the key to open that lock." Meanwhile the French are defeated and driven out of Italy by the imperialists, and things become more gloomy for Wolsey day by day. The loudest discontent is expressed against a course of policy which tends to starve out the Flemish trade, so essential to the commercial prosperity of England; and as Campeggio, who has now arrived, shows quite clearly that his object and his master's is simply procrastination, Wolsey feels that his credit is gone. That was a strange utterance of his, for an infirm old man of sixty, that "if he could only see the "divorce arranged, the king re-mar-"ried, the succession settled, and the "laws and the church reformed, he "would retire from the world, and "would serve God the remainder of "his days." But what with imperial intrigues, and Flemish traders, and Papal dissimulation, and a whole country roused against him, he could not stand even to see the beginning of these things, and so fell: a man of comprehensive views, of courageous heart, of princely habits, true to himself, true to his country, true to his order; whom would that men would judge, not as they have judged him hitherto, but as they would be judged themselves.

This, then, is the position of affairs at the beginning of the autumn of 1529. Campeggio has urged Catharine to a compromise, and she has refused: the Pope has, by means of various legal subtleties (including a forged brief), escaped from his promise not to recall the Commission, thus virtually transferring the cause to Rome; Wolsey has, in the King's name, defied him to transfer it, but, finding his fall inevitable, has resigned the seals to Sir Thomas More; writs have been issued for a Parliament; Henry has established Anne Boleyn at the palace at Greenwich, and publicly acknowledged her as his intended wife.

And now, before the curtain rises, and the drama fairly begins, let us glance for a moment at Mr. Froude's estimate of the chief actor, his greatness, and his vices; and let us mark it well as a specimen of the loving human way in which he looks on every one whom he deals with.

"If Henry VIII. had died previous to "the first agitation of the divorce, his

"loss would have been deplored as one of "the heaviest misfortunes which had ever "befallen the country; and he would have "left a name which would have taken its "place in history by the side of that of "the Black Prince or of the conqueror of "Agincourt. Left at the most trying "age, with his character unformed, with "the means at his disposal of gratifying "every inclination, and married by his "ministers when a boy to an unattractive "woman far his senior, he had lived for "thirty-six years almost without blame, "and bore through England the reputa-"tion of an upright and virtuous King. "Nature had been prodigal to him of her "rarest gifts. In person he is said to "have resembled his grandfather, Edward "IV. who was the handsomest man in "Europe. His form and bearing were "princely; and amidst the easy freedom "of his address, his manner remained "majestic. No knight in England could "match him in the tournament, except "the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease "as strong a bow as was borne by any "yeoman of his guard; and these powers "were sustained in unfailing vigour by a "temperate habit and by constant exer-"cise. Of his intellectual ability we are "not left to judge from the suspicious "panegyrics of his contemporaries. His "State papers and letters may be placed "by the side of those of Wolsey or of "Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the "comparison. Though they are broadly "different, the perception is equally clear, "the expression equally powerful, and "they breathe throughout an irresistible "vigour of purpose. In addition to this, "he had a fine musical taste, carefully "cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four "languages; and his knowledge of a mul-"titude of other subjects with which his "versatile ability made him conversant, "would have formed the reputation of "any ordinary man. He was among the "best physicians of his age; he was his "own engineer, inventing improvements "in artillery and new constructions in "ship-building; and this not with the "condescending incapacity of a royal "amateur, but with thorough workman-"like understanding. His reading was "vast, especially in theology, which has "been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Her-"bert to his father's intention of edu-"cating him for the Archbishopric of Can-"terbury; as if the scientific mastery of "such a subject could have been acquired "by a boy of twelve years of age, for he "was no more when he became Prince of "Wales. He must have studied theology "with the full maturity of his under-"standing; and he had a fixed and perhaps "unfortunate interest in the subject itself.

"In all directions of human activity "Henry displayed natural powers of the "highest order, at the highest stretch of "industrious culture. He was 'attentive,' "as it is called, 'to his religious duties,' "being present at the services in chapel "two or three times a day with unfailing "regularity, and showing to outward ap-"pearance a real sense of religious obli-"gation in the energy and purity of his "life. In private he was good-humoured "and good-natured. His letters to his "secretaries, though never undignified, "are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and "the letters written by them to him are "similarly plain and business-like, as if "the writers knew that the person whom "they were addressing disliked compli-"ments, and chose to be treated as a man. "Again, from their correspondence with "one another, when they describe inter-"views with him, we gather the same "pleasant impression. He seems to have "been always kind, always considerate; "inquiring into their private concerns "with genuine interest, and winning, as a "consequence, their warm and unaffected "attachment.

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"We must allow him the benefit of his "past career, and be careful to remember "it, when interpreting his later actions. "Not many men would have borne them-"selves through the same trials with the "same integrity; but the circumstances "of those trials had not tested the true "defects in his moral constitution. Like "all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he "was a person of a most intense and im-"perious will. His impulses, in general "nobly directed, had never known contra-"diction; and late in life, when his cha-"racter was formed, he was forced into "collision with difficulties with which the "experience of discipline had not fitted "him to contend. Education had done "much for him, but his nature required "more correction than his position had "permitted, whilst unbroken prosperity "and early independence of control had "been his most serious misfortune. He "had capacity, if his training had been "equal to it, to be one of the greatest of "men. With all his faults about him, he "was still, perhaps, the greatest of his "contemporaries; and the man best able "of all living Englishmen to govern Eng-"land, had been set to do it by the condi-"tions of his birth."

On the third of November the Par-liament met,—that Parliament which

was to achieve so grand a result. It knew that its task was to superintend a revolution: the country knew it too, and watched its proceedings with the silence of suspense. What was the Church they had to reform? What were the Consistory Courts, the pride and stay of that Church? An institution founded and built up for the noblest ends had degenerated into a mere machine for making money. For a hundred misdemeanours of a class so trivial and vague as to include promise-breaking, impatience, absence from church, and the like, for the non-payment of probate and legacy duties, and especially for complaints against the constitution of the Courts (which savoured of heresy), men might be summoned to the court of the Archbishop, miles and miles away from home; if they did not attend, they were excommunicated, and had to pay for their release; if they attended, they were delayed, perhaps for weeks, before the cause was heard, and if then the accusation could not be proved, (though in case of heresy proof was made purposely as easy as possible,) they had no means of recovering costs. Nor was all this a mere latent power in the hands of the Church; it was daily exercised in innumerable cases, in a manner most oppressive and exorbitant; and when men saw *what* the clergy were, (and the most unfavourable statements which have been made against them are fully borne out by the extant records of the Courts,) they refused to accept as arbiters of *their* morals those who showed so little care for their own.

The first proceeding of this Parliament, was an "act of accusation" against the Clergy, drawn up before the session, and presented to the king at the very commencement of it, in the name of the Commons of England. They complained therein of "discord, va-"riance, and debate," ensuing as well "through new fantastical and erro-"neous opinions, grown by occasion of "frantic seditious books compiled, im-"printed, published, and made in the "English tongue, contrary and against "the very true Catholic and Christian "faith; as also by the extreme and "uncharitable behaviour and dealing "of divers ordinaries, their commis-"saries and sumners, which have here-"tofore had, and yet have, the examin-"ation in and upon the said errors and "heretical opinions;" and they specify, in no very accurate order, a series of grievances:—the laws made in convocation, without the assent of the king or any lay subjects, and yet binding the laity as much as the clergy; the paucity of proctors in the courts, so that no layman "can ne in nowise "may have indifferent counsel;" the causeless and frequent summons before the ordinaries, and costs consequent thereon; the exorbitant fees taken in the courts; the refusal of the sacraments, unless money be paid for them; the enormous sums levied as probate duties; the fees to the ordinary on the induction into a benefice; the frequent presentation by the ordinaries of "sundry benefices unto certain young "folks," called, *ex euphemismo*, their nephews or kinsfolk; the great number of holidays, fostering vice and idleness, and in harvest-time found very inconvenient; the illegal imprisonments by bishops, and their secret tribunals; the impossibility of recovering costs after a false accusation; the nature of the examination for heresy, questions being put purposely to "trap "a simple unlearned, or yet a well-"witted layman without learning," and two witnesses of any or no character being deemed sufficient to establish a charge. The king requests Parliament to draw up enactments meeting the several cases, and submits the petition to the bishops, who are soon ready with an answer, showing most significantly their blindness to the signs of the times, and their confidence in the sanctity of their own office. Among other things they require that, as their

power of making laws is vested in them by Scripture and the Church, the king may, "if there appear cause why, with "the assent of his people, temper his "laws accordingly; whereby shall en- "sue a most sure and hearty conjunc- "tion and agreement, God being *lapis* "*angularis;*" and assert, that no here- tic suffers but by his own subtlety, and that "no man has been damaged or "prejudiced by spiritual jurisdiction "in this behalf, neither in this realm "nor in any other, but only by his own "deserts."

To this extraordinary document the House pays little attention; but goes on with its work, curtailing probate duties, legacy-duties, and mortuaries, inhibiting the Clergy from secular em- ployment, enforcing residence, and li- miting the number of pluralities, which, with some smart skirmishing with the Upper House and the bench of bishops, is work enough for one session; and in the middle of December Parliament is prorogued; and "viands and inter- ludes" become the order of the day.

Meanwhile, the cause of the divorce has been advoked to Rome; and the Pope, now quite under the influence of the Emperor, has threatened Henry with spiritual censures if he take any further steps. Henry, by Cranmer's suggestion, as we generally hear, has put the question on a new ground alto- gether,—Had Pope Julius power at all to permit a man to marry his bro- ther's widow? Was not the dispensa- tion *ipso facto* void? Only general consent, expressed in a council or otherwise, could settle this: the Pope was not the authority to fix the limits of his own power. So the opinions of Universities and learned men are col- lected; the king's agents generally doing more than simply requesting a judgment. About this time the Empe- ror is to be crowned at Bologna, in the miserable Italy which he has wasted, by the hands of a Pope whom he has insulted and imprisoned: who yet, France being schismatically inclined, and England so remote, has to look to him for protection and succour. To Bologna repairs the Earl of Wiltshire, with three ecclesiastics, on a mission from Henry, promising pecuniary and other satisfaction for the unfortunate, yet necessary arrangements, with re- gard to Catharine; or if this be not accepted, threatening, that Henry if he could not do what he would, would do what he could, and fear God rather than man. Charles simply refuses to deal with Anne Boleyn's father, as an interested party; and so the matter ends, and there is no other attempt made to conciliate the Emperor. Cle- ment vacillates, as usual, and tries to please both sides, succeeding, as he de- serves, in not pleasing either. What can he do? He cannot afford to lose either Germany or England. By this time the opinions of Universities begin to come in; gained, one scarcely dare guess by what means. Craft is met by craft; Spanish and English agents try to outwit one another in Italy; and who- ever bids highest, gets a decision in his favour. In Germany we can only see that the Lutheran party is clear against Henry; in France, subtle motives of po- licy attach the king to the English side, and he orders the University to decide in Henry's favour; a strange way of get- ting at the truth on an abstract ques- tion of theology. All that Mr. Froude, or any one else can say, is, that in- trigue, intimidation, and bribery, were used indiscriminately on both sides, and that the discussion was universally un- derstood to be a competition of skill in those arts. How was it with Oxford and Cambridge? precisely as "their "later characters would have led us "respectively to expect from them." So says Mr. Froude, who knows some- thing, certainly, of Oxford, and is not very likely to be biassed in its favour. "The heads of houses, and the senior "doctors and masters, submitted their "consciences to state dictation without "opposition, and, as it seemed, with- "out reluctance. . . . But there was

" a class of residents which appears to " be perennial in that University, com- " posed out of the younger masters; a " class which, defective alike in age, in " wisdom, or in knowledge, was distin- " guished by a species of theoretic High " Church fanaticism; and which, until " it received its natural correction from " advancing years, required from time " to time to be protected against its own " extravagance by some form of exter- " nal pressure. These were the per- " sons whom the king was addressing " in his more severe language, and it " was not without reason that he had " recourse to it." A committee is suggested, consisting of the heads of houses, the proctors, and the graduates in divinity and law; the recalcitrant masters demur, and demand full convocation, where they are sure of a majority; the king interferes with a letter, rebuking the contentious and factious conduct of the " youth" of that University, and reminding them that " *non est bonum* " *irritare crabrones;*" the " youth" of course submit, and the University seal is affixed to a document declaring in favour of Henry. Cambridge, " being " distinguished," says Mr. Froude, " by " greater openness and largeness of " mind, on this as on the other mo- " mentous subjects of the day, than " the sister University, was able to " preserve a more manly bearing, and " escape direct humiliation." Cambridge had just now a great name. A Cambridge man, Cranmer, had written the best book in favour of the divorce; another Cambridge man, Latimer, had just been made, in defiance of the orthodox, who hated him, a select preacher in the royal chapel. This was a man who was very displeasing to the faithful, because, though he preached most excellent things about " sin, and god- " liness, and virtue," he was clearly opposed to " candles," and always ranting and raving about Holy Scripture. So much for Cranmer's expedient; it helped Henry's cause on the whole, but considering what it involved, one would rather the young Cambridge man had been of a less ingenious turn.

I suppose it was a similar ingenuity which discovered about this time, that Wolsey's assumption of legatine power, and its acknowledgment by the body of the clergy, entitled him and them to the penalties of a *præmunire;* entitled, in fact, the king and the nation to those penalties; but the clergy having sinned in many ways, it is deemed expedient that this guilt shall rest on them alone. Especially have they sinned in the extortion of money; and by the surrendering of money they shall be punished. Only on payment of £118,000 can they escape the full penalties to which their guilt, general and special, has rendered them liable; 100,000 (call it 1,000,000), for the province of Canterbury, and the rest for York. But this is not all; they are to designate the king " Pro- " tector and only supreme Head of the " Church," and swallow *that* if they can. It is a hard morsel; with shuffling, and prevarication, and final ungracious yielding, the work is done.

Second session of the House: no very important business, excepting the boiling alive, which I have referred to, of the Bishop of Rochester's cook, who had poisoned two or three persons in the attempt to poison his master. Poor Fisher! aged as you are, saved from this danger as you have been, no peaceful grave waits you; be strong, old man; strong as you have hitherto been weak, if you would gain for yourself a name among men. One other act of this session deserves mentioning: the act " for the banishment out of " the country of divers outlandish " and vagabond people called Egyp- " tians;" remarkable as a symptom of the fanatic fears and superstitious cravings of the times. Old faiths were shaken, and new fancies rife; every one was looking for change; the faithless generation of monks and priests sought for a sign. A sign was given them such as they deserved. A somnambulist servant girl, by name Elizabeth

Barton, speaking "very godly certain "things concerning the seven deadly "sins and the ten commandments," and therefore plainly inspired of heaven, becomes a centre of attraction to the clergy of Kent, and even the archbishop; and, presuming on the reverence with which she is listened to, and profiting by the instructions of certain ingenious fathers, establishes herself as a great religious oracle, famous through England, pronouncing distinctly against the House of Commons and the divorce, and imposing by her pretended inspiration, on every one excepting the king: even the sinking Wolsey believes; and the whole hierarchy accept with gladness the evident token that their cause is of God. On the other hand, the Houses of Parliament, having a strength in themselves which no supernaturalism can support or subvert, issue an address to the Pope, putting before him, in a manly and straightforward way, the feelings of the nation with regard to the divorce, and the necessity that existed on the Pope's part to respect those feelings.

What of Catharine, meanwhile, roused into jealousy by the court that is paid to Anne, Queen elect, under the very palace roof? See, in the hot June, a deputation wending their way to her Greenwich residence. Will she withdraw her appeal? No, truly; "for the "king's conscience, I pray God send "his Grace good quiet therein, and tell "him I say I am his lawful wife, and "to him lawfully married; and on that "point I will abide till the court of "Rome, which was privy to the begin-"ning, hath made thereof a determina-"tion and a final ending." Little hope in that quarter; only, she must not stay at Greenwich. They fix her finally at Ampthill, with her own friends and servants about her; there she may gather whom she will around her, correspond with whom she will, be the nucleus if she will of an insurrectionary party, with her imperial nephew, and the nun of Kent, and the Poles and Nevilles to support her; a party that shall never leave the court free from constant suspicion, and occasional armed interference, till the headsman's axe at Fotheringay shall crush its last straggling hopes. Yes, we forget many things when we accuse Henry of arbitrary and summary action. "With "despatches before his eyes, in which "Charles V. was offering James of "Scotland the hand of the Princess "Mary, with the title for himself of "Prince of England and Duke of York; "—with Ireland, as we shall speedily "see it, in flame from end to end, and "Dublin Castle, the one spot left within "the island on which the banner of St. "George still floated, with a corps of "friars in hairshirts and chains, who are "also soon to be introduced to us, and "an inspired prophetess at their head "preaching rebellion in the name of "God;—with his daughter and his "daughter's mother in league against "him, some 40,000 clergy to be coerced "into honest dealing, and the succession "to the crown floating in uncertainty; "finally, with excommunication hang-"ing over himself, and, at length fall-"ing, and his deposition pronounced; "Henry, we may be sure, had no easy "time of it, and no common work to "accomplish; and all these things "ought to be present before our minds, "as they were present before his mind, "if we would see him as he was, and "judge him as we would be judged "ourselves."

Now comes the third session of Parliament (January 15, 1531-2), convocation meeting the same day, and determining to exhume and burn one Tracy, who has died, bequeathing his soul to God through Christ's mercies, and declining masses and saintly intercession. They want to burn Latimer, too, but are interrupted in that good work by pressing matters on the side of Parliament. The Commons are waking up; they go on from strength to strength. Why should the clergy be exempt at all from secular jurisdic-

tion? Why should a villain who could write his name escape any more easily than a scoundrel who could not write his name? They began by enacting that no person under the degree of subdeacon, if guilty of felony, should be entitled to plead his clergy,—that is, to escape with a mere fine, where another would suffer death. Then they reformed the Arches Court, and limited the evasion of the Mortmain Act; dealing with each of these points in a temper wonderfully moderate; changing as little as they fairly could, and yet by every change they made greatly relieving the people of England. At this point comes a strange proceeding, the commencement of the threatened breach with Rome. Bishops and Archbishops, on preferment, transmitted to the Pope from old time the first year's income of their sees, as "annates," or first-fruits, a most grievous impost, both to the individuals and their families, and to the state, carrying yearly so much bullion out of the country. The houses of convocation petition the king for the abolition of this impost, and all others which impoverished the Church of England for the benefit of the Church of Rome, and, strangely enough, propose that in case the Pope will not comply, the obedience of the people be withdrawn from that see. Gardiner had invented by this time what Mr. Froude calls *the Anglican solecism*—the notion of an independent and self-governed English church, adhering without variation to Catholic orthodoxy, and the theory had grown into sudden popularity. The Commons, more equitable and moderate than the clergy, in passing the bill, leave scope for composition with Rome, if such should be possible; and then proceed to the question of the rights of convocation, which the bishops finally surrender; and thus the session ends, not satisfactorily for Sir Thomas More, who resigns the seals in suspicion and dread of such sweeping charges, nor for old Archbishop Warham, who draws up a formal protest against any legislation to the detriment of the church; and then lays himself down and dies; but satisfactorily enough, we may be sure, for king and people.

Threatening signs appear: Cromwell receives hourly information of seditious language and seditious acts in all parts of England: a clerical revolt seems ripe; every pulpit rings with the polemics of the divorce. Without, a tangled web of diplomacy is weaving; Henry, Francis, and Charles, in turn, bully and menace the Pope; and he soothes each in turn by promises. The Turk is pressing on the Emperor, and Germany seething with sedition; England and France refuse to help, and form between themselves a league offensive and defensive, to be ratified by a meeting between the sovereigns at Boulogne. Francis promises Henry all possible support, moral and material, more than he afterwards chooses to remember; and advises him to make Anne Boleyn his wife at once. The Pope, about this time, does not see why Henry should not have two wives; professes to Bonner and Bennet, and other agents, that he has nearly reduced the Emperor to submission; and at last suggests the alternative of a general council, or a relegation of the cause to an "indifferent place." Henry suspects him, fortunately for English independence, and cuts the knot, by marrying Mistress Anne, "somewhere "about St. Paul's day," 1532-3. After all, the great fault in this transaction is a want of delicacy in dealing with Catharine, and a blindness to the want of delicacy in Anne Boleyn. That this lady should have consented to occupy the position she did for so long before her marriage, is a strong presumption against her; her "honour," in the technical sense of the term, had not been endangered; the king was too scrupulous for that; but the least regard for the feelings of Catharine would have been incompatible with an as-

sumption of queenly state before her marriage. Her antecedents are most suspicious; her childhood at Paris; her reputed engagement with Lord Percy, and the certain engagement with some person unknown, which she confessed before the Archbishop afterwards, and which is confirmed by a curious document found among Cromwell's papers, all tend to fix the charge of levity on her character, and to throw doubt on the legitimacy of her marriage with Henry. Indeed, this precontract, which seems not to have been known till much later, according to the laws of that day, rendered the marriage null and void from the first. She was undoubtedly very beautiful: "her por- "traits, though all by Holbein, or "copied from pictures by him, are "singularly unlike each other. The "profile in the picture which is best "known is pretty, innocent, and pi- "quant, though rather insignificant: "there are other pictures, however, "in which we see a face more powerful, "though less prepossessing. In these "the features are full and languid. "The eyes are large; but the expres- "sion, though remarkable, is not pleas- "ing, and indicates cunning more than "thought, and passion more than feel- "ing; while the lips and mouth wear "a look of sensuality which is not to "be mistaken." Now, at length, she is married, and only waiting to be happy, till the divorce be legally pronounced, and she crowned Queen of England. Meanwhile, more complications at Rome are brought before us; a pastoral letter from Clement, appealing to Henry's generosity; a postscript, in a very different spirit, bearing the same date, but not issued till two months afterwards, declaring Henry *ipso facto* excommunicate, if he did not at once restore Catharine to her former position and rights. Then come waverings on the part of Francis and secret treaties with the Emperor, and a retirement from the scheme of schism which he and Henry had contemplated together; a sad mesh of intrigue and insincerity, from which it is pleasant to turn to the bold and hopeful aspect of the English Parliament. They meet, February 4; in that terrible crisis, forgetting the impending excommunication, they settle down quietly to pass Act after Act against social evil, frauds in trade, dishonesty among shoemakers, and so on; a fraction of the great work which the parliaments of those days set themselves, and which ran parallel all the way with the more remarkable exploits of the Ecclesiastical Reformation. "And to have beaten back, or even to "have fought against and stemmed in "ever so small a degree those beset- "ting basenesses of human nature, now "held so invincible that the influences "of them are assumed as the funda- "mental axioms of economic science; "this appears to me a greater victory "than Agincourt, a grander triumph "of wisdom, and faith, and courage, "than even the English constitution "or the English liturgy." The last act of the session is that famous "Act "of Appeals," the first bold and distinct defiance of papal authority and tradition, commencing with a declaration that "this realm of England is an "*empire*," complete within itself in its two "terms of spiritualty and tempo- "ralty," and finally laying down, not as a new statute, but as an assertion of the old law of the realm, that all ecclesiastical causes, testamentary and matrimonial, and all suits for tithes, &c., shall henceforth be adjudged in the spiritual and temporal courts within the realm, "without regard to any "process of foreign jurisdiction, or "any inhibition, excommunication, or "interdict;" and persons procuring processes, inhibitions, appeals, or citations, from the court of Rome, their "fautors, comforters, counsellors, "aiders, and abettors, all and every of "them, shall incur the penalties of "præmunire;" while to meet Catharine's special case, and do away with

the seeming injustice of the retrospective law, there was a special clause introduced, permitting an appeal, in cases then pending, from the Arches Court to the Upper House of Convocation.

Convocation, now the chief authority, decides against the lawfulness of Henry's marriage with Catharine; and Cranmer straightway opens a court at Dunstable to try the case, and by May 23, closes the whole long litigation by deciding, finally, that the marriage was null and void from the beginning. This was no arbitrary proceeding in the sense we attach to the words; the trial was conducted as fairly as possible, the only dissentient in convocation being associated with Cranmer and three other bishops to try the case; and the king, whatever he may be thought to have assumed in right of his new position as head of the Church, had certainly no thought of setting himself above the law of the land. We have not the least right to suppose that he was not sincere in his belief of the justice of his cause, and in his determination to bring it to an issue in the fairest and most open way possible.

Now nothing remains but the coronation of Anne; the splendours of that last day of May, 1533, have never been eclipsed by a grander pageant; the cloth of gold which blazed along Cheapside, the scarlet and crimson of Cornhill, the long and brilliant procession, closing with the cynosure of all eyes, the very star of the scene, the lovely Queen of England; then the pomps and allegorical devices, and "pretty "conceits," satiated the gaze and filled the heart; so that there was scarcely more thought of the sad, stern mourner at Ampthill, than of the yet sadder, but less noble victim—victim to her own follies and sins—who was destined to be gazed at by that crowd, three years later, in a far different spirit.

Then comes the painful necessity of a proclamation that the Lady Catharine of Spain, heretofore called Queen of England, was not to be called by that title any more, but to be called "Prin-"cess Dowager." We read of her indignant protestations, of her brave bearing to the last, of her resolute determination not to yield one jot of her right before God and man; altogether the saddest domestic tragedy you have ever read of.

The king had been cited to appear at Rome. He expected no less. The Pope is resolute, now that he has detached Francis from Henry. A meeting between Francis and Clement is arranged. Henry appeals to a general council. When the news of the Dunstable divorce becomes known at Rome, the Pope is furious. He issues a brief, commanding Henry to cancel the process, or, if he fail in doing so before the end of September, the censures of excommunication, which he had already incurred, would fall. Henry expostulates with Francis, to prevent his meeting the Pope; a meeting which he knows bodes no good. When his remonstrance fails, and there seems a prospect of the Pope, the emperor, and the king, uniting as a Catholic triumvirate against him, he strives, though in vain, to gain supporters among the German Protestant powers. He must stand or fall alone, it seems. He recks little, though, of external politics, now that guns and bells, and Te Deums are announcing to earth and heaven that Elizabeth is born; born, who can guess to how great a future? born to be

"A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and feared. Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."

Happy poet, who could write so about his sovereign; and so truly!

The next scene is at Marseilles. The meeting of the Pope and Francis; and there, amid gay French and gay Italians, and the fair Catherine de Medici, the Pope's gift to France (a gift, the value of which future years would prove, all too terribly) appears a strange figure, a rough, coarse, vulgar Englishman. Men call him Bonner. The Pope had threatened him with boiling lead before this. But he fears nothing, makes his way up to Clement, and informs him of Henry's appeal to a general council. "And herewithal," says he, "I drew out the said writing, "showing his said Holiness that I "brought the same in proof of the pre-"mises, and that his Holiness might "see and perceive all the same. The "Pope having this for a breakfast, only "pulled down his head to his shoulders, "after the Italian fashion, and said, "that because he was as then fully "ready to go unto the consistory, he "would not tarry to hear or see the "said writings, but willed me to come "at afternoon." Afternoon came, and Bonner. After much general discussion on the merits of the question, Bonner hands him the king's appeal. The datary reads. When he comes to the words, "to the next general council "which shall be lawfully held in place "convenient," his Holiness falls "in a "marvellous great choler and rage," "continually folding up and unwinding of his handkerchief, which he "never doth but when he is tickled to "the very heart with great choler." After three days, being calmer, he sends for Bonner, rejects Henry's appeal, as "frivolous, forbidden, and unlawful;" and promises that he will do his best that the council may meet. New shufflings; new attempts at compromise. Henry is the only one of the potentates who sees clearly what he is about. It is a question of simple right or wrong, and he will have an unconditional answer, or none at all.

His suspicions just now are roused at home. England and Ireland are both on the verge of insurrection. No one can tell how deeply the danger has taken root. The Princess Mary, now sixteen years old, refuses to surrender her title—refuses haughtily and unconditionally. Government begins to suspect that there is some secret influence from abroad at work. Two suspicious friars are arrested at Bugden; and it all at once becomes evident that there is a large insurrectionary party in the country, headed by the queen and princess, who believe, on the authority of the Nun of Kent, that the king has forfeited the crown, that he will die before many days have elapsed, or, at all events, that a revolution is imminent, which will place the princess on the throne. The Nun had declared that Henry would not live a month—certainly not six after his marriage with Anne. He married. The "one month passed; the six months "passed; eight—nine months. His "child was born and was baptized, and "no divine thunder had interposed; "only a mere harmless verbal thunder, "from a poor old man at Rome. The "illusion, as he imagined, had been "lived down, and had expired of its "own vanity." Not so. The king was like Saul, a king in the eyes of the world, but no king to God. This was treason; and the Friars Mendicant, her emissaries all England through, were but missionaries of sedition and treason. Fisher and More, the queen and princess, the marchioness of Salisbury (heiress of the White Rose), had

all tampered with the Nun. A large and simultaneous arrest was made. The Nun and the five friars, her chosen apostles, made public confession of the course of guilt and imposture, for which, perhaps, they were more responsible than she. Among other of the nobility, Lord Latimer's brothers, Sir William and Sir George Neville, are arrested and examined. Greater suspicion rested on them, as being so closely connected with the Salisbury family. Sir William makes confession, to the effect that, having consulted a wizard at Cirencester, about some silver spoons, he was recommended by him to visit a brother wizard, more learned than himself, whose name was Jones, of Oxford. This wizard, among his stillatories, alembics, serpent-skins, and rings of gold, to obtain favour of great men, declared that he had seen in a vision a certain room in a tower, and a spirit therein delivering the same to Sir W. Neville. These proved to be the Warwick Arms, and the room a chamber in Warwick castle. He further said, that the realm should be long without a king; that there would be spoliation of abbeys and rich men; and if Sir William chose to retire into his castle, divers persons would resort unto him. Moreover, that none of Cad-Wallader's blood should reign more than twenty-four years; with much else of the kind. The Nevilles succeed in clearing themselves; but their confession betrays the wild fantastical beliefs and visions of change which floated, through these years in men's minds.

The time has run, and the King, the Queen, and the Archbishop are declared to have incurred the threatened censures. Henry immediately renews his overtures with the Protestant States of Germany, without tangible success. Parliament meets again; Cromwell, as usual, the only man who sees his way clearly, the only man who understands what is impending, and shapes his course and the course of the Parliament accordingly. "Very few men actively adhered to "him. To him belonged the rare "privilege of genius, to see what other "men could not see: and therefore he "was condemned to rule a generation "which hated him, to do the will of "God, and to perish in his success." This Parliament appoints a commission to revise the Canon law, reforms the law for the prosecution of heretics (prohibiting especially the power of arbitrary imprisonment, which gave rise to Marshalsea tragedies, more piteous, in their truth, than anything Mr. Dickens can tell us); re-adjusts the method of electing Bishops, repeals all those named and unnamed exactions by which English money was made to flow perennially into the Pope's exchequer.—"Pensions, Censes, Peter's "Pence, Procurations, Fruits, Suits "for Provision, Delegacies and Res-"cripts in causes of Contention and "Appeals, Jurisdictions legatine, Dis-"pensations, Licences, Faculties, "Grants, Relaxations, Writs called "Perinde Valere, Rehabilitations, Abo-"litions, infinite sorts of Rules, Briefs, "and instruments of sundry natures, "names, and kinds." Then the Bill of Attainder is presented in the case of the Nun and her accomplices. The Nun and the five friars are declared guilty of treason: Fisher and More of misprision of treason. More sensibly and honestly explains the circumstances of his intercourse with the Nun, and requests forgiveness, which is immediately granted. Fisher attempts to vindicate himself unworthily and absurdly. He will acknowledge no fault: he is sentenced to forfeiture of goods and imprisonment, but the sentence is never executed. The session closes with the Act of Succession, establishing the invalidity of the late, and the validity of the present, marriage, settling the succession on the heirs of Queen Anne, first the sons, then the daughters, and resolving that "whosoever should do anything by

" writing, printing, or other external " act or deed, to the peril of the King, " or to the prejudice of his marriage " with Queen Anne, or to the dero- " gation of the issue of that marriage, " should be held guilty of high treason: " and whosoever should speak against " that marriage, should be held guilty " of misprision of treason,"—any doubt or even discussion of the subject, being evidently most dangerous. A commission consisting of Cranmer, the Chancellor, and the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, was appointed to administer an Oath of Allegiance, framed in accordance with this statute. A week after Parliament rises, news comes from Rome that all is over; the cause is decided, and decided against the King. The Bishop of Paris has been at Rome, a *dernier ressort*, has offered some terms, which the Pope professes to be ready to accept, and Henry accepts too. But, taking advantage of the delay of a courier for six days, Clement hurriedly pronounces final sentence against the King, declares the original marriage to have been valid, and Henry to be excommunicated, and to have forfeited the allegiance of his subjects. Thus the game is played; the news reaches Henry, together with the news of an impending Imperial invasion. He meets defiance by defiance; Convocation declares that the Pope has no more authority in England than any other bishop; and in the apprehension of Flemish invasion and the reality of Irish insurrection and Papal excommunication, those in power see that it is very necessary to try the allegiance of the people. Almost every one having any name, or holding any office, swears, except Fisher and More. More is very resolute: Cranmer and Cromwell entreat him, but in vain; he resigns himself to the Tower and the headsman. He had fairly laid himself open to suspicion, and he could not complain that the oath was administered to him; Fisher and he are left to comfort one another in the Tower. Meanwhile, orders are given that sermons shall be preached in every church, and by a bishop every Sunday at Paul's Cross, on the Pope's usurpation. In all houses, at all tables, this is to be the subject of conversation, and every father of a family, every employer, every master is to teach his children, labourers, and servants, how wrongly the Pope has acted and how rightly the King: and " all manner of " prayers, rubrics, Canons of Mass- " books, and all other books in the " churches, wherein the Bishop of " Rome was named, or his presump- " tuous and proud pomp and autho- " rity preferred, should utterly be " abolished, eradicated, and rased out, " and his name and memory should be " never more, except to his contumely " and reproach, remembered; but " perpetually be suppressed and ob- " scured."

We may not suppose that all this was very pleasing to the clergy; indeed they must have been stupified and blinded at first by the suddenness of the change. Gradually they waken, and waken to distrust and sedition; numerous cases are brought before government of clergymen who have abused the confessional to inculcate opposition to government measures, and to recommend mental reservation, such as they confess to have exercised themselves. Here is one; the confessor of Sion Monastery, has professed extreme loyalty; one John Staunton, being suspicious thereof, and not over scrupulous in his ways of getting to the truth, goes to him to be shriven, confessing " the " seven deadly sins particularly, and " next the misspending of his five wits" in various ways, and among others, in heresy. " Sir," he said, " there is one " thing in my stomach which grieveth " my conscience very sore," namely, a sermon of Latimer's, which has convinced him that the Pope has no power to forgive sins; and that, in consequence, his shrift will be of none effect.

The priest answered: "That Latimer "is a false knave. . . . I say the Pope's "pardon is as good as ever it was, and "he is the head of the Universal "Church, and so will I take him; and "as for oaths, an oath loosely made "may be loosely broken," with more of the like; which John Staunton duly reports to the authorities. The result of all this is sad enough, but as far as one can see, inevitable; an act of supremacy is passed to bring things to a point, and an act of treason, denouncing the extreme penalties of the law against all recusants; following close on this come the sad tragedies of the Charterhouse Monks, and of Fisher and More. The historian would say little about these scenes, but that silence is abused; if he close his mouth for pity, men will aver that he dare not speak for shame. To Mr. Froude, and to all who read history as Mr. Froude does, the execution of Sir Thomas More "appears most piteous and most "inevitable." In halcyon days, it is hopeless and needless to attempt to judge too closely the actions of those whom God has placed at the head of a revolution. Ordinary morality, ordinary humanity, are acknowledged to be suspended on the battle-field; why not, when the battle covers a larger area, and occupies a longer period, and is woven into the daily doings of the world? If More had died by Cromwell's hand in fair fight, where would have been Cromwell's blame? Revolutions ever establish themselves thus; even in later days, in the manhood, as in the youth, of the world, Nature's evil star has forced men

> To follow flying steps of truth
> Across the brazen bridge of war.
> And new and old, disastrous feud,
> Must ever shock like armed foes,
> And this is true till time shall close,
> That principles are rain'd in blood.

The effect upon Europe was instantaneous and electrical. At last it was evident that Henry was in earnest. The famous bull of Paul III. was prepared, to be issued three years later; the feud was complete, and the English Church henceforth, with a very brief reaction, went joyfully along her own way.

One part of the story remains; a terrible domestic retribution. Catharine died, dictating with her last breath a letter to Henry, in which she vowed, "that her eyes desire him above all "things." Four months afterwards, a secret committee of the privy council is engaged in receiving evidence which implicates the queen in adultery: when they consider their task complete, Parliament is suddenly summoned, the queen and her suspected paramours are arrested, and lodged in the Tower. She confesses only this, that both Norris and Weston had made their love known to her. "Let us feel our very "utmost commiseration for this poor "queen; if she was guilty, it is the "more reason that we should pity her; "but I am obliged to say, that conver-"sations of this kind, admitted by "herself, disentitle her to plead her "character in answer to the charges "against her. Young men do not "speak of love to young and beautiful "married women, still less to ladies of "so high rank, unless something more "than levity has encouraged them; and "although to have permitted such lan-"guage is no proof of guilt, yet it is a "proof of the absence of innocence" I will make another extract. "Her "spirits had something rallied, though "still violently fluctuating. 'One "'hour,' wrote Kingston, 'she is de-"'termined to die, and the next hour "'much contrary to that.' Sometimes "she talked in a wild wandering way, "wondering whether any one made "the prisoners' beds, with other of "those light trifles which women's "minds dwell upon so strangely, "when strained beyond their strength. "'There would be no rain,' she said, "'till she was out of the Tower; and "'if she died, they would see the great-"'est punishment for her that ever "'came to England.' 'And then,' "she added, 'I shall be a saint in

"'heaven, for I have done many good
"'deeds in my days; but I think it
"'much unkindness in the king to put
"'such about me as I never loved.'
"Kingston was a hard chronicler, too
"convinced of the queen's guilt to
"feel compassion for her; and yet
"these rambling fancies are as touch-
"ing as Ophelia's; and, unlike hers,
"are no creations of a poet's imagina-
"tion, but words once truly uttered by
"a poor human being in her hour of
"agony. Yet they prove nothing. And
"if her wanderings seem to breathe of
"innocence, they are yet compatible
"with the absence of it. We must
"remind ourselves, that two of the
"prisoners had already confessed both
"their own guilt and hers."

She and they were tried, Froude says, with a scrupulousness without a parallel in the criminal records of the time. He gives the names of all that were engaged on the trials;—the special commission, the grand juries of Middlesex and Kent, the peers who were summoned to try the queen and her brother. The result of it all is, that if she was innocent, the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Wiltshire, her father; Cromwell, to whom, above all men, we owe our Protestant Church, Sir W. Fitzwilliam, the old admiral, whose career had been so brilliant, Paulet the treasurer, all the judges, and all the highest nobility and gentry in England, the very pride and flower of our own ancestors, the noblest men of the noblest nation in the world, were guilty of subserviency and baseness to which no history can possibly find a parallel. "If there was evi-
"dence, it must have been close, ela-
"borate, and minute; if there was
"none, these judges, these juries, and
"noblemen, were the accomplices of
"the king in a murder, perhaps the
"most revolting which was ever com-
"mitted. Though we stretch our be-
"lief in the complacency of statesmen
"to the furthest limit of credulity, can
"we believe that Cromwell would have
"invented that dark indictment,—
"Cromwell who was, and who re-
"mained till his death, the dearest
"friend of Latimer? Or the Duke of
"Norfolk, the veteran who won his
"spurs at Flodden? Or the Duke of
"Suffolk and Sir William Fitzwilliam,
"the Wellington and the Nelson of the
"sixteenth century? Scarcely among
"the picked scoundrels of Newgate
"could men be found for such work;
"and shall we believe it of men like
"these? It is to me impossible. Yet,
"if it was done at all, it was done
"by these four ministers." It is not pl asant to write of such things, yet the truth is worth telling; if haply the shame of noble names may be saved.

I have brought this abstract to a close. It has been long; it may have been dull. I have omitted all reference to several very interesting episodes, the Irish Rebellion, for instance, and the dissolution of the minor monasteries; and have kept, as closely as I could to the main action. If by its means I shall have induced any to read Froude, well: if I shall have disposed any to think more highly than they have been in the habit of thinking about the work of the Reformation and the men who accomplished that work, better. It is a strange thing that we who glory in being Englishmen, yet take a pleasure in ascribing the meanest and most degrading character to those who made Englishmen and England what they are: that we, who boast of our Shakespeare and our Milton, take so little pride in our Henry and our Elizabeth. Many will say, I feel sure, that this book of Mr. Froude's is an indication of that Quixotic chivalry so rampant in our times which seeks by some strange impulse the most inglorious and unseemly objects that it may adorn and trick them out with the flowers and fillets of its own blind admiration; another development of that spirit which has made Carlyle idolize Cromwell, and

Grote speak out boldly for the sophists and demagogues of Athens, which has led Congreve to extol the despotism of the Roman Empire, and Merivale to find, if not heroes, yet comparatively ordinary and innocent mortals in Tiberius and Caligula. Some of these attempts have been thoroughly successful, some not: I hail them all as indications of a more truthful spirit at length beginning to prevail among historians; of a determination to look upon these and all men as they were, not as after ages have succeeded in drawing them. Of them all perhaps we owe most admiration to this first sustained effort of Mr. Froude's to show us, in the history of the Tudor times, what were the secrets of the greatness of the English character, and the success of the English rule; to show us in one of its highest developments that power which has since produced Shakespeare and Cromwell, Blenheim and Trafalgar, a Puritan Revolt and an American Federation. All thanks to him for doing such a work, and doing it so well; not with tricky rhetoric and tinsel ornament, but with the pure eloquence of feeling and of truth, with the sustained strength of an honest heart, with faith in God and in his fellow men shining out in every page.

THE SINGING OF THE POET.

A POET came to an ancient town,
And sang a song that was strange and wild;
And all thronged round him with open ear;
But a little while, and the many smiled,
And said, he sings we know not what,
Fantastic fancies together stringing.
But he heeded them not, and chaunted on,
For his heart was in his singing.
And a few still linger'd, scarce knowing why,
And listen'd with heedful and earnest ears,
And faces were flush'd, and hearts beat fast,
And cheeks were wet with unwonted tears.
For the song he sang was thick with thoughts
That all had felt, but could utter never,
That shot through the spirit strange and faint
A moment, then past for ever.
And to one, it seem'd the voice of a child,
That had left him long, and was far away;
And on some it fell with a mother's tone,
A mother dead full many a day.
It was strange indeed how the graves gave up
Their dead as that voice sang low and mournful,
And it brought the changed as they once had been,
The fickle and false and scornful.
And still, as he chaunted, the crowd pressed round,
And many that heard at the first, and jeer'd,
Came back, and listen'd intent and awed,
Though the melody still was as wild and weird;
For he changed it never to charm the throng,
But sang as his inner spirit moved him;
And all, that he seemed to heed them not,
But honour'd the more and loved him.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

WE have been three months at peace. Even we who live at home at ease and feel that it is a reality and not a name. We have no more lists of killed and wounded, which we look over with fear lest we should catch the name of an old friend, and which we know that others who have all they hold dearest at stake are looking over with a death-like anxiety. We have no more harrowing accounts of the sufferings of our soldiers, which make us accuse ourselves of a life of selfish ease, while others are fighting the battle of truth and right. We hope it is a lasting peace. The conditions were agreed to by men who have in the very highest degree the great English virtues of common sense and honesty. The people at first feared they were overreached, but are gradually gaining a conviction, that the blood of our warriors has not been shed in vain. Now that we breathe freely after the contest, it will not be uninteresting to study the life of one of its heroes; the man who first led to the Crimea that daring expedition, which, after unlooked-for toils and endurance, was finally crowned with the success which has so largely contributed to the result of the war. But a study of the character of Marshal St. Arnaud has a great interest for its intrinsic value, especially as it is opened up to us in his private letters, which lay before us a picture of his life, filling in by the most intimate details of thought and feeling the outline which his public services and graphic despatches had already presented to the world.

A youth, in whom the most conspicuous qualities are good humour, ardour, and ambition, the outward traits of deeper qualities, which become developed in later life, in a character where we see the man of refined and elegant mind and feeling winning the hearts of all around him; the able general, devoted to his duty and sympathizing keenly and actively in all the sufferings of his soldiers; the patriot, anxious above all things for the glory of France; such is the character which these private letters, added to what we know of his public life, disclose to us.

We shall not attempt in this essay to give a detailed account of his life, but as true a sketch as we can of the man, by a series of pictures drawn at different periods; dwelling chiefly upon those later scenes of his career which have the most lively historical interest for us at present, and in which the real excellence of his character is most fully brought out.

His father, an *avocat* at Paris, died when his son was five years old. He received his education at the *Lycée Napoléon*, and obtained his commission in the *Gardes des Corps* at the age of seventeen, at the end of the eventful year 1815. The life in such a corps, however, affording too many temptations to a young, ardent nature, his stepfather soon afterwards procured him an exchange into a regiment of infantry. Soon tired of garrison life, and impatient for active service, in the year 1822 he volunteered his services in the war for the independence of Greece.

His description of the state of things on his arrival there is very amusing. All wanted the command. Every one was captain, no one soldier. In spite of all this, he proffered his services to the Ephors at Navarino, who gave him a cup of coffee and a pipe, read his letters of introduction, and dismissed him without a reply, or even thanks for his offer. He met with a similar reception from the senate at Corinth; so after mixing in a few fights before Modon, which was occupied by the Turks and besieged by the Greeks, he left the country. Before returning to France he visited Constantinople, Smyrna, and Gallipoli. In the following years he visited Italy, Belgium, and England, studied their languages, and became a proficient in English and Italian.

The revolution of July, 1830, appearing likely to kindle an European war, recalled him to France, where he obtained employment in the rank of sub-lieutenant in the 64th Regiment, then in garrison at Brest. There he married, and was soon afterwards engaged in active service in the war in La Vendée, the district which a few traces of the golden age of St. Louis, lingering through all the corrupt governments that followed, had made the constant rallying point of the royalists. The end of the year 1832 brought him, much to his chagrin, to Blaye, with a battalion which was to perform the not very dignified service of a guard to the Duchesse de Berry. "From chaser of "the chouan," he writes, "behold me "turned gaoler. I shall die with rage "if they fight on the Rhine, while I re- "main shut up in the citadel of Blaye."

It was here, however, that he met with General Bugeaud, with whom his subsequent life in Algeria is much bound up. He first attracted the notice of that general by translating a small book of his into three languages, and soon afterwards he became his *officier d'ordonnance*.

From this time to 1835 he is employed in different garrisons. In October of that year he returns to Paris, and is attached to the *Gymnase Militaire*. Early in 1836 he loses his wife, and applies soon after for service in the Foreign Legion for Africa, where he endeavours to forget his domestic grief in the energetic performance of his public duties. To his brother he writes from Africa: "Patience, resignation, "you see my lot. I have sufficient "courage and philosophy to bear it "without murmuring. There are bet- "ter; but this life, so active, mingled "with so many dangers, such priva- "tions, has restored my heart, increased "my energy tenfold; and if at times "the remembrance of the past did not "come to make me sad, I could be al- "most happy—quite happy, if I could "have news of you, of my mother, and "of my children. But you do write "as often as you can, I am sure. *Ma* "*gentille petite fille!* kiss her a thou- "sand times for me, and tell her that "I too think of her, and of her brother, "and that I love them both dearly, "and am working for them."

It was not long after his arrival in Africa that peace was made with Abd-el-kader, and the French army turned its attention against the Bey of Constantine. It was at the siege of Constantine, which was one of the hottest actions on record, that St. Arnaud well earned his first Cross of the Legion of Honour. Shortly after this we find him nearly falling a victim to cholera, but much cheered by the affection and attention of his comrades. "I was dy-" ing, my brother," he writes, "but I " saw myself loved, regretted."

In July, 1839, his company occupy Jijelli, and during a pestilence he converts his house into an hospital. "In " the shelter of my fig-tree and vine " arbour," he writes, "I have received " five Voltigeurs whom the hospital " cannot admit, and who are struck " down with the terrible burning of " the hot fever. They are on the straw, " enveloped in coverings; I give them " as many citrons, oranges, &c. as I " can, and supply baths for their feet."

During the spring and summer of the year 1840, he distinguished himself in several actions; and in August he is raised to the rank of Commandant of the 18th Regiment of Infantry, and stationed at Metz.

Towards the end of that year it begins to appear that Abd-el-kader is becoming a formidable enemy; and it becomes evident that Marshal Valée is not the man to oppose him successfully. To preserve the French possessions, vigorous measures must be taken. Accordingly General Bugeaud is made governor of Algeria, and the army there is increased to 100,000 men. St. Arnaud, in writing to congratulate him on his appointment, places at his disposal his own services and African experience, on which Bugeaud immediately asks his services from the ministry. He obtains them, and St. Arnaud finds himself in command in the Zouaves, "the first soldiers in the world," under Colonel Cavaignac.

Bugeaud's plan for subduing Abd-el-kader is by terrifying the Arab tribes into obedience to the French. He adopted the Arab system of warfare, making his troops almost as moveable as the Arabs themselves, and carrying destruction and devastation among every tribe who would not submit. It was an aggressive and severe system, but necessary for the security of the French possessions. The outposts of the French territory were garrisoned, protecting the tribes which had submitted, and ready for predatory excursions in the country of those who had not.

That Bugeaud was a great general there is no question. He was not, however, popular with the army; and St. Arnaud, who fully appreciated his great qualities, had often to defend him from abuse. A sketch of this man's character, in a letter of St. Arnaud to his brother, may interest the reader: "Ge-" neral Bugeaud pursues his end with " a perseverance as praiseworthy as it " is able. Passionately fond of war and " combat, he prefers to great accounts " which he might produce, the pursuit " of an end useful to the country. This " man is admirable, brother; people " do not know him; they do not render " him justice. He has true genius; I " follow him, I examine him dispas-" sionately, and every day I discover " in him new qualities. But he has " many defects. Frank and loyal to " excess, he approaches at times to " bluntness. Of an inconceivable ac-" tivity, he becomes trifling. Engaged " for fifteen years in agriculture; living " in continual contact with the less ele-" vated class of society, he has not all " the dignity, all the *tenue* desirable. " But what conscientiousness! What " probity! What refinement of senti-" ment! What self-denial! And he is " surrounded with difficulties."

There is a great contrast between these great men; and yet the tie between them was strong. Very likely it was the refinement of St. Arnaud, contrasted with his own rougher nature,

that drew Bugeaud so much to him. Their intimacy became great. On one occasion St. Arnaud, in a letter from Algiers, says: "The general, on his re- "turn home, found me there as he had "left me, and his reception was pater- "nal. As I would have retired to leave "him with his wife and children, he "said to me: 'Stay, you are one of the "family.'"

In April, 1842, St. Arnaud is promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and soon afterwards placed by Bugeaud in the Government of Milianah, one of the outpost garrisons of the French, with three battalions of infantry, sixty cavalry, besides artillery, engineers, &c., under his orders. His work here is a mixture of administrative and military duties. He has to find quarters for his garrison of more than 2000, where there was at first scarcely room for 800. He has to organize the civil government of the city, &c., and occasionally to make a sortie to punish the revolting tribes and lay waste their country. The best idea of his position there may be given in his own words. Six weeks after his arrival he writes to his brother: "I regard my position ex- "actly as you do. It is truly too fine. "You are right in saying it. I reign, "and reign almost without control. I "have neither Chambers to control me, "nor Ministers to counsel or to con- "tradict me; and hitherto all the mea- "sures which I have taken had been "already accomplished when I gave in "the proposal for them, and nearly "always have been approved. It is "the finest epoch of my life, my brother; "and for our old age an inexhausti- "ble subject of recollections and anec- "dotes. I have acquired self-command "visible to my own eyes, and that will "not astonish you if you think of the "important orders which I give; of "their immediate execution, of the re- "sponsibility which accompanies them. "With the Arabs hesitation is feeble- "ness, incapacity. One must then think "quickly, but well; strike hard, but "justly. This is my endeavour, and I "flatter myself the Arabs at Milianah "love me as much as the French. How "many miseries to relieve, my brother! "How many three-franc pieces, in "the form of a measure of wheat, have "entered the houses of poor families, "to arrest the famine at their door! ". . . . In short, where were ruins a "city rises; where misery reigned, re- "appears commerce, industry, well- "being. I had 100 poor families, I "have now scarcely ten; and the num- "ber diminishes every instant, for I "make them useful and make them "earn their bread." That he had effectually gained the hearts of the people appears from the following extract: "General Fabvier, Inspector General "of Africa, has just passed three days "at Milianah. I shewed him every- "thing in detail;—the theatre, public "works, building, administration, mag- "azines, municipal commission;—I "left the general in admiration, stupi- "fied. Then while he was inspecting "the three battalions, I took the com- "mand, made them manœuvre and de- "file before him; in short, the brave "man is gone away enchanted with "me. I will not repeat the compli- "ments with which he overwhelmed "me. But the best part of the affair "was this: all the influential Arabs, "the chiefs of the tribes, came to pay "their respects to the general. At the "moment of his departure they pre- "sented themselves in a body, and "begged him to tell the governor and "king to leave me always at Milianah; "and that, if they wished to take me "from them, they would not let me go."

At the same time his military talents were not without exercise. At the head of his little column from Milianah he had several times to make expeditions against the neighbouring tribes, which he always conducted with success. It was a command for a general, though he was only a lieutenant-colonel.

In July, 1843, he was to give up the

command of Milianah; Bugeaud receiving orders to give employment to his general officers in those governments. He is informed of this in a very complimentary letter from Bugeaud, thus :—"There can be nothing "but what is honourable for you to be "replaced by a major-general, and it "can by no means injure you. You "have gained your spurs at Milianah; "and without doubt a third or fourth "recommendation will give you a re-"giment." In July St. Arnaud leaves for Paris and is succeeded by General Gentil.

In February, 1844, he returns to Africa as colonel of the 32nd regiment. After taking part in a few expeditions in the earlier part of the year, he is, in November, appointed commandant supérieur of Orléansville, where his duties are very similar to those at Milianah, and where he continues till November, 1847, when he receives the rank of Major-general, having previously attained the rank of Commander in the Legion of Honour.

This epoch is also marked by the submission of Abd-el-Kader. The second of the hostile chiefs, Bou-Heaza, had already submitted to St. Arnaud himself at Orléansville, and requested, on his surrender, to be conducted to him. In January, 1848, St. Arnaud starts for Paris. "I shall see Abd-el-"Kader again in Paris," he writes. "O destiny!"

He returns to Paris just in time for the Revolution, Bosquet having taken his duties in the meanwhile at Orléansville.

To describe the part he took in the Revolution, we quote a note of the editor of the Letters :

"In the night between the 23rd and "24th of February, at two o'clock in "the morning, Marshal Bugeaud called "up General de St. Arnaud (who was "at Paris on leave), and gave him the "command of a brigade. On the morn-"ing of the 24th, the general carried "in his course the barricades of the "Rue Richelieu, which were scarcely "defended, but which were recon-"structed after the passage of the "troops. On his turning back from "the Place de Carrousel, the general "received orders to go and occupy the "Prefecture of Police with three bat-"talions of the army and one battalion "of the National Guard. This last "disbanded itself at the Pont Neuf. "The general had been forbidden to "make use of arms. In spite of this "order, and without infringing it, the "general occupied the prefecture, and "there maintained himself till he learnt "the abdication and departure of the "king, and the seizure of the Tuileries "and Chamber of Deputies. He at-"tempted to retire upon Vincennes "with his troops, in the middle of which "he had stationed the Municipal Guard. "Arrested on the Quai de Gevres "and the Place de l'Hotel de Ville by "the barricades, the general could not "prevent the soldiers from dispersing "at the cry of abdication. He was "pressed upon, surrounded, thrown "from his horse, bruised, threatened "with death. Disengaged by an officer "of the National Guard, and conducted "to the Hotel de Ville, where the Pro-"visional Government was forming it-"self, brought in and placed in custody "in one of the halls, he recovered his "liberty with the aid of a working "jeweller named Caylon. From the "Hotel de Ville he came to the house "of M. Leroy St. Arnaud, while the "latter, forewarned of the danger his "brother was running, had just come "to the Hotel de Ville to look for "him."

"In all these events," he says, writing to a friend, "I have done my duty "to the last. I have been wounded— "fortunately not seriously; my horses "have been wounded; that of my offi-"cier d'ordonnance killed; my aide-"de-camp pulled from his horse, bruis-"ed, &c. I owe my life only to a "miracle, and I had not the strength "to thank God for having done so.

"Some day I shall relate to you these "unpleasant details. It would be too "long to write them.

"After this great public event, I "will tell you a private one, which has "its importance, I am going to marry.— "To marry in the midst of revolution- "ary storms,—to bind to one's destiny "the destiny of a woman. That is "bold, is it not? What think you? I "have faith in myself and my wife. I "espouse the sister of my brother's "wife, daughter of the Marquis of Tra- "zegnies. I say marquis, because the "levelling revolution has not yet af- "fected Belgium, and the family of "my wife is Belgian, and lives in "Belgium.

"Mademoiselle Louise de Trazeg- "nies is graceful, *spirituelle*, perfect in "education, in demeanour, in princi- "ples."

At the end of April he returned, with his wife, to Africa, and is transferred from the government of Orléansville to that of Mostaganem, one of more importance, and afterwards from thence to the command of the subdivision at Algiers. We pass slightly over the remaining events of his history in Africa. On the 27th of January, 1850, he is nominated commandant of the division of Constantine, his last appointment in Africa. About the beginning of May, 1851, an expedition into Lesser Kabylie, which he has some time been meditating, is undertaken by him. This was the most important expedition of which he had the command in Africa. It was completed with entire success. It occupied eighty days, in which time the division passed over 430 miles, and measured their strength twenty-six times against the enemy, always with victory. More than forty tribes were subdued, and in the whole expedition their loss was about one-eighth of the entire number.

In July, at the end of this expedition, St. Arnaud is appointed general of division, and soon after is recalled to Paris, to take the command of an active division. On the 26th of October he receives the portfolio of minister of war under the President, Prince Louis Napoleon.

We must pause here for a moment to look at his political sentiments. They were simple and consistent, and centred in an abhorrence of a republic and of selfish demagogues. He would have supported the monarchy under Louis Philippe. When that had fallen, he looked with despair on the prospects of France, and would have welcomed anything that had given the chance of a firm and stable government. "One thing," he writes in a letter in 1842, "I shall always oppose, "in word and deed, that is a Republic, "because it is hateful to me." "Poor "France!" he writes in December, 1848, "so strong, so glorious, once! "will she awake?" Again, in February, 1850, "Army of the President, army "of the Republic, I would none of "them. I would rally round that which "would have nothing of a Republic, "which I love neither for itself, nor "for its forms, nor above all for its men. "France wishes it not, France repels "it."

He was personally unknown to Louis Napoleon until he came to Paris in 1851, to take the command before mentioned. He had given his vote for him in December, 1848, as the man who was unknown, when all the rest were odious to him. St. Arnaud was pointed out to the President by his rare combination of administrative and military talent, as shown in his government of Constantine and his expedition to Little Kabylie. He took office as minister of war on the 26th of October, 1851, an office which could have been no light task during the stormy debates and narrowly contested divisions in the National Assembly during those few months. The most important debate in which he took part was that upon the proposition of the quæstors for conferring upon the President of the Assembly an unlimited right of calling

out the military force. The proposition was a most direct vote of want of confidence in the executive government. It was rejected by a majority of 408 to 300; but in the applause which followed the vote, several of the majority exclaimed, "It is only a victory for them." The assembly finally rejected the government measure for the abolition of the limitations of land suffrage by the law of the 21st of May, 1850, and the *coup d'état* was resolved on.

Let us now look for a moment at the position of Louis Napoleon in the autumn of 1851. He was at the head of the executive government of France, with a legislative assembly in which the party in opposition to his government was tremendously strong, sometimes victorious. Shall he resign his power, or continue in office and be obliged to sanction acts of which he disapproves? Such would be the constitutional alternative. But on the other hand, look at the vision which opens itself. He saw France torn with contending factions, to which for sixty years it had been alternately the victim. The elements of a reign of terror were still there. So late as June, 1848, Paris had witnessed a death-struggle, which only just saved her from its triumph. He felt a power within him, and a noble destiny before him; a destiny nobler far than the mere name and state of Emperor of the French. He felt called as the "instrument of the decrees "of Providence" to give order and stability to the government of France, and to make his country honoured and powerful; not by extending the bounds of her territory, but "by putting her-"self at the head of the movement of "generous impulses to extend every-"where the empire of right and jus-"tice." Such words were scarcely believed when they were uttered; but in all minds unprejudiced by party feelings the acts of every year are increasing the conviction of their sincerity.

His determination was then taken to make use of the real power which he possessed of forcibly dissolving the National Assembly, and appealing for the ratification of the act to the only *sovereign* of a republic, the people. Such we believe to be a true view of the Revolution of 1851, looking at it from the side of Louis Napoleon himself. Into the question between him and the National Assembly we do not enter. That he was most sacredly pledged to the existing constitution is true; but, on the other hand, the permanence of that constitution was impossible; and it was no longer upheld by the will of the French people, which was its only origin and resting-ground. The pleading of advocates on the point would be interminable; and the judgment is above any earthly court.

We have spoken at such length of Louis Napoleon in order the better to enter into the feelings and motives of St. Arnaud's line of action on the present stirring occasion. He entered heart and soul into the plans of Louis Napoleon; and of course did his share of the work in bringing them about. "Good morning, dear mother," he writes early on the 2nd of December, 1851, "I write at a solemn moment. "Two hours hence we are to be pre-"sent at a revolution, which I hope "will save the country.

"This assembly, foolish, blind, fac-"tious, will be dissolved, and an appeal "to the people will decide the lot of "a nation wearied with being tossed "about by disquiet and cares. We "shall have a stable government, and "I have confidence that all will go "well. The Republic remains with "the President named for ten years."

Before morning the leaders of the opposition in the assembly are arrested; the doors of the house shut and guarded, and Paris placarded with the President's decree of the National Assembly dissolved; universal suffrage re-established, the state of siege declared in Paris, and the people convoked in their *comitia* to vote upon the ratification of

the President's act. To these decrees follows his appeal to the people.

Such was the revolution of the 2nd of December. On the morning of the 4th, the resistance organized by the minority of the Assembly and their supporters came to a crisis, but the military standing by the President, it was immediately suppressed. As every one remembers, the President's appeal to the people was entirely successful, and was responded to by a majority of 7,000,000 votes.

In February, 1852, St. Arnaud lost his only son, a fine fellow of about twenty, of whom he had been very fond and proud. He had been prevented by his public duty from going to see him in his last moments; and we can see from a few short private letters about this time the heart which bears affliction like a man in the uninterrupted discharge of his public duties; but which also feels it like a man in the deeper thoughts which form the constant refrain to the work of life.

He accompanied the Prince Napoleon in his celebrated tour before the declaration of the empire; and gives some very interesting descriptions of the enthusiasm of the people. From Bordeaux he writes: — "Bordeaux "has shown itself the first city in "France by its reception. At Gre- "noble enthusiasm of the heart; at "Toulouse enthusiasm of the head; "here enthusiasm of conviction, and "from good society. You don't like "speeches, but what do you think of "that at Bordeaux? It is a fine and "noble manifesto, which will satisfy "Europe where it is hardest to satisfy. "The discourse is summed up in this "French thought, 'When France is "satisfied, Europe is tranquil!'"

A few months after this, we find among the letters one or two so remarkable, and throwing such a light upon the innermost recesses of the character, that we cannot pass them without a full quotation. In March, 1853, while at Hyères, St. Arnaud has had a sharp attack of illness. His brother Leroy had joined him, though St. Arnaud himself had written to spare him the trouble, as he was convalescent. His next letter is to his half-brother, M. de Forcade. "Dear brother, the "Conseiller d'état has just set out for "Toulon as tranquil and happy as he "had come uneasy and disquieted. He "has seen the progress of a wretched "disease arrested, and health return "as by enchantment, with strength in- "creasing every day. Then passed in "me something extraordinary. The "body, spirit, all was sick; and this "state had caused a great disorder, "which had attacked the principle of "life. I took refuge in meditation; "then in prayer I lifted my soul to "God, and the calm returned to my "heart.

"I have found in the curé of Hyères "a priest such as I understand and "love. We have had long conversa- "tions, and on Sunday I take the "sacrament like a true Christian. This "conversion will perhaps astonish you, "and you will see in me a great change. "Prayer is an excellent medicine, re- "member this on occasion. You may "let my amiable sister read this letter; "her elevated soul will comprehend "me."

The ground is too sacred for comments of ours. We shall pass on, merely remarking, that if any one, in looking at the devotion and self-sacrifice of this man's life during his last expedition to the Crimea, should trace the influence of the prayers and meditations at Hyères, we do not think he will be wrong. We must admire too the man who can leave on record his inmost feelings with such an absence of reserve on the one hand and of self-deception on the other. Soon after he writes again to the same:— "To the fierceness, to the irritation "which governed me have succeeded "a calm and a gravity perhaps too "serious, but which still cling to my "malady. I have suffered so much!

'I hope soon to recover a gentle gaiety, but I do not dissemble that all my ideas are grave and serious. I read much the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' and this wonderful book, which penetrates me with admiration, inspires me also with a painful distrust of my strength. Will God give me enough strength of will, enough perseverance to remain in this noble path which he shows me? This is what I ask of him every day with fervour."

From this time his health is never very good.

In April, 1854, however, he is called to the command of the army of the East, which he accepts without hesitation.

The army is first organized at Gallipoli, in order to be ready to protect Constantinople in case of the Russians making good their progress so far. In the middle of June a second camp begins to be formed at Varna, and it is among the trials and disasters of the army here that the character of our hero is brought out in its greatest brightness. In the meantime Silistria is holding out beyond hope, and though considerable time must elapse before the whole army and material can be got up and made ready for the march, it appears still possible that the allied armies may be able to save Silistria, and drive the Russians into the Danube. St. Arnaud's plans are well matured, and it will give a good idea of the difficulties with which he had to contend, as well as of the foresight with which it was his habit to act, if we make an extract from a letter to his brother written from Yenikali, June 20th :—"I see that you "always lend yourself with ardour to "the plans of a campaign. I have al- "ready carefully drawn out more than "twenty, and may, perhaps, not carry "out one of them. They say, one ought "always to have one's plans determined "beforehand; I say one should be "ready for all contingencies, and make "decisions prompt and sound. Plans "must be daily regulated by circum- "stances.

"I shall probably quit Varna from "the 10th to the 11th of July, to march "upon Silistria: and my plan is to save "the town and drive the Russians into "the Danube. But who can say that "I may not be obliged to face about "to the right against the 30,000 Rus- "sians who are in the Dobrutscha. It "is for this that I have strongly occu- "pied Kustenje with marines from the "fleet; and if the Russians, after sure "and positive information, besiege Si- "listria regularly and not out of all "order, proceeding by trenches, &c., "make in front of the Danube a very "strongly intrenched camp defended "by fourteen works armed with heavy "guns, a camp in which there are about "90,000 men; if the Russians, I say, "having done this, let the allied army "defile from the forest below Silistria, "place 20,000 men to defend their "camp, which will be enough; and "with 60,000 men, and the 30,000 de- "scending from the Dobrutscha, march "to place themselves on my right and "in my rear, occupy the grand route "between Varna and Pravadi, and in- "tercept my communication with the "sea, I may find myself in a very awk- "ward position. Don't be alarmed, "I have taken my precautions against "the manœuvre, and shall baffle it; "but you see with what prudence one "must act. If I had 100,000 men, I "should put 30,000 men in force on "my right, and proceed straight on my "way."

His hopes, however, were to be disappointed in another way. As soon as it appeared that the allied army was nearly ready to be put in motion, the Russians, having made one final grand assault on Silistria in which they were repulsed, commenced a retreat, recrossed the Danube, destroying their redoubts, batteries and intrenchments, and thus, as St. Arnaud expresses it, in saving themselves, robbed him of a great opportunity of victory.

Everything now must be decided on afresh. He will not, as he writes, fol-

low the Russians, unless to aid the Austrians, if they should decide on war, as he would otherwise throw the Russians back upon their reserves and magazines, and withdraw himself from the sea, his true base of operations; in which case a defeat of the Russians would do them little damage, but one of the allies would be most disastrous.

In the meantime negotiations are going on at Vienna; but, while the reply of Russia is uncertain, it is evident the armies must not remain inactive. On the 11th of July a grand council of war is held at St. Arnaud's quarters to decide upon what is to be done; and the result is, that the expedition to the Crimea is resolved upon. This was in accordance with St. Arnaud's own views, and there is little doubt that he was the chief advocate of the proposal, which he carried "in spite of "timid counsels." These are the words of the Emperor in his letter of condolence to his widow, and refer without doubt to this council of war. The others present in the conference were the Admirals Dundas and Hamelin, Bruat and Lyons, and Lord Raglan. Now that the expedition, though after long toil and disappointment, has been crowned with such substantial results, no one will gainsay the wisdom of the step; and even when the prospects appeared the darkest, it was never blamed by the main body of the English people. It is true that St. Arnaud was sanguine as to the quickness of the result; but he never shut his eyes to the immense difficulties to be overcome. "We must," he writes to his brother, "expect a strong resistance, an artil- "lery formidable and well served, "difficulties of ground as well as of "position for attack. The Fort Con- "stantine, at the north of the city, is "considerable. It is the key to Sebas- "topol; it is there that we shall have "to commence a regular siege; but we "shall have at the same time to carry "on a siege and hazard a battle. What "a glorious page of military history! "At the same moment to immortalize "the Crimea by a siege, one, and per- "haps several, battles, and a naval "combat, for the Russian fleet will "not let itself be burnt without going "out; fourteen vessels of the line de- "fend it in all, and the Russian fleet "has its valour, if we may judge from "the exploit of the Wladimir."

In the meantime negotiations had been going on between Austria and Turkey respecting the occupation of the Principalities by Austria. The Austrian Envoy had spent two days with St. Arnaud; and we have no doubt that as Austria was not prepared to take more active measures, he had acquiesced in the proposal. His approval of this treaty has been blamed by his detractors; but that, as one sometimes heard wildly stated, this treaty could have had any immediate prejudicial influence on our operations, is simply absurd. The only possible objection could be the question whether a refusal of this to Austria, except on the condition of actual co-operation in the war, would have induced her to go further; and beyond this the remote possibility of its leading to future complications. On the other hand, it was necessary in order to set our army free for the Crimea; for it must never be forgotten that our first duty in the war was to defend the territory of Turkey from aggression, and that it was only the presence of our troops at Varna which caused the retreat of the Russians from Silistria.

In the midst of the preparations for the expedition to the Crimea, appears an enemy against which artillery is of no avail. The cholera breaking out at first among the Spahis d'Orient in the first division, thence spreading to the second and third, seems to paralyze the work, and to threaten to put a stop to the expedition. It is during this visitation, however, that the Christian heroism of the General's character is brought out in its full brightness. Feeling the disasters of the army more

than any one, and himself all the time suffering under a trying illness, he is throughout, the cheering and encouraging spirit of all. In a description of the pestilence in the *Moniteur* we read:—"In the midst of the painful "trials to which the army has been ex- "posed, the common danger has given "rise to various acts of devotedness, "and nothing can equal the moral "vigour which has been displayed "during the continuance of the epide- "mic, as well by those who obey as "by those who command. Marshal "St. Arnaud every day passed several "hours among the sick, consoling and "encouraging them, and 'every- "where,' he says in his report, 'I re- "cognise the great nation, a moral de- "meanour of iron, a devotion beyond "all admiration. Everybody assumes "a multiple character, the soldiers are "become sisters of mercy.'"

And he had set them the example. No one sustained the double character better than himself. As he was their general in the field, so he led the mission of mercy in the hospital. But we can form the best conception of what he did and felt during that trying time from his own letters, where he describes all with that true modesty, which makes no pretence of concealing his own merits. To his brother, on the 4th of August, he writes:—"I "bear up stoutly against such a disas- "ter. I sustain every one; but I am "bruised at heart." Again, to the same, August 9th. "Can history pro- "duce many situations parallel to "mine? My spirit and energy at least "are at their highest pitch. God, "who strikes me on one side, supports "me on the other. My health has "not for a long time been better; in "the midst of the grief and cares "which feed upon me, and which I "smother in secret—death in my "heart, calm on my brow. Such is "my existence. When you receive "this letter I shall be embarked for the "Crimea, or very nearly so. In the "meantime I pass five hours daily "amidst the dead and dying."

Again, to his wife, August 9th and 10th, after visiting the hospitals on the heights of Franha, "I have seen there "1000 sick and 2000 invalids, who never "leave my thoughts. I believe to be "a general-in-chief one ought to be "utterly selfish; I cannot be so. I "love my soldiers, and suffer with "their ills." To the same, August 23rd. "I went yesterday to see all my "cholera patients, and was not dissa- "tisfied. A poor officer of artillery "died in my arms. I hope I have "saved another by speaking a little to "his heart and his imagination."

To add to the misfortunes of the army, on the 10th of August a conflagration broke out, which must have been terrible indeed to those who knew the full extent of the danger. "Dur- "ing five hours," St. Arnaud says, in describing it to his brother, "we were "between life and death. The flames "played on the walls of our three pow- "der magazines, French, English and "Turkish. The ammunition for the "whole war was there, eight million "cartridges. Four times I was in de- "spair. I was in doubt whether to "take the last resource, and sound the "retreat, the signal of *Sauve qui peut.* "God inspired me. I resisted. I "battled with it; sent my adieux to "you, to all, and awaited the *explo- "sion.* The wind changed. A gap "was made with the hatchet, the ma- "gazines were cleared. At five in the "morning we had got the fire under, "though it is still burning; a seventh "of the town exists no longer."

Towards the end of the month the cholera begins to disappear in the army, though it still lingers in the fleet. It is now well known in the army that the Crimea is to be their destination, and the spirit of all rises in the expectation of getting to work; but as the health and spirits of the army rally, those of the General, who has been throughout their miseries the

encouraging and consoling spirit, becomes exhausted. His letters are generally uncomplaining; but he occasionally expresses a strong longing for a complete repose, and looks forward to rest in the bosom of his family when the main object of the expedition is achieved. For the moment of action he believes he shall find strength enough. "God," he says, "will not "withdraw from me his grace at the "moment when it is most necessary." His health becomes worse as the time of embarkation approaches, and between the anxiety weighing upon his mind and his bodily suffering, his spirits are prostrated. On the morning of embarkation he writes to his wife in very anguish of mind: "I abstain "from all reflections; those which I "should make would be so bitter that "they would not be Christian. Shall "I ever have drunk deep enough in "the cup of bitterness? There are mo-"ments when my whole soul revolts and "rebels. Prayer acts on me only like "a tempest. Its powerlessness throws "me back sometimes into doubt, and "I suffer so much that my faith gives "way. I ask why a poor being should "be overwhelmed with so many tor-"tures and sufferings, inflicted at once "on the body and the soul. If the "physical pain had left me all my "strength, I should struggle against "it; but my strength fails me in the "contest; it is too long. Everything "has an end. One hope yet remains, "the repose which I must have on "board ship." What must have been the mental suffering here described! It is the complaint of a true Christian at a moment when he cannot realize the consolation of his religion.

On the 2nd of September St. Arnaud starts in the *Ville de Paris* for the rendezvous in the bay of Baltschick, where they have to wait a day or two for the English, who are not yet ready. The whole, however, weigh anchor merrily on the 7th, but the Commander-in-chief is prostrated under an aguish fever, superadded to his old complaints, and has to keep his bed the greater part of the voyage. His health, however, rallies as they approach the land. Respecting the disembarkation his own view was in favour of saving time and marches by landing in the face of the enemy at the Katcha, which they were occupying. He was, however, overruled by the English, who thought it impossible, and it was agreed to land at Old Fort. He had been right as it appeared afterwards. He had sent the fourth division to the Katcha to make a demonstration of landing there. At the first few shells thrown from the ships the Russians filed off, and it appeared that this division could have landed alone if it had received the order. So he writes in a subsequent letter to his brother, and adds, "I do not make the English "feel too much that I was right."

From the landing at Old Fort, every step of the expedition is a household word with us. We must, however, spare a few words to describe the great closing scene of our hero's life, the battle of Alma, especially dwelling upon the part he personally took in it and the dispositions for it, which have often been misunderstood. We shall take the account, in a great measure, from his own words in his public despatches and private letters.

On the evening of the 19th September the allies bivouacked in sight of the Alma. The Russian army, which occupied the opposite heights, consisted of all their disposable forces in the Crimea; they had 40,000 bayonets, 6,000 cavalry, and an artillery force consisting of 120 pieces well served. The centre and right of their position, where the slopes were less steep than on the left, were fortified with redoubts, and there also were concentrated the greater masses of their troops. The valley in front of the slopes, which is covered with trees, gardens and houses, was occupied by riflemen. The river itself has a

winding course with only occasional fords.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th, St. Arnaud sent the division under General Bosquet to turn the right flank of the enemy. This movement, executed under protection of the guns of the fleet, was attended with complete success, and in a measure, he says in his report, decided the success of the day. A similar movement on the English left had formed part of his original plan; but, as they were menaced by the cavalry on the left of the Russians, it had to be abandoned. We shall proceed chiefly in St. Arnaud's own words. "At half-"past twelve the line of the allied ar-"mies, occupying an extent of more "than a full league, arrived at the "Alma, and was received with a ter-"rible fire from the riflemen. At this "moment the head of Bosquet's column "appeared over the heights. The sig-"nal was given for the general attack." The French line is advanced through the gardens, each passing where he could. The Russian riflemen in retiring are followed by the French skirmishers, who press them with great daring to the foot of the heights. In the meantime the French artillery is brought to bear on the Russian battalions who are descending the heights to support their riflemen in retreat. The French first line arrives at the foot of the heights, under the fire of the enemy's batteries, while the second line is advanced through the gardens to its support. Then commenced a real battle, with episodes of brilliant deeds and noble valour. The French were victorious everywhere, and carried the heights with enthusiastic cheers, the wounded even raising themselves from the ground to cry *Vive l'Empereur*. The Russians are compelled to withdraw from the crest of the hill, and the French reserve artillery is brought up with incredible celerity over such obstacles as are presented by the river and the steepness of the heights. After some continuance of an exchange of cannonade and musketry, the Russians retire in bad order, which, with the help of cavalry, might have been converted into a rout.

The English had encountered greater obstacles, for the positions they had to take were more strongly fortified, and there also were concentrated the greater masses of the enemy; for the Russians had not supposed that the steep declivities on their left could be surmounted by a large force of the enemy.

How the English surmounted these obstacles must be well remembered; through what a storm of shot and shell they crossed the river, and how in regular line they walked up to the face of the batteries; such things once heard can never be forgotten, and we should go too much from our present subject if we were to describe them at length. We shall only quote one more picture of the whole from St. Arnaud's account of it to his brother. "I never "saw a finer panorama than this battle "of Alma. Arrived on the heights, "the better to judge of the movements "of the enemy, I could see the positions "carried by my Zouaves, and the "English arranging their line under "the fire of the Russian artillery. It "was sublime!"

St. Arnaud's first plan of attack on Sebastopol seems to have been to attempt a *coup de main* by a combined attack by land and sea on the northern forts. For in his first mention of Sebastopol in his private letters, he calls Fort Constantine the key to the place; but now on the 24th September, writing from the bivouac of the Katcha, and speaking of the Russian manœuvre of sinking their ships, which was done after the battle of the Alma, he says, "The Russians have committed an act "of desperation, which proves to what "extent they are terror-struck. They "have closed the entry of the port of "Sebastopol by sinking three of their "large vessels and two of the frigates. "It is a commencement of Moscow. "It troubles me much, for it will force

"me perhaps to change my plan of "attack, and to take the army towards "the south on the side of Balaklava." This march was resolved on. It was impossible to attempt a regular siege on the north side; for besides the ground not being good for fortifying their position, they would be badly placed for obtaining supplies.

On the 24th they march from the Katcha and arrive at the Belbeck. From here he writes: "The Russians "had erected strong batteries in front "of the passages of the Belbeck. I "threw myself to their left, and passed "six miles above them. I have turned "all their positions. To-morrow I "advance by the route to Balaklava. "I pass the night by the Tchernaia, "and on the 26th I shall be at the "south of Sebastopol, master of Bal-"aklava, and having turned all the "strong batteries and redoubts of the "enemy to the north. This is a fine "manœuvre."

It was his last; he had finished his work in this world. On the night of the 25th he was prostrated by an attack of cholera. On the 26th he addressed his adieus to the army. On the 29th he embarked on board the *Berthollet* for Therapia, and that day he died.

He had found the repose he had been longing for through these months of suffering and labour. He fell at his post, as many another brave man has done in the Crimea. But that soil holds no heart more brave and gentle than that of their Commander-in-chief.

The grave generally stops the mouth of calumny. It is not always so with those who have taken part in great political events. And in true, loyal England, where not a man but joins in honouring the Queen, however we may be often disposed to grumble at those set in authority under her, and however we may dispute on questions of class interests, we can scarcely realize the bitterness of feeling which rages between the different parties in France. St. Arnaud was a man, who since the autumn of 1851, was politically bound up with Louis Napoleon; and those who hate Napoleon's government, as they dare not openly speak defiance against the Emperor, take delight in spreading all kinds of calumnies against his general and minister of war. Their variety and absurdity is refutation enough, but the publication of the letters to his family, as his brother says in the preface to that book, is the best answer to them. The picture of his character from these letters can be no deception. They are the reflector which presents to us an image of his character, and even if there be some kept back from us, the image is distinct, and a few more would only throw additional light upon it.

These letters have a most peculiar charm about them. To say nothing of his constancy in correspondence, for in the midst of the greatest press of business in the bureau, or as soon as his tent is pitched in a bivouac on an expedition, we find him writing to his wife or brothers, they possess a vividness of description, an unreservedness of feeling, an amiability and refinement, which is delightful. We cannot refrain from quoting here a little gem in a letter to his wife from Varna, not long before setting sail for the Crimea. "It is your birthday, "my Louise, and I am not by you to "wish you joy. This is a real pain to "me. Yesterday I sent you by the "*Mouette* my little remembrance, which "will reach you to-day.

"You might think, perhaps, I should "have forgotten your birth-day; it "had been almost pardonable in the "midst of so much business; but no, "you will receive a bouquet of flowers "of all kinds, sweet, and not mixed "with cares; I keep them for myself."

We hope in what we have written the character of the man has been sufficiently developed, without a formal summary in conclusion. And if this essay has made the character more clear to any one, or corrected misconceptions of it, its end has been gained.

GERTHA'S LOVERS. In Five Chapters.

Chap. I.—*By the River.*

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame."—*Coleridge.*

LONG ago there was a land, never mind where or when, a fair country and good to live in, rich with wealth of golden corn, beautiful with many woods, watered by great rivers, and pleasant trickling streams; moreover, one extremity of it was bounded by the washing of the purple waves, and the other by the solemn watchfulness of the purple mountains.

In a fair lowland valley of this good land sat a maiden, one summer morning early, working with her needle, while she thought of other matters as women use. She was the daughter of a mere peasant, tiller of the kind soil, fisher in the silver waters of the river that flowed down past his cottage to the far-off city; he lived from day to day seeing few people, the one or two neighbours who lived in the cottages hard by, the priest of the little hamlet, now and then an artizan travelling in search of work; except, indeed, when he went to the wars; for he was a fighting man, as were all the people of that country, when need was. His wife was dead these five years, and his daughter alone lived with him; yet she, though of such lowly parentage, was very beautiful; nor merely so, but grand and queen-like also; such a woman as might inspire a whole people to any deed of wise daring for her love.

What thoughts were hers, as she sat working on that summer morning, the song of birds all about her, and the lapping of the low, green river waves on the white sand sounding fresh and pleasantly as the west wind blew them toward her? What thoughts? Good thoughts, surely. For the land wherein she dwelt—so fair a land, so small a land, had never ceased to be desired by the tyrant kings who bore rule round about. Always had they made war against it; never had they conquered, though sometimes they were seemingly victorious in a scattered fight here and there, through sheer force of numbers; for the dwellers in that good land were of a different race to the lazy, slavish people who dwelt about them. Many a song Gertha could sing you of how, long, and long ago, they came from a land far over the sea, where the snow-laden pine-forests, weird halls of strange things, hang over the frozen waters for leagues, and leagues, and leagues along the coasts that were the cradles of mighty nations. Sailing over the sea then, long ago, with their ships all a-blaze with the steel that the heroes carried, they came to this land with their wives and children, and here made desperate war with the wild beasts, with savage swamps, dragon-inhabited, daring famine, and death in all ugly shapes.

And they grew and grew, for God favoured them; and those who dwelt nearest to the "Savage Land," as it used to be called, grew more and more like the strangers, and their good rule spread; and they had a mighty faith withal that they should one day ring

the world, going westward ever till they reached their old home in the east, left now so far behind.

Judge, therefore, whether the tyrant kings feared these free, brave men! Judge whether, growing more and more cruel as they grew more and more fearful, they strained the chain over the miserable millions of their subjects so that with many it grew intolerable, and was broken asunder; so that, both in well-doing and in wrong-doing, God's kingdom spread.

Think what armies went up against the good land; what plains and valleys were sown with swords and spears and helmets, and the bones of valiant men; and from being nameless once, only thought of as the place where such and such a tree grew very plenteous, where such a river ran, became now to be remembered to all time, nor to be forgotten in eternity.

Think of the desperate fights, in treacherous slippery fords, where the round stones rolled and shifted beneath the hurried trampling of men, fighting for life, and more than life, amid the plash of the reddened waters in the raw, gusty twilight of the February mornings; or in close woods, little lighted up by the low sun just going to sink when the clouds looked thunderous in the summer evenings; or with shouts from crag to crag of the great slate-cliffs, with wrathful thundering of rocks down into the thronged pass below, with unavailing arrow-flights, because arrows cannot pierce the mountains, or leap about among the clefts of the rocks where the mountaineers stand, fiercely joyous.

Think too of the many heads, old and young, beautiful and mean, wept over, not joyously indeed; nay, who knows with what agony, yet at least with love unflecked by any wandering mote of the memory of shame or shrinking; think of the many who, though they fought not at all with spear or sword, yet did, indeed, bear the brunt of many a battle, in patiently waiting through heart-sickening watchings, yet never losing hope, in patiently bearing unutterable misery of separation, yet never losing faith.

Had not Gertha then enough to think of, as she sat working hard by where the water lapped the white sand? For this people were so drawn together, that through the love they bore to one another sprung terrible deeds of heroism, any one of which would be enough for a life-time's thought; almost every man of that nation was a hero and a fit companion for the angels; and the glory of their fathers, and how themselves might do deeds that would not shame them, were the things that the men thought of always; and the women, for their part, looked to become wives to brave men, mothers to brave sons.

So now Gertha was singing rough spirit-stirring songs of the deeds of old, and thinking of them too with all her heart as she sung. Why she, weak woman as she was, had not she seen the enemies' ships hauled up on the island bank yonder, and burned there? Were not the charred logs, which once, painted red and black, used to carry terror to the peaceful, slothful people of the islands, mouldering there yet, grown over by the long clinging briony? Did not her eyes flash, her brow and cheeks flush with triumph, her heart swell and heave beneath her breast, when the war-music grew nearer and louder every moment; and when she saw at last the little band of her dear countrymen hemming in the dejected prisoners, the white red-crossed banner floating over all, blessing all alike, knight, and sailor, and husbandman; and when she saw, too, her own dear, dear father, brave among the bravest, marching there with bright eyes, and lips curled with joyous triumphant indignation, though the blood that he was marked withal did not come from his enemies' veins only? Did she not then sing, joyously and loud-ringing, remembering these things

and many others, while the west wind was joyous about her too, whispering to her softly many things concerning the land of promise?

She sung about a king who lived long ago, a man wise and brave beyond all others, slain treacherously in a hunting party by emissaries of the enemy, and slain at the height of his wisdom and good rule; and this was one of the songs that his people had embalmed his memory withal. So, as she sung, behold, the blowing of horns, and trampling as of horse, just as her voice rang clear with,

"The King rode out in the morning early,
Went riding to hunting over the grass;
Ere the dew fell again that was then bright and pearly,
O me!—what a sorrow had come to pass!"

And a great company rode past going to hunt indeed, riding slowly, between her and the river, so that she saw them all clearly enough, the two noble knights especially, who rode at the head of them; one very grand and noble, young withal, yet looking as if he were made to burst asunder the thickest circles of the battle, to gather together from the most hopeless routs men enough to face the foe, and go back fighting, to roll back the line of fight when it wavered, to give strength to all warriors' hearts: fancy such an one, so wise, yet so beautiful, that he moved like the moving of music; such tenderness looked from his eyes, so lovingly the morning sun and the sweet morning haze touched the waves of his golden hair, as they rode on happily. He that rode beside him was smaller and slenderer, smaller both in body and face, and it seemed in mind and heart also; there was a troubled restless look about his eyes; his thin lips were drawn inward tightly, as if he were striving to keep down words which he ought not to speak, or else sometimes very strangely, this look would change, the eyes would glance about no more, yet look more eager and strangely anxious than ever; the thin lips would part somewhat, as if he were striving to say something which would not leave his heart; but the great man's eyes were large and serene, his lips full, his forehead clear, broad, and white; his companion was sallow, his forehead lower and rather narrow, his whole face drawn into wrinkles that came not by age, for he was no older than the other.

They past as they had come, and when the last note of their horns had died away, Gertha went about her household duties; yet all that day, whatever she might do, however much she tried to beat the phantom down, that stately man with the golden hair floated always before her eyes.

* * * * * *

Evening now, the sun was down, the hunt had swept away past the cottage again, though not within sight of it, and the two knights having lost their companions were riding on slowly, their tired horses hanging down their heads.

"Sire, where are we going to?" said the small dark man; "I mean to say where past that beech-tree? the low swinging boughs of which will hit you about the end of the nose, I should think: Ah! his head goes down, somewhat in good time; he has escaped the beech-bough."

But the other answered no word, for he did not hear his friend speak, he was singing softly to himself:

"The King rode out in the morning early,
Went riding to hunting over the grass;
Ere the dew fell again which was then round and pearly,
O me!—what a sorrow had come to pass."

He sung this twice or thrice with his head sunk down toward the saddle-bow, while the other knight gazed at him with a sad half smile, half sneer on his lips and eyes; then with a sigh he turned him about and said, "Pardon, Leuchnar, you said something I did not hear; my mind was not in this wood, but somewhere else, I know not

where. Leuchnar, we shall not find the hunt to-night; let us, let us seek rest at that cottage that we passed this morning; it seems to be the only house near."

"Yea, my Lord Olaf," said Leuchnar, smiling again in that bitter way, when he saw in spite of the twilight, both of the sunken sun and of the thick beech-wood, a great blush come over Olaf's face.

"Yea, for why should we not?" and as he said this, he fairly burst out into strange explosive laughter, that did not sound merry, yet was not repulsive, but sad only; for Leuchnar was thinking of the ways of man, and found much to amuse him therein; yet his laughter sounded sad in spite of himself, for he was not one who was made to laugh, somehow; but what specially made him laugh now was this, that neither of them had forgotten that hour in the morning, and the maiden sitting alone near the river: each of them, as they burst through the greenest glades of the forest, with cry of hound and sound of horn, had, according to his faith, visions of a dark-haired maiden, sitting and singing, her eyes raised and fixed on one of them; also both wished to go there again, and accordingly had been sad laggards in the hunt, and had lost themselves, not very unwillingly, perhaps; yet now neither liked to confess his longing to the other; Leuchnar would not even do so to himself, and for these reasons he laughed, and his laugh sounded strange and sad.

But Olaf knew that he was in love, and all day long he had been nursing that love delightedly; he blushed yet more at Leuchnar's laugh, for these two seldom needed to tell each other their thoughts in so many words, and certainly not this time. He bowed his head downwards in his confusion so low, that his gold curls, falling forward, mingled with the full black of his horse's mane, and growled out therefrom:

"You are a strange fellow, Leuchnar, though a good one; but we will go."

"Yea, to the peasant's cottage, my lord," said Leuchnar, with his head raised, his eyes set straight forward, and his lips curled into something much more like a sneer than a smile; thereat Olaf with a spring sat upright in his saddle, and glanced quickly on either side of him, as though something had stung him unawares; afterwards they both turned their horses' heads aside, and rode slowly in the direction of the cottage, Leuchnar singing in a harsh voice, "The King rode out in the morning early,"—"though the dew has fallen again," he muttered; whereat Olaf gave an uneasy side glance at him.

And soon they heard again the lapping of the river waves on the sand of the silver bay, only lower than before, because the wind had fallen. Then presently they drew rein before the cottage door, when the moon was already growing golden. Sigurd, Gertha's father, came to the door, and courteously held the stirrups of the knights while they dismounted, and they entered, and sat down to such fare as the peasant had, and Gertha served them. But they prayed her so to sit down, that at last it seemed discourteous to refuse them, and she sat down timidly.

Then said Sigurd, when they had eaten enough, "I pray you tell me, fair knights, what news there is from the city, if you come from thence; for there is a rumour of war hereabout, only uncertain as yet."

"Nay, at the city," Leuchnar said, "there is certain news concerning one war, and even beside this, rumours of a great conspiracy between the surrounding rulers of slaves. The Emperor says that this valley always belonged to him; though, indeed, he was not very anxious for it when poisonous swamps spread out on both sides of the river here; or rather his ancestors laid no claim to it; but now, at all events, he is coming to take his own, if he can

get it; coming by way (it is his only way, poor fellow!) of the mountain passes. Only, my lord Adolf is off to meet him with ten thousand men, and they are going to try the matter by arbitrement in this fashion; marry, that if the valley belongs to the Emperor, he must know the way to it, and accordingly shall have it if he gets through the mountains in any other way than as a prisoner or dead corpse."

Sigurd and Olaf laughed grimly at Leuchnar's conceit, and Gertha's eyes flashed; while both the knights watched her without seeing how matters went with each other. "Then," said Sigurd again, "Concerning the young king, fair knights, what is he?" Olaf's eyes twinkled at the question, and Leuchnar seeing that he wanted to answer, let him do so, watching him the while with a quaint amused look on his face. "Why," said Olaf, "he is counted brave and wise, and being young, will, I hope, live long; but he is very ugly." Here he turned, and looked at his friend with a smile. Sigurd started and seemed disappointed, but Gertha turned very pale, and rose from her seat suddenly, nor would she sit down again all that evening.

Then Olaf saw that she knew he was the king, and somehow did not feel inclined to laugh any more, but grew stately and solemn, and rather silent too; but Leuchnar talked much with Gertha, and he seemed to her to be very wise; yet she remembered not what he said, scarcely heard it indeed, for was not the KING by her; the king of all that dear people; yet, above all, whether the other were so or not, *her* king?

Poor maid! she felt it was so hopeless; nay, she said to herself, "Even if he were to say he loved me, I should be obliged to deny my love; for what would all the people say, that the king of so great a nation should marry a peasant girl, without learning or wealth, or wisdom, with nothing but a pretty face? Ah! we must be apart always in this world."

And Olaf, the king, said, "So Leuchnar loves her—and I love her. Well, it will change his life, I think; let him have her; poor fellow! he has not got many to love him. Besides, she is a peasant's daughter; I am a great king. Yet is she nobler than I am, for all my kingship. Alas, I fear the people, not for myself, but for her; they will not understand her nobility; they will only see that which comes uppermost, her seeming wisdom, her seeming goodness, which, perchance, will not show to be so much greater than other women's, as the queen's ought to do. Then withal to her, if, perchance, at any time I am not quite sufficient to fill her heart, will come a weariness of our palace life, a longing for old places, old habits; then sorrow, then death, through years and years of tired pining, fought against, bravely indeed, but always a terrible weight to such an one as she is. Yet, if I knew she loved me, all this ought to be put aside; and yet, why should she love me? And, if she does not love me now, what hope is there; for how can we see each other any more, living such different far apart lives? But for Leuchnar this is otherwise; he may come and go often. Then he is wiser; ah! how much wiser than I am; can think and talk quite wonderfully, while I am but a mere fighting man; how it would change his life too, when he found any one to love him infinitely, to think his thoughts, be one with him, as people say. Yes, let Leuchnar have her."

Those three so seeming-calm! what stormy passions, wild longings, passed through their hearts that evening! Leuchnar seeming-genial with his good friendly talk, his stories of brave deeds, told as if his heart were quite in them; speaking so much more like other men than his wont was; yet saying to himself, "She must see that I love her; when since I can remember have I talked so?" Poor fellow; how should she know that? his voice was to her as the voices of a dream, or perhaps

rather like grand music when it wakes a man; for, verily the glory of his tales got quite separated from him, and in some dim way floated in a glory round about Olaf, as far as Gertha was concerned. She heard his name, the hero of every deed, which that far-distant knight, Leuchnar, less present than his own tales, was telling of; whenever danger clung about the brave in those tales, her heart beat for fear of her golden-haired, broad-foreheaded hero; she wondered often, as her heart wandered even from those tales, why she did not fall down before him and win his love or die. How then could she think of Leuchnar? Yet Olaf did think of him, saw well through all his talking what he was thinking of; and, for his own part, though he did not talk aloud, and though even what he said to himself had to do with that subject dearest to him, yet none the less even to himself choked down fiery longings, hardly, very hardly to be restrained.

He tried hard to throw himself into Leuchnar's heart, to think of the loneliness of the man, and his wonderful power of concentrating every thought, every least spark of passion, on some one thing; he remembered how in the years past he had clutched so eagerly at knowledge; how that knowledge had overmastered him, made him more and more lonely year by year; made him despise others because they did not KNOW; he remembered, with a certain pang, how Leuchnar even despised him for one time; yes, he could bear just then to recal all the bitter memories of that time; how he saw it creeping over his friend; how he saw it struggled against, yet still gaining, gaining so surely; he called to mind that day, when Leuchnar spoke his scorn out openly, bitterly despising his own pride and himself the while; he remembered how Leuchnar came back to him afterwards, when knowledge failed him; and yet how it was never the same between them as it had been; he remembered then many a fight wherein they rode side by side together, Leuchnar as brave as he, yet ever with that weight of self-scorn upon him, that made him despise even his bravery; while Olaf rejoiced in his own, reverenced that of others; then he remembered how he was made king, how the love of his countrymen became from that time much more of a passion, true love, than it had been; and through all these things he tried to be Leuchnar, as it were; not such a hard thing for him; for, through his unselfishness, he had gained that mighty power of sympathy for others, which no fiercest passion can altogether put aside, even for the time. So he, too, had his thoughts, not easily to be read by others, not to be expressed by himself.

So the night passed; and they went to rest, or what seemed so, till they were wakened very early in the morning by the sound of a trumpet ringing all about the wooded river-shore; the knights and Sigurd rose and went forth from the cottage, knowing the trumpet to be a friendly one; and presently there met them a band of knights fully armed, who drew rein when they saw them.

"King Olaf," said their leader, an old, white-haired knight, "thank God we have found you! When we reached the palace last night, after having lost you, there were waiting for us ambassadors, bringing with them declarations of war from the three Dukes and King Borrace; so now, I pray you, quick back again! I have sent all about for men, but the time presses, and there is a credible report that King Borrace has already begun his march toward the plain; as for the three Dukes, (whom may the Lord confound!) Lord Hugh's army will account for them, at any rate to hold them in check till we have beaten King Borrace; but for him we must march presently, if we mean to catch him; only come King Olaf, and all will be well."

Then knelt Sigurd before the King, as he stood with eyes flashing, and cheek flushing, thinking how God's foes were hastening on to their destruction; yet for all his joy he longed to see Gertha, perhaps for the last time; for she was not there, neither did she come at Sigurd's call.

So the King smiled sorrowfully when Sigurd made excuse for her, saying that she feared so great a man as the King; he could not help wishing she loved him, even though he meant to give her up: so he said; he could not acknowledge to the full what a difference her love would make to him.

Then would he have given Sigurd presents of money and jewels, but Sigurd would not take them; only at the last, being constrained, he took the King's dagger, hilted with curiously wrought steel.

Then they all rode away together; Barulf, the old man, by the King's side, and talking eagerly with him concerning the coming wars; but Leuchnar fell into the rear, and said no word to any.

Chap. II.—*Leuchnar's Ride.*

Then for some days each man wrought his best, that they might meet the invaders as they ought; yet through all the work Leuchnar seemed very restless and uneasy, falling into staring fits, and starting from them suddenly; but the king was calm and cheerful outwardly, whatever passion strove to fever him.

But one day when he was resting, leaning out of a window of the palace that was almost hidden by the heaped jasmine and clematis, he heard horse-hoofs, and presently saw Leuchnar, his sallow face drawn into one frown of eagerness, well mounted, lightly armed, just going to ride away, Olaf well knew whither.

A fierce pang shot through to Olaf's heart; he felt dizzied and confused; through the clematis stems and curled tendrils, through the mist rising from his own heart, he dimly saw Leuchnar gather himself together, raise his bridle-hand, and bend forward as his horse sprung up to the gallop; he felt sick, his strong hands trembled; and through the whirling of his brain, and the buzzing in his ears, he heard himself shout out: "Good speed, Sir Leuchnar, with your wooing!"

That was enough; his heart sank, and his passion grew cool for the second, when he saw how fearfully Leuchnar's face changed at the well-understood words: troubled before as it had been, what was it now, when suddenly all the conscience of the man showed in that small spot of clay, his face?

He turned his horse, and rode back swiftly; Olaf waited for him there, scarce knowing what he did at first; yet within a little, something, thoughts of approaching death perhaps, had steadied his brain, and kept his passion back: he heard soon the quick footsteps of some one striding far, and walked quietly toward the door, where he met Leuchnar, his teeth set, his lips a little open, that his hard-drawn breathings might not choke him, his black eyes fixed forward and shining grimly from under his heavy brows like pent-house roofs.

Olaf took him by the arm and gripped him hard; but he tore it away fiercely; he flung himself down before Olaf's feet.

"King Olaf," he said passionately, "I will not go, I will stay here then, if you look at me like that—with your broad white forehead and golden locks—you!—I will die here if I cannot live till I meet the enemy."

Olaf stooped to raise him up, but he drew farther back from him; then said, still kneeling:

"No word—no word yet, king, from you—was it not enough, Olaf, that you

should take care of me, and love me in the days before you were king—me, a lonely discontented man, a black spot in the clear whiteness of the most loving people of the earth? was it not enough that, on the day when all the people shouted for Olaf, calling him the wisest and the best, you, with the crown yet on your head, the holy oil not dry there, should take me by the hand, and say to all the knights and all the people, whom you loved so, whom I (God help me!) loved not; 'behold Leuchnar, my friend, who has given me all the wisdom I ever had?' Ah, king! had you looked on me at that moment and seen even then my curling lips saying to my false heart, 'I am so much wiser than these simple ones!'—but your clear eyes only looked straight forward, glancing over the heads of the people that was dear to you, despised by me. Was it not enough, King Olaf, that you, as the days passed, still keeping me the nearest to you, still asking me concerning everything, should be beginning to thaw my hard heart and to shake my faith in the faithlessness of Adam's sons? were not these things enough, that you also, first of all finding pretences to mar the nobleness of your sacrifice even to your own heart, should give your love up to me, not as I do now to you, noisily, but quietly, without a word spoken; then afterwards, when you saw with what base eagerness I caught at that love given up by you, and fearing terrible things for my wretched soul if this went on, stopped me, like my guardian angel, just now when I was sneaking off like a thief in the night, and perhaps now—God help me! God help me!—have perhaps even made me do one thing in the whole course of my life which it is good to have done in His eyes?"

Then, as he knelt there, like a man before the presence of God, the king spoke slowly, with humble face indeed, and tearfully, but almost smiling, because all things seemed so clear to him in a moment of prophetic vision.

"Dear Knight, your words seem like a bitter satire to me; for I did not call you back just now for your salvation, but because my selfish passion (think of a selfish king, Leuchnar; what a misery!) my passion carried me away: O, forgive me! for indeed I wish you to have her; think now, how many cares, and joys too, I have in tending this people that God has given me; I am sure that I shall not be quite unhappy for long, whatever happens; sometimes, perhaps, when I am weary, sometimes in the dead night, sometimes in the dying autumn, I shall have thoughts of her; but they will never be unbearable, because no power in earth or heaven can keep me from loving her: it will be no shame to you either, Leuchnar; do you not remember, in past days, how, when we talked of this matter, you have often said, (wherein even then I scarce agreed with you,) that the love of man and woman should go before everything, before all friendship, all duty, all honour even? you thought so then; can you doubt now?" He ceased, and said no word for a little; then spoke doubtfully.

"And yet, and yet—are we not as men who reckon, as they say, without their host? What will Gertha say? ought we not to know before this great battle is fought, from which, perchance, neither of us will come alive? and we march to-morrow, and I may not leave the council and my work here: wherefore, dear Leuchnar, I pray you on your allegiance mount again and ride quickly away to that cottage, and ask her if she—loves you—and if—if—Leuchnar, we may be near to death; whatever happens we must be brothers—so God speed you on your wooing."

Leuchnar had risen while the king was speaking, and stood before him till he ceased with head sunk down on his breast; then raised his face, radiant now with a certain joy, to Olaf's; he spoke no word, as though that joy, or

something else, confused and hurrying, that went with it, was too great for him; but, bending, kissed the king's hand and departed.

Then Olaf again leaned from the window and watched him go by again swiftly, till the sound of the horse-hoofs had died away: then he turned toward the council chamber, thinking:

"His face was not like the face of a man who is going to do what he thinks wrong: I fear lest he go as my ambassador—nay, do I *fear?* Yet surely that will be the best way to speed his own wooing—O, Gertha! Gertha!—perhaps the sword will cut this knot so close wound up together now; yet I will not pray for that, only that Leuchnar may live."

Then presently he was in the midst of his lords. Oh what a weary ride that was of Leuchnar's! It was early morning when he started, high noon by the time he drew rein at the cottage door; and that joy which at first he had in his noble deed faded from off his face as the sun rose higher, even as the dew did from off the face of the meadows, and when he dismounted at that house of Sigurd's, his face was woful and ghastly to look on.

He knocked at the door, then entered when no one answered: he said out aloud, though he saw no one there, as if he distrusted his power to repeat that lesson got by heart with such pain: "I bear a message to the Lady Gertha."

Only the cool duskiness of the heavy-shadowed oak beams met his eye, only the echo of his own hollow voice, and the chirp of the sparrows, the scream of the swifts,—met his ear.

For Gertha was not within; but from the wood she had seen the glimmer of his arms in the hot noontide, and came down, stately and slow, unmoved to look on, but her heart of hearts wavering within her with hope and fear and ecstasy of love: perhaps (O poor heart, what wild hope!) it might be the king.

She met him just at the door from whence he had turned to seek her: he durst not meet her eyes, those grand fire-orbs that had pierced him through and through that other day; if he had looked up at her face he would have seen the disappointment, the sickness of hope deferred, showing somewhat there in spite of her efforts to keep the appearance of it back.

He, with his face turned away, said, in a hard voice as before, "I bear a message for the Lady Gertha." No blush coloured her pale cheeks, no start or trembling went through her grand form; she still held that flower in her hand, holding it with queenly sway, for it fitted in her hand like a sceptre: she said gently, "If you want *Lady* Gertha, you must go elsewhere, my lord; I am Sigurd the husbandman's daughter."

"But you are Gertha that we heard sing that day," he said fiercely, and turning his eager eyes suddenly on her.

"Yea," she said, trembling a little now, and turning even paler; for she saw how matters went with him, and feared, not any violence from him, for she soon read him through and through, but rather that he should fall down dead before her, his passion rent his heart so.

"Gertha, Olaf the king says, Will you be queen?" he said, still looking hungrily at her.

The crimson blood rushed up over her face, then went to her heart again, leaving her very lips grey. She paused a moment, with her arms stretched straight down, and her hands clenched: she said, without looking up:

"Tell him, 'No;' I am too lowly, not wise enough, I should shame him; I will not be queen——But"——

What wild passions rushed through poor Leuchnar's heart! how he fought with that Devil which had looked him steadily in the face so long, ever since he was born till now.

She stood there still before him, with arms stretched downward, hands clenched; he seized her by the wrist, and almost shrieked out; "But what?

—Gertha! Gertha! before God, do you *love* him?"

Her colour came again as she looked him in the face, put very close to her's now, so close that she felt his breath upon it; she said calmly, almost proudly, "Yea, I love him; how could it be otherwise?"

"Some token then, for Christ's sake; quick, Gertha! and where will you be in the war time?"

"My father goes with me to-morrow to the city. I shall dwell at St. Agnes' convent of nuns till Borrace is defeated."

"Then some token!—here!" (and he tore down from the cottage eaves a bunch of golden stone-crop) "if you love him (think of God, Gertha,) kiss this."

She bowed her head, and touched the yellow flowers with her lips; as she did so, he bent and kissed her forehead; then, with the flowers yet in his hand, he sprung impetuously to his saddle and gallopped as if for his life. The Devil was conquered at last.

"Poor knight!" said Gertha, looking after him pityingly, "then he loves me too; it seems wrong to feel happy when such a noble knight is so miserable."

Yet she did feel very happy, and soon forgot poor Leuchnar and his sorrows, who was riding meanwhile wildly through the forest; yet, as he drew further from her, the madness of his passion abated a little; he gave his horse rest at last, and, dismounting, lay down on the ferns by the side of the forest-path, and there, utterly worn out in mind and body, fell asleep; a dreamless sleep it was at first, as deep as death almost, yet, as it grew lighter, he fell to dreaming, and at last woke from a dream wherein Gertha had come to him, shrieked out that Olaf was slain, then thrown her arms about his neck; but, as he tried to kiss her, he awoke, and found himself under the beech-boughs, his horse standing over him, and the bridle, hanging loose from the bit, dangling about his face; for the horse doubted if he were dead.

He rose from that dream with a great wrench of his heart, and, mounting, rode on soberly. The moon shone down on him now, for he had slept far into the night. The stone-crop was fading fast, and as he looked at it, he doubted whether to curse it or bless it, but at last raised it to his mouth and kissed it, knowing whose lips had touched it before, looking half-fearfully over his shoulder as he did so; perhaps he thought a little also how Olaf's face would flush into perfect beauty for joy, when he saw it; for joy mixed with a certain regret for himself.

So, when he reached the palace, quite late at night, when the moon was already setting, he found Olaf standing in the great hall alone, looking pale and wearied.

Leuchnar came quite close to him, and said, taking his hand and smiling a sick smile, "Olaf, she sent you this, kissing it."

Olaf caught the faded flowers, kissed them a thousand times, knelt, and held them against his heart, against his forehead. He murmured—what words I know not, or, knowing, shall not say; while Leuchnar stood by with that old bitter smile on his lips. Poor fellow! he had expected sudden clasping of Olaf's arms about him, praise for his nobleness, consolation for his failure. Ah! did he not know himself what a passion love was? Then why did he expect from so true a man as Olaf protestation that he was the first when truly he was but the second? O! you all know what it is to be second in such a race; it is to be nowhere. Why he, too, if he had been successful, would have forgotten Olaf, and the way his sword flashed in the battle. It was only now in his disappointment that a certain natural instinct made him catch at all the love that came across him of whatsoever kind. That was why he thought so much of Olaf now. Yes, and in a little time he did think of all

this, and smiled no more. "Poor Leuchnar!" he said to himself, "you must be very far in the background now, know that for certain. Then, did you not know all this when you knelt here some twelve hours back? O! foolish Leuchnar! yet, poor Leuchnar, too!"

And he was now so far from smiling that, but for his manhood, he would have wept for self-pity. Moreover, Olaf came to him and said, laying his hands on his shoulders, and leaning forward towards his face:

"You are the noblest of all men, and will in nowise lose your reward."

And Leuchnar knew that, or he might have gone mad; yet he prayed that his reward might be death presently, in the joyous battle.

So, on the morrow, they marched to meet King Borrace; and, on the evening of the third day, encamped but a little distance from his pirates.

And when, on the next morning, they stood in battle array, and the king rode up and down their line, Leuchnar saw in his helm the bunch of stone-crop, now quite withered.

Then that day, among the aspens, they joined battle.

Chap. III.—*The Light of Israel.*

Then, in the midst of them, the old man rose up and spoke, while all the rest sat silent, some gazing fixedly on the ground, some on the fair dead king, that lay there before them.

For he had been slain with one wound that had gone right through his breast to the heart, and his body was not hacked or disfigured. They had taken his rent armour from off him, and washed his corpse, and spread out his long yellow hair to right and left of his face, along the samite cloth, purple, gold-starred, that he lay upon; and, behind him, at his head, they had laid his sword and armour, the helm yet having that stone-crop in it, the ends of the stalks at least; for all the rest had been shredded off in that fierce fight. Great waxen candles burned all about him; two priests sat at the head and two at the foot of the bier, clad in gorgeous robes of deep sorrowful purple, gold-embroidered; for these men reverenced man's body so, even when the soul was not so near to it as it had been, that, in those hours of doubt and danger, they thought the time well spent in making the body of their king, of him the best and most beautiful of all men, look as beautiful as God would ever have dead bodies look.

So, while some gazed on the ground, some on the fair dead king, none weeping, but all stern with thought; for they had to think of him as being present with them in their council, not *dead*—while they gazed earnestly, the old man, Barulf, arose and said,

"Sons of the men that go from east to west, and round again to the east! I advise you this day to do such a deed of valour as you have never done yet. Death in God's behalf, on the side of your friends, is not hard to bear, brothers, even when it comes slow and lingering; but how glorious to die in a great battle, borne down by overmany foes, to lie, never dead, but a living terror for all time to God's enemies and ours, a living hope to the sons of God. And to die altogether, beholding, between the sword-strokes, the faces of dear friends all a-light with intensest longing—is not that glorious!"

Their stern faces lighted up with flushing of cheek and flashing of eye as he spake; for in their hearts was fear of something far worse than dying on that field between the aspens with friends' eyes upon them. But Barulf went on.

"Yet, brothers, not this I bid you do. I give, as my counsel, that we

depart this night, taking with us nothing but our arms, some small provision, and this dear dead thing here: turn our backs upon the foe, and depart, that we may reach the mother city, where the women and children are; and I think I have good reasons for this."

"And how then shall we face the women and children?" said a young man moodily.

"Brother," said Barulf, "will you be a coward, indeed, from fear of being thought a coward? your heart does not counsel this, I know; and as for the women and children, are they mere beasts, so as not to understand this? will they not say rather? 'These men are warriors, they cannot fear death; then are they the braver to be so faithful, to be without fear of reproach for fear, so faithful to us above all things; we will love them all the more.'"

"But why should we not die here, fighting, Sir Barulf?" said another; "are there not men left when we are all dead?"

"Yea, dear knight, men, but not men *enough*. Think awhile—Adolf with his ten thousand men, and God's snow and storm that are tens and tens of thousands, guard the passes against the emperor. Good—they are enough as it is; but take away half for the defence of the cities, the mother-city above all, which is the weakest, the most beautiful, the fullest of women and children of all—and then would five thousand be enough to guard those passes? Even as it is, were not this summer a cold one and the snows deep, the emperor might drive his serf-soldiers, with whip and sword-point over our dead soldiers' bodies: but suppose they were lessened, our heroes would indeed die in their places, and would doubtless slay many of the enemy; but suppose they killed and wounded twice their own number, yet two days afterwards some 200,000 men would be marching over our land within fifty miles of the beautiful city.

"Again, Edwin and his 300 ships, diligently sailing into every nook and strait of the pirate island, and every day and night solemnly passing to and fro, with the white red-crossed banner at their mast-heads, guard the coast well; but let him land half, nay a third only of his men for the defence of the city, and in a week the sea-port towns and villages, safe from all scath now, would be blazing very high toward the heavens, and King Borrace's red and black ship-sides would gleam with the reflection of the Greek fire, as the dragons of it leapt toward the harbour-mouth.

"Moreover, the Lord Hugh, in his fortified camp, holds his own well enough now against the three Dukes; who prowl always like accursed cowardly wolves as they are, gnashing their teeth when they think that their provisions cannot last much longer, not more than another month; and, stamping on the ground, invoke the devil, their cousin german, when they remember that not a blade of grass or ear of corn is left in the country behind them, laid waste as it was with fire, by the cruel fools as they marched: they, howling too for very rage when they see the wains in long lines entering Hugh's camp, and when they hear the merry sound of the trumpets, mingled often with the chaunting of the priests and the singing of men, singing about death that is no death. Ah! they howl, the wolves disappointed enough now; but suppose Hugh were to weaken his camp so as no longer to be able to send out his swarm of light-armed, who prevent the enemy from spoiling the yet unwasted country; then, also, no longer fearing an attack, the Dukes march nearer to him, get themselves corn and wine, cut off his supplies, march past him at last with their 50,000 men, not easy to destroy *then*. For cowards as the Dukes are, and imbecile drivellers,

knowing nothing of war, yet have they along with them crafty captains, who, when their highnesses' passions master them not, give good advice which is listened to, and the commoner sort, though robbers by nature and nurture, have yet a certain kind of courage, and much strength in body and skill of arms."

In all the warrior's faces you might have seen a gloomy conviction that his counsel was good; but they sat silent, it seemed such a shame to turn and flee before this enemy they had just beaten.

Yet never for a moment did they doubt but that their people would in the end prevail over the enemies that hemmed them in, whatever became of those 20,000 left alive there on the plain; and Barulf spoke to the better part of all their hearts, when he said:

"Does it then seem so hard a thing to you, sons of the men that go westward, that we, having fought for three days such a battle as this, should have at last to turn and flee, carrying our dead king with us? Oh! it is hard, very bitter and cruel, brothers; yet is it God's will, and in his sight, doubtless, is as glorious as if we all died here in our places. And I am well assured that this and all things else only hasten us westward; it cannot be in any of your hearts that this people should fail. Nay, rather our sons' sons in the after-time will speak of these as glorious days in which the nations hedged us about, but in which we prevailed mightily against them.—

"But for another matter"—and as he spoke, the memory came across him bitterly that the king they had chosen but two years since lay dead before them now: then his face changed, and so it was with all of them, now that they were free to think of that loss; for, but a little time back, he had been with them; even just now, as they talked in their old way of fresh battles, and thought of the swinging of the swords, he had almost seemed to be there alive; but now—

One of the priests who sat by him had fallen asleep, wearied out with tending the wounded and dying, and his head had fallen on his breast; another sat quite upright with his hands laid on his knees, thinking dreadful things of what was coming on the land; the third, a spare young man, black-haired and sallow-faced, in his nervous anxiety twitched at the border of his cope as he glanced about the tent, looking uneasily on the face, first of one, then of another, of those that sat there; the fourth, as he sat, sad-faced and great-eyed, thinking of his mother and sisters whom he had left in a castle of the lowland country, had taken one long yellow tress of the dead man's hair, and was absently twining it about his fingers.

Then arose Leuchnar with about as miserable a look on his face as a good man can ever have, and said:

"Sir Barulf, I know what you were about to say, concerning the king" (a shudder ran through them all), "I have a message from the king to all of you. I was by him when the spear pierced his true heart; I drew him a little out of the fight; he said: 'I am wounded to death; but, alive or dead, I must not leave this field, bury me just about where the enemy makes his last stand before he turns.' For you see, knights, our dead lord was sure of this, that the fair city would be saved. Then the blood rising from his heart choked him somewhat, yet he said gaspingly: 'Quick, Leuchnar, bend to my mouth.' So I bent, and he said, faintly and hurriedly: 'Undo my mail, and take the paper there, and give it to the lords and knights in council.' So I took a paper from his breast over his heart; the spear had pierced it through, and had carried some of it into the wound, and the trickling blood had stained it; I took it from off the broken truncheon of the lance which was yet in the wound. I showed it to him, he bowed his head

in token that all was well, when he had looked at it eagerly; then he said: 'I wish to go, draw out the truncheon, faithful and true! poor Leuchnar!' I drew it out; there was a great rush of blood; he smiled on me, and died."

Thereon Leuchnar stepped from his place, and, going up to Barulf, gave him the paper, very much stained and torn. Barulf read it.

"Good saints, how strange! do you know what is written in it, Sir Leuchnar?"

"Nay, I but guess, Sir Barulf; for I did not open it."

"Listen, knights!" said Barulf, and he read: "Knights and lords, if I die "in this battle, as I think I shall, then "(if so be it seem good to you) let "Gertha, the daughter of Sigurd the "husbandman, be queen in my stead; "she lodges in the mother-city, with "the abbess of St. Agnes' Abbey of "nuns."

"Yes, I thought so," said Leuchnar, scarcely however speaking to them, for he was thinking to himself of himself; his sorrow seemed to have lessened much, even in the reading of that letter, for he thought: "Now she is queen, "and has this sorrow on her, I can serve "her much better, and my love will "not trouble her now as it would have "done, for it will seem only like the "love of a good subject to his mistress; "and I will lessen every grief of hers "as it arises, loving her so, never vex-"ing her in the least; O selfish Leuch-"nar, to be glad of her sorrow! yet I "am glad, not of her sorrow, but of "my service that will be."

These thoughts, and how many more, he thought in a single instant of time; how many pictures came up to be gazed on as it were for a long time, in that instant! pictures of his life before he saw her, and of the things which in his mind belonged to her; the white sandy shore that the low waves broke on; the feathering beech trees, with their tender green leaves in the early summer; king Borrace's burnt ships, great logs clomb over by the briony and clematis; the high-roofed cottage, whereon the loving golden-glowing stone-crop grew; —they came up before his eyes to be gazed at; and the heavy waxen candles burnt lower, the sleeping priest breathed heavily, the others sat in painful silence, nursing their grief; which things Leuchnar saw not because of those sweet pictures, even as they say that the drowning man, when the first fierce pain and struggle is over, sees no more the green, red-stained, swaying water-weeds, that lap his eyes and mouth, sees rather his old home, and all the things that have been, for memory is cruel-kind to men.

Still the candles flared and flickered in the gusts that stirred the tent, for the wind was rising with the moon; and at last the one nearest the tent door was blown out by a long blast, and the priest who had been sleeping awoke, drew up his body with a start, trying to fix his blinded blinking eyes on Sir Barulf's face, as waked men use to do.

Thereat suddenly Barulf sprung to his feet, as if he too was waking from sleep, and cried out aloud:

"Rouse ye, lords and knights, that we may march to our queen! for, for my part, our queen she shall be; all he said and did was right and true when he was alive; and he was, and is, the wisest of all men, and she too is a right noble woman; was it never told you, knights, how she saved her father when king Borrace's men took him prisoner? What say you, shall she be our queen?"

And they all said "Yea."

Then again said Barulf: "Unless lords Edwin, Hugh, and Adolf gainsay it (as I have no doubt they will not), God save queen Gertha!"

Then they all stood up and said: "God save queen Gertha!"

And Barulf said: "Send a herald round about the army to proclaim Gertha queen, and to bid all to be ready to march some two hours before the setting of the moon. Cause also the knight

who carries the great banner to be present, that we may bury the king."

So when all was ready, the noblest of the knights, Barulf and Leuchnar among them, lifted up the bier whereon the king lay, and they marched together towards the burial-place; and the standard-bearer bore the great banner to flap above him, and the priests went before and after, chaunting; and a great body of knights and soldiers went with them as they marched over the plain; and the great moon, risen now, struck on their arms, threw the shadows of them weirdly on the dead that lay so thick among the trees, looked down on by the summer moon, rustled over by the full-leaved aspens.

They went a full mile, till they came to a place ringed about with aspen trees, about which the enemy that past day had been finally broken.

Here they buried him, standing about in a ring, in as thick ranks as ever in the battle; tearlessly and sternly they watched the incense smoke rising white in the moonlight, they listened to the chaunting, they lifted up their voices, and very musically their sorrow of heart was spoken.

"Listen!" said king Borrace's men, when they heard the singing; "Hark to the psalm-singing dogs! but by about this time to-morrow they will be beginning to leave off singing for good and all, for clearly the fools will wait to be killed, and we shall kill them all, and then hurrah for plunder!"

But the next day about noontide, when they, (not hurrying themselves, for they thought they were quite safe,) when they reached the camp, behold it was empty, for they all marched the night before, and were now still marching along the dusty road leagues and leagues from that battle-field.

Whereon king Borrace, instead of pursuing them, returned to his camp, where he gnashed his teeth for some half-hour or so, and held a great feast, he and his, and stayed on that field for three days,—"To give his army rest," he said.

To be continued.

A STUDY IN SHAKESPEARE.

Timon of Athens.

WERE the general reader to open the play of Timon of Athens, the chances are ten to one that the eye would light on some passage containing images so revolting that the book would be instantly closed; and most certainly would this be the case were it a lady whose eye should glance over the page. As on this account the Drama is not one which it would be agreeable to persons in general to peruse, the extracts in the following essay are more copious than would be necessary in treating of any of the more popularly known of Shakespeare's works, to which the student could without scruple be referred. However, the moral of this tragedy is so important, the character of Timon, much misunderstood, is of such great interest, and the play abounds in passages of such high poetic beauty, that we venture to hope that, in bringing this drama out of its comparative obscurity, we shall render a pleasure to the public; and in presenting a more truthful reading of the character of the principal personage, mingle another ray in the effulgent crown of England's arch poet.

The Tragedy of Timon of Athens is that one of Shakespeare's dramas which regards wealth. For the development

of this subject our great poet has shown us examples of every mode in which riches are used and abused. He portrays in Apemantus the one extreme—that, viz. of the cynic, who affects coarseness of manners and squalor of habit, and indulges his natural churlishness of disposition. Next he depicts the selfish and sensual men of the world—mere revellers in the luxury which money can procure. In Flavius he paints a man of sense and worth, knowing and practising the common rules of prudence and of generosity, with a loftiness of heart, however, which is not too common. The extreme opposed to the cynic is crowned by Timon, who is at the top of that scale of which Apemantus is at the bottom: the two men are the precise contrary of each other; in native disposition no less than in rank and wealth. And out of this great diversity of characters and situation is to be culled the true philosophy of life as to the right employment of money: although this is not the only, or even the most important, moral to be deduced from this drama, as in the sequel will appear.

Unlike the mode which an inferior dramatist would in all probability have adopted, Shakespeare has chosen to show us in this play not merely or mainly the evils which usually spring from the ordinary ill use of money. Instead of this he has selected the deepest tragedy of all; that, namely, which befalls a being such as Timon, who is separated from the rest of his fellow men yet more by the exaltation of his nature than he is by the loftiness of his social rank.

A few passages from the opening scene of the play make us at once acquainted with his character and position, and even give us some idea of his person and deportment. The speakers are a merchant, a poet, and a painter, who are in attendance in Timon's ante room.

The poet, looking at the portrait of Timon which the painter has brought, exclaims:

"*Poet.* Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

* * * * * * *

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment:

* * * * *

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts: yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod."

In corroboration of the mental power attributed to Lord Timon, we have some clue as to what was the scope of his mind, and the range of the subjects which had passed before it, in a passage in which he sums up the conditions of a well ordered state: he enumerates:

"Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws."

This category is indeed somewhat severe in its character; for it is made at a moment when the conviction of

the vice and littleness of mankind has been painfully forced upon Timon, but of itself it is sufficient to show that he had the mind of a philosopher and of a statesman. And we may rest assured that the mind which could frame such a summary would not deal with any matter brought before it but in a spirit consonant with its own greatness.

Nor was Timon a patriot and statesman only in theory. In the fourth act his friend Alcibiades alludes to the obligations which his country owed to Timon in these terms:

> "Thy *great deeds*, when neighbour states [them."
> But for thy *sword* and *fortune* trode upon

Timon, therefore, being thus qualified by natural intellectual and moral endowment, by mental cultivation, and by active service and sacrifice for the sake of his country, to perform the functions which devolve upon him as the great nobleman, we are made witnesses of the manner in which he discharges these. All his acts and deeds are accompanied by some remark, which proves that they are not idle and weak impulses, but truly result from principles of action derived from his own observation and reflection. It is evident that in his most munificent actions he considers no less what it is his duty to do than what it is agreeable to his heart to grant. Let us take an example or two from the first scene.

The servant of Ventidius has brought from his master, imprisoned for debt, an entreaty, that Timon will free him. To the request, couched in those terms of entire trustfulness most calculated to touch Timon's heart, he replies:

> "Noble Ventidius! Well;
> I am not of that feather to shake off
> My friend when he must need me. I do know him
> A gentleman that well deserves a help,
> Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt and free him.
> *Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.
> *Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his ransom; [to me;
> And being enfranchised, bid him come
> 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
> But to support him after. Fare you well."

But Lord Timon's sympathies were not only for his nobly born friends. We see him ensuring the happiness of one of his attendants, Lucilius, contemptuously described as "one that holds a trencher," by the father of the girl whom he seeks in marriage, a marriage to which Lucilius's want of fortune was the only obstacle. After being told that the maiden had been well brought up, and having taken care to ascertain that the affection is mutual, Timon endeavours to overrule the father's objection to the match by the assurance,

> "The man is honest;"

but finding that the mercenary father will disinherit his daughter unless she marries one whose fortune satisfies his notion of what is adequate, Timon, addressing him, says:

> *Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath served me long;
> To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
> *For 'tis a bond in men.* Give him thy daughter:
> What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
> And make him weigh with her.
> *Old Athenian.* Most noble lord,
> Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
> *Tim.* My hand to thee: mine honour on my promise.

What delights us here is the conscientiousness which has led his mind to recognize the fact that masters have duties no less than those whom they employ, and the kindness with which he performs his share of the "bond."

This matter thus satisfactorily adjusted, Timon receives the poet, painter, merchant and jeweller; which enables us to see him in the character of the enlightened friend of the arts and learning. He accepts the works brought for his purchase, and accepts with such words of discriminating commendation as to the true artist must ever enhance the pleasure of transactions with the rich and great.

That Timon possessed all "the mental power," and all that "big imagina-

tion" which are ascribed to him in the opening scene, we have abundant evidence from everything that falls from his lips throughout the drama. Moreover, we are distinctly informed that—prior to the time at which the play opens, he had risked both his fortune and his life for the public cause; so that to him might be applied those lines of one of our great poets,

"I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst [do."
But we are left to make out these facts for ourselves; they are marked only incidentally by the dramatist. His object was not to show us Timon as the man of thought, (as he has shown us Hamlet,) nor as the man of action, (as he has shown us Othello,) but as the man of feeling. The personification of humanity, in the widest as well as the highest sense of that word, the man of many social attachments; ready (the word is his own) to build up the fortunes of his friends; delighting also with bright and genial heart to share with them the pleasures of the chase; to entertain them with sumptuous and brilliant hospitality; and to bestow on them and to exchange with them costly gifts, at once the tokens of his friendship for them, and of his confidence in the sincerity of their friendship for himself. In the hour of need and of peril he could indeed dedicate his time, and life and property to affairs of state; but these duties satisfied, he returned to his high and important individual sphere as to his natural and most happy condition. It is under this aspect of private friendship that we must now observe Timon.

He is still conversing with the various persons who have come to his levée, when a servant announces the arrival of "Alcibiades and some twenty horse, all of companionship." Timon's salutation shows the genial nature of the noble host.

"Right welcome, Sir:
Ere we depart we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you let us in."

They then withdraw, and enter two lords.

"*1st Lord.* Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? He
The very heart of kindness. [outgoes
2nd Lord. He pours it out. Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
1st Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever governed man."

At the great banquet which follows, and at which are assembled Alcibiades and his companions in arms, Lords Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian senators, it is not difficult to realize how natural it was that, the graver offices of his high station just fulfilled, his imprisoned friend released, his faithful servant made happy for life, those who looked to him for patronage rewarded with thanks and money, and at present guests at his table, the mind of Timon should turn with the zest of an approving conscience to the enjoyment of that splendid hospitality which suited the elegance of his taste, the munificence of his disposition, and the sympathetic feelings of his heart. It is at this moment of internal and external felicity, when the brilliancy of the outward scene was but a feeble type of the light, and love, and joy, which beamed within, in the secret soul of Timon, that a remark which falls from one of the guests elicits a reply from him which is of the deepest importance, since it reveals to us his theory of human nature, and of human duty, and shows us what, in him, were the hidden and innermost springs of action. The dialogue is as follows:

"*1st Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.*

Tim. O no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I

* Arrived at the perfection of happiness.

shall have much help from you. How had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living, should we never have use for them, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!"

And here, the exultation of feelings induced by this ideal of a world of mutual love and help affecting him to tears, he playfully turns the subject:

"O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults I drink to you."

We have here the very key note of his being; by this we can account for all its present harmony, and as surely can we predict all the discord and the jar which will arise, should any adverse fate ensue. Meanwhile, being now acquainted with Timon's view of human nature and of society in general, and his full trust in his own friends in especial, we are prepared to understand the incidents which occur during this very banquet.

Ventidius enters and thus addresses him:

"*Ven.* Most honoured Timon, 't hath pleased the gods remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He has gone happy and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents
Doubled, with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare [are fair."
To imitate them. Faults that are rich

The concluding remark is evidently intended to arrest some objection which Ventidius is about to raise. What Timon means to say is this: the fault (or inexactness) is fair, (is no injustice) which is rich (consists in paying more than is strictly due). It is a playful way of saying this arrangement between us is fair, it is all right.

To this the answer of Ventidius is,

"A noble spirit!"

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]

"*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devised at first to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes;
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me."

Let us not omit in passing to note the piety concealed in that passage of the foregoing speech of Timon to Ventidius:

"If our betters play at that game,
We must not dare to imitate them."

He here intimates that, though the Gods may justly claim grateful recognition of the benefits they bestow on man, man himself can make no such claim on those whom he benefits. This sentiment, only hinted at in the speech to Ventidius, since it would have been out of place in that gay assemblage, is expressed more fully in a grace which he utters at a very different banquet at which he presides in a subsequent scene, where, first saying to those assembled,

"Sit—sit—The Gods require our thanks,"

he prays thus:

"*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised,*" &c.

In fact Timon looked upon his vast possessions simply as a gift, which it was his duty and his delight to apply for the benefit of his fellow creatures.

Arrived at this point in the drama we are now in possession of the sincere

opinion and feelings which Timon cherishes towards men in general, and especially towards the friends who surround him; but our acquaintance with his estimate of humanity is incomplete until we know his estimate of women. In this tragedy no woman appears on the scene except in a brief and subordinate part; but a masque of ladies, which is introduced in the course of the banquet scene, gives us the first and best, but not the only, opportunity of learning Timon's real opinion of the sex. The masquers are ladies of his acquaintance, who have played this masque at his request; they are selected as partners by the lords who rise from table and "dance with them "a lofty strain or two to the hautboy," and then are by their noble host courteously invited to partake of "an idle banquet" which "attends" them. We may fairly extend the application of his speech, and believe that the dramatist, in the epithets, which Timon uses towards those his private friends, meant to show us what were those which he deemed expressive of the sex in general. After the dance is ended he thus addresses them:

"*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and lively lustre;
And entertained me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it."

And that he sustained this opinion of women to the last is shown in that speech of his to Flavius in the fourth act which commences,

"*Tim.* What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer; then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind."

In contrast with the brilliant and stately guests of Timon, and still more strongly in contrast with Timon's own bounteous and elegant self, there sits at his table, like a dark shadow, the cynic, Apemantus, come there, not to share the feast, for he eats only roots, which he carries thither himself, and nothing does he drink but "honest water," as he calls it. He has come "to observe," he tells Timon: he likewise succeeds in putting every creature whom he approaches into a rage; even Timon, after trying in vain to engage him in some pleasant conversation, administers to him a stern and just rebuke:

"*Tim.* Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame:
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man's ever angry."

Apemantus with the sanctimonious remark that

"Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods,"

offers up a grace. Timon we have seen was too delicate, too sincere, to intrude his pious gratitude on those with whom he was perhaps conscious it would meet with little sympathy; but Apemantus does not scruple in the face of men and gods to utter the following:

"Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond:
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a sleeping:
Or a keeper with my freedom:
Or my friends if I should need 'em.
Amen, so fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root."
[*Eats and drinks.*

In these lines is contained a satire on all creation, man, woman, and beast; foes and friends all come under the ban. There is no question that Apemantus as much means to characterize the whole sex by the epithet he applies to one class of women, as Timon by his "beautiful and kind," "worth," and "lively lustre," figures his conception of women: and here we may observe that, as philosophers assert that the advance of a nation in civilization may be rated according to the esteem in which women are held, so we may apply the same assertion to individuals, and assure ourselves that a very excel-

lent criterion of the worth and goodness of a man is the degree of his appreciation of women.

Apemantus, born of the very dregs of the people, yet having some amount of intellect, and still more vanity, his path in life was determined by his natural coarseness and churlishness. He gained admission to the society of the rich and noble, simply by the expedient of "putting on the cunning of a carper," to use an expression of his own. He might have effected the same object by falsehood and servility; but it was more to his taste to sneer and to vex, than to flatter and to please. When towards the end of the drama he intrudes himself and his advice upon Timon, Timon well paints him in these words:

" *Tim.* Thou art a slave whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou like us from our first swath proceeded [fords,
The sweet degrees that this brief world af-
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee.

* * * * * *

Poor rogue hereditary, [men,
If thou hadst not been born the worst of
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer."

That the asceticism of Apemantus proceeded from no austere love of virtue; that it was merely assumed for motives of vain glory, we have ample evidence at the end of the play; and in truth he is a specimen of grossness and hypocrisy from which we willingly turn to a theme more grateful.

Let us now, therefore, take note of what occurs further at Timon's banquet. Towards the conclusion of that high festival, some of the lords rising from table to take leave, Timon calls to his steward to bring " the little casket." We then witness that generous love of giving which was one of his characteristics. Not only does he give jewels to one and another of his parting guests, but by a happy touch we are made to feel that he habitually noticed the fancies of those about him, and ever sought to give them all the gratification that lay in his power. Turning to one of his friends he says:

" *Tim.* And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: *it is yours because you liked it.*"

But we are not to suppose that this presentation of gifts was all on Timon's side. Whilst he is occupied in begging their acceptance of these costly marks of his love, a servant enters and announces that his guest, Lord Lucius, has presented him with "Four milk-" white horses, trapped in silver;" and another domestic soon after comes to him to say, that Lord Lucullus (another of his guests) entreats his company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent him "two brace of greyhounds." Timon answers gaily,

" I'll hunt with him, and let them be received
Not without fair reward."

To overcome any reluctance they may feel or feign in accepting his presents, Timon gracefully intimates to his friends that he shall some day accept a return from them:

" I'll tell you true, I'll call on you."

They all answer,

" None so welcome."

Timon is now quite elated: carried away with pleasure at their marks of friendship in the presents they have sent, and at their expressions of devoted affection many times reiterated in the course of the evening, his excitement raised to the highest degree,—in his boundless sympathy and joy he exclaims:

" I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary."

The parting wish of one of his friends is:

"1st *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes keep with you, Lord
Timon."

And with his answer:

"*Tim.* Ready for his friends."
[ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c. *depart.*

It is not wonderful, if after this fulness of delight, he should say to Apemantus who (lingering after the rest of the company) endeavours to dash his satisfaction:

"*Tim.* Nay,
An you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better music."

PART II.

FULLY as the incidents of the banquet scene have been here noticed, there remains yet one more to observe. Whilst Timon is welcoming newly arrived guests, his steward approaches him, and they exchange the following sentences.

"*Flav.* I beseech your honour [near.
Vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you
Tim. Near? why then another time I'll
hear thee."

From this, if the spectator augurs that "something hath been amiss," that augury is destined to prove fearfully correct.

The truth which he has refused to hear from Flavius breaks upon him in the most sudden and awkward manner. The appointment with Lucullus to hunt with him has been kept, and Timon enters from the chase accompanied by Alcibiades, Lords, &c. Caphis, the servant of a senator, approaches and interrupts what Timon is saying to Alcibiades with these words:

"*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath
put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays
you,
That with your other noble parts you'll
suit,
In giving him his right."

The servants of other usurers then present their masters' claims.

Timon saying to his friends:

"I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly."

addresses to his steward this grave and high-toned rebuke,

"Come hither, pray you.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke
bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business;
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends.
See them well entertain'd."

The last a very characteristic injunction, showing that he neither resented the rudeness of the encounter, nor had the least suspicion of the state of his affairs.

After dinner Timon and Flavius reenter, Timon saying,

"You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere
this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?"

From this we see that Timon possessed that rectitude of mind, that sense of justice, which, as Caphis says, "suited with his other noble parts;" and that, whatever might be the cause of his debts, that cause was not want of principle. The dialogue proceeds,

"*Flav.* You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.
Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw
them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, prayed you
To hold your hand more close; I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts."

Only pausing to observe, that in Timon's answer we have the first fruits of misfortune, suspicion,—for until now there have passed his lips none but words of confidence and esteem towards any one,—let us endeavour to discover why it happens that with the honourable feelings expressed by Timon, and for which everybody in the play gives him credit, he now finds himself in the sad position of a debtor. Perfect in himself, almost to ideal perfection, Timon is a striking example of the total wreck that a man may sustain, if, from the circumstances in which he has been placed, he has been precluded from arriving at the knowledge of any principle important in the conduct of life; and especially when these circumstances meet with an organization calculated to receive all their influence, and to foster the natural bias *up to the point of a fatal disproportion.*

In Timon we see the union of immense possessions with a disposition to use them for the benefit and the pleasure of others. From his "first swath," as he says, he had been able "freely to command the passive drugs "of this brief world." Unchecked, until now, his fortune had sufficed for all his demands upon it, whether for the service of the state or of his friends. Judging from his experience he might well deem his resources inexhaustible, for he had always found them so. What could a man who had never felt the slightest obstacle to any wish of his, know of the common rules of prudence? He did not know these: it is impossible he should have learnt them. How little he was aware of the exhaustive nature of his proceedings we may see from what he has said only a few hours before to his friends, "I have often "wished myself poorer that I might "come nearer to you." It may be urged that he should have looked into his resources; but on what motive should a Timon have done this? Not for the vain-glorious satisfaction of reckoning up his wealth;—we have seen that anything which concerned himself was wholly uninteresting to him. It was enough for him to be told, "It does "concern you near," for him to reply instinctively: "Near? Why, then, "another time I'll hear thee." Indeed so wholly uninteresting had the subject been to him that he has even forgotten the efforts made by his steward to obtain a hearing, or only remembers them once or twice as having been very ill-timed.

Neither would he scrutinize his circumstances from any misgiving as to the misappropriation of his property, but say of his accounts that he found them in the honesty of his steward.

Nor, lastly, would he examine them to see what limits to place on his expenditure. As has been said, his experience was, that he could spend whatever he pleased, and the security in which he slumbered might have been culpable in another man; in him it was simply inevitable, according to the laws of the human mind.

We will now take up the speech of Flavius where we left it; he proceeds:

"My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.
Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.
Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.
Tim. You tell me true.
Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof."

The steward then proceeds to draw a picture of the boundless hospitality of Timon's house, and concludes thus:

"Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd."

To which Timon answers:

"*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.
Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!
Tim. And in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends."

In nothing is the true greatness of a character seen more than in the remedies which are sought for the evils that befall the man, whether these evils are due to the blows of ill fortune or to some imperfection in the man himself. Timon's "Let all my land be sold," is the decision of a brave and just spirit: and it is not until he has learnt that he cannot, by any personal sacrifice, adjust his circumstances, that he has recourse to the help of his friends.

Here again his calculations are made from experience: and what had that experience been? In the first place his friends were (as we have seen,) in the habit of sending him gifts which he accounted marks of generosity and of friendship. Next, as he had never until now had occasion to appeal to their generosity, he could only take its measure by his own heart, which gave him for answer, "we are born "to do benefits, and what better or "properer can we call our own than "the riches of our friends;" and, lastly, had not one of them, but a few hours since, said that, would he but test their zeals, they would think themselves arrived at the perfection of happiness? Are we not told by the poet in the first scene,

"His large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts?"

and Timon himself says,

"Myself
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck
As leaves do on the oak," &c. &c.

With these experiences then he sends forth his servants with the promptitude of his ardent nature, and there is something infinitely pathetic in the mingled tenderness, and delicacy, and confidence with which, as he names each, he recals to himself the reasons which each should have to fulfil his wishes with all possible alacrity.

"*Tim.* Within there, ho! Flaminius! Servilius! * * *
I will despatch you severally.—You to Lord Lucius—
To Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with
His Honour to-day:—You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them

Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents. * * *
Go you, Sir, [*to another Serv.*] to the Senators
(Of whom, even to the State's best health I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.
Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I know it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.
Tim. Is't true? Can it be?
Flav. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would: are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well — 'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions, [nods
With certain half-caps and cold-moving
They froze me into silence.
Tim. You Gods reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius—[*to a Serv.*] Pr'ythee [*to Flavius,*] be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepped
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents, greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents;—that had,—[*to Flavius*] give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mongst his friends can sink."

In the latter portion of this speech mark the kind care which he takes to repair his momentary injustice to Flavius, to assure him that he is satisfied of his honesty and to cheer him with his own hopes; mark also the justice of his nature and its tender trustfulness in the two concluding periods. With these words we take leave of Timon, that Timon whom we have seen so full of happiness and of goodness: these are the last calm words we shall ever hear from his lips. Let us look back once more to admire, as we must admire, the energy and judgment, the rectitude and nobly affectionate heart of the man as displayed in this scene. He first of all aims at the just thing—to sell his land; on finding this idea unavailing, he then, with excellent taste and judgment, addresses himself to friends on whom he fairly had claims, viz., to those whom he has enriched; to the Senate whom he has saved in their hour of peril, and to the man whom he has freed from imprisonment for debt. And all this he does in the spirit in which he had declared to his friends, "I have often "wished myself poorer that I might "come nearer to you." He feels not at all that he has sunk in worldly position; he forgets this fact in another consideration which absorbs him: he "accounts" these "wants" to be "blessings," since they afford the occasion for those proofs of friendship for which his noble, gentle soul thirsted, without ever once misdoubting.

The interviews of the various friends with the servants sent to them by Timon are worth study, affording as they do specimens of one class of men of the world; but space will only permit us here briefly to state the result in each case. Sempronius says:

"*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,

Whom he redeem'd from prison. *All these three*
Owe their estates unto him,
Servant. O, my lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all denied him."

Sempronius then proceeds to make this acknowledgment,

"In my conscience I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:"

and pretending to be very angry that Timon had applied to others before him (forgetting that he had just been grumbling at being sent to first), he dismisses the messenger with insult.

Flaminius, who has been sent to Lucullus, is told

"Thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee, good boy: wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.
Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.
[*Throwing the money away.*
Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master."

Lucius pretends that he has just bought an estate, and was sending to Timon to help him to complete the purchase, and adds: "but I would not "for the wealth of Athens I had done "it now."

Shakespeare at this point has introduced three strangers, who, like the old Greek chorus, are remote, but not unsympathizing, spectators of what is passing. After the exit of Lucius, they speak.

"1*st Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?
2*nd Stran.* Ay, too well.
1*st Stran.* Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for in
My knowing Timon hath been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip,
And yet, (O see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.
3*rd Stran.* Religion groans at it."

The nature of Timon's debts is further shown us by the servants of his lordly creditors, whilst they are waiting in his hall to present their bills to him.

"*Tit.* I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money.
Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's [wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth."

The first effects of grievous disappointment we learn from the feeling speech of his attendant, Servilius, who enters, and says to these servants of Timon's creditors:

"*Serv.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it; for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wondrously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber."

There are now cries heard behind the stage.

"*Flam.* (*within.*) Servilius help! my lord! my lord!
[*Enter* Timon *in a rage.* Flaminius *following.*]
Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?'

The dreadful answer to this question

is the rude and determined presentation of their bills by the creditors. It is clear Flaminius has been trying to prevent Timon from meeting these persons, and the effect on him is most violent. His only answers are like these: "*Cut my heart in sums:*" "*Tell out my blood:*" "*Five thousand drops pays that:*" ending with "*Tear me, take me, and the* "*gods fall upon you.*"

This scene works Timon up to the resolve to meet his friends once more. They come; make such lame apologies as they can; suppose that his requests for aid have only been to try them; but, even while again accepting his hospitality, speculate upon how long the means will last out of maintaining such liberality. A splendid banquet is brought in, all the dishes covered. Timon's short, constrained, sarcastic sentences are a terrible prelude and omen of the storm that is about to burst. But when the table is furnished, he thus speaks; and even in the first sentence we feel the bitter change that has come over his once delicate, gracious, and happy spirit:

"*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to the other; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the Senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*]

* * * * *

May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! Smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last:
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. [*Throwing water in their faces.*"]

After more of the same kind, he beats and drives them out, and concludes with:

"Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity."

But if Timon, at that moment, all his tenderness thrown back upon himself, hated humanity, all humanity did not hate him. The fidelity of his servants is exquisitely shown in the parting scene with them and Flavius.

"*Enter* FLAVIUS *with two or three* Servants.

1st Ser. Hear you, master Steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1st Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2nd Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses picked: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruined house.

3rd Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,

Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some; [*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Exeunt* Servants.
O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still."

Arrived at this point in his story, let us look back to the past, in order to estimate the character of Timon; and let us not fear to face the truth; let us especially not fear to face it when we are judging of character, more particularly the character of one whom, like him, we are prone to idolize. It is the foundation of all true constancy to be able to see faults, and grave faults too, in those whom we most highly regard, and yet to feel that there remains enough of transcendent beauty to hold our hearts in thrall for ever.

We have already traced to its source the boundless and uncalculating expenditure of Timon, and said that it arose from the greatness of his possessions, which had proved to him hitherto inexhaustible riches. In like manner we have traced to its source his view of human nature, and said that, having always had the smiles and professions of love of all the world around him, and feeling in his own heart nothing but love to them, he believed the earth to be peopled with brothers, and brothers anxious to share all happiness with each other. It was in vain that Flavius tried to make him examine the state of his property; in vain that Apemantus told him that his friends were mere flatterers; he saw no reason why he should listen to the one; the truth the other urged he deemed a falsehood, and attributed to his sullen humour. Flavius in despair, exclaims:

"What shall be done? He will not hear till feel."

This line admirably describes the state of Timon's mind, the state of every mind filled with its own imagination, and placing more confidence in it than in the opinions and views of others. This was the extent of Timon's fault, if fault that can be called which is only true to nature: for every man of strong feeling and intellect (and Timon possessed both in an extraordinary degree) believes his own most vital feelings and thoughts, especially when grounded on his own experience, more than he does those of another. Therefore for such a man, too often it happens that nothing will open his eyes to the truth, but his own painful experience; and then it is that "a noble nature may catch a wrench."

Granting that Timon, placed in a peculiar set of circumstances, and gifted with a peculiar constitution, lacked the wisdom that men of a more ordinary position and character attain, this does not imply in him any moral flaw; it is merely saying that his experience was incomplete, and his wisdom therefore imperfect. His error,

such as it was, was not sufficient alone to produce a catastrophe, and we must seek elsewhere (besides in Timon himself) for the causes of his misfortune. Flavius mentions one of these causes, when, beholding his master, he exclaims:

> " O monument
> And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!
> * * * * *
> What viler thing upon the earth than friends,
> Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?"

Here we have the pith of the matter. Timon's munificence was " evilly bestowed." It was lavished upon " the " usuring senate," and the men of his own rank; that is to say, those who loved gold above all things, and those who loved worldly pleasures above all things; in a word, the selfish.

Next, he had no friends, he had no friend. Had he possessed, either in man or woman, a real friend, one on whom his heart and mind could, in his adversity, rest, the final scene would have been far different. For him there was no Antonio, no Portia. Why this? With vast riches, beauty, grace, and refinement of taste, with intellect and with heart, how is it that we find him absolutely without the ties of love and of true friendship? Was it his fate? Or was there a want in his nature? Had he that constitution which, rich in kindness, never warmed into affection, and which led him to dedicate his heart neither to public affairs, nor to one individual, but to a society or set of individuals between whom and himself the chief bond was the pleasure and the service that he had the opportunity of doing them? So studiously has Shakespeare shown us Timon deprived of reciprocated and devoted love, that it is evident he intended to personify in him the genius of goodness or universal benevolence. Accordingly we find that the thought which he delights to cherish, the idea which brings the tear to his eye, is that of a world of fraternal kindness. " O what a precious comfort " 'tis to have so many like brothers " commanding one another's fortunes." In Timon, when first we are made acquainted with him, the manners and habits, the amusements and employments of a man of rank and wealth are combined with far higher thoughts and feelings. Grace and joyousness brighten the logic and the poetry which are now teeming from his brain, and these last add dignity and worth to the glittering splendour of his life, whilst over all and directing all broods that spirit of munificence, which, finding not its proper home on earth, leads its possessor, by torturing but rapid steps, to ruin—to the grave—to peace. But we are anticipating.

Part III.

We have seen with what energy, judgment, and nobleness of heart, Timon met the sudden information that he was ruined in fortune. Let us now watch how he bears (or fails to bear) the demolition of his ideal world—the irresistible proofs that he has (to use the expression of Flavius) been "mock- " ed with glory," and " lived but in a " dream of friendship."

If we analyze the grace which Timon uttered at the banquet of warm water, we shall find two ideas prevailing: one a sense of the wickedness of men and women, the other the idea that for evil so enormous (as there could be no remedy) the only thing left to wish was the destruction of the wicked. " The rest of your fees, O gods,—the " senators of Athens, together with the " common lag of people,—what is amiss " in them, you gods make suitable for " destruction." These two ideas of universal corruption and the prayer for its destruction, we shall find are never henceforth to leave him; and if

Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some; [*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
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Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still."

Arrived at this point in his story, let us look back to the past, in order to estimate the character of Timon; and let us not fear to face the truth; let us especially not fear to face it when we are judging of character, more particularly the character of one whom, like him, we are prone to idolize. It is the foundation of all true constancy to be able to see faults, and grave faults too, in those whom we most highly regard, and yet to feel that there remains enough of transcendent beauty to hold our hearts in thrall for ever.

We have already traced to its source the boundless and uncalculating expenditure of Timon, and said that it arose from the greatness of his possessions, which had proved to him hitherto inexhaustible riches. In like manner we have traced to its source his view of human nature, and said that, having always had the smiles and professions of love of all the world around him, and feeling in his own heart nothing but love to them, he believed the earth to be peopled with brothers, and brothers anxious to share all happiness with each other. It was in vain that Flavius tried to make him examine the state of his property; in vain that Apemantus told him that his friends were mere flatterers; he saw no reason why he should listen to the one; the truth the other urged he deemed a falsehood, and attributed to his sullen humour. Flavius in despair, exclaims:

"What shall be done? He will not hear till feel."

This line admirably describes the state of Timon's mind, the state of every mind filled with its own imagination, and placing more confidence in it than in the opinions and views of others. This was the extent of Timon's fault, if fault that can be called which is only true to nature: for every man of strong feeling and intellect (and Timon possessed both in an extraordinary degree) believes his own most vital feelings and thoughts, especially when grounded on his own experience, more than he does those of another. Therefore for such a man, too often it happens that nothing will open his eyes to the truth, but his own painful experience; and then it is that "a noble nature may catch a wrench."

Granting that Timon, placed in a peculiar set of circumstances, and gifted with a peculiar constitution, lacked the wisdom that men of a more ordinary position and character attain, this does not imply in him any moral flaw; it is merely saying that his experience was incomplete, and his wisdom therefore imperfect. His error,

such as it was, was not sufficient alone to produce a catastrophe, and we must seek elsewhere (besides in Timon himself) for the causes of his misfortune. Flavius mentions one of these causes, when, beholding his master, he exclaims:

> " O monument
> And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!
> * * * * *
> What viler thing upon the earth than friends,
> Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?"

Here we have the pith of the matter. Timon's munificence was " evilly bestowed." It was lavished upon " the " usuring senate," and the men of his own rank; that is to say, those who loved gold above all things, and those who loved worldly pleasures above all things; in a word, the selfish.

Next, he had no friends, he had no friend. Had he possessed, either in man or woman, a real friend, one on whom his heart and mind could, in his adversity, rest, the final scene would have been far different. For him there was no Antonio, no Portia. Why this? With vast riches, beauty, grace, and refinement of taste, with intellect and with heart, how is it that we find him absolutely without the ties of love and of true friendship? Was it his fate? Or was there a want in his nature? Had he that constitution which, rich in kindness, never warmed into affection, and which led him to dedicate his heart neither to public affairs, nor to one individual, but to a society or set of individuals between whom and himself the chief bond was the pleasure and the service that he had the opportunity of doing them? So studiously has Shakespeare shown us Timon deprived of reciprocated and devoted love, that it is evident he intended to personify in him the genius of goodness or universal benevolence. Accordingly we find that the thought which he delights to cherish, the idea which brings the tear to his eye, is that of a world of fraternal kindness. " O what a precious comfort " 'tis to have so many like brothers " commanding one another's fortunes." In Timon, when first we are made acquainted with him, the manners and habits, the amusements and employments of a man of rank and wealth are combined with far higher thoughts and feelings. Grace and joyousness brighten the logic and the poetry which are now teeming from his brain, and these last add dignity and worth to the glittering splendour of his life, whilst over all and directing all broods that spirit of munificence, which, finding not its proper home on earth, leads its possessor, by torturing but rapid steps, to ruin—to the grave—to peace. But we are anticipating.

Part III.

We have seen with what energy, judgment, and nobleness of heart, Timon met the sudden information that he was ruined in fortune. Let us now watch how he bears (or fails to bear) the demolition of his ideal world—the irresistible proofs that he has (to use the expression of Flavius) been " mock- " ed with glory," and " lived but in a " dream of friendship."

If we analyze the grace which Timon uttered at the banquet of warm water, we shall find two ideas prevailing: one a sense of the wickedness of men and women, the other the idea that for evil so enormous (as there could be no remedy) the only thing left to wish was the destruction of the wicked. " The rest of your fees, O gods,—the " senators of Athens, together with the " common lag of people,—what is amiss " in them, you gods make suitable for " destruction." These two ideas of universal corruption and the prayer for its destruction, we shall find are never henceforth to leave him; and if

for a moment reason and respect and hope beam a struggling ray into his soul, the feeble glimmer is soon to be overwhelmed by a paroxysm of disgust, of rage, and of despair. "His wits "are lost and drowned in his calami- "ties"—not that Timon is mad in the sense of being under any mental delusion, but his mind is irretrievably morbid and sunk. It broods on one view of all things, and is filled with images of disgust and horror and vice, from which it ever and anon rushes for refuge into the idea of the annihilation of mankind.

This state is at its height on his quitting Athens. When, on looking back at that fatal "seat of monstrous "friends," he imagines to himself its hidden licentiousness and cruelty, pity is for an instant overwhelmed in rage: and we see then a greatly exaggerated instance of that momentary losing of himself which we have before remarked, when, on the sudden discovery of the state of his affairs, he so hastily accuses Flavius of fault. The mind is for the time thrown off its balance, and words are uttered which the man when calm would disavow. How true to nature; how like what occurs in highly sensitive, ardent, impulsive temperaments! How Shakespeare, in this tragedy, has shown, with all his own skill, that a man may suffer a shock that shall cause the continual recurrence of such loss of self-possession; that this shall happen whenever the fixed idea which exasperates the mind is recalled; and that to a mind in this state of morbid sensitiveness everything which occurs or which is seen or heard has a tendency to recall the irritating thought. With this guiding idea let us now observe the further course of the principal personage in the drama.

From the suddenly awakened perception of the hollowness and corruption of the society in which he had lived, and on which he had wasted his affection, there was nothing left but to flee: to flee the very face of man, and plunge into the wildest solitudes:

"Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind."

Still in quest then of kindness! And the very prayer which he offers up to the gods, to grant that his hate may grow "To the whole race of mankind, high "and low," does it not prove that he felt his rage even then giving way? Indeed, nature can never change. Timon can never become Apemantus. The loving, generous soul must always remain loving and generous, and the fury and rage of Timon are only loving-kindness in another guise. "Many are "the forms of the divinity."

Timon, then, seeks solitude—but here the same torture awaits him. He finds even here food for the anguish which fills his whole being. See how the most beautiful objects in nature minister to his passion, instead of soothing it.

"I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft."

Timon's world is not like Hamlet's world, one simply void of joy; but wickedness and selfishness pierce even into the workings of inanimate nature and of the brute creation. There seems, however, to have been one object on which his eye rested with pleasure; one voice to which his ear listened with mournful solace. The sea was that object; and it is evident that in its murmurs, and in its tumultuous, but not uncontrolled, heaving billows, his senses and his thoughts found something like peace. Take for instance this passage:

"Then Timon presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy gravestone daily."

This is perfectly true to fact. In mental and bodily exhaustion the ocean is of all natural objects the most soothing and the most exhilarating, not only perhaps on account of its affording an inexhaustible variety of sights and of sounds, but likewise because it suggests a tranquillizing idea,—the idea, viz. of mighty power controlled by immutable law.

Yet though nature and solitude have failed to soothe and to cheer the mind of the recluse, we perceive by the first soliloquy he utters that his reason has been at work, and that he sees the world in a truer light than before his ruin, and is feeling his way out, towards other principles of happiness than those which had so signally failed in his own case. The first words which we hear from him, in the solitude of the woods, show us that he no longer idealizes the world. He sees that society is composed of various ranks—each flattering the one above; that money is that which obtains honour; and that, instead of being a bond of union, as he had once deemed, it puts variance even between near relations.

"*Tim.* Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser . . . .
Who dares, who dares
In purity of manhood stand upright, [be,
And say, 'This man's a flatterer?' if one
So are they all: for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique,
There's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villany."

The corollary is:

"Therefore be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea himself, Timon disdains!"

And then memory rushing back to his own experience brings on the fit of rage:

"Destruction fang mankind!"

The thought in which Timon always finds refuge as the only cure for all ill.

In the next passage:

"Earth yield me roots. [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison,"

We trace an utter disdain of those luxuries which money can buy. This is a further change in Timon. In his own person he had been fastidiously elegant, as we learn from what Apemantus says to him. "When thou "wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they "mocked thee for too much curiosity," (finical delicacy) but now he is

"Sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it."

We see the same idea in his interview with the thieves. They say to him that they are "not thieves, but men that "much do want." He answers:

"Your greatest want is you want much of meat:
Why should you want? Behold the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs,
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?"

And he clearly has his former too bounteous hospitality in his mind, when, having found a root, he says, addressing the earth:

"Dry up thy marrows, vines and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips."

This is different from the Timon who on a former occasion presented a bay courser to his guest, saying, "It is "yours because you liked it." He sees that self-indulgence (which he had pampered in his friends) is the prime motive of that love of gold which is so fearful in its effects on mankind, and the conclusion he comes to is, that the utmost simplicity is to be preferred to luxury.

The line

"His semblable, yea himself, Timon disdains!"

touchingly shows, that in his adversity the native rectitude of his soul did not forsake him; but that he was conscious, and confessed that he had been guilty of a want of wisdom which made him despise himself.

At this point of the story there occurs a remarkable incident; Timon, in digging for roots, finds a vast treasure:

"(*Digging.*) What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods, [heavens."
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear

We behold him then again in possession of immense riches, with the added possession of a knowledge which he never until now had, the knowledge, viz. of all the worldly estimation that riches give a man. His first emotion is certainly pleasurable; the second is a rejection of that transient emotion; the third is a prayer or mental wish for the purity and simplicity of life he now so much values; the expression "you "*clear* heavens," is admirably suggestive of the feeling that is at this moment in his mind. He proceeds:

"Thus much of this will make black white;
foul fair; [coward valiant;
Wrong right; base noble; old young;
Ha, you gods! Why this? What this, you
gods? Why this [your sides;
Will lug your priests and servants from
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
This yellow slave [heads:
Will knit and break religions; bless the
accursed; [thieves,
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappened widow wed
again; [sores
She whom the spital house and ulcerous
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
To the April day again." [spices

There is here no gleam of light as to a proper use of money; it is only a view of its power to procure honour to the vile. He concludes with, "I'll make "thee do thy right nature," and the opportunity of applying it to the purpose of enriching the fallen is not slow in arriving.

Alcibiades, who has been banished from Athens, is returning to lay siege to that city, when he meets with Timon in the woods. The general is accompanied by his mistresses, Phrynia and Timandra, and the group undoubtedly forms a trio who cannot fail, by reminding Timon of the cruelty and vice of his species, to put him into the most violent state of rage. The shock which he feels in coming again for the first time in contact with one who must immediately have reminded him of his lost home and ancient life is forcibly perceived in the expression:

"The canker gnaw thy heart
For showing me again the eyes of man!"

These terrible words reveal the sensation of *his own* heart at this moment: they are only too descriptive of the pang we suffer when any mortal sorrow (that lives not less because it sometimes slumbers) is awakened by a sudden touch; it is then we become conscious what a canker has been gnawing, and what a dark, hollow, "aching void" it has made in the heart.

Alcibiades, finding his friend in these wild solitudes, scarcely to be recognized as human, so deplorable is his appearance, inquires,

"How came the noble Timon to this
change? [light to give.
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting
But then, renew I could not like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of"—

the exquisite pathos of which answer needs no comment.

The sight of Alcibiades in arms draws from Timon one of his great reflections:

"Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be?"

He subsequently answers the question himself by the most piteous recital of its cruelties coupled with an injunction to execute them on Athens; but so exquisitely is the pathos made to overwhelm the horror, that it is impossible not to see that he had no other object than to deter Alcibiades from perpetrating the crimes he depicts; and indeed he so far succeeds that Alcibiades

says, "I'll take thy gold, not all thy counsel." It is to be observed, that Timon goes into this description of war only as a last resource, and when he perceives that Alcibiades is deaf to the rebuke he conveys to him, and rejects the patriotism he would awaken in him, when, Alcibiades having tried to rouse Timon's revengeful feelings against his ungrateful country, he replies:

"The gods confound them all' i' thy conquest, and
Thee after when thou hast conquered!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, [quer
By killing villains, thou wast born to con-
My country."

And having uttered this passionate burst of patriotic remorse, what other interpretation than the above can be put on the speech that follows?

"Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold, —go on;
Be as a planetary plague when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison [one," &c.
In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip

The gold given with the injunction "There's gold to pay thy soldiers," is evidently for the sake of the suffering army, Alcibiades having informed him,

"I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want wherof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band."

And further to confirm this view of his aim in the address to Alcibiades, we have his answer to the observation of Apemantus, "Here is no use for gold,"

"*Tim.* The best and truest:
For here it sleeps and does no hired harm."

Again. The first words which Timon utters when Alcibiades and his companions have withdrawn, and he resumes his digging for roots,

"That nature being *sick of man's unkindness*
Should yet be hungry,"

go further to show how little his instructions to Alcibiades to commit violence, and to his mistresses to commit vice, were so meant. They were meant, on the contrary, to shock and startle them out of their purposed and usual evil ways by depicting the enormity of the miseries they produced. And when he answers Timandra's question, if he has any gold for her, by saying that he has enough to make such as her forswear her course; and when afterwards he gives her some, can we doubt (after what he has said about the power of gold to make "black white, foul fair, "wrong right," and his resolve to make gold "do its right nature") that he intended she should use it as the means whereby she might live honourably?

In like manner, in accordance with what he has said of the power of gold to "place thieves and give them title, "knee and approbation," he gives some thieves money, with the injunction which follows a description of the miseries they cause in the world, "Steal "not less for this I give you." But these men are less impassive than the warrior and the courtezans have been. One of them says, "he has almost "charmed me from my profession by "persuading me to it;" and they make up their minds to leave their "profession" when they "see peace in Athens;" for say they, "No time is so miserable "but a man may be true."

The parting sentences of Alcibiades and Timon show in the latter his newly acquired pain at the voice of praise. How mournfully it sighs itself out!

"*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.
Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it such!"

The object of Apemantus in visiting Timon is to rebuke him for affecting his manners, and to persuade him to attempt to rise again in the world by flattery. In this interview he lays bare the hypocrisy and malice of his nature, and the loathing and scorn with which Timon recoils, as if he were a leper, from the real misanthrope, show how little there was of similitude in his disgust at the wickedness of mankind and the unprovoked malignity of Apeman-

tus. In speaking with Apemantus, Timon maintains a lofty superiority; and, until quite the end, a calmer demeanour than his wont; ceasing to rail on mankind in general, all his indignation is turned on his cowardly tormentor, and beneath his laconic, but closely argued replies, the vulgar malignant hypocrite cowers. As if to show how entirely the two men differ, Shakespeare has made Apemantus wrong in every remark he makes about Timon. But not to linger on this conversation, let us pass on to its effect on Timon. That effect was to inspire him with a yet darker despair. In the soliloquy which follows, we hear, for the first time, the anticipations which he has formed for himself; he looks upon the sea-washed grave as the only necessity for him; recounts the evil purpose to which gold is put in the lives of others; and ends, as usual, in wishing the destruction of mankind.

"I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king killer and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! Thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lip! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave, man, rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire."

The terrible state into which Timon has by this time sunk is made known to us by Flavius, who has come to seek him out and to comfort him. He exclaims,

"O you gods,
Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord,
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd,
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?"

In the interview with Flavius, Timon is for a moment himself again. The tears of his steward do more to restore him than aught else has done. Nature herself has failed to soothe, and has only ministered to his sufferings, and the persons who have as yet fallen in his way have only reminded him of the cruelty, vice, and malice of mankind. But here draws near to him one whose "honest grief," with all the force of sincerity, reaches his heart. From this beautiful and pathetic scene let us take the following:

"*Tim.* What, dost thou weep? Come nearer; then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature mild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself. But all, save thee,
I fell with curses. . . . . .
But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men
deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?"

From these concluding lines it is clear that Timon now understands the meaning of the gifts he was in the habit of receiving from his friends. The answer of Flavius convinces Timon that he is sincere in saying,

"That which I show, heaven knows is
merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and believe it,
My most honoured lord.
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power
and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.
Tim. Look thee 'tis so. Thou singly
honest man,
Here take: the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and
happy:
But thus condition'd. Thou shalt build from
men,
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the
bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons
swallow them,
Debts wither them."

And here, memory bringing upon him the vision of his own wrongs, the paroxysm of rage comes upon him yet more fiercely, and in spite of his entreaties to be allowed to stay, Flavius is forced to quit him.

In the conditions which Timon makes in conferring this gift he shows, in his distracted way, his sense of the proper use of riches. *He is evidently recounting those uses which he himself had made of his wealth, which remain in his mind as works to be approved of, when the presents which he had made to rich men were seen to have been only so many rewards to covetousness.* The passage must be looked upon as a list of duties which he enjoins on Flavius—though the passionate grief and rage which seize on him at the recollection of the ill requital of his own charities cause him to put the injunction in the form of a command to do just the contrary.

There is a very noble phrase which Timon makes use of in this interview. It is this:

"Forgive my general and exceptless rash-
ness,
Perpetual-sober gods."

What an idea of deity is conveyed in the epithet "perpetual-sober:" we seem to feel the great calm, and to have suggested to us the results of calm, power, justice, and wisdom. And how pathetic is the feeble moan of the now conscious, but irrecoverably unbalanced mind!

"Forgive my general and exceptless rash-
ness."

We may pass rapidly over the interview with the poet and painter, who are the only persons, except the thieves, who have known, before they sought him, that Timon had found a treasure. Their former patron, now deaf to flattery, rebukes them for their deceit and covetousness, exhorts them to amendment, and sends them empty away.

The next persons who resort to Timon are a deputation of senators, who come from the senate to offer to him the absolute government of the city, now in danger from Alcibiades. These are their words:

"1 *Sen.* O forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens, . .
2 *Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general
gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth
seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, *hath sense withal*
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us to make their sorrow'd
render,*
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the
dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and
wealth

* Confession.

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love
Ever to read them thine."

These words produce on Timon the same effect as the tears of Flavius had done. They restore him for a moment to himself.

"*Tim.* You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine and ours,) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority."

So far, good; but no sooner does the speaker mention the necessity for this application, which is the attack of Alcibiades,

"Who like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace,"

than the jarring chord is struck again, and Timon relapses.

Flavius, who, both in prosperity and in adversity, always is right in his observations of his master (proving thereby with what sedulous love and devotion he watched him), has warned the senators that "all is in vain," and they are obliged at last to confess that

"His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature."

The broken-hearted man is utterly without strength. He has not found vital energy enough to avail himself of the riches that have fallen into his hands, except to place them in the hands of those who thereby may cease to do evil if they will, and of his steward, whose good heart he knows will apply them well. So now he cannot muster his distracted faculties to make use of the absolute power and wealth offered him; Earth and its sorrows are fast fading from his view. He replies wildly, and then adds,

"Why I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things."

True to his affirmation, "but yet I "love my country," his dying thoughts and his last messages are sent to Athens. As his intellect had been shown in the noble summary he made of the virtues of the state, so, notwithstanding the wild close of the speech (which close we have now learnt always to expect), the heart of the man is now shown in the review he makes of the sufferings of humanity.

"Commend me to my loving countrymen, * * *
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage," &c., &c.

Sympathy breathes in every word here. His closing speech is as follows:

"Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come
And let my gravestone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign."

When, in the third act of this drama, the senate and Alcibiades are disputing on the matter which ended in his banishment, one of the senators says;

"He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger."

This is certainly one way of meeting injuries, and the highest and the best

way: Alcibiades took another, and Timon yet another.

As to the latter rushing from Athens, that "ungrateful seat of monstrous "friends," all he has wished is to see them no more; the anger which he felt irritated with fatal jar his nerves, and tortured his own heart, but went no further to others than "sour words," and an indefinable but ever present sense that for the prevailing wickedness which he had suddenly discovered to exist in the world there was no remedy but destruction: as for his own misery also, we see, there was no end but death. The possession of gold lights up in him no thought of going back to the world. Courted by both the belligerent parties, he seeks no revenge. At the first tokens of repentance he melts into tears before the ungrateful senators: and so far from rejoicing that Alcibiades should avenge him, his only feeling is irritation against him because he is "born to "destroy his country."

The fate of the worldly practical man and of the unworldly man of humanity are emphatically pronounced at the close of the tragedy. Alcibiades, who has resented the ingratitude of the senate to himself and to Timon, and has wrested justice, *vi et armis*, from the oppressors, we behold attaining worldly power and all the desires of his heart. Mark the difference.

At the moment when the senate, whose submission is as abject as their cruelty had been unrelenting, have talked Alcibiades over to terms of peace, a soldier whom he has sent to Timon enters, and thus speaks:

"*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead,
Entombed upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his gravestone this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.
Alcib. [*reads*]. *Here lies a wretched corse,*
of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name. A plague consume you
wicked caitiffs left! [*did hate:*
Here lie I, Timon; who alive all living men
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay
not here thy gait.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more."

In the concluding words we already see the white marble column, with its eulogistic "insculpture" rising in that city of Athens, renowned for ingratitude to its great men, and a too late repentance thereof. Timon had this disposition of his fellow citizens in his mind, when speaking of his tomb, he sends them this message by the deputation of senators,

"Thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle."

Would they read the words,

"Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate,"

without remembering his "most un-"tirable and continuate goodness:" or read those other words, "Pass by and "curse thy fill," without lingering to utter those blessings on the memory of their benefactor, which could not indeed "pierce the dull cold ear of death," but which in life would have filled his heart with tumultuous joy? Yes; the soul, vanishing from the earth, yet, trusting in the tardy justice of mankind and desiring that its earthly remains should rest beside the element which had been the companion and solace of its misery, dimly hoped to grant and to receive that forgiveness which all that is human needs and should reciprocate.

The proud impatience of the

"But pass and stay not here thy gait,"

is an expression of the solitariness which he had learned to love; which he must have felt throughout his life, but which at one time was painful to

him. Himself tells us that he had yearned to "come nearer" to his fellow men. Lonely in his exalted prosperity and goodness, lonelier in his misery, his was

> "The eagle flight, bold and forth on,
> Leaving no tract behind."

Yet let us not be disheartened. A nature like Timon's, sincerely generous and good, cannot shine without irradiating, and in some degree purifying, the coarser beings around. Speaking of Timon's ungrateful friends, the poet says: "What to you? Whose star-"like nobleness gave life and influence "to their whole being." And so it did. Whoever speaks of Timon in the play is for that moment raised above his ordinary tone of thought. The poet's verse always rises when Timon is his theme. The painter's best picture is inspired by him; the friends themselves utter their best sayings in his praise; even the cold-blooded senator stops in the midst of his selfish reckoning up of Timon's debts to say, "I "love and honour him." Flavius and his servants, Alcibiades and the strangers, glowingly pour out their feelings in his honour. And it is shown that even Apemantus at one time was touched by his unaffected goodness, and as nearly loved him as he was capable of loving any one.

One concluding remark we would make, this, viz. It is not often that men are born so royally gifted by nature and fortune as was Timon; not often that generosity runs into such excess, nor often that it meets with ingratitude so deep and dire. But in a lesser degree there are always in the world persons who, like Timon, mistakingly think others good because themselves are so: there are always persons in the world willing to *share* a portion of those possessions which their piety counts as "gifts" to be used for the benefit of others; there are always persons who dedicate their intellect and their time to others: there are always persons who forsake the trivial pleasures of high-born station, and take upon themselves anxiety for the sake of those who (as this play describes them)

> "Labour on the bosom of this sphere
> To propagate their states."

Humanity has always its Timons. Men who out of the good treasure of their hearts lovingly, trustingly, freely give good gifts to men. Ah! let such be well aware on what a pinnacle they stand. Let them be aware that they must expect from those whom they benefit NOTHING. They are givers, not receivers, and the distinction should be well marked in their own minds. Let them know that they are here to minister, and not to be ministered unto: happy if, for their pearls, the swine do not turn again and rend them. It is not from those whom they benefit that they must expect love. They will meet with appreciation only from those who like them are also God's angels, and ministers of grace to humanity. In the sympathy of these, and in the peace of a conscience at one with the Eternal, must they look for their reward on earth. For it is worthy of observation that, if it argues a noble nature to give unselfishly, it argues a yet higher nature to receive generously. The delight that Timon felt in giving his friends the opportunity of serving him was a higher and far more rare sentiment than the delight he felt in conferring favours upon them.

In prosperity his speech to them is:

> "More welcome are ye to my fortunes
> Than my fortunes to me."

In adversity his message to them is:

> "Commend me to their *loves*, and I am proud, say,
> That my occasions have found time to use them
> Toward a supply of money."

He is proud, because, judging from his own heart, he is giving them the occasion of exercising that power of doing benefits which he felt to be the highest duty of life, and which (when the person benefited was a dear friend) constituted its best pleasure. In this

sentiment there was true generosity, but a generosity which belongs only to the highest nature, as a reciprocity like this belongs only to the nearest friendship.

There are three ways of receiving a benefit, as there are three classes of persons on whom benefits may be bestowed. First, the utterly selfish: they, like Timon's friends, will snatch at everything they can get, and give nothing in return, except blame and the epithet fool perhaps, which were Lucullus's gifts to Timon. Next there are the proud, but just, persons, who have a sense of inferiority in accepting favours, and will strive to repay them, partly from a consciousness that it is right to do so, but more from a wish to free themselves from the hateful yoke of the sense of obligation.

Then there come the few rare instances in which benefits conferred are felt to be proofs of love, are accepted as such with love; and will be repaid on any and every occasion that love can find or make of manifesting its ever-living soul.

Now, as the first class are by far the largest portion of mankind, the reason is clear why ingratitude is so frequent; and it is wisdom to know the fact, and to calculate upon its results. Of the second class, Ventidius is an instance in this play. He comes to return the talents to Timon when he has them; but Timon, once having given them to him "freely ever," that is to say to keep, he may honestly keep them; they are his as much as any part of his property. He knows not the pleasure of giving; he therefore does not give them back to Timon, be the urgency what it may. Of the third class, Alcibiades, Flavius and the servants of Timon are humble instances. Timon has given them more than money; he has shown them sympathy; they repay it with sympathy, and render back all the service they can.

Of the highest sympathy and fellowship of which we have spoken as existing between persons animated with the same spirit, even though there should exist no reciprocity of services, we have an instance in this drama in the Stranger; with whose speech we shall close our remarks, only observing that here was Timon's true friend, one whom he was never to see, of whose very existence he was unconscious, and yet who understood him better and loved him more than did any one else. Such is life. The speech occurs in the third act, and is called forth by the sight of the ingratitude of those whom Timon has benefited.

"1*st Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me
To mark me for his friend; yet I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him;
So much I love his heart."

LANCASHIRE AND "MARY BARTON."

THE progress of society is always more apparent than real; change is apt to be mistaken for advance; a jerk for a continuous movement; the same path of exertion would not, without detriment, last the world for ever; an infinite straight line is wearisome, and indeed impossible on earth. Grecian simplicity and self-dependence must be a bye-gone for ever. After certain periods humanity vents its increasing powers in a fresh direction; by the heir-loom of hereditary experience it trusts to make good choice of change,

to leave the world better than it found it. "We acquire new arts and lose old "instincts." Modern inventions, however necessary as results, scarcely make up for the comparative loss of attaining them. Our workmen consider decencies what Henry VII. looked upon as luxuries, but it is questionable whether they are happier or wiser. The spirit of mercantile adventure of Elizabeth's captains, and the boundless extension of manufactures last century, the confirmation of our maritime and our internal material prosperity, were transitions to the present order of things. Work is a test of civilization, increasing twofold; in extension, I mean in the small proportion of those who live without it; and in intension, in the assistance of wisdom and invention. Into sad states do our armies of industry sometimes allow themselves to fall; much wrangling and overreaching between officers and men, between van and rear, and right wing and left wing, entanglement and forgetfulness, general demoralization, and recovery sometimes, not always—witness mediæval Venice, and more than one other. The inordinate increase of our town population, one of the great social phenomena of the last few centuries, is a sign of our material well-doing; Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, sprang up thus, and their fall was very great: the points of difference may be security to us, they may be otherwise.

Five hundred years ago Manchester contained but few inhabitants, probably about 500; by no means, however, an unimportant number, since at that period the entire *town* population of England was not much more than a fifteenth of the whole country; now it is in a vast majority. When Camden made his survey two centuries and a half back, he regards his tour over half-civilized Lancashire despondently: "I approach it," says he, "with a kind of dread; may it fore-"bode no ill;" but that he might not seem wanting to this county, like an upright man, instead of trusting to hearsays, he declares his intention "to "run the hazard of the attempt." By him Bolton, Oldham, and other now populous places have no mention: Manchester "surpassed all the towns "hereabouts in building, populous-"ness, woollen manufacture, market-"place, and church." And now this corner of England in political importance is second to none; its "Field of "Peterloo," and its anti-corn law meetings gave main aid to the subversion of government-platitudes, and to the furtherance of English liberties; thither are the eyes of all social reformers at present directed; to it, never fuller of untiring energy and enterprise, with still a heart to acknowledge industry and a will to reward it, and with a prudence that sees further and deeper than the mere prices and qualities of cotton-fibre, we look for an outlet from the portentous maze and threatening of the social elements into which neglect and procrastination have hurried us. Whence then sprang this unprecedented rapidity of human increase, and what are its possible or probable limits? In a new country all attention is at first concentrated upon agriculture, where from little skill great profits result,—the reverse being the case in old countries,—and consequently all increase of labour brings increase of prosperity, all assistance more than supports itself; for this reason is it that the United States can afford to double its numbers in some twenty years; but, of course, such a ratio could not go on for ever. In a few centuries there would not be standing room for them, much less the possibility of labour. An old settled country must look to other sources than agriculture for means to support an increasing population; when through the appliances afforded by the mechanical discoveries of Arkwright, Watts, and others, so vast a field of labour was opened, a large family was suddenly

discovered by the poor man to be a source of wealth, there was no want foreseen or other misery to cause moral restraint; capital, and in consequence the number of wives and children, increased in a manner unparalleled, for the amount of population will always depend upon the amount of capital in the nation; a class, after once acquiring the power of additional luxuries, are themselves unwilling to give them up, or to entail such necessity on their descendants; hence results a check to over-population, and the fact that there is "a natural tendency in subsistence to increase in a "greater ratio than population." It is indeed a false and short-sighted supposition that increase of population should go on without check; it *must* be accommodated to that of wealth. It so happens, however, that a few years' extraordinary prosperity does not materially affect the labour market for some fifteen or twenty years; and if at the end of that period capital has not been proportionably advancing, destitution and a glut of labour are the consequence; more especially, if bad harvests or political commotions should fall at the same time. We do not wonder at Wilson exclaiming, "Twins is "a great trial to a poor man, bless "'em." To take an instance given by Mr. M'Culloch:—"While the popula- "tion of Great Britain, which amount- "ed to about 7,000,000 in 1740, had "risen to above 18,000,000 in 1840, "being an increase in the interval of "rather more than 255 per cent.; the "population of Ireland, which amounted "to about 2,000,000 in 1740, had risen "to about 8,000,000 in 1840, being an "increase of no less than 400 per "cent., or of 145 per cent. more than "in Great Britain, notwithstanding the "vastly greater increase of capital in "the latter." Our choked workhouses and immigration swamps, and the reckless belief in potatoes, show us the result of this,—ample requital of our misgovernment. The belief that potatoes are enough to live upon contentedly, is not that a good doctrine? Would it not make room for many millions more on God's earth? Besides countless higher reasons, this would be only to put off the evil day; for potato-contentment has been the consequence of over-population, and the cause of that recklessness and not half civilized state of those who carry the belief into practice; moreover, in another century, with perhaps six times the number of inhabitants, and thrice only the capital, we should require roots as cheap again, and so on, until we should soon be cannibals from compulsion, if not from inclination also. Ireland has yet much to learn in another way; happier for our colonies and America had she received her first lesson before 1845. Our own population will now, doubtless, begin to check its increase, if it be wise for its happiness. It has been observed, that the decencies of one class are the necessaries of another, and the luxuries of a third. It is hard to fix a minimum to the improvement which we trust to see effected ultimately; natural and artificial decencies are in many cases difficult of distinction; we hope for equality of health at all events throughout the classes, and a better distribution of wealth; theorising on equality in the latter is visionary at present, and most likely ever must be, but we feel an able-bodied pauper is no normal fact of society. We have before us a Hercules' task to sweep the world clear of workhouses, open sewers, strikes, money-grubbings, over-production, and an ugly infinity of political and religious phantasms; the existence of such things implies an unsettled transitionary period—to *what* remains with ourselves.

The increasing demand and increasing facility of production of these necessaries by machinery have given rise to an unprecedented and almost inconceivable extension of division of labour. This principle has been exag-

gerated, and equally underrated, in its advantages. It originates in, and can only be upheld by, mutual dependence, which involves so many elements of true happiness. Robinson Crusoe, be sure, was not the happiest man in the world; he, however, was only isolated, and could attribute to that his impossibility of reliance on others; but there are some societies where mutual independence is carried out to a very great extent, where there is no system to incommode the unrestrained growth of a self-dependent race. New Zealanders, for instance; there they reverse the old-world maxim, and hate their brethren and love their enemies with a hungry love; no despotism there, no taxes, no 'work-or-the-grave;' each man feeds, clothes, builds for himself, in the easiest manner he can, and lives —in the lees of wretchedness. Upon this principle of division of labour are formed governments, and governing bodies, such as our constabulary and magistracy; it has been remarked, too, that through this, "the labour "of a few individuals, devoted ex- "clusively to the forwarding of let- "ters, produces results which all the "exertions of all the inhabitants of "Europe could not effect, were each "person to act independently." There is another consequence of the division of labour pointed out by A. Torrens, as "the territorial division of labour;" that is, the power of substituting for our labour other that is cheaper; as, for instance, in the production of tea, which in our own country would take thirty times as much to obtain as importing. But the great advantage in division and subdivision of labour is the increase of dexterity acquired by the workman when occupied with only part of his former range of work, and the saving of time spent in passing from one operation to another. The number of hands through which every small and trifling article of daily use passes before completion, is marvellous, and increases with each new invention of machinery; hence, it is of the utmost importance to inquire into the tendencies and consequences of the system. As most advantages in material prosperity have their drawbacks, so this division of labour of all others; so great, in fact, and numerous are they in manufactures, that many have indignantly asked why it should be matter of boast or congratulation at all. We ourselves, however, regard it as a necessary result, and a means to ultimate good; it has enabled us to endure much that we should otherwise probably have sunk under, and we look to the discovery of permanent remedies to counteract any injuries which it tends to cause society. Workmen have, if not well overlooked, sufficient temptation to do their work slovenly, and thereby involve those who receive it from them for continuance, and so it leaves the factory inferior in quality, without interest to the men, and to the dissatisfaction and detriment of the master. Few take personal pride in that whereon they themselves have been but little employed, and that on the part, which is perhaps, after all, the most trifling and unloveable; the workman cannot, on hearing praise, feel elation to say, "It is mine;" the master only may say, "This came from my "factory," "I caused this to be done," not "I did it." Emerson has somewhere remarked upon the tendency of man to lose his powers of thought and pass into a mere machine; the more limited the man's range of action, the stronger this tendency is manifested; now, the infinitesimal concentration in making pinheads or drilling holes into pens, buttons, and needles, cannot well be lessened, and without some agency to counterbalance the evil we should despair of this order of things. The two chief remedies are education, including physical amusements, and the prevention of overwork. To the consideration of the former Mr. Helps has especially devoted himself, and already his suggestions are many of them being successfully practised upon; we shall

postpone our inquiries into it to a future number, and content ourselves with transcribing, from "The Claims "of Labour," the authority of one who has fully expressed in action the benevolent views which he has indicated in the following words:—"No humble "cottage youth or maiden will ever "acquire the charm of pleasing man- "ners by rules, or lectures, or sermons, "or legislation, or any other of those "abortive means by which we from "time to time endeavour to change "poor human nature, if they are not "permitted to *see* what they are taught "they should practise, and to hold in- "tercourse with those whose manners "are superior to their own. . . An- "other point which has appeared to "me of great importance is to provide "as many resources as possible of in- "terest and amusement for their lei- "sure hours; something to which they "may return with renewed relish when "their daily work is done; which may "render their homes happy and cheer- "ful, and may afford subjects of "thought, conversation, and pursuit "among them." Old self-educated Job Legh, in "Mary Barton," with his company of dried flies and grubs, found many quiet moments of relief and respite from painful anxiety and temptations. The evils of overwork are daily increasing; a nation of haggard, half-starved maniacs and idiots, is no pleasant subject of thought; yet the number spreads at twice or thrice the rate of population, and does not seem inclined to stop. England alone of nations has this unenviable peculiarity. I speak of those in asylums: how many thousands besides have their energies weakened and their understanding dulled by constant nervous tension of mind and body cannot be calculated. Which is worse, an hour of concentrated agony on the rack, or years of struggling anxiety ever midway between suicide and starvation? The nineteenth century, methinks, is somewhat a braggart.

"Machinery is the ruin of poor folk." So thought the conclave of neighbours the night before John Barton went to London as one of the body of delegates, to testify to the destitution of the manufacturing districts; so thought the Luddites, and destroyed what they could of it in the machinery panic of 1812, when commercial speculations and discredit, over-production and bad harvests, conspired to distress the condition of the labouring classes in a manner scarcely conceivable; so thought the opponents of many great inventions of last century. The "poor "folk" were oblivious, perhaps had never been conscious, that it was through machine-power giving them an advantage over other nations that they had been enabled to exist at all in such increased numbers. It is not wonderful that men judging from appearances should speak thus, when they find a sudden stagnation and glut of production at the very time they can least endure it. This belief, too, is a traditional one: often, when machinery has undergone improvement, there has been a temporary dismissal for the labourer, until, as the demand increases, there is not only reason for his recal, but also necessity for additional labour. At the latter end of last century, the population of Lancashire nearly doubled itself in twenty years; improvement followed improvement; all stability, and thoughts of it, vanished; every means of production seemed transitory; no fear of the masters glutting the cotton-market, nor of men glutting the labour-market; the more in the family the merrier;— "blessed was the man who had his "quiver full of them;" the land seemed young again, and outgrew its strength: enterprise, hurry, and jumble; extension, competition, and "Devil-take- "the-hindmost;" till now, in our wild flight after no one knows what, we have outstript all decency, and left our work in most slovenly fashion, bewildered with our own haste; and all

England is strewn with the effects of a mechanical earthquake — toppling chimneys, half-formed railways, open sewers and pit-shafts, four-inch house-walls, putrifying rivers, smoke, slag and brick-ends, cellar-life and needle-women, lock-outs and knob-sticks. It is but recently, long after necessity and self-interest have importuned it, that employers have begun to consider the relations between machinery, workmen and themselves; our fathers never dreamt but that all must come right, if left to adjust itself: "Surely, if I, who began housekeeping with a firkin and a cottage, rent "£15 per annum, leave my son a "choice wine-cellar, Blank-hall and "its pineries, with mills and 5000 "'hands,' commercial prosperity must "be advancing; there were no Captains of Industry like this before my "day; take joy, stomach, for all is "well." Genus—manufacturer; species—"Bradshaw" and "Thornton," the unregenerate, are a great drawback to our real advance: great evil where boundless good might be. "The "great cry that rises from all our "manufacturing cities, louder than "their furnace blast, is in very deed "this: that we manufacture everything there except men,—we blanch "cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to "brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to "form a single living spirit, never enters "into our estimate of advantages."

Under the present relations of master and men there is much talk about identity of interests; and, as in other matters, how widely the course of action is at variance with the doctrine! While so much distrust, reasonable and unreasonable, exists, it is useless to condemn the spirit of combination whereby either party strives to ensure their respective interests in total disregard of the other. In the time of Henry VI. it was felony for workmen to confederate together to procure an advance of wages, and even till 1824, all similar combinations, whether to persuade or intimidate, were subject to summary punishment, without even the right of appeal to a jury. The consequences of this even the prejudice of Mr. Thornton acknowledges: — "The manufacturers, at "the beginning of this century had "almost unlimited power; the men "were rendered dizzy by it; because "a man was successful in his ventures, "there was no reason that in all other "things his mind should be well balanced; on the contrary, his sense of "justice, and his simplicity, were often "utterly smothered under the glut of "wealth that came down upon him; "and they tell strange tales of the "wild extravagance of living indulged "in on gala-days by those early cotton lords. There can be no doubt, "too, of the tyranny they exercised "over their workpeople. You know "the proverb, Mr. Hall, 'set a beggar "on horseback and he'll ride to the "devil;'—well, some of these early "manufacturers did ride to the devil "in a magnificent style, crushing human bone and flesh under their "horses' hoofs without remorse. But "by and by came a reaction; there "were more factories, more masters; "more men were wanted; the power "of masters and men became more "evenly balanced, and now the battle "is pretty fairly waged between us." It is, however, doubtful whether it is the repeal of these arbitrary and unjust laws that has hitherto wrought what real difference and improvement is discernible; for there naturally arose counter-combinations on the part of the masters to resist all encroaching demands of the men, and, as the latter have in case of strikes no lasting means of subsistence to fall back upon, the struggle has nearly always ended in their defeat. Not that the employers escape uninjured from these competitions; frequently, through the impossibility to get their orders executed, the trade shifts to other parts of the

kingdom, and even out of it altogether, to the great detriment of our national prosperity. The workman, it cannot be doubted, has a right to demand what he esteems to be "a fair day's "wages for a fair day's work," and this demand can only be upheld by a combination with his fellow-workmen. It unfortunately cannot be pleaded that, whereas the masters are aware of all the complications of trade, they will adjust their wages equitably. The *non-sequitur* is obvious; it would imply more than a knowledge of human nature and certain facts would justify. But if a demand is made, reasonably or unreasonably, compliance in the one, or resistance in either case, is in the hands of the stronger party: *he* will not have to starve in either case. It is the interest of the employed to get the utmost remuneration for his labour; of the employer to give the least possible; is there much thought beyond? Has the reader ever tried to impress upon workmen, with employers of the "cash-nexus," the principle of identity of interests? Hear the respective feelings on the point. Nicholas Higgins speaks: "It's our business to take "the bated wage, and be thankful, and "their business to bate us down to "clemming point, to swell their profits. ". . . . I tell you it's their part,—their "cue, as some folks call it, to beat us "down, to swell their fortunes, and "it's ours to stand up and fight hard, "not for ourselves alone, but for them "round about us, for justice and fair "play. We help to make their profits, "and we ought to help spend 'em." John Thornton: "Yes, the fools will "have a strike—let them. It suits us "well enough. But we gave them a "chance; they think trade is flourish-"ing, as it was last year. We see the "storm on the horizon, and draw in "our sails; but because we don't ex-"plain our reasons, they won't believe "we're acting reasonably. We must "give line and letter for the way we "choose to spend or save our money." "But why," asked Margaret, "could "you not explain what good reasons "you have for expecting a bad trade?" "Do you give your servants reasons "for your expenditure, or your eco-"nomy in the use of your own money? "We, the owners of capital, have a "right to choose what we will do with "it." And so, from distrust and misunderstanding, arise heartburnings and contentions. Alas, for the half million of money wasted during the Preston lock-out! what result has it produced?—increased the mutual good feeling of master and men? Nay, it has rather involved the loss of millions gone for ever from this district, some of it not even staying in England.

In 1853, the demand for raw cotton, according to the circular of Messrs. Du Fay of Manchester, had increased in Germany, Russia, and Holland $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., decreased in Great Britain $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. "This decreased consump-"tion has been caused by strikes for "higher wages, at a time when trade "and other circumstances did not war-"rant the advance. . . . A trade once "transferred is not easily recovered." It was confidently prophesied that the Preston strike, from its rashness and disastrous defeat, would be the last; but scarcely a month passes but we hear of a similar stagnation in some quarter; the truth is, disputes of this kind are increasing, persistence in "cash-nexus" does not afford the slightest chance of alteration. It is but recently we learn the strike and ultimate return of workmen in the coal-districts of the North, after they had endured the most inconceivable destitution. Many plans have been adopted in different trades to prevent the recurrence of these difficulties by giving workmen the liberty of urging their claims, and by a frank and open system of adjustment; openness is found indispensable. "Trust men, and they "will be true to you; treat them

"greatly, and they will show themselves great, though they make an "exception in your favour in all their "rules of trade." Many reprehend the non-interference of government; but the truth is, government has not always the faculty to prevent these self-annihilations. Coercion in social regulations is ever regarded with dislike and jealousy. Respective claims may be represented to government, which can do much to alleviate virulence of feeling, and prevent over-production and loss by transfer of trade. Mr. M'Culloch, writing on this point, says:—"Even if it were conceded that "it might be expedient for government "to interfere to put down a combination to raise wages above their proper "level, or to frame improper regulations in regard to the employment of "workpeople, the concession would "be of no real value to the apologists "of combination laws; for the result "of combination is, in fact, the only "certain test by which we can pronounce whether the advance of wages "claimed by the workmen and the regulations proposed by them are fair "and reasonable, or the reverse. If "government were to refer to the "masters for information on the subject, they would most likely be told "that the best-founded claim for a "rise of wages was unjust and ill-"founded; and if, on the other hand, "they were to refer to the workmen, "who have as good a right to be consulted as the others, the most exorbitant and unreasonable demand would "be said to be moderate and proper, "and such as could not be equitably "refused. It is only by fair and free "competition of the parties in the market, that we discern which of these "opposite and contradictory assertions "is most consistent with truth." Novel method of attaining truth! Must this always be the last resort? We do not think that such measures can rectify any real disproportion; the masters are never forced to yield, the workmen cannot last out beyond a certain time, and then, though the stomach may give way, the conviction will only be more deeply rooted. These facts cannot fail to induce a persuasion that the relations of masters and men must be based otherwise; it may be true in one sense, that the interests of both parties are identical, but it is no less true that a vast majority do not and never will, under the existing system, act on that supposition, and that, by the way in which they do act, the whole kingdom must in another century be brought into a state of utter anarchy. We see no outlet except through a more complete and natural organization of labour.

It is not many years since Carlyle brought forward the theory of "Perma-"nent Contract," and even insinuated the possibility of permanent interest being granted to the workers by each captain of industry. It was then objected to as visionary, unpractical, even trifling,—a decrial all great designs and men have to undergo. Nevertheless a few years have proved his noble foresight; it is found to succeed as no plan ever did succeed, although the practice is yet in its infant, undeveloped state. "Love of man cannot be bought by "cash payment, and without love we "cannot endure to be together." There is scarcely an employer living who does not see this is true, who does not feel that many an act of kindness and its appreciation have given him more real pleasure and joy of heart than the receipt of a large order. To feel that upon you devolves the responsibility of superintending the social life of your workmen, is an ennobling knowledge, never to be complained of or regretted. There was something more than mere bond of gold that united the feudal baron, your predecessor, to his dependents. *He* would demand, in behalf of English liberties, of royalty itself, an improvement in the condition of those who could not help themselves. When the people were driven desperate in

1258, we are told that the barons, headed by the beloved Simon de Montfort, entered the hall of Westminster in full armour. The clanging of swords made the king tremble; conscience-stricken, he exclaimed, "Am I a pri-"soner?" "Not so," replied Roger Bigod—"But your foreign favourites "and your own extravagance have in-"volved this realm in great wretched-"ness; wherefore we demand, that the "powers of government be entrusted "and made over to a committee of "bishops and barons, that the same "may root up abuses and enact good "laws."

Distrust and mutiny among his dependents would have been dangerous to the peace of mind and welfare of a leader then. "How could he subsist "with mere temporary mercenaries "round him, at sixpence a day; ready "to go over to the other side, if seven "pence were offered?" It is out of all reason to expect a workman to resist the temptation of even an extra shilling weekly, if punctuality of payment be his only attachment to his first employer. And so he shifts and changes about like a Scythian or Red Indian. Once let the master show that there is a firmer link between them, one that is unbroken even out of working hours; let him encourage his amusements as well as his toil, his mental as well as manual industry; let him show a regard for his home and children, avoid uncalled-for interference, and not cause suspicion by want of frankness, not always looking for gratitude expressed, and the result can but be self-satisfaction and expansion of heart and brain.

We have before remarked that Carlyle mentioned the possibility of "Per-"manent Interest." His words are these: "A question arises here: Whe-"ther, in some ulterior, perhaps some "not far-distant stage of this 'Chivalry "'of Labour,' your Master-worker "may not find it possible, and needful, "to grant his Workers permanent *in-"terest* in his enterprise and theirs? "So that it become, in practical result, "what in essential fact and justice it "ever is, a joint enterprise; all men, "from the chief master down to the "lowest overseer and operative, eco-"nomically as well as loyally concerned "for it? Which question I do not "answer. The answer, near or else "far, is perhaps, Yes;—and yet one "knows the difficulties. Despotism is "essential in most enterprises; I am "told, they do not tolerate 'freedom "of debate' on board a seventy-four! "Republican senate and *plebiscita* "would not answer well in cotton-"mills; and yet observe there too: "Freedom, not Nomad's or ape's Free-"dom, but man's Freedom; this is "indispensable. We must have it, and "will have it! To reconcile Despotism "with Freedom—well, is that such a "mystery? Do you not already know "the way? It is to make your Des-"potism *just*. Rigorous as Destiny; "but just, too, as Destiny and its laws. "The Laws of God: all men obey "these, and have no 'Freedom' at all "but in obeying them. The way is "already known, part of the way; "and courage and some qualities are "needed for walking on it." Such a system has already to a great extent been tried and proved successful beyond all dreams of expectation; more than one great company in England now admit workmen as shareholders; the consequence has been a real identification of interests, mutual reliance, respect, and good feeling, and, of course, by the introduction of so many more interested eyes, steadiness of co-operation and absence of thwarting deficiencies. Mr. Mill, whose opinions in social matters are always worthy of the deep attention they receive, says emphatically, "I must repeat my con-"viction that the industrial economy "which divides society absolutely into "two portions—the payers of wages "and the receivers of them—the first "counted by thousands and the last by "millions, is neither fit for nor capable

"of indefinite dur[illegible]n; and the pos-
"sibility of chang[illegible] this system for
"one of combination without depend-
"ence, and unity of interests instead
"of organized hostility, depends alto-
"gether on the future development of
"the partnership principle."

The objection of single-handed expenditure has been urged; though this cannot hold against the latter definite system, where the capital of so many workmen also is involved. But after all, who is considered the most "successful" in life, the man who measures his success by his million, or he who, in addition to his half million, can show certain far-reaching results of the other moiety, that proves both his own right and the happiness of those who contributed to amass it? A wise man has indignantly asked, "Why needs any "man be rich? Why must he have "horses, fine garments, handsome "apartments, access to public build-"ings, and places of amusement? "Only for want of thought. Once "awaken a divine thought in him, and "he flies into a solitary garden or gar-"ret to enjoy it, and is richer with that "dream than the fee of a county could "make him. . . . We dare not trust our "wit for making our house pleasant to "our friends, and so we buy ice-creams. ". . . As soon as there is faith, as soon as "there is society, cushions and comfits "will be left to slaves: we shall be "rich to great purposes, poor only for "selfish ones."

A still greater has said, "The wealth "of a man is the number of things "which he loves and blesses, which he "is loved and blessed by."

No one can doubt that, according to the realization or non-realization of identity of interests, the destiny of the workmen, and therefore of the masters, is to rise or fall; so much of human connection we *must* acknowledge, and act uprightly upon it too, or there can be but one issue. We have on both sides been blinded by ignorance or neglect; we trust somewhat to the enlightenment of education. Perhaps it is as well that attention has but lately been directed to the "Ignorance of the Masses;" we may boast of better principles of teaching than those just dying out. It may be that out of this evil more good will come. They yet retain somewhat of the rough-hewn steadfastness of nature, are given to outspoken truthfulness, a distaste for shams and subterfuge; they have experienced no pangs of "respectability," and feel no need of tricksy words in their noble "God-"is-great" astonishments: that they have the power of utterance was proved at Preston; not comparable, to be sure, with parliamentary eloquence,—too much earnestness and abandonment for that; yet do not quarrel with them for their presumption, nor for their inability to see two sides of a question; more than one man now-a-days is hissed for the exact reverse of these qualities. Last of all remember this: "True religion teaches us to reverence "what is under us, to recognize hu-"mility and poverty, mockery and de-"spite, disgrace and wretchedness, "suffering and death, as things di-"vine."*

Before closing this subject we wish to say a few words respecting Mrs. Gaskell's novels. We have seen it stated absurdly enough, but in a publication of some authority, that in reading "Mary Barton," and "North and "South," we must be careful to avoid receiving any bias that her social opinions may insinuate. Now this remark is of a character which many are prone to indulge in; it arises rather from want of reflection and an ungrateful desire to say something monitory and disparaging. Comparing them with authentic documents and our own experience, we can confidently assert we have never elsewhere read so veri-

* Goethe.

table and unbiassed exposition of both sides of the perplexing questions introduced; and for that reason we have, without comment, transcribed parts of it, as being more impressive and lucid than mere barren assertion. Thornton, with his enthusiastic belief in the powers of machinery and disregard of human sympathy; Nicholas Higgins, with his reckless scepticism of heaven and his distrust of his employer; John Barton, with his earnest endeavours, and fearful temptation and fall, are portrayed in no common way. We marvel, thank God, and would fain profit; leaving to the lovers of the orthographies and styles, and the sceptical of statistics, the pleasure of discovering mares' nests and throwing out doubts and patronage.

TO THE ENGLISH ARMY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1855.

NOBLE army, proved and true,
Long tried, whom nothing can subdue;
Not treacherous storms of unknown seas,
Not the dark working of disease;
Not fearful odds of myriad foes,
Not even surprise, when many rose,
Startled from dreams by gun and shell,
And almost dreaming when they fell.
Vain too the frost, the winter rain,
The labour in the trenches vain;
In vain the nightly cannonade;
Vain all,—they could not be dismay'd.
Sick, starved, unfed, all martial show
Stript off, left bare in naked woe;
With elements, sea, land and sky,
And foes in one conspiracy,
They stood unshaken, till the fire
Has tried them, and their great desire
Nears, gradual, yet we doubt not sure,
With honour ever to endure.
O valiant soldiers, tried and true,
What foes your valour shall subdue!
Not foes alone in fort and field,
But different, mightier powers shall yield.
Think you we look'd on coldly, we
Who dwell in safety o'er the sea?
Think you our pulses were not stirr'd,
As day by day all England heard
The history of your state forlorn,—
Your wants, your sufferings, all borne,
Long borne, with patient fortitude,
The crown of manhood? All our blood
Was moved to read that noble story;
Hearts beat heroic to your glory.
Your countrymen shall emulate
Your courage, bearing each his fate,

Whate'er shall try him, losses, fears,
Poverty or ignoble years;
Shall bear through all with braver faith,
Undaunted, stedfast to the death.
Thrice noble army, proved and true,
Would I were faithful, brave as you!
Would I could fight the dread of woe,
Through hardships, perils, victor go!
Would I could conquer love of ease,
And, no more seeking self to please,
Could hear the order, that alone,
And straightway, though to death, march on!
Yet not, not all unused by me,
Your lesson comes across the sea;
My heart beats stronger while I read,
Beats strong to follow where you lead.
Still foremost stand before the world,
Your swords drawn forth, your flag unfurl'd;
Stand till the tyrant's armies all,
Myriad on myriad, vainly fall;
Stand, brave example to mankind,
That truth of cause and strength of mind
Can bend all fortunes to their will,
Cast down again, and yet again, but victors still.

HANDS.

WIXT the sunlight and the shade
Float up memories of my maid.
God, remember Guendolen!

Gold or gems she did not wear,
But her rippled yellow hair,
Like a veil, hid Guendolen.

My rough hands so strangely made,
'Twixt the sunlight and the shade,
Folded golden Guendolen.

Hands used to grip the sword-hilt hard,
Framed her face, while on the sward
Tears fell down from Guendolen.

Guendolen now speaks no word,
Hands fold round about the sword,
Now no more of Guendolen.

Only 'twixt the light and shade,
Floating memories of my maid
Make me pray for Guendolen.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

ON POPULAR LECTURES,

Considered as an Irregular Channel of National Education.

THE last article was devoted to advocating the support and extension of popular lectures as one of the most fruitful among the irregular channels of public instruction. I endeavoured to answer some of the objections current against them, which, if they have not prevented their establishment, may sensibly contribute to retard their progress and efficiency. To those who allow early acquisitions to lie idle in later life, I ventured to appeal, urging them to lend their talents to the task, and opposing to any diffidence they might feel in coming forward, the elementary character essential to the success of their lessons.

But theoretical objections are, perhaps, easily refuted. One of more practical weight would seem to be the difficulties to be overcome before educated men can realize *how elementary and how simple* such lessons to be truly useful require to be made.

Every man above petty feelings, if he only knew the height from which to be intelligible he must often descend, would no doubt have the courage to come down. But some effort is required, and a certain simplicity and "disinvoltura" of mind, to be able to stoop from a higher standard of taste and acquirements to one which may jar against every habit of thought, and to dismiss, even for a time, an ideal, the fruit, perhaps, of much labour and patience. Yet is this absolutely necessary, if village and popular lectures in general are to have any serious result. The gardener who prunes the random shoot, needs but a pocket-knife for his purpose, but if he would manure the ancestral tree he must grasp the pickaxe and the spade. He who has put the coping-stone to an edifice, devotes his final efforts to the finish of the whole, polishes here and glazes there; but whoever would lend a hand at the foundations of a nation, must deal in Cyclopean blocks.

To consider the subject with any degree of breadth, it is necessary to examine a little into the principles of education in general, thence to derive

the distinctive features of a sound system of lectures adapted to the use of the people.

The progress of any one science from its lowest truth to its highest link, is but a miniature of the progress of real education.

For all sciences which deserve the name start from principles or facts, the truth of which is or may be made evident to every ordinary capacity—hence called axioms. Moreover, in so far as they are sciences and not speculations, their progress from the most elementary to the highest truths is by means of links, each of which, from what has preceded, becomes as evident, or, by further subdivision may be made as evident, as the original axiom, which claimed the assent of mankind.

Science, then, is not anything else than universal fact, methodised by and for universal mind. And education, so far as it is true and complete, is but the progress of the incarnation, so to speak, of science, consisting as it does in the constant and connected passage of the mind under education from that which is, to that which is not, known; from that which is, to that which is not, understood; from the random to the connected idea; from the simple proposition to the complex syllogism; from the brick to the building. For the knowledge of every man, under which I desire to include *omne cogitabile*, embracing the most trivial details of daily life, may be divided into two parts, the living and the dead, fruitful and barren, rational and unrationalized, philosophical and unphilosophical, organic and inorganic, according as we may choose different modes of expression. The latter part embraces all the facts floating disjointed in his memory, true it may be in themselves, but unconnected with that other part of his knowledge, which, in regard to his intellect, might almost be called *himself*. This other part is called philosophical, because, so far as it goes, it satisfies his highest curiosity; rational, because subject to method; organic, because grafted into the spontaneous growth of his mind; fruitful, because it alone can fertilize, by assimilating, the new materials presented to his notice. It is, in a word, the fructifying and vital part and capital of his knowledge. The former, consisting of facts isolated or unexplained, constitutes, in too many, if not all men, by far the largest part of what they know, and is barren beyond the immediate application of each fact.

To illustrate the distinction between the two kinds of knowledge, we might, perhaps, compare facts and ideas to instruments. Thus he who knows by rote only the use of an engine, may doubtless by means of it accomplish the object for which it is designed; while he who, besides the use, should also understand its theory, construction, and the nature of its materials, would not only, *ceteris paribus*, ply it as well, but alone, of the two, be able to mend and improve it, or by his actual knowledge be led to the discovery of other appliances. The mariner may apply by rote the trigonometrical rules which will guide his vessel to the desired haven, but it belonged to Napier to deal with the formulæ themselves.

Let then true education, in its broadest acceptation, be defined to be the progress of the incarnation of science, or of the whole body of sciences.

Then, as any one science proceeds in the abstract, so must education proceed in the concrete. And this conclusion would seem to point out the path to be pursued in the instruction of the people. We must first learn how to descend to what they know, and, starting from this, strive to give life to that knowledge in them which is dead, by everything that will connect what they do not with what they do understand. Thus will every link added to the chain be an addition

to the vital training of the country. To such a training we may look for a nursery of great men; and, while with regard to one another we maintain our respective positions, with regard to other nations we shall rise as one vast and living aggregate. And here one can scarcely help asking the question, if we do not make sober haste to give to our lower orders, and, indeed, to our farmers themselves, the instruction in keeping with the progress of the age, whether even the spontaneous vigour of our freedom will be adequate to keep pace with the methodical foresight of bureaucracy abroad?

But this by the way.

To return; "the lower classes," it is sometimes said, "take kindly to lec-"tures at first; but their interest soon "begins to flag, and their attendance "to diminish."

I cannot say I have found this to be the case, where I have known village lectures given. But I can readily believe, as indeed I am fully convinced, that unless on the one hand proper respect is shown for the audience, the lecturer not treating it like a child; and unless, on the other hand, system is introduced into the subjects,—above all, unless the precise focus is found which will enable ordinary men to understand, and to feel they understand, what they never understood before—enable them to experience the gratification of that nobler and sounder appetite, which soon palls over the merely marvellous and unintelligible, and to leave the lecture room abler and better men—*as every advance in genuine truth must make men both abler and better*,—unless we can do all this, we may be certain that the bulk of the Anglo-Saxon race, inured to patient toil, will soon grow chary of their sixpences; and, whether they can give expression to their hidden sentiment or not, think shame in their secret hearts to barter substantial comforts against the sights of the eye and the tickling of the ear, or risk the mainstay of old age for fine sentences which they cannot follow and fine diagrams which they cannot comprehend.

Having described in general terms that which appears essential to the highest efficiency of popular lectures, it may be well to give some particular illustrations of the principles laid down.

With the use of the lever for instance, every labourer is familiar. Mention need only be made of the crowbar, and passing from this the hearer may be reminded how the principle applies to the spade, the pickaxe, the tongs, the oar of a boat, a pair of scissors, nay his own arm. And in all these we have a foundation on which to raise a living superstructure. What an admirable lecture might be written in the simplest language did it consist even only of a catalogue of all contrivances and machines in which in whatever way the lever occurs. How easily might a man who had spent some time and thought in collecting such examples arrange them in logical sequence adding a brief account of each, from the crowbar up to the watch and the different machinery employed in manufactures. And in this there are two points especially deserving of attention: firstly, the unity and simplicity of the fundamental idea running through the whole, "the lever and only "the lever;" and secondly, the richness and variety of the applications of which that idea is susceptible.

By the former we avoid the fatigue and despair of being jostled out of one principle into another, scarcely comprehending any; and the main principle pervading the whole serves as a golden clue to thread with ease and security the labyrinth of adaptations. While on the other hand each appliance rising above the preceding and helping as a stepping-stone to its successor prevents the interest from flagging. And this is real instruction, giving breadth and versatility of thought, depth of understanding, and a noble emulation to turn other ideas

equally simple to equal account. Then having shown the *natural* sequence, and thus prepared the mind of the audience, if we turn back and so far as it can be obtained trace the *historical* progress of the various adaptations described, even the iron hand of Machinery is humanised: we learn to connect our present comforts, the assuaging of pain, the diminution of calamity, the increased length of life, with the thoughts and industries of men perhaps as lowly as ourselves, the influence of whose simple thoughts centuries ago is felt in every crevice of our life. Who knows but a simple thought on our part may tend to gladden thousands of hearts centuries hence? And thus even the labourer may rise to the conception of the poet, and for a time become a being of large discourse looking before and after.

And in mentioning the lever, I have been guided by no latent idea, simply taking the first instance that occurred. But in Mr. Babbage's Economy of Manufactures there is hardly a section, which in itself might not furnish the text to the most valuable amplification in the shape of a popular lecture, always remembering that unity in variety is the soul of instruction. If the principle illustrated cannot be too simple in itself, the number of its applications cannot be too minutely specified. If possible every lecture should be founded on one idea, and one only, and this should radiate through things apparently the most diverse.

The word "Geometry" is in itself the subject for an admirable lecture, starting from the literal meaning of Land-surveying, and giving a broad description of its more striking applications. But this leads me naturally to make a distinction of great importance between the instruction imparted by lectures and the education of children at school; for such a distinction is an answer to those who contend that lectures are of no use because they do not teach us "to do" things. Now every science is divided into two parts; the theory, and the practice of the theory—or the concrete art of the abstract science. At school the practice chiefly is taught; and no doubt a lecture will never teach Geometry nor the practice of any science.

But there is much to be known *about* Geometry which may be of the highest possible use in many points of view. Pascal, when denied as a boy the pleasure of learning mathematics, could not be prevented from thinking about them, and by means of certain expressions caught up from his father he is said in his play hours to have discovered the first twenty-four propositions of Euclid, calling the circle, "a round," and the straight line, "a bar."

A knowledge about things paves the way to learning the things themselves, and it is in this point of view that lectures are chiefly excellent.

It is thought by some, especially Cambridge men, that lectures can never be of much use unless connected with schools or evening classes, where a practical acquaintance with the details of the subjects lectured upon may be taught to those, who like to attend. Such classes may indeed be most valuable auxiliaries. But between the opinion that lectures are comparatively of little use without them and the conclusion that, if we have not the latter, we may dispense with the former, there is but a step,—in my opinion, a very deplorable step. By all means let us improve, extend and raise the system of our country schools until lectures may serve only to amplify and recal or correct the learning of younger days, but in the mean time let not the true use of a proper system of popular lectures be ignored.

Were it desired, indeed, to impart to a mixed audience in one or two hours the perfect knowledge and practical possession of any subject, the student well knows how impossible the task would be. But if that were the only definition of *useful* knowledge, what

would become of the general superiority of the attainments of the higher classes, should they be made to rest on the perfect knowledge and mastery of things, with most of which, if the truth be told, they have in general only a most loose and casual acquaintance? Knowledge may be useful and fruitful even when it fails altogether of the examination standard. And the one great and paramount object of the lectures, which I venture to advocate, is not to answer examination questions, but to stimulate the general thought and give versatility to the mind of the people by teaching it to look "before and after."

It is also argued that a decline in the industrious habits of our labourer will follow the development of his mind, and that by distracting his thoughts you will make him a dreamer. When asked lately to contribute to the support of a school, a farmer moodily answered, that he would not give anything for keeping it up, but he would give £2 to have it pulled down, for since "them new-fangled ways," he couldn't do as he liked with his own, and men wouldn't work as their fathers. But in a moral point of view, to keep the ploughboy at a minimum of intelligence, lest he should prove an idler at his plough, is only more dishonest and criminal than direct slavery. And in a purely utilitarian aspect, were it even probable in theory, that intelligence and industry must vary inversely, the contrary of which in fact seems much rather the rule, would it not be far more profitable, now when our wants are established and confirmed by long habit, that the growth of intelligence by increasing invention and skill must tend to obviate the necessity, were there any, for keeping a part of our population as low, instead of raising it as high, as possible in the human scale?

I may instance the Lothians in Scotland, which are said to present one of the most perfect and prosperous agricultural systems, and where in *general* intelligence the labourers are probably second to none. And the history of civilization is a running commentary on the fact that, while on the one hand habits of industry, far from declining, have actually grown with the growth of knowledge, the necessity for mere drudgery has been diminished, by multiplying the resources of ingenuity.

Again it is feared (though not perhaps so openly avowed) by ultra Conservatives, that, when gentlemen have grown tired of lecturing, shallow orators from among the people themselves will take the matter up and turn lecture rooms into hot-beds of faction. And they contend that, as a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, so it is a wiser course to keep to the maxim,

"Quieta non movere."

But far from being led away by the adage that "a little knowledge is a "dangerous thing," let us rather remember that little is the only portal to much.

The general intelligence and life of the many is, indeed, the only constant foundation for the special preeminence of the few, and if any truth is more than another broadly displayed by the history of achievement in arms, art, science, literature and politics, it is that "the few" great men in every department are but the final birth and offspring of gradual, long hidden, and shapeless brooding in the mind and womb, so to speak, of a multitude. Let us therefore tend the many, secure, that if the soil be enriched, the trees will not be wanting.

It is certainly true that, if educated men do not come forward to give lectures, their place is commonly taken by itinerant lecturers, some of whom indeed give very excellent lectures, but the majority of whom are shallow and illiterate. A case in point happened under my own observation, where an Irishman, who represented himself as an old military schoolmaster

was permitted to hold forth at a village institute. He chose for his subject the races of mankind, which he treated, ranting fashion, at the top of his voice by a farrago of texts of Scripture loosely and fantastically strung together and embellished by such scientific similes as the following, namely, that the colour of the negro is the blind which Nature has drawn over his face. "Consider," says he, "what "you do yourselves of a hot day. "You pulls down your blinds," (he had begun his discourse by a protest against pedantic slavery to the tyranny of grammar) "you pulls down your "blinds," he said, "and that is just "what Providence does to the nigger." He forgot to mention that black is the hottest of all colours.

It may be thought perhaps that the village audience, before whom the lecture was delivered, preferred it to a more correct performance. It was not so however. For at the close, when no one volunteered a remark, and the man of the providential blind proceeded to thank his hearers for their "kyind attention," and actually volunteered another lecture for the ensuing week on any subject any gentleman might please to suggest, "including metaphysics"(!) an intelligent and matter-of-fact farmer got up, and with a slight hesitation in his speech and gentle wave of the hand, rendered doubly eloquent after the sonorous outpouring of our metaphysician, said, that "in the name of the audience he "begged to thank the gentleman, but "... but ... it was not exactly per-"haps what they wanted;"—on the delivery of which effective oration he sat down amid marked approval.

If quacks are found in this as in most other walks of life, it only points more emphatically to the duty of educated men neither to flag, nor to flinch. It has been the glory of England that the bulk of her sons have never been wanting to a duty once recognised and acknowledged, and let us hope that none who can serve the cause will be backward in attempting so honourable and fruitful a task. Doubtless they will reap a rich reward, not only in the improvement of those whom they instruct, but by their blessings, sympathy and affection, not faction and discontent, and by tightening those bonds of solid esteem between the rich and poor, on which the future welfare of the nation must more than ever depend.

Hitherto I have spoken of the exact sciences only; but almost every subject perhaps is susceptible of the treatment suggested, nor can the topic chosen be too simple in itself. Hardly a condiment appears on the labourer's table but might be made the theme for most valuable lectures.

"Tout est dans tout."

Let tea be taken:—the nature and properties of the plant; the countries where it grows; the Zone or Belt of vegetation; the history of the introduction of the beverage into this country; the gradual fall in the price of the article in connection, on the one hand with the extension of sale, and on the other with the gradual change in the manners and customs of our ancestors: all these are themes sure to be interesting to a practical people, and capable of being made the vehicles of the soundest instruction.

But in lectures of this kind it is not enough to state parenthetically that tea, for instance, was once sold at twenty-five shillings a pound. It is the fulness of the account and the unfurling of a true picture which is important, so long as the main idea throughout is one and familiar to all.

Nor let it be said that such knowledge is purely utilitarian. The progress of mankind is utilitarian to those only, who either do not understand it, or themselves see everything through utilitarian eyes. Not the tea, not the coffee, but the wonders of creation and human enterprise, and

the life of fellow-men on a large scale, are the real themes, the literal text itself being but the familiar peg in each man's mind, attached to which, fresh knowledge acquires a local habitation and a name. And true knowledge, so far indeed as it is purely intellectual, is but the "conception" of the particular under the general. Every step upwards from the former to the latter is a step in intellectual elevation; while the tendency acquired by a man to view the details of his daily life, not as isolated and concerning himself alone, but as items of the great Common Weal, is also an advance in moral elevation.

A little knowledge may be a bad thing; but it is unfortunately the only adit to the "much," which is as useful to morality, as light is to the traveller.

Why, for instance, do we not put our hands into the fire to gratify curiosity? Because, I presume, our knowledge of the injury that would follow is so *absolute* that any temptation to gratify the curiosity at such a price is infinitely small in comparison; so small that, were it in any case to overpower that knowledge, the disproportion of the curiosity to the knowledge would be called madness. But madness is not the general state of things, and the excesses which arise are mainly due, not to the disproportion of the particular faculty craving to be gratified, but to the low and fluctuating state of men's intuition or living knowledge on each particular point. In the first instance there is very little difference between the temptation which a child feels to touch the fire, as a most beautiful and fascinating object, and that of putting fire into the inside in the shape of alcohol. For in the latter case, to make a correct estimate, we must separate the general craving for food or drink of any kind from the particular temptation which, in the origin infinitesimal, grows by slow degrees into confirmed drunkenness. *Nemo repente turpissimus.* No man becomes a drunkard in a day. No doubt in a confirmed drunkard the force of habit is very often out of the reach of all intellectual safeguards. But such is not the case with the large class of men in the intermediate state in which one glass more or less a day will ultimately turn the scale in favour of excess or sobriety.

Now drunkenness is but one vice. But taking the sum total of the vices and errors of mankind, it will, I think, be allowed that with respect to each there is a very broad margin occupied by all those to whom the more or less "knowledge" is of paramount importance in the long run, to enable them to escape from habitual wrong into habitual right. And should it be objected that we have all the desirable knowledge, for instance, of the effects of intoxication, and that it does not avail to prevent drunkenness, I would answer, that such an objection rests on the confusion between casual and habitual drunkenness, against the latter of which knowledge often does cease to be of avail, which in the former case would be effectual. But, in truth, we really have *not* all the desirable knowledge; that which we possess is not absolute. For in the first place different men may drink different quantities, not only with impunity, but with benefit. And in the second place, the exact quantity suited to each man is not known, nor is it known, however it may be surmised, whether many a man would not have lived a longer and more useful life had he been a "two-bottle" man instead of an ascetic, and *vice versâ*. Now it is precisely the doubt which exists in so many men's minds whether the "too much" or the "too little" is harming them at any time that often proves a pitfall in the long run. Nor should the weakness of human nature be accused, because men hesitate to forego an indulgence, the denial of which may do them positive harm and nobody else any good.

Now the point on which I so desire to insist, is that, *before* excess has become a habit and in some sense a necessity, if a man could know *precisely* the safe limits short of excess or defect, in each particular, he would, in the great majority of cases, keep within those limits. Thus, when men know as absolutely the consequences of drinking one additional glass of wine as they do of putting a hand into the fire, they will forego the glass, or be classed as madmen.

Such knowledge is the fulcrum of Archimedes, and the faith that moves mountains is but a temporary substitute.

But, until we have such exact and absolute knowledge, there will be an aggregate of drunkenness proportioned to the fluctuations of doubt inseparable from imperfect knowledge on any and every subject.

And, as has already been said, what is true of one vice or error, moral or physical, is true of the great body, and this, if the principle laid down be true, every addition to the total of the living knowledge of men has a general tendency, directly or indirectly, to correct, refine, and ultimately to eliminate. For light and darkness cannot coexist, and truth is infinitely stronger than evil. And if the mind of man be one, if he have only one kind of thought, as no educated man can doubt, then to think right and to know the truth on any subject is a step towards thinking right and knowing the truth on every subject. And the obedience to "truth understood" is surely as much superior in principle to obedience to mere command as rational persuasion is to brute compulsion, the consent of the man to the assent of the child.

Again, the necessity of the "knowledge of common things" for the children of the poor has been constantly advocated with far-seeing sagacity by a philanthropic nobleman whose name is too well known to require mention. And why may not the scheme be extended to the parents themselves, through whom we may also hope all the more securely to reach their children.

Lectures upon "bread," "malt," "hops," "the dairy," "bees;" upon "tea," "coffee," and every condiment on the labourer's table; upon trades, occupations and callings; on the state and progress of the taxes and laws which affect him; on British as compared with foreign liberty, and freedom real and spurious; on punishments, prisons, workhouses and poor laws; on real and spurious benevolence; on the gradual growth of civilization, its advantages and disadvantages illustrated by most homely examples; these are the subjects for a village audience.

And if any should smile at the simplicity of some of the topics, though loath to recur to a hackneyed quotation, I would remind him of the "sermons in stones and good in everything," here most truly in its place.

Are not the slow and irregular movements of a child's fingers practising a scale the necessary introduction to their pliability in the finished performer and inspired artist, and will not every student bear witness to the analogy between this and the workings of the mind on new subjects of thought? Those who know this, and who also know the wonderful stiffness of the joints in the villager's mind in the commonest things, his hostility to change for the better, his stolid and ignorant faith in the superiority of everything that he and his fathers have done, will not deny, that the details of his daily life are the very key to the fortress of his obstinacy.

If bread be the text, let the enquiry be in clear, homely language, what are the different kinds of bread?—how made in different places and countries? with the advantages and disadvantages of the different methods. The effect of this will be not only to teach the villager that there are other ways of doing a thing than his own, but also

that *his own way is not always the best.* Further let the calculation be made circumstantially of the absolute and relative costs of the different methods of baking bread enumerated by the lecturer—absolute, in regard of price; relative by comparison with some of the principal necessaries of life.

This will inculcate thrift.

But here also, among other important corollaries, occasion may be taken to show by the most practical teaching how price and value are not the same thing, whence the lecturer may easily pass to a still higher consideration, namely, that even "material" comfort and prosperity are not always to be measured by the amount of wages.

At first sight one might think the labourers know this better than any one. But on the contrary it will be found that they are constantly open to delusion on this point. A large landed proprietor was but the other day complaining of their ignorance in this respect, instancing an intelligent farm servant of his own, who, seduced by the offer of a guinea a week, left his situation to work for the Crystal Palace Company. But when he arrived, he found lodging and food so ruinously high that the increase in his wages was no adequate compensation, and he was worse off with a guinea a week than he had been in the country with his cottage rent free on twelve shillings. Accordingly he returned to his former master, lamenting his mistake, but had the mortification to find his place filled up.

Then, let the different kinds of corn grown in different parts of the world be described, and, if possible, exhibited.

Opportunity will here arise to explain the broadest principles of importation and exportation.

The history of the cultivation of corn and the quantities grown in different places and with what success, are further topics of interest. The adulteration of bread, and again its nutritive qualities in comparison with other articles of food, are other important subjects. Many curious facts will arise in connection with each item full of interest to the rustic mind. I myself, if I may be permitted to mention it, was surprised on visiting one of our model prisons to find a very striking example of the different effects of different kinds of food on the prisoners. For it appears that in some of these gaols every prisoner is weighed on coming in, and again on leaving the prison, and in every case he is found to have lost weight, even to the amount sometimes of eleven or twelve pounds in two months, while the substitution of bacon for butcher's meat is found to have the effect of preventing the loss of weight in a remarkable degree, and is ordered by the visiting physician whenever the waste assumes any appearance of danger to the constitution. From this circumstance it may also be shown parenthetically that imprisonment, with every attention to the diet, the cleanliness and comfort of the prisoner, is yet a real and material punishment, even to the most degraded, since at the expiration of the term the prisoners are invariably found to have lost weight.

And these are some of the aspects in which the simple subject "Bread" may be treated in such a manner as to inform, enlighten, and therefore *as a general rule* to elevate, a village audience.

Probably no two lecturers would view the same subject in exactly the same light, and if I have ventured to make any suggestions, it is chiefly with a view to illustration.

Perhaps it may be urged that comparatively few country gentlemen might find the materials at hand for compiling such lectures on many of the subjects which they might wish to undertake. But may it not be suggested that a society might be formed, the object of which would be to work out such a system of lectures, combin-

ing excellent and multifarious knowledge with a certain broad simplicity, something in the style of Professor Johnstone's lectures on the Chemistry of Common Life, with diagrams on a very large and simple scale, like those published by Messrs. Day and Son for Marlborough House? Were such lectures in existence, they might be hired out to those whose pursuits would not permit them, perhaps, to compose, though they might allow of their altering, adapting, or amplifying lectures already prepared. And the want of large diagrams, I know by experience, is much felt by those who know how important they are, when they can be introduced, to the success of lectures, and who would hire, but cannot afford either to buy or to make them themselves. I cannot but think this a subject that may well be recommended to the thoughts of the wealthy and philanthropic. For it is not perhaps too much to say that, for the uprooting of popular prejudices and superstitions, for enlargement of mind and capacity and willingness for improvement, for the increase of ingenuity and invention, the growth of discovery, and thirst after knowledge, for the heartier co-operation of parents in the education of their children, nay, for their intelligent co-operation in every sound reform and resistance to all unsound and spurious agitation, for expediting the business of the land by the removal of the *vis inertiæ*, the obstinacy, and the self-complacency of ignorance: for all this, and more, we may look to a proper scheme properly carried out of village lectures.

And now I would bid my reader farewell.

Most sensible I am how weakly I have advocated a cause so great. But as a child may point to the mountain path, which he himself is unable to climb, so, if in any degree the few random thoughts dropped in their way should have attracted the energies of those great hearts ever ready for a great work, my most sanguine hopes will have been amply realized,—any pains I may have taken more than amply rewarded.

Satis superque dulce decus.

WOMAN, HER DUTIES, EDUCATION, AND POSITION.*

THE subject which I have ventured upon in this paper being so wide that to exhaust it would be to define the destiny of the human race, I cannot hope to do more than to offer a few hints concerning it, sometimes merely enforcing what is already acknowledged, though not acted upon, sometimes advancing what may be almost or altogether new to many of my readers. My remarks will be found to apply principally to ladies of the middle classes, though I hope they will extend beyond them, directly or indirectly to the whole sex.

Within the last few years especial attention has been drawn to what are called social questions: great has been the interest excited concerning them, and no slight efforts have been made to solve them. Of all these problems it seems to me that not one is more comprehensive, more important or more difficult, than that which I now bring forward. It affects immediately half the human race; and without fit training for women it is idle to look for any real progress of mankind; while opposed to this training is an army of obstacles, difficulties both inherent in the work itself, and aggra-

* "Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects." "Sisters of Charity abroad and at "home." By Mrs. Jameson. Second Edition.

vated by prejudice, fashion, jealousy, moral cowardice. Let me beg the reader's earnest consideration of this subject, and recommend to his attentive study (if he is not already familiar with them) the two books, the titles of which are given at the bottom of my first page. The one is printed from lectures delivered to ladies, as a preliminary to the establishment of a female college, similar to, if not joined with, the Working Men's College, with which some of the lecturers are connected; the other is written by a lady well known in the literary world, and thus, coming from a woman, is perhaps more valuable for our purpose even than the Lectures. In the preparation of this paper I have carefully read both, and indeed, to a considerable extent, have based it upon them.

As a third text-book I shall add Tennyson's *Princess*, containing, as it does, the truest conception of woman's duty and position, and some of the most practical advice concerning her education, that I have ever met with, in verse or in prose. I will make a few observations upon it, before I go further; not by way of reviewing it as a poem, (a design which I wish distinctly to disavow,) but solely inasmuch as it bears upon our subject.

Ida's attempt

> "To lift the woman's fallen divinity
> Upon an even pedestal with man,"

soon proved an entire failure, owing not more to external difficulties than to inherent faults. First, it was made independently of the aid of men, ("Far "off from men I built a fold for them," her own words, "Let no man enter in "on pain of death,"—the inscription on the gate of her college,) in direct opposition to the principle upon which Mrs. Jameson insists so much, the co-operation of the sexes. Secondly, her instrument of regeneration was knowledge, mere knowledge; ("knowledge, "so my daughter held, Was all in all,") she built her college "far off from men," far away from any poor and wretched, the relief of whom might have called out those affections through which woman must be educated as much as through her mental faculties. Again, this very system of knowledge was far too wide, and, in consequence, too shallow, as is intimated by the poet in a passage which I shall quote farther on. Lastly (not to examine the method at greater length) the mode of life was recluse, to the neglect of those social duties which are necessary for woman, if possible, even more than for man,—the statutes being

> "Such as these:
> Not for three years to correspond with home;
> Not for three years to cross the liberties;
> Not for three years to speak with any men."

Many of the pupils were already weary of the seclusion when the Prince and his two friends broke in upon it; and every reader will acknowledge that the poet has accurately followed nature in representing the system as speedily and entirely overthrown.—With the light afforded by the ill success of this attempt, let us now proceed with our own enquiries.

And first we will examine what are some of the peculiar *duties* required of our countrywomen in this our generation: I say *some*, because to enquire into all, or even any large number of them, here is a simple impossibility; and accordingly I shall confine myself to those, the performance of which is most pressingly required by the wants of the time, and some at least of which have been greatly neglected hitherto. It will be convenient to make that common division into physical, intellectual and moral, a distinction which I need not say refers only to the different *objects* upon which the same moral principle of duty is exercised.

I. *Physical duties.*—I shall touch upon these very slightly, observing only this, that it is the duty of women (an obligation which of course lies chiefly upon mothers) to train up children

healthy, strong and brave: and this they owe not only to their country, which may need those children, when grown to manhood, as soldiers, but no less to the laws of God; for every man *ought*, under all circumstances, to be brave; while, if he is not healthy and strong, he must look to it that the cause is not his own indolence, carelessness or self-indulgence. And that women may bring up children thus, they should be healthy, strong and brave themselves; and surely the health of the upper and middle classes must lie, to a very great extent, in their own hands; while courage, though, it may be, of a different kind, is as much needed in a woman as in a man, and as possible to be acquired by her as by him. That these duties are not fulfilled will, I am sure, be generally allowed. Our girls grow up to an alarming extent the reverse of healthy and strong; while, if we can still produce hardy and valiant men to conquer at Almas and Inkermanns, it is not in consequence, but in spite, of the female influence exercised upon them in their childhood and boyhood. Yet, if I denied that women in our own time and our own country have displayed energy, and the noblest, namely, moral courage, to face and overcome difficulties to which men had proved unequal, the remembrance of every reader would confute me, and the names of Mrs. Chisholm, Miss Carpenter and Miss Nightingale would at once rise in every heart.

II. *Intellectual duties.*—I shall consider this division under two heads:

1. The necessity under which women lie of understanding, appreciating and assisting their male friends (especially wives their husbands) in their intellectual pursuits.

2. The duty of teaching,—the opportunities for discharging which are afforded chiefly to ladies of the upper and middle classes, especially those who are unmarried and unoccupied.

I might add that it is the duty, not less than the privilege, of every human being to cultivate to the utmost under the circumstances the mind whose value cannot be estimated, and whose capacity cannot be measured, and which, if uncultivated, will continually lose in power. But the consideration of this will fall naturally under the second of our three primary divisions.

1. It may seem a startling assertion to make, but I believe that every one, after a little observation or reflection, will admit it to be true, that there is no little danger of an intellectual barrier being raised between the male and female members of a family. There are now so many facilities for mental improvement, there are so many inducements for men to avail themselves of these increased opportunities, there is so much, too, in the mere mingling with the world to sharpen and invigorate the mind, that women, unless they are content to misunderstand and fail to appreciate and sympathize with their husbands and brothers, must be educated far otherwise than at present, must be well acquainted with a far wider and more important range of subjects than the majority (at least of the ladies of our middle classes) have hitherto studied. It is surely unnecessary to enforce the increase of mutual respect, (respect, on the woman's side, I mean grounded on knowledge, for of blind, undiscriminating admiration there is more than enough already,) of mutual helpfulness and domestic happiness which would follow from a more equal education.—It is a matter of common remark that clever men frequently marry unintellectual wives; sometimes it is even asserted that they prefer such. That such marriages are not infrequent is an undoubted fact; but the preference of such wives I entirely disbelieve. I believe, moreover, that the most talented men, even the great geniuses, could find women as great in appreciation as themselves in creation; nay, from the essential difference between the male and the female intellect, wo-

this sin and misery is preventible,—ledge their superiors on many points of creative power. Let this intellect, then, be developed, if there were no other reason than that wife should sympathize more with husband, sister with brother.

2. It is truly said by Maurice (in the Introductory lecture, *Lectures to Ladies*) that we are all, men and women alike, born under the law of instructing others, under penalty of ourselves forgetting what we know. He adds that women possess the capability of instructing more than men, bringing forward instances which will satisfy many. Whether this latter be true or not, these two things we may certainly lay down, that women are under the obligation of imparting their knowledge, and that, in this, as in all cases, where a duty is imposed, the faculty for discharging it is also given; they have by nature a capacity for teaching. To nearly all the task of professedly teaching must fall: to a few, *professionally*, as governesses, to the majority as mothers and elder sisters. Let all do this first, obvious duty well, with all their strength and all their skill; in every case let the nearest duties, especially those of home, be first fulfilled; let us establish this unmistakeably; now we may add that those who, after the performance of their professional and domestic duties, still have leisure and opportunity, may extend their sphere beyond their pupils, their children and younger brothers and sisters. To dwell upon the importance of this duty is surely unnecessary. I hope, too, that the cowardly and selfish prejudice against educating the poor is by now fast dying out. What urgent necessity there is, may be shown by a single fact mentioned by Mrs. Jameson, that one half of the women who are married annually in England cannot sign their names in the parish register. This indicates an amount of ignorance for which few of us, I think, were prepared.—But the benefit is not men whom they would feel and acknowexpected to be limited to the mere acquisition of information: much good is looked for from the intercourse of ladies with women of lower rank; while, if ladies engage personally in boys' schools, they cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence all their own, such as gentlemen, on the one hand, however refined, and, on the other, the boys' own mothers and sisters, perhaps almost as ignorant as the boys themselves, do not, and cannot, possess.—Let me recommend this Introductory Lecture to the thoughtful examination of such of my female readers as have health and unoccupied time.

III. *Moral duties.*—A vast subject, in which I cannot pretend to do more than point out a few duties which I think are most pressingly urged upon women by the wants of the time, some of which are already receiving attention, but all of which will bear further consideration and recommendation. I shall entirely omit those which they owe to their families, that I may have the more space for some of their obligations to society at large, of which the family is a miniature.

No one, of either sex, and of whatever age, can be unaware that an enormous mass of ignorance, crime and misery, in their most revolting shapes, exists in this civilized country,—not here and there, in London and Liverpool, or in unheard-of villages, but everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of the land; in our metropolis and huge manufacturing and sea-port towns, in our small country towns, in the mining Counties, in our Arcadia, the agricultural districts,—these last, it would seem, according to Kingsley, the worst of all. No one who looks into a Newspaper or a Magazine, or dips ever so lightly into any of the many books which treat of social questions, can be ignorant of this. It is almost as easily learnt, too, that a large proportion of

preventible in this very present time, and that, not only by State measures, or even by the combined labours of "Societies," but also by private efforts, if only made energetically, and directed by knowledge and discretion. But nothing affects the mind less than mere general statements, nothing blunts it more than repetition of those generalities. The slightest knowledge of particulars, howsoever gained, would do more towards inducing a practical attempt at a remedy than a lifetime's reading or hearing of such, however interesting and startling. This knowledge is very easily gained, nothing more easily; the experience of a morning's visits would give it (the best way, as bringing the evil under personal observation); it may be obtained from a daily newspaper, from dozens of books. The books under review, especially the Lectures, will furnish quite a sufficient amount, and will open the eyes of ladies both to the particular forms of evil existing round them, and to the means for alleviating it. I will enumerate some of the departments, in which the authors of these lectures call upon *women to combine with men* for the extinction or mitigation of the vices and miseries which degrade and oppress their fellow men and fellow women. Nothing more is needed than to transcribe the titles of the majority of the lectures.

1. The College and the Hospital.
2. The Country Parish.
3. On Over-work, Distress and Anxiety, as causes of mental and bodily disease amongst the poor, &c.
4. On Dispensaries and allied institutions.
5. District Visiting.
6. The Influence of Occupation on Health.
7. On Law as it affects the poor.
10. On Sanitary Law.
11. Workhouse Visiting.

What a field is here opened for ladies whose family duties do not engross them; and how many there are who not only have leisure from household occupations, but who positively have nothing, or scarcely anything to do, except to amuse themselves,—hardest task of all, possible to no human being. Everybody knows that among you, ladies of the higher and middle classes, there are hundreds "sickening of a vague disease," pining for interesting and useful employment, for something far different from pianoforte playing and novel-reading and visiting; for something which may unfold the mind and satisfy those affections which cannot be (for they were never meant to be) bestowed all upon your families and personal friends. Here is work for you to do, ready to your hand, noble work in its end, if difficult and distasteful in its process. I appeal to you now on the selfish grounds of the development of your own mind, and the satisfying of the cravings of your own heart; but I can take a far higher stand than that; thousands are dying round you, dying in and of hunger, nakedness, ignorance, vice, misery; you can do something, it may be much, to save them; to do it is your duty, which remains the same, whether you heed it or not. And there are darker scenes even than those I have pointed to; there are Reformatories, there are Penitentiaries; there is evil which I will not name here. Surely here is work for you, brought home to your very door; only begin, and from the smallest beginnings you know not what may arise.

But let me guard against misconception. Do I call upon *all* ladies to undertake these offices? First let me say that I think there are very few who could not do something, even though it were very little; and, having premised this, I freely answer that but a very small proportion can *devote* themselves to these charitable works even for a short period; few, especially married ladies, can even give much of their time to them. Again, those who

have leisure, are *they* all required to engage in them? And again, No, certainly not. Many of them are too weak in health, some are without the requisite mental organization, to prosecute effectually, at all events the more arduous and distasteful of them. I have already spoken of the preservation of health as a duty, and I would be very careful how I attempted to impose upon a too susceptible mind the sight of wretchedness which could not be relieved and sin which could not be amended. Yet again I say that of those who have health and leisure there are few who could not do something; those who could not visit the houses of the poor or hospitals might visit workhouses, (for which it is said there are peculiar facilities, — Lecture XI. *Lectures to Ladies*) those who could not do this might promote, if not aid in superintending, schools for the children, or might assist in Dispensaries: I think the willing hand would in all cases find something to do. But whatever is done must be done on principle; far be it from me to encourage romantic or sentimental mock-charity, which would benefit, I think, neither agent nor recipient, and certainly not the former, and would stand but for a short time the shocks of experiment.

Methinks I hear objections against the performance of these charities, raised both by ladies and gentlemen, of more sentimentality, I will be bold to say, than real delicacy of feeling, that they are unfeminine, unladylike. "What," they may say, "would you "have educated ladies go into the "houses of the poor as district-visitors; "still worse, attend hospitals, work-"houses, reformatories?" And many, who would shrink from expressing these objections, yet feel them, and would act upon them. To these I would reply, if it is to the work in itself they object, that "there is a perennial nobleness in work;" that work, of itself, so far from being a degradation to a woman, even to the finest and most delicate lady, is an honour and a privilege to her; and, for the kind of labours prescribed, they are of the same nature as those which were performed by Him, who went about doing good, healing all manner of diseases and ministering to the poor, and who will pronounce upon the righteous in the great day of recompense this commendation, "Come, ye blessed of "my Father, inherit the kingdom pre-"pared for you from the foundation "of the world. For I was an hungred, "and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, "and ye gave me drink: I was a "stranger, and ye took me in: naked, "and ye clothed me: I was sick, and "ye visited me: I was in prison, and "ye came unto me."

Let me conclude this first division with a short extract from *The Princess*, which will be acknowledged to be as *true* as a definition of one of the highest and most distinctive duties of woman as it is beautiful as a poetical description.

"So was their sanctuary violated,
So their fair college turn'd to hospital;
At first with all confusion; by and bye
Sweet order lived again with other laws:
A kindlier influence reign'd; and everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick; the maidens came, they talk'd,
They sang, they read: till she, not fair, began
To gather light, and she that was became
Her former beauty treble; and to and fro
With books, with flowers, with Angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act
And in their own clear element, they moved."

II. Having thus cursorily treated of the *duties* of women, let us briefly enquire what is the *education* which may fit them for those duties; in which enquiry it will be convenient to keep our former division into physical, intellectual and moral.

1. *Physical Education.*—That the physical training of our women is deficient nobody will deny. No one can

fail to be struck by the large proportion of the young ladies of his acquaintance whose health is delicate; nor will any one be astonished, if he considers what are the means they take for its preservation. While the boys of a family play at cricket, row, jump, wrestle, &c., the girls are limited in their exercise to walking, and that at a pace seldom exceeding two miles and a half an hour, unless to this be added back-boards, and, possibly, dumb-bells. Now if these active exercises are necessary for the health of the boy, is his sister so differently constituted that she can afford to dispense with them, and all substitutes for them? The result gives an answer in the negative. I therefore advocate that all girls' schools be provided with gymnasia, in which they may gain at once health, strength and grace. But equally with gymnastic practices I would recommend more abundant exercise in the open air, by riding on horseback, when that is practicable, and by walking, somewhat more briskly than is at present the fashion; and this not more for physical than for mental health. All men, particularly men of sedentary occupations, whose case answers most nearly to that of women, must feel the beneficial effect of out-door exercise, which, besides the physical influences of the motion and the fresh air, offers a succession of sights which call off the mind from its own contemplation, and prevent it from preying on itself. The same cannot but apply to women. And if it be objected that this increased bodily exertion would diminish their softness and delicacy, I reply that I have no fear of this; though I trust that by it they *would* gain the loss of sentimentality and nervous fancies. In support of these observations let me quote from a pamphlet on the Education of Girls, written by a lady, a passage which states this question of their physical training with admirable brevity and comprehensiveness.

"To sum up the whole, women "should try to become as tall, as "strong, as capable of enduring mental and bodily exertion as it is pos-"sible for them to be; and till they "have attained this maximum point, "they have not fulfilled the intention "of God.

"To it the public taste must con-"form, and no means be left untried "for its attainment, still less must any "such be regarded as indecorous. "The usual and purely arbitrary no-"tion of only certain games and cer-"tain bodily motions being decorous "for the female sex is a miserable "restriction on the 'individuality of "the individual.'

"It is a cruel thing to maim the fair "forms and cripple the light limbs of "one generation of women after ano-"ther, in deference to a false ideal "and a corrupted eye."

2. *Intellectual Education.*—A wide subject truly, on which it is impossible for me here to do more than offer a few remarks, without much connection, and, probably enough, not original.

One of the chief faults that I have noticed in the female intellect is incapacity for strict and severe thinking, shutting the large majority of women out from the genuine examination of all such subjects as require patient and close attention, and even in subjects which they are competent to handle perpetually producing vagueness and inaccuracy. Their school course embraces too wide a range,—a conspicuous fault, as I have already observed, in Ida's system.

Fancy the following being the list of a morning's lectures at Oxford or Cambridge.

"And then we stroll'd
For half the day through stately theatres
Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard
The grave Professor. On the lecture state
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration: follow'd then
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thundrous Epic lilted out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies

And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long, [Time
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all
Sparkle for ever: then we dipt in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame, the rock, [flower,
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught and known;
Till, like three horses that have broken fence, [corn,
And glutted all night long breast-deep in
We issued, gorged with knowledge ——"

The consequence of this extension is and must be superficiality. For indeed how much *can* a girl learn at school worthy the name of sound knowledge, when she is taken from it at the age of sixteen or eighteen, at the very age when her brother, destined for Oxford or Cambridge, first really begins to "read?" With so short a time allowed for her education, the chief thing that should be taught her is the art of learning, which is the thing she learns least of all. Now let it be remembered that an acquisition of mere accomplishments does not amount to an education, and is a very poor substitute for it. A knowledge of French (acquired more with a view to conversation than a study of French literature), proficiency in music, tolerable skill in drawing, fancy needlework, elegant manners, however good in themselves, may leave the mind really uncultivated, and, if they stand alone, may make their possessor admired as a "fine lady," but never honoured as an educated woman.

And intimately connected with this incapacity for close thinking is the want of reasoning power, to which we are so accustomed in women as to regard it rather as a privilege or a positive excellence than as a fault or a deficiency. And not only do men allow them this privilege, they claim for themselves the right to render

> "No other but a woman's reason;
> I think *it* so because I think *it* so."

Now this in a drawing-room sounds very pretty, and is there counted sound logic; but thus in one half of the human race one of the most important faculties of the human mind, and the most distinctive of all, is systematically and deliberately neglected. One might have thought that this alone would have been sufficient refutation. But the consequences of this neglect are not obscure; they can be traced unmistakeably in wrong judgments, unworthy attachments, unjust dislikes. Mere feeling is not enough: it may, and I know continually does, go right: but in this life of probation, in which the good is so hard to be distinguished from the bad, so hard to be followed when it *is* distinguished, men and women alike need every faculty of their nature to keep them in the right way.—Now I shall be asked, would I recommend logic to be taught girls? I am not prepared with a *direct* answer, but I will give the best I can. We have in Oxford an example of the working of logic, notwithstanding which it is constantly asked, does the science of logic conduce to the improvement of the reasoning faculties? will a man argue the better for knowing what processes the mind goes through in arguing? There are not few who answer in the negative. For myself, I reply, though not confidently, in the affirmative. It seems to me that the mere circumstance of having the attention pointedly directed to the connection between the premises and the conclusion cannot but make a man a better reasoner. On this question depends the other, whether logic should be taught in girls' schools. If logic is good for men, why not for women, whose reason is less acute by nature? But clearly the reason can be cultivated (whether equally well or not is left out of the question now) without the science of logic, namely, by aiming at accuracy in all thinking, reading, writing and speaking whatsoever. That this ought to be done both in male and in female education all must

admit, while no one can assert that it is attended to sufficiently.

The next fault I shall notice is narrow-mindedness, by no means confined to women, but at all events conspicuous in them, resulting partly from the intensity of their feelings, partly from limited observation and a contracted range of knowledge. As an educational corrective I would recommend history, studied on a far larger scale and in a more philosophical spirit than at present. It is wonderful how little women know of past times, even of the history of their own country. Thus it becomes difficult for them to conceive other modes of life, other habits of thought than those which now prevail around them; and so, despite of the kindness and the mercifulness of their disposition, they are in danger of becoming bigoted and uncharitable, from the mere lack of such an amount of knowledge as a single good history would supply.

I would say a few words concerning domestic work, needlework, &c. Much of this is often necessary, and let that by all means be done: for in all cases I would most distinctly lay down that home duties must be performed first. But at the same time let it not be forgotten that sewing and knitting, however useful they may be, however, too, they may allow opportunity for reflection and conversation, of themselves supply no food whatsoever for the intellect, thus leaving the mind free to thoughts, which are very apt to become morbid. With this caution I pass from such domestic employment as is necessary to the needlework, &c. done for the mere sake of occupation, which opens a different question. Some of this is of a more ornamental character than that which is necessary, and so exercises the invention and the taste a little more; but I think ladies might in nearly all instances be better employed, while such worse than caricatures of nature as wax flowers and wax fruits, are abominations which I should have thought no lady of taste could perpetrate.

I do not aim here at drawing up a curriculum of study for ladies, even if I were competent to do so; I wish rather to indicate the *nature* of the education which they must receive, and to point out some of their principal mental defects, with suggestions for their remedies: above all, I desire to plead earnestly for a far freer development of their intellect than has hitherto been conceded, no new plea, I grant, but yet one which still urgently needs to be continually and vigorously put forward.

Whether the intellect of woman is capable of being made equal to that of man, is a somewhat invidious and, perhaps, not very profitable enquiry. Little light is thrown upon the question by experience; for the minds of women hitherto have been so much less cultivated than the minds of men, that the past affords no fair comparison. For myself, I incline to the belief that man (having been made the head of the woman) was created to be her superior in mental as in bodily strength. Had it been otherwise, would the mere superiority of physical force (in some degree compensated, apparently, by greater power of enduring pain in the weaker sex) have so long secured to men the lead they have taken in every branch of intellectual excellence? Again, we have another test, to me an important one. It is one of the chief characteristics of genius to overcome external obstacles, sometimes even making them subservient to its greatness. There are numberless instances of men who have unfolded their powers in spite of obscurity, poverty, friendlessness, opposition; whereas the number of women who can compare even with the second-rate or third-rate great men is very small.

"In arts of government
Elizabeth and others; arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace
Sappho and others *vied with any man.*"

Even if the words in italics were true, what a poor set-off would these "scattered stars," Elizabeth, Joan of Arc and Sappho, though eked out by those "others" unnamed, be against the long lists of men who have been famed as statesmen, warriors and poets. For observe, it is not only in the severe kinds of greatness that men have excelled, as statesmen, warriors, philosophers, lawyers: this we should have looked for: but in those kinds which have to do with beauty, "the arts of grace," in which we might have expected women to surpass men, the preeminence of the latter is equally signal: the great poets, painters, musicians have been men. Yet, if we needed encouragement for the intellectual culture of women, we should have but to mention the names of some now living, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Young,—or, to take instances of excellence rather moral than intellectual, the three I have already spoken of, Mrs. Chisholm, Miss Carpenter, Miss Nightingale.

"Let them not fear: some said their heads were less:
Some men's were small; not they the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size;
Besides the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more was more;
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field: some ages had been lost;
But woman ripen'd earlier, and her life
Was longer; and albeit their glorious names
Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since in truth
The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam, even so
With woman."

But whether the female intellect is as a whole equal to the male or not, that it has its points of superiority cannot be doubted: quickness and minuteness of observation, tact, love of order, power of appreciation all will allow to be prominent in it: and this may guide us to the true mental relation of the sexes, the one must be the complement of the other; though, if we allow man to be the intellectual head, we may look for the influence of woman to be exercised chiefly upon the heart; she imparting to us her instinctive love and faith, we strengthening and widening that love and faith by increase of knowledge.

"For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

I have only to add that it is the duty and privilege of every woman, as of every man, to cultivate to the utmost that glorious intellect with which God has endowed them, that He might make then in His own image; that intellect which, if cultivated rightly, will open to them continually more and more the inexhaustible wonders of truth, will unveil to them prospect after prospect of beauty, and best of all, (such is the intimate connection, if not the identity, of those faculties which we distinguish as moral and intellectual,) will make them more kind, more just, more truthful, more humble. For there is a sense, which Socrates, I think, understood better than most of those who now talk

so loudly about intellectual advancement, in which virtue is knowledge: for surely the wicked man cannot know, I mean know so as to feel and realize, the moral relation of good and evil,—the infinite preciousness of the one, the infinite vileness of the other; or he would not leave unimproved one opportunity of doing good, or yield to one temptation to do evil, for all the honour and the pleasure which the world could give. Despite of the boasts of the march of intellect, of the complaints of intellect worship, in this age, we are yet a great way off from recognising the unspeakable grandeur and glory of the human mind: we hear rather of its productions, especially its material productions, or at best of its power of inventing those material appliances, than of its spiritual works and its more spiritual faculties. But let us gain a truer estimate of this soul, which is the very likeness of God, an estimate which will not fill us with pride, but on the contrary with humility, making us know certainly and feel vividly that we live continually in the presence of the unseen, eternal Realities.

3. *Moral Education.*—By this I mean a preparation for those duties which I have called moral, and accordingly I will speak of a training for those only which I noticed under that head. What this preparation should be, my readers will find enquired into with great fulness in the books under review,—a course, however, which very few may be able to follow. For much stress is laid upon the importance of working in union, for instance, in a Female College, such as that proposed in the Lectures to Ladies, or in an establishment like that at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, in which Miss Nightingale was employed as nurse seven years. That this is highly desirable must be allowed; but I would advise ladies not to put off such charitable offices as they may have opportunities of performing till they can join some society: let them work alone rather than not at all: the working itself will be the best part of the proposed education, however much may be contributed by the combined knowledge and experience of a society, and by the facilities which it may afford its individual members. Those who labour without these advantages may make many mistakes at the first, may omit to do much good, may even do much harm; but let them not be discouraged; only let them use all their energy and judgment, and time and experience will provide remedies.

III. I have now come to the vexed question of the Rights of Woman. I have preferred to enquire first what are the duties which are most urgently required of her in this age, and what is the education which will best fit her to discharge them. We shall now be better able to determine what position she may claim on the performance of those duties and the acquisition of that education. When men see her taking an increasing share in the work of human progress, labouring in the various departments of social improvement, teaching the ignorant, consoling the wretched, reforming the depraved, they will be much more ready to yield her the Rights which they will then feel to be her due, than when they are demanded simply as Rights, however justly. In no mean sense is it true that her weakness is her strength, her silence is her best eloquence,—if only it be the silence that speaks through deeds. If she grounds her Rights upon the performance of her duties, she will not lack for champions out of her own sex: men will rise up who will count it an honour to join in exalting those who are raising and ennobling their common humanity.

Yet that there are the most rooted prejudices among men against the social advance of women is too evident. Mrs. Jameson mentions several instances of the indifference or positive scorn and hostility displayed by gentlemen of talent and education towards the intellectual improvement of wo-

men, the necessary preparation for their real, permanent social advance. On the other hand, to their honour let it be said, "that the working men who "attend the Working Men's College "have expressed a strong desire that "their wives should have similar op- "portunities of acquiring knowledge "as those offered to themselves."—And whatever prejudices exist, whether among the higher or the lower classes, they may and must be overcome: those "rotten pales" must no longer be allowed to be a barrier between the two sexes, who were created for mutual help: much has been done already; for in the heart of man himself is a most powerful ally, that which has been called the woman-worshipping instinct, implanted at least in the Teutonic races. Woman-worshipping. It is a strong word; yet I think a weaker would not suffice. For does not a man feel for a woman (and the more manly he is, the more he feels this) a reverence, an awe, such as he feels not for men? Let the history of Florence Nightingale and her fellow-nurses among the soldiers in the east bear witness to this.

That the position of woman is and has been unfair, may surely be taken for granted. Her social history is briefly summed up in Psyche's Lecture (*The Princess*).

"Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye-view of all the ungracious past;
Glanced at the legendary Amazon,
As emblematic of a nobler age;
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of empire, and the woman's state in each,
How far from just; till, warming with her theme,
She fulmined out her scorn of laws Salique,
And little-footed China, touch'd on Mahomet
With much contempt; and came to chivalry,
When some respect, however slight, was paid
To woman, superstition all awry:
However then commenced the dawn: a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land
Of promise: fruit would follow."

Ida's letter to her brothers enumerates both past and present grievances.

"O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation when we heard
Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet;
Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge;
Of living hearts that crack within the fire
Where smoulder their dead despots; and of those,—
Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity, fling
Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
Made for all noble motion; and I saw
That equal baseness lived in sleeker times
With smoother men: the old leaven leaven'd all:
Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,
No woman named."

I will now quote from a pamphlet drawn up by a lady a few of the laws concerning women, of which the authoress complains. The reader must decide for himself how far he sympathizes with her.

"A woman of the age of twenty- "one, having the requisite property "qualifications, cannot vote in elec- "tions for members of Parliament."

"Nearly all offices under Govern- "ment are closed to women ..... "There is no important office which "they can hold, with the single excep- "tion of that of Sovereign."

"The professions of law and medi- "cine, whether or not closed by law, "are closed in fact."

"A man and wife are one person in "law; the wife loses all her rights as "a single woman, and her existence is "entirely absorbed in that of her hus- "band."

"Money earned by a married woman "belongs absolutely to her husband." (This presses peculiarly hard upon women of the lower classes.)

"The legal custody of children be-
"longs to the father. During the life-
"time of a sane father, the mother has
"no rights over her children, except
"a limited power over infants, and the
"father may take them from her and
"dispose of them as he thinks fit."

"The expenses of only a common
"divorce bill are between six hundred
"and seven hundred pounds, which
"makes the possibility of release from
"the matrimonial bond a privilege of
"the rich."

"A wife cannot be plaintiff, defend-
"ant or witness in an important part
"of the proceeding for a divorce,
"which evidently must lead to much
"injustice."

The Authoress appends a few Observations to the Summary of the laws, in which she complains chiefly of the condition of married women, especially with regard to the distribution of property, an inequality which we may hope to see, at least partially, remedied in the next session of Parliament.

What are the precise means for adjusting the relation of the sexes I cannot pretend to specify: they must be left to persons of far more experience than myself: but I am confident that they will not be found to be clamorous demands for Rights, a posture of opposition to men, and a rejection of their aid. With the Prince I hold

"The woman's cause is man's: they rise
or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or
free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with
man
His nights, his days, moves with him to
one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her
hands,—
If she be small, slight-natured, mise-
rable,
How shall men grow?"

Therefore with him I would add, for the sake both of men and of women,

"But work no more alone!
* * * * * * *
We two will serve them both in aiding
her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her
down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn, and be
All that not harms distinctive woman-
hood.
* * * * * * *
This proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal; each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in
thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full
stroke,
Life."

Was a truer conception of woman, her position, education and "mission" ever formed? And is it not as beautiful as it is true, the poetical and the practical here meeting in perfect union? And when this education has been given her, this position conceded her, may we not look also for the accomplishment at length of her "mission," so enthusiastically described by Psyche?

"Everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the
abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind:
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic more:
And everywhere the broad and bounteous
Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare
souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of
the world."

May these things be, and

"All things serve their time
Toward that great year of equal mights
and rights."

There is, however, one branch of the relation of the sexes which I wish to discuss here, because it is at once one of the most difficult and most important, yet hitherto one of the most neglected, points of the whole question, I mean the relation between the younger

members of the sexes. As far as I am aware, no systematic attempt has been made to regulate this; and the remarks which I am about to offer are entirely the result of my own observation and reflection. These I fear will be unwelcome to many, if not most, of my readers, especially to my female readers; but I shall not shrink from avowing them, convinced that, however rude and imperfect they may be in theory, and hazardous in practice, they yet point in the right direction, in which it is incumbent upon us to walk at all risks. The relation which exists at present is to my mind altogether unsatisfactory. It may be stated in few words: all familiar association that aims at nothing farther than friendship is discountenanced, if not positively prevented: young ladies are taught to look upon every unmarried gentleman (I quote words I believe in actual use among older ladies) as a "possible lover;" the effect of which is to throw them into a false position with nearly all their male acquaintances, as in fact is virtually admitted by that very word "possible." Now, if the friendship thus jealously guarded against bore no better fruit than mere pleasure to the young friends,—if I could not praise, I would not blame, the caution which dictates this decorous policy. But consider what is the influence that a single female friend may exert upon a boy at school, or a young man at "College," or "in the world:" consider the temptations into which in either position he is daily and hourly thrown; temptations to grossness of act and word and thought, to hardness, to rudeness, to coarse selfishness. If he is naturally of a refined temper, and so escape the grosser vices, are there not still temptations which female friendship might strengthen him to meet? Has not the man of cultivated intellect his peculiar dangers, perhaps not less great, because more subtle, than those which assail an opposite character?—temptations to intellectual pride, to coldness, to self-concentration, which is often mere selfishness? I think every man of intellect must have tried at some period of his life, most probably in his youth, on his first entrance into manhood, to build for himself a "Palace of Art." Now against this what remedy is there but love, strong and active within the heart, and openly displayed in word and deed? It may be said this remedy will easily and soon be found,—he will meet one whom he will love above all others. But I answer this remedy may *not* be found either soon or easily; and meanwhile the danger is present and urgent. Neither are relations and male friends sufficient. The love between relations often lies passive, even when it is real and deep, from custom caring little to display itself in kind actions. Besides, many a man has no near relations or is separated from them. And between male friends there is seldom the interchange of those little kindnesses and affectionate words which give so much point and warmth to women's love. And I maintain that it is the legitimate tendency of demonstration of affection to increase and produce affection, whereas coldness of demeanour is the high road to coldness of feeling. And on the other hand what may not the stronger and more cultivated mind of a young man effect in the education of a girl? Here let me observe that the earlier mental development of women is much more apparent than real. A girl of sixteen has the look of a woman, while a boy of that age is a rude, shy schoolboy; yet probably he possesses far more sound knowledge than she: add three or four years to each, and in solid acquirements and real intellectual development he is in all probability still more her superior; while between the genuine mental power of a young man of twenty and a girl of sixteen, though in the eyes of society she may rank at the least as old as he,

there is no comparison,—a thing which need surprise us little.

For the sake then of their mutual influence for good I plead for a less restricted association between young men and young women; the advantages are too great to be foregone because they are accompanied with danger; the danger, too, I think, would continually decrease: before long it would be found that girls would choose their lovers with less haste and more discrimination when they had more room for choice. I know well what opposition would be made to this; that all, especially young ladies, who ventured upon such a course, must be prepared for misconception, misrepresentation, and even open condemnation; but, if the cause be good, and want martyrs, martyrs must come forward, sustained by the consciousness of doing right. If Fashion is to be assailed by none, because the first assailants must suffer, her lies and inanities will oppress us till the end of time. It is for ladies themselves to make the first attack here: we pray them to make it with vigour and courage.

> " Cursed be the social wants that sin
> against the strength of youth!
> Cursed be the social lies that warp us from
> the living truth!
> Cursed be the sickly forms that err from
> honest Nature's rule! "

I need scarcely add that I would have this extended and freer intercourse serious and earnest: far be it from me to plead for an increase of the idle chatter, the dreary frivolity, with which it is now the custom for young ladies and young gentlemen to kill the time in drawing-rooms. Especially must truth be scrupulously preserved, and all mere "compliments" looked upon as what they are, lies and insults. Rather than these let nothing be said: though if false and superficial talk were abstained from for a while, true conversation would soon succeed, than which I know nothing more delightful and more profitable. For consider what real conversation is: it is the communion of two souls, heart talking with heart and mind with mind, through the ear that hears the living voice, and the eye that sees and watches the soul's mirror, the face: books can never supply this; the soul of the man is there, but you have to make it your own; it will not speak spontaneously to you; it must be sought after, with labour, sometimes with weariness and pain; and, at the best, you have not the whole man with you; you cannot have that mysterious and altogether inexplicable influence which we call his Presence, an influence so subtle and powerful that it needs not speech to enforce it, however much words may enhance it. Of a truth, I say again, I know nothing so full at once of delight and profit as true conversation, as scarcely anything is more tedious and unprofitable than mere chatter: what efforts then ought we not to make to break those artificial restraints which pervert this fellowship of soul into the superficiality and inanity which do but repress the intellect and cover up the heart?

I have no more to say, though I am conscious with what meagreness I have treated this great subject; nothing more, except to express my confidence in the great destiny which lies before woman, already begun to be accomplished, if only she can complete it. That destiny is no obscure one, the character which will be at once the result and the great cause of its fulfilment is not unknown, not unexampled: for, when I read in history of the great and glorious women who, scattered stars though they be, have yet shone with no self-derived glory, when I remember that there are women now living equal to those in past times, whether in intellectual power or in moral heroism, and reflect that " the highest is the measure of the man," I cannot but foresee in these greatest and noblest few an earnest

of what all may yet become. When I think, too, of all the beautiful things that have been written of woman, from Solomon and Homer, through Sophocles, Shakespeare and Dante, down to Tennyson and Kingsley, when I think how poets and philosophers, painters and sculptors, have poured out their minds and hearts in a vain attempt to express their love and reverence for what some women have been and are, for what all were created to be, I cannot but ask, shall not we, the multitude, though neither poets nor philosophers, yet men, with the hearts of husbands, brothers and sons, acknowledge the divinity which lies in her, more easily to be recognized by us than that which lies no less in ourselves,—consciously acknowledge it, and earnestly and unceasingly endeavour to clear away all that hinders its free development? And will not women themselves ever strive to attain the ideal which they may learn lives in the hearts of men, which surely must live in their own hearts,—well knowing that an ideal is no vain phantom of imaginary perfection, but that which the creature was formed to be, which to a great extent it is still granted it to be, which it must never cease to strive after, on pain of perpetual retrogression? Let me set before them, not an ideal, not indeed the highest form of character which women have actually attained, but an example, perhaps, not less valuable than these, as being more in the reach of the generality,—whose influence was through the heart, and whose desert and reward was love. The Prince is speaking to Ida.

"'Alone,'" I said, "'from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman: he, that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime.
Yet was there one through whom I loved her, one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.'"

"DEATH THE AVENGER" AND "DEATH THE FRIEND."

THE names of two wonderful wood Engravings by Alfred Rethel, a German, and one to be remembered in the aftertime.

Now Death the Avenger commemorates the first appearance of the Cholera, in 1831, which happened in Paris at a masked ball.

It is there, in that room, the Cholera, and Death; a strangely chosen room, one thinks, in its architecture, for a ball-room; liker to a tomb than that; it might have served well in those old times for the followers of John and Paul to meet in—to feel new life come upon them; new thoughts, new love, new longings, new hope.

Thick walls and heavy roof, and deep splayed windows it has, but withal gorgeous patterned hangings from gallery and pillar and dais; gorgeous, but ugly; the patterns crawl like evil poisonous spiders, like the blotches of damp on foul walls.

And in this ball-room only one dances now—Death—arrayed in hood and the long robes of a pilgrim, girt about the middle with a rope; one

leg showing from the long drapery is thrown forward in mockery of dancing; and the dancers? there are two of them lying there, a man and a woman, both dead and stiff—the man's mask has fallen down, covers all his face except the eyes and forehead—and very strangely contrasted are the calm, self-satisfied, inane features of the mask with the wrinkled forehead and brows contracted in pain of the face that was alive once; the woman's mask, fastened to her hat, has fallen back, and her open mouth shows free from it; her arms are hidden by her dress, a long flower-garland trails round about her. And the rest of the maskers are rushing in mad race out of the room, the last wearing a fantastic dress with a fool's hump on the back of it, his arms muffled in his mumming-dress.

Others are there who rush out also, the musicians; huddled all together, their instruments blocking up the way, no man looking at his neighbour to see how he fares, or caring for him: for the grinning skeleton, Death, standing there with his head thrown on one side, has two bones in his hands, which he uses as fiddle and fiddle-bow, playing so wonderfully that, as you look at the drawing, you almost seem to hear the wild terrible skirling of some mad reel.

Most terrible figure of all, in the background sits The Cholera, waiting; in her right hand a triple scourge armed at the end with goads; such firm grip of that scourge; and her left hand clasps her right arm just below the wrist, fearful strong arms and hands—she is wrapped in long raiment that trails on the ground, and has flames all about it—her face is black, her mouth stern, indignant, with lips drawn up tight together; fixed eyes, glaring straight forward, and lidless, no drooping eyelids to her, beneath any rebuke, any defiance; is it not strange, that with all this the face is not a cruel one? Such a sense the thing seems to have that it too is God's creature, called up in his quarrel; strange that there should be even pity in it.

This is "Death the Avenger."—Then "Death the Friend."

In an old tower just below the belfry, in the place where they ring the bells: there is Death again in his pilgrim's dress, tolling for one who is just dead, the Sacristan of that Church; this Death is draped tenderly down to the feet; there is no maddening horror about him, awe only; he is not grinning as in the other picture, but gazes downward, thoughtfully, almost sadly, thinking of the old man's life that has been. And he, with his hands laid together and his eyes closed, is leaning back in his chair: many a time these latter years has he leant back so; then needs must that he rise stiffly and wearily to go about his duties; but now he need never rise again; his lips, parted a little now, need never again be drawn together close, at sight of weary injustice and wrong; he will soon understand why all these things were. The dragons on the spire eaves lean forward open mouthed, disappointed because he has got quit of all that now; near the head of him against the wall is a figure of Christ on the Cross, a Bible is open by the side of him; near the stairs is a horn hanging, a huntsman's horn, and through the window, on the sill of which a bird is singing, you can see the fair sunset-country stretching away for leagues and leagues (for we are high up here, just under the spire).

They say he was a hunter in the old time, this man; that he heard the north wind sing about his ears, as he dashed over the open spaces; that the young beech-leaves in the early summer quivered at the blasts of his horn; that many a time he rode into that village you can see down there, wherein he was born, where his father and his father's father lived, weary with riding; that some one used to look out for him when he rode in, in the evenings. But that too is all gone by—only

in memories perhaps—yet he had other hopes then perhaps than this, a mere old sacristan dying lonely in the old belfry.

What matter? for the setting sun is bright over all that country, and the bird sings still in the window sill—not afraid of death.

This is "Death the Friend."

TWO PICTURES.

RUSKIN has told us in his 'Notes' this year, that the present Exhibition is richer than usual in good pictures; we are right glad to learn it; may every year see a growth in right knowledge and power until R. A. shall mean in very truth Royal Artist! But it is also a pleasant thought that the Academy does not contain *all* the good pictures that have been painted this year or last: others there are, which have not met the public eye and shall not yet awhile; very beautiful and precious; not only as studies of lovely form and colour; but as memorials of human life, its passions and holy affections; stories whether of the past or present, with that deep meaning in them, which can quicken our faith in God and man. Such are poems addressed to the eye and heart, sacred Poems; which some who walk in the dusty highway of the world may feel it a blessing to see, perhaps still more to have seen. Two such I intend now to describe, well knowing how imperfect must be the result of the undertaking—one earnest look at the originals were worth a volume of any translation!—but wishing at any rate to give the world, or rather our Magazine-world the good news that two excellent pictures have been summoned into existence.

Of the first, the subject is taken from the Vita Nuova of Dante; the Vita Nuova in which Dante in a series of poems and sonnets connected by prose gives the history of his early life, and especially of his affection for Beatrice. In one of these poems he describes a dream in which he saw by foreboding Beatrice lying dead:

"Allor diceva Amor: 'Più non ti celo;
Vieni a veder nostra donna che giace.'
L'immaginar fallace
Mi condussi a veder mia donna morta;
Equando l'avea scorta,
Vedea che donne la covrian d'un velo.
Ed avea seco umiltà si verace
Chè parea che dicesse, 'Io sono in pace.'"
"Then Love said: 'Now all things shall be made clear;
Come and behold our lady where she lies.'
These idle fantasies
Then carried me to see my lady dead.
And when I enterèd,
Ladies I saw with a veil covering her:
And with her was such very humbleness,
That she appeared to say, 'I am at peace.'"

It is this passage which the painter has chosen to illustrate. And is it not a great and worthy one? Let the reader consider for a moment what this vision was, and who once saw it, and when, and where; then let him read on.

It is a chamber in the city of Florence. Invisibly, as it were some sympathizing Spirit, we take up our station in the middle of the room, and look on in silence. In the farther wall, which is decorated with a simple diaper pattern of gold on a purple ground, is hollowed out an oblong recess containing a narrow bed, such as was common in those simple times, and the like of which may yet be often seen in old rustic dwellings; fit offering-place for an evening prayer! Stretched upon this bed lies Beatrice, in the fixed peace of after-death; her stately form folded in a pure white robe,—shroud I will not call it, for the arms are free, in

delicately-fitting sleeves, and the fair taper hands meet palm to palm, in that sweet attitude of faithful resignation in which the Christians of the thirteenth century loved to portray the dying believer. And as we look, we see there is no marriage ring: Beatrice has died unwedded. Her head inclines towards us, propped upon the pillow:—it is one worthy of Dante's love; its sculptured lines are full of intellectual beauty, and fairest grace of mind and manners;—the rose of life has left her cheeks, and her eyes are closed for ever; but her rich amber hair evenly parted over the brow is streaming silently down, wandering unrestrained in long waves down either side of her face over neck and shoulders and bosom, and divides over this left arm which is nearest us, like a river towards the close of its course. Two maidens, in the flower of womanhood, 'ladies' as the poem honourably calls them, are about to cover the dead with a sheet, whereon lie sprinkled a few flowers of the blushing May, gathered like her in their lovely prime; one stands at her head, the other at her feet, and with according motion they reverently raise the sheet, and sustain it there; for, behold, One shall see Beatrice yet again before her face be hid, her own Dante. He has entered the chamber, Love leading him:—Love, a youth clad in intensest azure flushed with emerald green, and with long angel-wings of mantling crimson and scarlet that overarch bare arms; in his right hand he holds Dante's left, in his own a bow and arrow to mark who he is, and he stoops over the bed lovingly and kisses in last farewell those pallid lips. But Dante—He stands there, meekly submitting, with bowed head and body leaning slightly forward, gazing intently as in a trance, fixed by the spell of unutterable thoughts; he speaks no word, nor makes any sign of surprise—his lips are closed, his right arm hangs at rest by his side, he is all eye and soul, and keeps gazing, gazing, on his lost loved one with a look of deep still grief.

I cannot in anywise tell the perfect unity of repose which dwells in all these figures; it is felt in every line and through all the countless soft gradations of colour, as well as in every expression of the countenances, and breathes its influence in every passive detail, in the fixed lines of bed and diapered wall and even floor, the solemn fall of the drapery, the supreme stillness of the subdued light; nor on the other hand the dramatic concentration towards the one fact, that Beatrice is lying there dead; the entireness of sympathy each soul has with each, yet each manifesting the same emotion its own way. Of the maidens, one with earnest eyes, suffused with tearful tenderness but not with tears, looks down, I think, at Dante; the other, not so deeply moved, cannot look at all, or else only at her simple charge, but her head is raised a little, and her eyelids are cast down in reverence: both stand silent, motionless. They are lovely figures both, but the one which stands by Beatrice's head is rightly the more beautiful and interesting. Her features are graceful and yet full of character in which gentle affection seems predominant; her complexion is of the fairest bloom, and her auburn hair, which becomes golden where it meets the light, is drawn quietly in a single curve from the forehead, and gathers in a full mass over the neck, not unlike the manner of these later times; and oh, her robe! it is of the sweetest green, with shadows all of soft blue in the folds of rest, which descend to her feet, and encompass the ground on which she stands; underneath is another mantle, more closely fitting to the form, of glowing amethyst, seen only in the loose drooping sleeve, and that opening beneath the arm, which tapers lingering down, in shape like a blade of spear-grass, and at length loses itself in a single point. The sleeve is banded with gold, and there is gleam

of a golden girdle, which encircles the waist within. The like of all this for colour I have never seen. The hair of her companion, sister I may well call her, is brown tending to purple, and is arranged in the like form; her dress too is green, but approaching not to blue, but through many gradations to yellow; and just at the feet is a glimpse of the russet-orange mantle beneath, in colour like the wing which skirts and underlies the peacock's glory. As I have said, this figure has not the same intensity of expression as the other, nor has the colouring the same tender charm, nor are the folds of the drapery so severely simple, nor do they trail so solemnly about her feet; but why regret this? was it not well to make a difference;—to speak the truth that all who have the same part to act are not equally gifted, equally honoured?

The Dante is very noble in form, and stands nearest to us in worthy prominence. He is yet young, but a few years entered into manhood; his stature lofty, his head rather small and exquisitely set on a long neck, such as one always associates with nobility of birth and culture; his features those which the discovered fresco of Giotto has made known to us, so eloquent of keen perception and the faculty of intense reflection, the nose slightly curved, as if telling of a power of militant scorn, the mouth delicately fashioned in lingering curves of quick emotion, which yet may meet in sternest self-restraint. He is the man of mind living in an age of prowess. His costume is the same as in the fresco, but the colours are the artist's choice, and are chosen as if to show that the cloud broods darkest over him, Dante. Over a crimson dress is a long robe of purple subdued almost to blackness, and so severe in arrangement as well as firm in texture, that scarce any fold is seen to gather in it; on his head he wears a peaked crimson cap, under which a fringe of dark hair traces itself along; the cap is bound round the brow with a broad band of the same deep purple, and falls backward over the shoulders. His shoes are a sort of slippers, to mark, so it seems, his indoor pursuits, and on his breast, where the robe meets, is fastened a stylus and inkhorn, looking like a golden brooch, and bidding us remember the feeling which once held the art of writing *sacred*, and prompted men to decorate its implements, just as the knight lavished gold and jewels on his sword-hilt. In the youth who represents Love, besides the points already noted, the eye dwells on the ruddy hair and the opalescent hues of the face and bared arms and feet, traced here and there with wandering veins of misty green; for these are elaborated with surpassing richness and delicacy. And yet notwithstanding its miraculous glory of colour, this figure is the least interesting to me, and even jars somewhat on my mind; and for this reason, that I cannot quite *believe* in him. True, he is not altogether a heathen, for his wings are those of an angel such as a Christian only could conceive, still he is partially so; and even angels when they appear in material forms are to us, who live in these times, (I am sorry for this, and yet not sorry) hardly credible; they are to us not angels, but only human creatures with an impossible extra-machinery.—The bow and arrow, whence come they, what mean they? The shaft is a good cloth yard long, and looks an ugly weapon for hurting rather than a messenger of joy, which Love always is; and moreover it seems to me that the bow and arrow are a little in the way, the holding of them constraining rather an ungraceful posture in leaning over the bed. So that I must a little quarrel with this equipment. Was it needful that Love should be so caparisoned? Would not the desired meaning have been intelligible without the introduction into the scene, otherwise so true, of these things

which provoke questioning, and so disturb the serenity of our belief that what we see was once a reality?

Leaving now these glorious figures, with this last remark only that they are all studied from nature, even the Dante being eked out by a living subject, and that, though almost sculpturesque in fixedness, there is no stiffness in them, but a true freedom, only very tranquil, as if by earnest choice; let us observe some of the accessories of the picture: they are well worth observing, for they are wrought out with the faithfulness and thoughtfulness of the noble school to which the artist belongs. On the wall hangs a quaint sort of harp: Beatrice was fond of music! A step in the floor separates Dante from the rest of the group, symbolizing that he is in another and a lower world than they, and he treads upon poppyflowers, to show that it is also a world of dreams; these poppies being strown upon the floor in sweet variety of position, but yet in severely limited number, and at intervals of space almost regular, as it were in a mysterious order, so that nought may disturb the eye, or break that feeling of repose, which belongs to Sleep, to Death, and the deep passions of the soul. Then in the recess above the bed, each partially veiled by the suspended sheet, are three small windows, the central one circular, the other two triangles of curved lines, all overgrown from without by an orange tree, whose green leaves with their ripening golden fruit nestle into the crannies, as, sculptured, they would into the angles of some spandril, for they are in friendship as all nature is, with human work; very peacefully too, for they know not what is passing within, their own quiet life of beauty and bounty is enough for them; and through their crevices come chinks of the daylight beyond. Perhaps it may seem strange, especially to us inhabitants of the North, that windows should be over a bed; but the artist felt the need of a few points of coloured light to relieve the gloom, so he put them there; and they are welcome. Again, the roof of the chamber is open to the sky, and the sunlight is shining gloriously, here on sloping eaves embossed with orange moss, there on twin buttresses of a lofty house, each with a side in shadow; and a pair of bells are hanging, each in its proper corner—bells, that blest discovery of mediæval Italy, so loved then, so precious even now—bells, whose voice is music, whose call is Duty, now ordering the happy gathering of families to daily bread, now summoning a united people to the house of God for praise and prayer. And above all the blue heaven is seen, growing intenser in colour towards the zenith; and far away is a troop of angels in misty rainbow hues, escorting homewards the soul of Beatrice, which speeds its upward way before them, a white cloud, just as Dante describes. Even this cloud is not altogether white, its underside is attempered with a shadow of faint purple, the side which is next the earth. These are lovely thoughts, and Dante's own as well as the painter's: and of course intensely mediæval; nevertheless I almost wish this shaping of them away, for the same stern reason that I like not the bow and arrow and wings of Love. Surely there is enough elsewhere in the picture to whisper to us, that Beatrice is gone to a world where sorrow is unknown, attended by the blessed spirits of angels and the just made perfect. Surely!

Back therefore to Earth, where we may believe, and believing, may rejoice; and this surer joy the painter has not denied us. Towards either side, the chamber opens to the city. In the left corner is an ascending spiral stair, supported by open pillars, its upward spring curving like the lovely energetic lines of young leaves upspringing and unfolding; in the right is a groined archway with a column and wreathed capital, a canopy of gloom over steps descending to the

ground. And there lies Florence reposing in the noonday sun! In the outlook on the right we see the broad blue Arno winding, (for two turreted bridges span its waters at different angles,) and a boat is sailing there, its white sail filling and its blue pendant streaming gaily to the breeze; and in the foreground on the hither bank is a windmill with its own bell, and mossy wall, and overhanging tree; whilst on the other side, through the pillars of the staircase, we see an ample square, a public well in the centre of it, a house with porch and turrets, and just a single figure. Beyond are streets with other towers and houses, gathered in fellowship, fading away in the distance, the light still on them: and below the stair is a peep of wall and garden and summer-house.

This landscape, which in such little compass (for it is quite subordinate to the rest of the picture) speaks to us of light and space and distance, and above all of human fellowship, is introduced, I think, with exquisite judgment. It is welcome to us as the sweet natural close of one of Tennyson's impassioned stories, "Love and Duty," for instance, or "Edwin Morris." Not only does it here serve to mark the when and where of the story, giving the entire character of the scene on which Dante and Beatrice looked on every day of the happy past, not only does the broad gladsome light of day make contrast with the gloom of the presence-chamber of Death, and so endue it with deeper solemnity and impressiveness, just as the light of life in the ministrant women makes only more touching the pale motionless face of her who is dead; not only this, but a truth is here, very precious to the mourner. For does not this landscape unite that narrow sorrow-haunted cell to the great city of Florence, to that greater city, which is called the World?—seeming to say to Dante's poor chastened heart, "In thy sorrow "think not thou art alone, think not so; "but lift up thine eyes and behold, "There is a whole world beside thee; "and the sun is shining there, and men "dwell there, and are happy there, and "busy there, even as our Universal "Father has in His mercy provided. "The mill-sail goes round, the serving "maidens trip to the well morning and "evening, and the boatman plies his "sail; and there are garden and "bower, lovely sights and sounds, and "all is well. Let not thy heart, O "Son of Man, cling to selfish repining, "awake to holy love and gratitude "and joy!" And Dante shall see this, shall hear and feel this—not now, but presently.

Perhaps these words recall to the reader another poem which is so familiar to us all.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
Oh well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

I quote it to show how kindred are the hearts of poets* and of all men, and to observe how the painter's brush and the poet's pen have worked in the selfsame spirit; the scene is in both cases just indicated by a few touching features.

I now bid farewell to the meaning of this picture, much of it yet unfathomed, its fulness altogether impossible to words, and turn to the workmanship. It is as a work of colour that this picture, or rather drawing, for it is executed in water colours only, is

* There is a beautiful poem of R. C. Trench's to the like effect, called "A Walk in a Churchyard."

most remarkable. To perception of colour the modern eye, even of the painter's, is comparatively dead (though it will not be so much longer!) so that chromatic splendour is either altogether denied, or else the painter rests content with just defining a thing as red or blue or what not. But in this drawing, as in other works by the same artist, is manifested a fervent love for rich and brilliant colour, and a rare mastery in handling it. The plumage of tropical birds is the only thing I can compare to it for general effect. Green and purple, scarlet, crimson, blue, and many another glory of the paintbox, in themselves as soon as they touch the pallet the delight of the eye, are here freely bestowed upon us, and at once surprise us with joy, like a rainbow in the sky; and no words can express the tenderness, the subtlety of their beauty truly blent; not in the drapery only and in the countenances, where the colour is principal and brilliant, but even in things of the most subordinate interest, the gloom of the archway, the stone stair, the timbers of the floor: think not, simple reader, that these are mere brown things!—the shadows in the white sheet which is raised over Beatrice are wrought, magically, it seems no less, in faint green and blue-gray inter-blending; I name these, yet despair of naming them rightly; they are almost as nameless as the colours which live in the petals of pale garden anemones, of which they remind me. All too, when looked closely into, is so mysterious, attained one cannot tell how, but by the magic instinct of genius guiding the hand through strangest confusions to the beautiful purpose of the mind; but one secret of the work seems to lie in a wondrous feeling for the play of shadow, its spirit-like wanderings and ethereal colours, for a few paces back these many hues melt into the proper unity which belongs to each object, and articulate the lights and shadows with impressive emphasis. Is not this the truth of Nature—mystery within mystery, life within life, and a clear voice through all? Another attribute of this colour, if indeed it be not vitally included in the first, is the bloom of its surface; not radiant however and dazzling, as in sunshine, but softly glowing with secret life in every particle, as the sustained undertone of a sweet and quiet melody. Perhaps the reader, who two months ago saw a cluster of wild hyacinths in a shady nook of wood, may know how true, how lovely this is!

colour in the whole, as in every great work; but this is here so complex that I do not pretend to comprehend it; this only I know, that I would change nothing. There must also be a harmony of

One word may well be given to the frame, as it is of the Artist's own designing. Beside a double beaded moulding of gilt, is a broad band of silver, on which, above the picture, are inscribed the words "Vita Nuova," followed by the stanza of the poem, which, distributed prose-wise, is completed below; on the right border are the words "Quomodo sedet sola civitas," the exclamation which broke from Dante when he heard of Beatrice's death, on the left "Veni sponsa de Libano," the angel-song of their meeting in Paradise; and beneath all is the date of her true death, "12 Giogno 1290."

And now it may well be asked, "Who has done this? Who is it who "has thus made new again and beauti-"ful this old touching story, which so "endears to us the memory of the "great Voice of Italy?"—One Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Let the reader now turn his thoughts to a far different scene. Away from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth; from ancient dream to modern fact; from sunny Florence to the wintry English Channel; from that quiet chamber to the noisy deck of an Emigrant-ship. And another Poet shall now reveal his thoughts to us; not Rossetti any longer, but Madox

Brown.* He too shall show us a tragedy of domestic life, but withal one of peculiarly national interest; we shall again see the young, the beautiful in sorrow; and many truths shall be brought to our remembrance; perhaps this as the concluding one; that at the root of all human achievement lies Suffering, that evermore must the cross precede the crown.

An easterly gale is blowing down Channel, keen and chill. The sky is one dull gray; the sea a sullen green ridged with white waves; the horizon seawards a line of leaden purple. On the weather quarter stands unmoved a wall of chalky cliffs; the cliffs we know and love so well. The Outward-bound is scudding with the wind on her starboard quarter, heeling over to it, the weather shrouds showing taut against the sky; the surges follow her, spirting now and then freely over the taffrail. It is afternoon, I think; and just an hour ago the capstern was running merrily round with the clinking cable; the topsails were filling; and on the deck might be seen farewell embraces, farewell kisses and tears. But now these are over, and the waving pockethandkerchiefs have ceased to flutter, and friends are lost to view; still the deck is crowded, and eyes are all astrain—to see THE LAST OF ENGLAND.

Seated on the poop are a young husband and wife, side by side. It is November channel weather, as I said, and very cold. His brown pea-coat is close buttoned to the chin, the collar up like a wall on either side the face; his brown wide-awake is firmly set on his head, and tethered down to the large horn-button. His left hand is in his breast, the naked flesh just glimpses through the buttonhole; in it he holds the umbrella over his wife to shelter her from the wind and spray. Their right hands are clasped together, her's gloved, but his gloveless; the east wind spares it not, so that the warm life-blood mutinies within and gathers in discoloured patches round the rigid knuckles; but there is blanching where the touch of loving fingers presses. Her shawl is wrapt closely over neck and bosom, but the wind has slightly raised it below, and shows the glossy purple of the dress within; discloses too her bare left hand (witness of altar vows) clasping yet another hand—a tiny one, the hand of their first-born! A fold of warm green coverlet is just seen opposing the purple; and two little socks of knitted wool, scarlet and white, peer out elsewhere. Happy little one! others have their home to seek; but thy home is safe and here, in a mother's bosom; all proof as yet to sorrow; kindly guarded from east wind and salt spray, that hurtle past in vain. The Father's countenance is somewhat shadowed under the broad brim, and is white with cold. It is the face of a man of some five-and-twenty years, evidently a "gentleman;" bred in all the comforts and refined ways of "good society;" we see that he knows how to dress, for this occasion or for gayer ones. He has a mind too; we read quick sympathies of thought in that thin face, those keen restless features, and think that he, like many a young Englishman, has had his speculations about Religion and Politics. In practice he has not been a successful man; his presence here says as much, and the mouse-coloured moustache he has suffered to grow, as if in defiance of an unkind world; and in that earnest sorrowful gaze there is a touch of bitterness, as if angry thoughts of the past, too-anxious thoughts for the future were not wanting. But now nobler emotions prevail; for he has a heart, and has loved and loves: beside him are wife and child, and there—

* The Picture is now in Mr. Windus's collection at Tottenham.

fading away is Fatherland,—fading away.

But it is on *her* that our eye chiefly dwells. A pure English face; and very beautiful; just ripened into fulness by duly numbered years and maternal offices; ruddy with the cold, red also with crying, yet clear and rosy with youthful health. A coronet of brown hair is plaited over her forehead; but the gale has caught a stray band, and it is streaming across her brow, unheeded; the red ribbons of her bonnet and the blue veil are likewise flying upward, dancing and fluttering, and the tarpaulin covering has fallen from her knees—all unheeded. Her thoughts are elsewhere, far away; not with the rough present, not with the dim future, but in the sacred Past—with childhood, home, parents; a thousand happy memories as maiden wooed and bride won; the dear land which saw and held them all; which she shall see no more. —Yes, we may look lovingly into that face: sweet records are there and promises as sweet; for love and faith have long chosen it for their dwelling-place. To the world she has been a friend, and the world has been a friend to her: a heart trustful from the cradle, constant in native piety and duty has blest the joy, and blesses now the sorrow. Poor grief-laden ones! God be with you, God is with you. We pity you, we bless you, we wish you kind fate in the land, whither ye are going. Kind fate; not without toil and care, but prosperous, fruitful: a fair home, brave sons and daughters, friends, possessions. Perhaps, (who knows?) after generations, citizens of a mighty kingdom, may remember this day, and tell the tale with pride and gratitude how ye came over the sea! "Instead of thy fathers, thou "shalt have children, whom thou may-"est make princes in all lands."

The remaining figures are subordinate to these: but each brings with it the fresh interest of an individual life, both history and prophecy; each bears its part in the whole, an echo or a contrast. Behind the husband and wife are two children, of humbler rank but, as their dress denotes, of wise and careful parents: you cannot help noticing her brown straw bonnet so neatly trimmed with blue ribbon, nor his stout suit of corderoy, stout boots, laced and with ironed heels, blue worsted socks, and the white knitted comforter knotted round his throat. They are brother and sister; and the arm of each is round the other's neck; she is the elder of the two, and has seen perhaps thirteen years; her comely face is just seen over the man's shoulder, gazing wistfully, not without tears: the boy kneels upon the bench by her side, his cap in hand, his chestnut hair tossing in the wind, his face not visible, but we know which way he is looking; his comforter has blown over his right shoulder, and a little child some four years old, who has strayed I think from her friends, is grasping it; in her other hand, dyed like an autumn leaf with the wintry air, she holds a burnished apple, which she is munching quietly, all unconscious why others are so sad. Behind these again, is a group of a very different character. There is an Irishman of the lowest grade, a cigar between his teeth, some of which have disappeared, perhaps at Donnybrook; he is half drunk with the contents of that bottle, whose black neck is protruding out of his breast pocket; we see the bottle will be the ruin of him yet! half drunk he is even at this solemn time, and of course quarrelsome; in another moment his naked fist will be in the face of some one before him, (who is thrusting back to escape the blow,) and will to say the least knock the pipe out of his mouth,—unless that good old mother stay the fist in time; we just see her old marred and withered hands uplifted. Behind the Irishman is a low Englishman, pressing to see the row; his face is inflamed with liquor, one guesses from the same bottle. A sensual depraved wretch he is, without even the Irishman's devil-me-

care humour; the greedy lusts of the body are all he cares for, one cannot prophesy a good end for him, most likely a drunkard's fate; as for his Irish friend, I suspect he will get his quietus in a row at the Diggings.

Lastly in the weather quarter-boat is one of the crew, a sailor-lad in blue and white striped jersey, very busy stooping down to arrange the fresh vegetables brought off in the boat's last trip: he is on duty, and his duty is enough for him; he looks not at the receding shore, perhaps, such is habit, does not care to look. On the boat's stern we read the Ship's name—El Dorado!

I think any one who has followed this description will now have some notion of the merits of this picture; its daring and complete conception, its studied composition and profound feeling. The labour bestowed upon it must have been immense, for it is a picture of considerable size, executed in oils; it must have been the work of months. I have heard, and the result testifies, that it was painted from first to last from nature and in the open air. Daylight is really there, not brilliant indeed, but clear and amply diffused, so that every detail of form and colour is shown. The accessories are aptly, truly chosen, then painted with the utmost care. Nothing is idle, nothing insignificant, nothing slovenly. In the lady's shawl, every fold, every flowing line of the close check pattern is followed, and the texture of the woollen material is so rendered, that you seem to recognize it by the feel. Purple and green cabbages are slung on the leeside between the stanchions, and are swaying with the ship's motion; look narrowly and you see the fraying of the stranded rope subtly coloured, and a yarn flying westwards obeying the wind. Or observe the flattened bonnet of the old Irishwoman, and the shawl that has fallen from her shoulder in the struggle, or the olive frieze coat and battered hat of the Irishman, or the gentleman's tartan trowsers, the ribbed cuffs of his coat, and the plaid lining within, a corner of which is raised by the wind; all so true, so faithful to the very fact, as almost to tell the very year when the picture was painted! Or for a touch of poetry, not inconsistent with fact, observe the ship in the offing, leaning over to the breeze, outward bound, as if to show, this is the English Channel, and these are not the only wayfarers; and the homeward bound steamer to windward, the foam of its paddle-wheels and wake just visible, its smoke a long westward horizontal line, rigid almost as the radius of the compass card,—prophecy, if not of return, (but we will not wish our friends that, but rather a brave life and happy home afar,) at least of the blessing of swift and frequent communion with those they love—the Australian Mail! For dexterous composition, let it be noticed how the interest of colour cunningly centres in the very heart of the subject; the blue veil, the rosy ribbon, the countenances of hero and heroine, and between them a space of green sea.

On the whole I call this a most noble historical picture; a most worthy record of a fact in English history, which is already memorable, and will one day be far more so. Once again in our own time, there has been an Exodus; a planting of new and distant lands by men from the kingdoms of an old world. Alas! that no Moses has led our people, nor even an Alaric or a Horsa; that no Puritan piety or self-sacrificing public spirit, as in Elizabethan time, has inspired this mighty enterprise; whence much sin and sorrow, even as this picture may tell us. Still an Exodus there has been; and men are not utterly forsaken of God: one bond of union yet remains, by His good grace renewed every day amongst us, and here in its loneliness shines forth with more sacred power, beautiful and strong and full of blessing in the hour of trial—the bond of Family

Love. Has not the Painter shown us this too?—If Truth of fact, sought by zealous labour, and Truth of spirit discerned by a devout heart may hope to win long life for work of man's hand, then for this picture there is in store a long, long term of honour. May it live a thousand years! Men will then prize it, as it deserves. For, oh, if we could see, (but for a single moment,) faithfully depicted as here, a likeness of our old Norman forefathers, when, with a Conqueror for their King, they left the shores of the Seine river nearly eight hundred years ago!

Thinking of this picture, I cannot but remember that we have now a band of brave Artists, who ascending above mere portrait-painting (too often a mere vanity) and ascending above modern landscape-art, beautiful and worthy as that is, have chosen Man for their subject; and with serious love have set themselves to represent the most moving and characteristic incidents of Modern Life,—of the time which is our own; we saw it two years ago in the "Awakened Conscience;" we saw it last year in "The Rescue;" we see it in this, in "The Peace:"* we see it out of the Academy likewise. As we wish that the hearts of many may be kindled to know how much of divine beauty and awe yet dwells and manifests itself in human form even now; as we long for union in Art as in all other work; we entreat such of these men, as yet linger in the background, mindful of former insults, to come forward at whatever sacrifice, and try the Hanging Committee once more;—once more, and again, and again. The time is ripe. Authority even if blind is not yet deaf: and the voice of few, fast promising to become the voice of many must be heard, and must be obeyed; for they are in earnest; what they say, they *believe*. Nay, I think, Authority means well, and will try to do well. Let us see.

SVEND AND HIS BRETHREN.

A KING in the olden time ruled over a mighty nation: a proud man he must have been, any man who was king of that nation: hundreds of lords, each a prince over many people, sat about him in the council chamber, under the dim vault, that was blue like the vault of heaven, and shone with innumerable glistenings of golden stars.

North, south, east, and west, spread that land of his, the sea did not stop it; his empire clomb the high mountains, and spread abroad its arms over the valleys of them; all along the sea-line shone cities set with their crowns of towers in the midst of broad bays, each

* This picture of "The Peace" well represents the general purpose and character of the school. At first sight a feeling of disappointment arises, that the subject is not worthily treated. But we look again; and the utter truthfulness of the conception unfolds itself; and a feeling almost of awe comes over us, when we begin to *believe*. The artist has resolved above all things to speak the truth to us. No flattery: the soldier shall be brave in fight, but a lover of pleasure, of comfort and ease, of gorgeous and fantastic dress: there shall be no utterance of religious sentiment, no common worship—the day of solemn public processions, of Te Deums, of a devout army, of a devout people, is gone by and is not yet replaced—let there be a happy family gathering, gay holiday, and happy looks of love! Of the well-considered detail so completely historical, so excellently painted, there is no need to speak, nor of the brave and beautiful thought of associating the remembrance of stern battle-deeds with the innocent play of childhood. The public has seen all this; what does the public think of it?

fit, it seemed, to be a harbour for the navies of all the world.

Inland the pastures and cornlands lay, chequered much with climbing, over-tumbling grape-vines, under the sun that crumbled their clods, and drew up the young wheat in the spring time, under the rain that made the long grass soft and fine, under all fair fertilizing influences: the streams leapt down from the mountain tops, or cleft their way through the ridged ravines; they grew great rivers, like seas each one.

The mountains were cloven, and gave forth from their scarred sides wealth of ore and splendour of marble; all things this people that King Valdemar ruled over could do; they levelled mountains, that over the smooth roads the wains might go, laden with silk and spices from the sea: they drained lakes, that the land might yield more and more, as year by year the serfs, driven like cattle, but worse fed, worse housed, died slowly, scarce knowing that they had souls; they builded them huge ships, and said that they were masters of the sea too; only, I trow the sea was an unruly subject, and often sent them back their ships cut into more pieces than the pines of them were, when the adze first fell upon them; they raised towers, and bridges, and marble palaces with endless corridors rose-scented, and cooled with welling fountains.

They sent great armies and fleets to all the points of heaven that the wind blows from, who took and burned many happy cities, wasted many fields and valleys, blotted out from the memory of men the names of nations, made their men's lives a hopeless shame and misery to them, their women's lives disgrace, and then—came home to have flowers thrown on them in showers, to be feasted and called heroes.

Should not then their king be proud of them? Moreover they could fashion stone and brass into the shapes of men; they could write books; they knew the names of the stars, and their number; they knew what moved the passions of men in the hearts of them, and could draw you up cunningly, catalogues of virtues and vices; their wise men could prove to you that any lie was true, that any truth was false, till your head grew dizzy, and your heart sick, and you almost doubted if there were a God.

Should not then their king be proud of them? Their men were strong in body, and moved about gracefully—like dancers; and the purple-black, scented hair of their gold-clothed knights seemed to shoot out rays under the blaze of light that shone like many suns in the king's halls. Their women's faces were very fair in red and white, their skins fair and half-transparent like the marble of their mountains, and their voices sounded like the rising of soft music from step to step of their own white palaces.

Should not then their king be proud of such a people, who seemed to help so in carrying on the world to its consummate perfection, which they even hoped their grandchildren would see?

Alas! alas! they were slaves—king and priest, noble and burgher, just as much as the meanest tasked serf, perhaps more even than he, for they were so willingly, but he unwillingly enough.

They could do everything but justice, and truth, and mercy; therefore God's judgments hung over their heads, not fallen yet, but surely to fall one time or other.

For ages past they had warred against one people only, whom they could not utterly subdue; a feeble people in numbers, dwelling in the very midst of them, among the mountains; yet now they were pressing them close; acre after acre, with seas of blood to purchase each acre, had been wrested from the free people, and their end seemed drawing near; and this time the king, Valdemar, had marched to their land with a great army, to make war

on them, he boasted to himself, almost for the last time.

A walled town in the free land; in that town, a house built of rough, splintery stones; and in a great low-browed room of that house, a grey-haired man pacing to and fro impatiently: "Will she never come?" he says, "it is two hours since the sun set; news, too, of the enemy's being in the land; how dreadful if she is taken!" His great broad face is marked with many furrows made by the fierce restless energy of the man; but there is a wearied look on it, the look of a man who, having done his best, is yet beaten; he seemed to long to be gone and be at peace: he, the fighter in many battles, who often had seemed with his single arm to roll back the whole tide of fight, felt despairing enough now; this last invasion, he thought, must surely quite settle the matter; wave after wave, wave after wave, had broken on that dear land and been rolled back from it, and still the hungry sea pressed on; they must be finally drowned in that sea; how fearfully they had been tried for their sins. Back again to his anxiety concerning Cissela, his daughter, go his thoughts, and he still paces up and down wearily, stopping now and then to gaze intently on things which he has seen a hundred times; and the night has altogether come on.

At last the blast of a horn from outside, challenge and counter-challenge, and the wicket to the court-yard is swung open; for this house, being in a part of the city where the walls are somewhat weak, is a little fortress in itself, and is very carefully guarded. The old man's face brightened at the sound of the new comers, and he went toward the entrance of the house where he was met by two young knights fully armed, and a maiden. "Thank God you are come," he says; but stops when he sees her face, which is quite pale, almost wild with some sorrow. "The saints! Cissela, what is it?" he says, "Father, Eric will tell you." Then suddenly a clang, for Eric has thrown on the ground a richly-jewelled sword, sheathed, and sets his foot on it, crunching the pearls on the sheath; then says, flinging up his head,—"There, father, the enemy is in the land; may that happen to every one of them! but for my part I have accounted for two already." "Son Eric, son Eric, you talk for ever about yourself; quick, tell me about Cissela instead: if you go on boasting and talking always about yourself, you will come to no good end, son, after all." But as he says this, he smiles nevertheless, and his eye glistens.

"Well, father, listen—such a strange thing she tells us, not to be believed, if she did not tell us herself; the enemy has suddenly got generous, one of them at least, which is something of a disappointment to me—ah! pardon, about myself again; and that is about myself too. Well, father, what am I to do?—But Cissela, she wandered some way from her maidens, when—ah! but I never could tell a story properly, let her tell it herself; here Cissela!—well, well, I see she is better employed, talking namely, how should I know what! with Siur in the window-seat yonder—but she told us that, as she wandered almost by herself, she presently heard shouts and saw many of the enemy's knights riding quickly towards her; whereat she knelt only and prayed to God, who was very gracious to her; for when, as she thought, something dreadful was about to happen, the chief of the knights (a very noble-looking man, she said) rescued her, and, after he had gazed earnestly into her face, told her she might go back again to her own home, and her maids with her, if only she would tell him where she dwelt and her name; and withal he sent three knights to escort her some way toward the city; then he turned and rode away with all his knights but those three, who, when they knew that he

had quite gone, she says, began to talk horribly, saying things whereof in her terror she understood the import only: then, before worse came to pass came I and slew two, as I said, and the other ran away 'lustily with a good courage;' and that is the sword of one of the slain knights, or, as one might rather call them, rascally caitiffs."

The old man's thoughts seemed to have gone wandering after his son had finished; for he said nothing for some time, but at last spoke dejectedly.

"Eric, brave son, when I was your age I too hoped, and my hopes are come to this at last; you are blind in your hopeful youth, Eric, and do not see that this king (for the king it certainly was) will crush us, and not the less surely because he is plainly not ungenerous, but rather a good, courteous knight. Alas! poor old Gunnar, broken down now and ready to die, as your country is! How often, in the olden time, thou used'st to say to thyself, as thou didst ride at the head of our glorious house, 'this charge may finish this matter, this battle must.' They passed away, those gallant fights, and still the foe pressed on, and hope, too, slowly ebbed away, as the boundaries of our land grew less and less: behold this is the last wave but one or two, and then for a sad farewell to name and freedom. Yet, surely the end of the world must come when we are swept from off the face of the earth. God waits long, they say, before he avenges his own."

As he was speaking, Siur and Cissela came nearer to him, and Cissela, all traces of her late terror gone from her face now, raising her lips to his bended forehead, kissed him fondly, and said, with glowing face,

"Father, how can I help our people? Do they want deaths? I will die. Do they want happiness? I will live miserably through years and years, nor ever pray for death."

Some hope or other seemed growing up in his heart, and showing through his face; and he spoke again, putting back the hair from off her face, and clasping it about with both his hands, while he stooped to kiss her.

"God remember your mother, Cissela! Then it was no dream after all, but true perhaps, as indeed it seemed at the time; but it must come quickly, that woman's deliverance, or not at all. When was it that I heard that old tale, that sounded even then true to my ears? for we have not been punished for nought, my son; that is not God's way. It comes across my memory somehow, mingled in a wonderful manner with the purple of the pines on the hill-side, with the fragrance of them borne from far towards me; for know, my children, that in times past, long, long past now, we did an evil deed; for our forefathers, who have been dead now, and forgiven so long ago, once mad with rage at some defeat from their enemies, fired a church, and burned therein many women who had fled thither for refuge; and from that time a curse cleaves to us. Only they say, that at the last we may be saved from utter destruction by a woman; I know not. God grant it may be so."

Then she said, "Father, brother, and you, Siur, come with me to the chapel; I wish you to witness me make an oath."

Her face was pale, her lips were pale, her golden hair was pale; but not pale, it seemed, from any sinking of blood, but from gathering of intensest light from somewhere, her eyes perhaps, for they appeared to burn inwardly.

They followed the sweeping of her purple robe in silence through the low heavy-beamed passages: they entered the little chapel, dimly lighted by the moon that night, as it shone through one of the three arrow-slits of windows at the east end. There was little wealth of marble there, I trow; little time had those fighting men for stone-smoothing. Albeit, one noted many semblances of flowers even

in the dim half-light, and here and there the faces of BRAVE men, roughly cut enough, but grand, because the hand of the carver had followed his loving heart. Neither was there gold wanting to the altar and its canopy; and above the low pillars of the nave hung banners, taken from the foe by the men of that house, gallant with gold and jewels.

She walked up to the altar and took the blessed book of the Gospels from the left side of it; then knelt in prayer for a moment or two, while the three men stood behind her reverently. When she rose she made a sign to them, and from their scabbards gleamed three swords in the moonlight; then, while they held them aloft, and pointed toward the altar, she opened the book at the page whereon was painted Christ the Lord dying on the cross, pale against the gleaming gold: she said, in a firm voice, "Christ God, who diedst for all men, so help me, as I refuse not life, happiness, even honour, for this people whom I love."

Then she kissed the face so pale against the gold, and knelt again.

But when she had risen, and before she could leave the space by the altar, Siur had stepped up to her, and seized her hurriedly, folding both his arms about her; she let herself be held there, her bosom against his; then he held her away from him a little space, holding her by the arms near the shoulder; then he took her hands and led them across his shoulders, so that now she held him.

And they said nothing; what could they say? Do you know any word for what they meant?

And the father and brother stood by, looking quite awe-struck, more so they seemed than by her solemn oath. Till Siur, raising his head from where it lay, cried out aloud: "May God forgive me as I am true to her! hear you, father and brother?"

Then said Cissela: "May God help me in my need, as I am true to Siur."

And the others went, and they two were left standing there alone, with no little awe over them, strange and shy as they had never yet been to each other. Cissela shuddered, and said in a quick whisper; "Siur, on your knees! and pray that these oaths may never clash."

"Can they, Cissela?" he said.

"O love," she cried, "you have loosed my hand; take it again, or I shall die, Siur!"

He took both her hands, he held them fast to his lips, to his forehead; he said: "No, God does not allow such things: truth does not lie; you are truth; this need not be prayed for."

She said; "Oh, forgive me! yet—yet this old chapel is damp and cold even in the burning summer weather. O knight Siur, something strikes through me; I pray you kneel and pray."

He looked steadily at her for a long time without answering, as if he were trying once for all to become indeed one with her; then said: "Yes, it is possible; in no other way could you give up everything."

Then he took from off his finger a thin golden ring, and broke it in two, and gave her the one half, saying: "When will they come together?"

Then within a while they left the chapel, and walked as in a dream between the dazzling lights of the hall, where the knights sat now, and between those lights sat down together, dreaming still the same dream each of them; while all the knights shouted for Siur and Cissela. Even if a man had spent all his life looking for sorrowful things, even if he sought for them with all his heart and soul, and even though he had grown grey in that quest, yet would he have found nothing in all the world, or perhaps in all the stars either, so sorrowful as Cissela.

They had accepted her sacrifice after long deliberation, they had arrayed her in purple and scarlet, they had

rowned her with gold wrought about vith jewels, they had spread abroad he veil of her golden hair; yet now, is they led her forth in the midst of he band of knights, her brother Eric olding fast her hand, each man felt ike a murderer when he beheld her face, whereon was no tear, wherein was no writhing of muscle, twitching of nerve, wherein was no sorrow-mark of her own, but only the sorrow-mark which God sent her, and which she *must* perforce wear.

Yet they had not caught eagerly at her offer, they had said at first almost to a man: "Nay, this thing shall not be, let us die altogether rather than this." Yet as they sat, and said this, to each man of the council came floating dim memories of that curse of the burned women, and its remedy; to many it ran rhythmically, an old song better known by the music than the words, heard once and again, long ago, when the gusty wind overmastered the chestnut-boughs, and strewed the smooth sward with their star-leaves.

Withal came thoughts to each man, partly selfish, partly wise and just, concerning his own wife and children, concerning children yet unborn; thoughts too of the glory of the old name; all that had been suffered and done that the glorious free land might yet be a nation.

And the spirit of hope, never dead but sleeping only, woke up within their hearts: "We may yet be a people," they said to themselves, "if we can but get breathing time."

And as they thought these things, and doubted, Siur rose up in the midst of them and said: "You are right in what you think, countrymen, and she is right; she is altogether good and noble; send her forth."

Then, with one look of utter despair at her as she stood statue-like, he left the council, lest he should fall down and die in the midst of them, he said; yet he died not then, but lived for many years afterwards.

But they rose from their seats, and when they were armed, and she royally arrayed, they went with her, leading her through the dear streets, whence you always saw the great pine-shadowed mountains; she went away from all that was dear to her, to go and sit a crowned queen in the dreary marble palace, whose outer walls rose right up from the weary-hearted sea. She could not think, she durst not; she feared, if she did, that she would curse her beauty, almost curse the name of love, curse Siur, though she knew he was right, for not slaying her; she feared that she might curse God.

So she thought not at all, steeping her senses utterly in forgetfulness of the happy past, destroying all anticipation of the future: yet, as they left the city amid the tears of women, and fixed sorrowful gaze of men, she turned round once, and stretched her arms out involuntarily, like a dumb senseless thing, towards the place where she was born, and where her life grew happier day by day, and where his arms first crept round about her.

She turned away and thought, but in a cold speculative manner, how it was possible that she was bearing this sorrow; as she often before had wondered, when slight things vexed her overmuch, how people had such sorrows and lived, and almost doubted if the pain was so much greater in great sorrows than in small troubles, or whether the nobleness only was greater, the pain not sharper, but more lingering.

Halfway toward the camp the king's people met her; and over the trampled ground, where they had fought so fiercely but a little time before, they spread breadth of golden cloth, that her feet might not touch the arms of her dead countrymen, or their brave bodies.

And so they came at last with many trumpet-blasts to the king's tent, who stood at the door of it, to welcome his bride that was to be: a noble man

truly to look on, kindly, and genial-eyed; the red blood sprang up over his face when she came near; and she looked back no more, but bowed before him almost to the ground, and would have knelt, but that he caught her in his arms and kissed her; she was pale no more now; and the king, as he gazed delightedly at her, did not notice that sorrow-mark, which was plain enough to her own people.

So the trumpets sounded again one long peal that seemed to make all the air reel and quiver, and the soldiers and lords shouted: "Hurrah for the Peace-Queen, Cissela!"

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"Come, Harald," said a beautiful golden-haired boy to one who was plainly his younger brother, "Come, and let us leave Robert here by the forge, and show our lady-mother this beautiful thing. Sweet master armourer, farewell."

"Are you going to the queen then?" said the armourer.

"Yea," said the boy, looking wonderingly at the strong craftsman's eager face.

"But, nay; let me look at you awhile longer, you remind me so much of one I loved long ago in my own land. Stay awhile till your other brother goes with you."

"Well, I will stay, and think of what you have been telling me; I do not feel as if I should ever think of anything else for long together, as long as I live."

So he sat down again on an old battered anvil, and seemed with his bright eyes to be beholding something in the land of dreams. A gallant dream it was he dreamed; for he saw himself with his brothers and friends about him, seated on a throne, the justest king in all the earth, his people the lovingest of all people: he saw the ambassadors of the restored nations, that had been unjustly dealt with long ago; everywhere love, and peace if possible, justice and truth at all events.

Alas! he knew not that vengeance, so long delayed, must fall at last in his life-time; he knew not that it takes longer to restore that whose growth has been through age and age, than the few years of a life-time; yet was the reality good, if not as good as the dream.

Presently his twin-brother Robert woke him from that dream, calling out: "Now, brother Svend, are we really ready; see here! but stop, kneel first; there, now am I the Bishop."

And he pulled his brother down on to his knees, and put on his head, where it fitted loosely enough now, hanging down from left to right, an iron crown fantastically wrought, which he himself, having just finished it, had taken out of the water, cool and dripping.

Robert and Harald laughed loud when they saw the crown hanging all askew, and the great drops rolling from it into Svend's eyes and down his cheeks, looking like tears: not so Svend; he rose, holding the crown level on his head, holding it back, so that it pressed against his brow hard, and, first dashing the drops to right and left, caught his brother by the hand, and said: "May I keep it, Robert? I shall wear it some day."

"Yea," said the other; "but it is a poor thing; better let Siur put it in the furnace again and make it into sword hilts."

Thereupon they began to go, Svend holding the crown in his hand: but as they were going, Siur called out: "Yet will I sell my dagger at a price, Prince Svend, even as you wished at first, rather than give it you for nothing."

"Well, for what?" said Svend, somewhat shortly, for he thought Siur was going back from his promise, which seemed ugly to him.

"Nay, be not angry prince," said the armourer, "only I pray you to satisfy this whim of mine; it is the first favour I have asked of you: will you ask the fair, noble lady, your mother, from

Siur the smith, if she is happy now?"

"Willingly, sweet master Siur, if it pleases you; farewell."

And with happy young faces they went away; and when they were gone, Siur from a secret place drew out various weapons and armour, and began to work at them, having first drawn bolt and bar of his workshop carefully.

Svend, with Harald and Robert his two brethren, went their ways to the queen, and found her sitting alone in a fair court of the palace full of flowers, with a marble cloister round about it; and when she saw them coming, she rose up to meet them, her three fair sons.

Truly as that right royal woman bent over them lovingly, there seemed little need of Siur's question.

So Svend showed her his dagger, but not the crown; and she asked many questions concerning Siur the smith, about his way of talking and his face, the colour of his hair even, till the boys wondered, she questioned them so closely, with beaming eyes and glowing cheeks, so that Svend thought he had never before seen his mother look so beautiful.

Then Svend said: "And, mother, don't be angry with Siur, will you? because he sent a message to you by me."

"Angry!" and straightway her soul was wandering where her body could not come, and for a moment or two she was living as before, with him close by her, in the old mountain land.

"Well, mother, he wanted me to ask you if you were happy now."

"Did he, Svend, this man with brown hair, grizzled as you say it is now? Is his hair soft then, this Siur, going down on to his shoulders in waves? and his eyes, do they glow steadily, as if lighted up from his heart? and how does he speak? Did you not tell me that his words led you, whether you would or no, into dreamland? Ah well! tell him I am happy, but not so happy as we shall be, as we were. And so you, son Robert, are getting to be quite a cunning smith; but do you think you will ever beat Siur?"

"Ah, mother, no," he said, "there is something with him that makes him seem quite infinitely beyond all other workmen I have ever heard of."

Some memory coming from that dreamland smote upon her heart more than the others; she blushed like a young girl, and said hesitatingly:

"Does he work with his left hand, son Robert; for I have heard that some men do so?" But in her heart she remembered how once, long ago in the old mountain country, in her father's house, some one had said that only men who were born so, could do cunningly with the left hand; and how Siur, then quite a boy, had said, "Well, I will try:" and how, in a month or two, he had come to her with an armlet of silver, very curiously wrought, which he had done with his own left hand.

So Robert said: "Yea, mother, he works with his left hand almost as much as with his right, and sometimes I have seen him change the hammer suddenly from his right hand to his left, with a kind of half smile, as one who would say, 'Cannot I then?' and this more when he does smith's work in metal than when he works in marble; and once I heard him say when he did so, 'I wonder where my first left hand work is; ah! I bide my time.' I wonder also, mother, what he meant by that."

She answered no word, but shook her arm free from its broad sleeve, and something glittered on it, near her wrist, something wrought out of silver set with quaint and uncouthly-cut stones of little value.

* * * * * * *

In the council-chamber, among the lords, sat Svend and his six brethren; he chief of all in the wielding of sword or axe, in the government of people, in drawing the love of men and women to him; perfect in face and body, in wisdom and strength was Svend: next to

him sat Robert, cunning in working of marble, or wood, or brass; all things could he make to look as if they lived, from the sweep of an angel's wings down to the slipping of a little field-mouse from under the sheaves in the harvest-time. Then there was Harald, who knew concerning all the stars of heaven and flowers of earth: Richard, who drew men's hearts from their bodies, with the words that swung to and fro in his glorious rhymes: William, to whom the air of heaven seemed a servant when the harp-strings quivered underneath his fingers: there were the two sailor-brothers, who the year before, young though they were, had come back from a long, perilous voyage, with news of an island they had found long and long away to the west, larger than any that this people knew of, but very fair and good, though uninhabited.

But now over all this noble brotherhood, with its various gifts hung one cloud of sorrow; their mother, the Peace-Queen Cissela was dead, she who had taught them truth and nobleness so well; she was never to see the beginning of the end that they would work; truly it seemed sad.

There sat the seven brothers in the council chamber, waiting for the king, speaking no word, only thinking drearily; and under the pavement of the great church Cissela lay, and by the side of her tomb stood two men, old men both, Valdemar the king, and Siur.

So the king, after that he had gazed awhile on the carven face of her he had loved well, said at last:

"And now, Sir Carver, must you carve me also to lie there." And he pointed to the vacant space by the side of the fair alabaster figure.

"O king," said Siur, "except for a very few strokes on steel, I have done work now, having carved the queen there; I cannot do this thing for you."

What was it sent a sharp pang of bitterest suspicion through the very heart of the poor old man? he looked steadfastly at him for a moment or two, as if he would know all secrets; he could not, he had not strength of life enough to get to the bottom of things; doubt vanished soon from his heart and his face under Siur's pitying gaze; he said, "Then perhaps I shall be my own statue," and therewithal he sat down on the edge of the low marble tomb, and laid his right arm across her breast; he fixed his eyes on the eastern belt of windows, and sat quite motionless and silent; and he never knew that she loved him not.

But Siur, when he had gazed at him for awhile, stole away quietly, as we do when we fear to awaken a sleeper; and the king never turned his head, but still sat there, never moving, scarce breathing, it seemed.

Siur stood in his own great hall (for his house was large), he stood before the dais, and saw a fair sight, the work of his own hands.

For, fronting him, against the wall were seven thrones, and behind them a cloth of samite of purple wrought with golden stars, and barred across from right to left with long bars of silver and crimson, and edged below with melancholy, fading green, like a September sunset; and opposite each throne was a glittering suit of armour wrought wonderfully in bright steel, except that on the breast of each suit was a face worked marvellously in enamel, the face of Cissela in a glory of golden hair; and the glory of that gold spread away from the breast on all sides, and ran cunningly along with the steel rings, in such a way as it is hard even to imagine: moreover, on the crest of each helm was wrought the phœnix, the never-dying bird, the only creature that knows the sun; and by each suit lay a gleaming sword terrible to look at, steel from pommel to point, but wrought along the blade in burnished gold that outflashed the gleam of the steel, was written in fantastic letters the word "Westward."

So Siur gazed till he heard footsteps coming; then he turned to meet them. And Svend and his brethren sat silent in the council chamber, till they heard a great noise and clamour of the people arise through all the streets; then they rose to see what it might be. Meanwhile on the low marble tomb, under the dim sweeping vault sat, or rather lay, the king; for, though his right arm still lay over her breast, his head had fallen forward, and rested now on the shoulder of the marble queen. There he lay, with strange confusion of his scarlet, gold-wrought robes; silent, motionless, and dead. The seven brethren stood together on a marble terrace of the royal palace, that was dotted about on the balusters of it with white statues: they were helmetted, and armed to the teeth, only over their armour great black cloaks were thrown.

Now the whole great terrace was a-sway with the crowd of nobles and princes, and others that were neither nobles or princes, but true men only; and these were helmetted and wrapped in black cloaks even as the princes were, only the crests of the princes' helms were wrought wonderfully with that bird, the phœnix, all flaming with new power, dying because its old body is not strong enough for its new-found power: and those on that terrace who were unarmed had anxious faces, some fearful, some stormy with Devil's rage at disappointment; but among the faces of those helmed ones, though here and there you might see a pale face, there was no fear or rage, scarcely even any anxiety, but calm, brave joy seemed to be on all.

Above the heads of all men on that terrace shone out Svend's brave face, the golden hair flowing from out of his helmet: a smile of quiet confidence overflowing from his mighty heart, in the depths of which it was dwelling, just showed a very little on his eyes and lips.

While all the vast square, and all the windows and roofs even of the houses over against the palace, were alive with an innumerable sea of troubled raging faces, showing white, upturned from the undersea of their many-coloured raiment; the murmur from them was like the sough of the first tempest-wind among the pines; and the gleam of spears here and there like the last few gleams of the sun through the woods when the black thunder-clouds come up over all, soon to be shone through, those woods, by the gleam of the deep lightning.

Also sometimes the murmur would swell, and from the heart of it would come a fierce, hoarse, tearing, shattering roar, strangely discordant, of "War! War! give us war, O king!"

Then Svend stepping forward, his arms hidden under his long cloak as they hung down quietly, the smile on his face broadening somewhat, sent from his chest a mighty, effortless voice over all the raging:

"Hear, O ye people! War with all that is ugly and base; peace with all that is fair and good.—NO WAR with my brother's people."

Just then one of those unhelmetted, creeping round about stealthily to the place where Svend stood, lifted his arm and smote at him with a dagger; whereupon Svend clearing his right arm from his cloak with his left, lifted up his glittering right hand, and the traitor fell to the earth groaning with a broken jaw, for Svend had smitten him on the mouth a backward blow with his open hand.

One shouted from the crowd, "Ay, murderer Svend, slay our good nobles, as you poisoned the king your father, that you and your false brethren might oppress us with the memory of that Devil's witch, your mother!"

The smile left Svend's face and heart now, he looked very stern as he said:

"Hear, O ye people! In years past when I was a boy my dream of dreams was ever this, how I should make you good, and because good, happy, when I should become king over you; but

as year by year passed I saw my dream flitting; the deep colours of it changed, faded, grew grey in the light of coming manhood; nevertheless, God be my witness, that I have ever striven to make you just and true, hoping against hope continually; and I had even determined to bear everything and stay with you, even though you should remain unjust and liars, for the sake of the few who really love me: but now, seeing that God has made you mad, and that his vengeance will speedily fall, take heed how you cast out from you all that is good and true-hearted! Once more—which choose you, Peace or War?"

Between the good and the base, in the midst of the passionate faces and changing colours stood the great terrace, cold, and calm, and white, with its changeless statues; and for a while there was silence.

Broken through at last by a yell, and the sharp whirr of arrows, and the cling, clang, from the armour of the terrace as Prince Harald staggered through unhurt, struck by the broad point on the helmet.

"What! War?" shouted Svend wrathfully, and his voice sounded like a clap of thunder following the lightning flash when a tower is struck. "What! war? swords for Svend! round about the king, good men and true! Sons of the golden-haired, show these men WAR."

As he spoke he let his black cloak fall, and up from their sheaths sprang seven swords, steel from pommel to point only; on the blades of them in fantastic letters of gold, shone the word WESTWARD.

Then all the terrace gleamed with steel, and amid the hurtling of stones and whizz of arrows they began to go westward.

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The streets ran with blood, the air was filled with groans and curses, the low waves nearest the granite pier were edged with blood, because they first caught the drippings of the blood.

Then those of the people who durst stay on the pier saw the ships of Svend's little fleet leaving one by one; for he had taken aboard those ten ships whosoever had prayed to go, even at the last moment, wounded, or dying even; better so, for in their last moments came thoughts of good things to many of them, and it was good to be among the true.

But those haughty ones left behind, sullen and untamed, but with a horrible indefinable dread on them that was worse than death, or mere pain, howsoever fierce—these saw all the ships go out of the harbour merrily with swelling sail and dashing oar, and with joyous singing of those aboard; and Svend's was the last of all.

Whom they saw kneel down on the deck unhelmed, then all sheathed their swords that were about him; and the Prince Robert took from Svend's hand an iron crown fantastically wrought, and placed it on his head as he knelt; then he continued kneeling still, till, as the ship drew further and further away from the harbour, all things aboard of her became indistinct.

And they never saw Svend and his brethren again.

Here ends what William the Englishman wrote; but afterwards (in the night-time) he found the book of a certain chronicler which saith:

"In the spring-time, in May, the
"550th year from the death of Svend
"the wonderful king, the good knights,
"sailing due eastward, came to a har-
"bour of a land they knew not: wherein
"they saw many goodly ships, but of a
"strange fashion like the ships of the
"ancients, and destitute of any mari-
"ners: besides they saw no beacons
"for the guidance of seamen, nor was
"there any sound of bells or singing,
"though the city was vast, with
"many goodly towers and palaces. So
"when they landed they found that
"which is hardly to be believed, but

which is nevertheless true: for about the quays and about the streets lay many people dead, or stood, but quite without motion, and they were all white or about the colour of new-hewn freestone, yet were they not statues but real men, for they had, some of them, ghastly wounds which showed their entrails, and the structure of their flesh, and veins, and bones.

"Moreover the streets were red and wet with blood, and the harbour "waves were red with it, because it "dripped in great drops slowly from "the quays.

"Then when the good knights saw "this, they doubted not but that it "was a fearful punishment on this "people for sins of theirs; thereupon "they entered into a church of that "city and prayed God to pardon them; "afterwards, going back to their ships, "sailed away marvelling.

"And I John who wrote this history "saw all this with mine own eyes."

GERTHA'S LOVERS.

Chap. IV.—*Gertha the Queen.*

AND meantime how did it fare with Gertha?

The time passed slowly between hope and fear, and all the time was weary with a sick longing that would have been no less had he but gone out on a hunting expedition. She had pity too for those who were sick with love and dread, and all those who looked on her loved her.

Then one evening about sunset-time, as the nuns were singing in their chapel and she with them, as the low sun struck through the western window, and smote upon the gold about the altar till it changed it to a wonderful crimson, upon which the pale painted angels that flecked the gold showed purer and paler than ever—there came, on that sunset evening, far off and faint at first, across, over the roofs of the houses up to the hill whereon the Abbey stood, a sound of shouting mingled with the wailing of women, and the still sadder and more awful wailing of the great trumpets, which seemed to be the gathered sorrow from the hearts of the men, who themselves could not wail because of their manhood.

Tremblingly the nuns heard it, and their hymns fainted and died, as that awful sound of the indignant sorrow of a whole people going up to heaven rose and deepened, and swept onward: and Gertha turned pale even to the lips, and trembled too, at first, like an aspen-leaf, her heart beating so the while that she could hear the throbbings of it; but with a mighty effort she beat back the trembling fever; she said low to herself: "He is dead, and I must not die yet." Then she left her seat and walked, pale in her face like a marble statue, up to the altar; she turned round and faced the door and the sun, none hindering her, for they said, "she waits for news about the battle."

The sun was on her forehead at first as she stood still, but it sunk lower till it touched her lips, and they seemed to quiver (though she held them still) in that flood of light.

So she stood, when lo! the clash of arms in the vestibule, and there entered armed knights without bowing to the altar or crossing themselves, Leuchnar first, then Barulf and some twenty lords following him; the others gazed about confusedly at first, but

Leuchnar going before them all, walked swiftly up to the place where Gertha stood, and fell before her feet, spreading his arms out towards her as he did so, and his iron armour rattled with strange echo about the vaulted roof; she did not look at him, her eyes beheld rather the far off battle-field, and Olaf lying there somewhere under the earth.

"Queen Gertha," he began; but his voice failed him for thronging memories; Sir Barulf and the others drew reverently towards the two, and waited a little way off standing in a half circle: he heaved a great sigh, then bent lower yet, till his mail clinked against the step whereon she stood, then suddenly raised his passionate eyes to hers, and gazed till she was forced to look on him both with heart and eyes.

She beheld him pityingly: he said again: "Queen Gertha!" (thereat she started) "Queen Gertha, he is dead."

"O Leuchnar, I heard the trumpets sing it so, therefore I stayed here for his message; what is it?"

"That you must be Queen over us yet awhile, Lady Gertha."

"Ah! and must I be; may I not go to him at once? for do you know, Leuchnar," (and she stooped down low towards him, and laid her hand on his head as he knelt) "do you know, I saw him just now lying pale and cold, waiting for me, his arms stretched out this way towards me, his changed eyes looking longingly."

"O noblest," he said, "know you not with how many perils we are beset? Whose spirit but his can help us through, and with whom does it dwell but with you?"

She wept: "Leuchnar, though He call for me so, yet perhaps that is because he is sick and weak and scarce knows what he says: and I know that in his heart he desires above all things the safety of this people that goes westward; so I will be Queen till the last foe is vanquished—tell them so."

Then he took her hand; how strangely as he held it did the poor flesh of him quiver, how his heart melted in the midst of his body! he held her hand—and said, "I am Queen Gertha's liegeman." Then sprung to his feet and called out aloud: "Sir Barulf and Knights all, come and do homage to Gertha, our Queen!"

Then each man knelt before her, and took her hand, and said, "I am Queen Gertha's liegeman."

Afterwards all standing about her together, but lower than she, clashed their swords and axes across her that rang out joyfully, wildly, half madly in that quiet place; while the sun grew lower so that its light fell on her bosom, and her face above looked out sad and pale and calm from among the flashing steel.

So that day Gertha was made Queen. And then all throughout the city you might have heard the ringing of hammers on iron as the armourers did their work, and the clinking of the masons' trowels as they wrought at the walls, strengthening them; for the walls had grown somewhat weak, as it was very many years since any enemy had threatened the city with a land army.

And on the sixth day came King Borrace, having wasted the land far and wide as he marched. Now when he had sent a herald to demand the surrender of that city, who had not even been suffered to enter it, but had been answered scornfully from the walls, he gnashed his teeth, and mounting a great black horse and armed with a mace rode about, ordering his battle.

Then also Gertha, leaving her hall of Council, went round about the walls with a band of knights: over her robes of purple and crimson her glorious hair flowed loose, and a gold crown marked her, circling her head; while in her hand she bore a slim white rod for a leader's staff.

Very faithful and true were all those

in the town, both soldiers and women, but when she drew near to any, their faith grew so, that they seemed transported out of themselves; the women wept for very love, and the men shouted "Gertha! Gertha!" till all the air rang; and King Borrace muttered stupidly from between his teeth, "They are praying to their gods, the fools." Then, turning about, he said to one who was master of his artillery; "Gasgan, son of a dog, bring up the catapults and shoot me down that woman there—there she goes, poking her head over the battlements—quick, O wretch begotten by the Devil's ram."

So Gasgan fixed his catapult and aimed the rugged stone at Gertha as she leaned over the wall, thinking, forgetting the fight and all, for him, just for a single instant.

He looked along the engine once, twice, thrice; once, twice, thrice he started back without letting the catch slip. "Dog," said Borrace, riding up, "why shootest not?"

The man looked up with drops of cold sweat hanging to his brow, then stammered out,

"O my Lord, it is nothing,—that is, there is nothing there now, nor was there when I fitted the levers; but when my hand went to the bolt, each time I saw standing before me that man, the King who was slain the other day, his sword drawn in his hand, and frowning on me terribly; I cannot shoot, my Lord—O Lord, save me!" he shrieked at last, for Borrace, hitching up his great iron mace by its thong into his hand, began to swing it, putting back his lips from his teeth and setting his head forward.

"Son of a rotten sheep, can a ghost stop a stone from a petraria? go and join King Olaf." So he struck him on the uplifted face, between the eyes, and Gasgan fell dead without a groan, not to be known any more by his wife or mother even, for the mace had shattered his skull.

"Now then," said Borrace, "I will try the ghost of this fellow whom I slew once, and whom I will slay again, God being my help."

He leapt down from his horse, and let his hand fall to the bolt, but just as he did so, before him, calm, but frowning, stood Olaf with bright-gleaming sword and yellow hair blown by the wind: "Art thou not dead then?" shouted Borrace furiously, and with a great curse he drew the bolt.

The stone flew fiercely enough, but not towards Gertha; it went sideways, and struck down two of Borrace's own lords, dashing the life out of the first and maiming the other for life. Borrace flung on to his horse, howling out like a mad dog, "Witch! Witch!" and like a man possessed galloped toward the city as though he would leap wall and ditch, screaming such mad blasphemy as cannot be written.

After him very swiftly galloped some fifty knights and men-at-arms for his protection, and but just in time; for one of the city gates swung open, the drawbridge fell with a heavy thump, and out rode a single knight armed with a northern axe instead of a spear, slim in figure, but seeming to be good at war. He dashed through the first few of Borrace's horsemen, who came up in scattered fashion because they had been riding as in a race, unhorsing a man to right and left of him as he passed through them, then made right at the King; as they met, Borrace struck out blind with rage at the knight, who putting aside the heavy mace smote him on the side of the helm, that he tumbled clean out of the saddle.

"Gertha! Gertha!" shouted the knight, and he caught Borrace's horse by the bridle, and dashed off towards the gate again, where in the flanking towers the archers stood ready to cover his retreat; for some twenty yards as they galloped furiously on, Borrace dragged in the stirrup, then the stirrup-leather broke, and his horsemen

seeing him lie still there, gave up the pursuit of the victorious knight, which was the better advised, as the first flight of arrows from the bowmen had already slain three outright, and wounded five, and they were again getting their strings to their ears.

"Gertha! Leuchnar for Gertha!" rang from the knight again, as he turned just before he crossed the drawbridge; but the last of the enemies stood up in his stirrups and poised his lance in act to throw; but before it left his hand an arrow had leapt through his throat, and he fell dead. "Gertha!" shouted the archer. And then again the drawbridge swayed up, letting little stones fall into the moat from it, down rattled the portcullis, and the heavy gate swung to.

Then presently arose mightily the cry of "Gertha! Gertha, the Queen!"

But withal, when the pirates found that King Borrace was not slain, but only very much bruised, they advanced their engines, and the catapults and balistæ and rams shook the wall, and made many sore cracks in the older parts, and the arrows flew like hail, and the "cats," great wooden towers covered with skins to protect them from fire, began to rise against the town.

Nevertheless, through all that weary day, though the defenders were so few for the great length of wall, they fought cheerfully and with good faith, like the men they were.

So that when they brought news to battered King Borrace, who lay tossing on his bed, concerning how little progress they had made, he gnashed his teeth, and cursed and was right mad.

And all the while through the thunder of the balistæ stones against the wall, through the howling of the catapult stones as they came among them into the city, through the gaunt uplifting of the misshapen rams, through the noise of the sledge-hammers clamping the iron bands of the cat-towers, through the whirr of arrows, through wounds and weariness, and death of friends, still rose the shout of "Gertha! Gertha the Queen! Gertha!"

Guess whether many people lay awake that night, or rather whether any slept at all, save those who were utterly wearied out by that day's fighting or by their own restless excitement. Many did not even try to sleep, but sat round about the cold hearth telling stories; brave stories, mostly of the good old times that were fathers to the good times now; or else they would go about the walls in an eager fever to see what was going on; and some there were who stood all that night by the bed of some sorely wounded friend; and some, mother, lover, friend, stood also by bedsides holding the cold hands with bitter thoughts that were hard to bear.

That night was dark, with much gusty wind and a drizzle of rain, therefore, though it was August and the days long, yet it was quite dark by nine o'clock, and a little after twilight the enemies' petrariæ left off playing, so that the besieged had rest: but before daybreak the drizzle had changed to steady rain, the wind having fallen.

Even before dawn the camp was a-stir, and two hours afterwards the cat-towers were again building, and the battering had begun again.

And so that day passed, through the rainy hours of it; and about two hours after noon the enemy tried to scale the lowest part of the wall near the harbour. Thereupon Gertha came to that part and looked on the fighters from a tower with a circle of knights round about. Therefore her people waxed so valiant, that though the pirates, fighting like madmen, fixed the ladders to the wall even through the storm of arrows and stones, (for the tide was out and there was no water now round about the wall,) they were nevertheless driven back with great slaughter.

Also, on the other side of the town, one of the cat-towers was fired, and many perished miserably therein.

That evening Gertha sat and took council with her lords and knights; whereon Leuchnar arose and said, "Noble lady, we must make a sortie, and collect every man, and every boy too, to guard the walls meanwhile, for we are very few to guard so great a city, and the enemy is very many; half our men are utterly worn out with these two days' fighting, coming so close upon their long march; the walls, either old and crumbling, or new and still damp, are cracked in twenty places: they are making a great raft for the crossing of the moat; go to the open window, lady, and you will hear, though it is night, the sound of their hammers busy on it. When King Borrace can put on his armour again, (would that I had slain him outright!) we shall be attacked in twenty places at once, and then I fear it will go hard with the fair city; we must make a night attack, and do all the burning and slaying that we may."

"Dear knight," said Barulf, "you are young and wise, this thing must be done: let some one get together two thousand of our best men, and those that are least wearied; let them be divided into two bands, and march out, the one by Gate St. George, the other by the East Gate; you, Sir Leuchnar, shall lead the one out of Gate St. George, and I will lead the other."

He said this last quite eagerly, and the colour sprang up to his face: Gertha looked at him half shyly, then spoke to him.

"Nay, Sir Barulf, are you not then too old for blushing? Except for the last word your speech was very wise, but that spoilt it rather, for you must stay behind with us, some one else must go."

She smiled serenely as she spoke; indeed she seemed quite happy now, seeing prophetically perhaps that the end drew near.

"And I?" said Leuchnar, "may I not go?"

"Go, fair knight, and the Lord keep you from all harm."

But Barulf said, smiling also; "As for me, Queen Gertha, you know best, so I will stay behind, and hope to get a good drive at the three Dukes; they will keep, doubtless; may the Lord make their hands light! but who shall go in my stead?"

She looked round the noble assembly, and her eyes fixed on a young knight who sat over against her; their eyes met, and he seemed to Gertha to resemble somewhat her king, who was waiting for her near the poplar-trees. So she said:

"Sir knight, I know not your name; you I mean, with the blue surcoat and the golden Chevron on it; but will you take this service upon you?"

He had been gazing at her all the time they had sat there, and when he heard her speaking to him it must have seemed to him as if they two were alone together, for he looked this way and that, just as though he feared that some one might hear what they said one to the other; he rose and fell before her feet, not knowing if he were in Heaven or not, for his yearning was so strong that it almost satisfied itself. He muttered something almost inaudible about his unworthiness.

She gazed at him as he lay there with that inexpressible pity and tenderness in her face, which made all men love her so, trust in her.

"Wait, fair knight, and rise I pray you; have you Father or Mother alive yet?"

"No, Lady," he said, still kneeling, like a suppliant for dear life.

"Any sisters or brothers?"

"None, Lady Gertha, now."

"Have you a Lover?"

"Yea—one whom I love."

Oh how the look of pity deepened in her eyes! what wonder that every nerve trembled in his body?

"And would she give it to your charge to lead a desperate sortie,

young as you are, with 'life all before you,' as men say?"

"Will she bid me go?" he said.

"Poor boy!—yet go—in the after-time we shall meet again, whatever happens, and you and Olaf will be friends, and you will see all his glory. What is your name?"

"Richard."

"Farewell, Richard," and she gave him her hand to kiss; then he departed, saying no word, and sat outside for a minute or two, quite bewildered with his happiness.

Then came Leuchnar, and they went together to see concerning the men they wanted, and as they went they told each other that which was nearest their hearts: then said Richard:

"This is about the happiest time of my life, since I was a child; shall we not fight well, Sir Leuchnar?"

"Yes," he said, "we ought both to praise God, Sir Richard, that, things being so, he has shown us so clearly what to do; I remember now how often in the past days I used after my fashion to torment myself, with thinking how ever I should pass the time if it chanced that my love (when it came, for love of all kinds was long in coming to my dull heart) should fail me; and now God calls us merely to spend a few hours in glorious fight, and then doubtless he will give us forgetfulness till we see her again: and all this I have not at all deserved, for though men's lips formed themselves to speak my name often, praising it for my many good deeds, yet the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and I know wherefore I did such things, not for God's glory, but for my glory."

"Does not God then accept a man's deeds, even if he stumble up to do them through mixed motives, part bad and part good? is it not written, 'by 'their fruits ye shall know them?'—and your fruits—how often when I have heard men talking of you have I longed to be like you, so brave and wise and good!"

"Ah! the fruits, the fruits!" said Leuchnar, "when I think what the lawful fruits of my thoughts were, I shudder to see how near the Devil's House I have passed. Pray for me in the battle, Richard."

"You are very good and humble, Leuchnar," he said, "and I know not what good the prayers of such an one as I am could do you, but I will pray. Yet I myself have been careless about deeds at all; I have loved beauty so much that I fear if any crime had at any time stood between me and beauty I should have committed that crime to reach it; yet has God been so kind to me, and kindest of all in this, that I who have done nothing all my life long yet, should do this and then die."

"And it is good to do one thing, and then die," said Leuchnar; "farewell."

So they departed each to his own band; and by this time the rain had ceased, the wind had risen, and was now blowing strong from the sea; the clouds were clearing off somewhat, but it was not quite bright; moreover the moon, though it had risen, was pretty much behind the clouds.

The two thousand horsemen went, each thousand in its own direction, very quietly along the streets; they opened Gate St. George quite quietly also, and Leuchnar passed out at the head of his men. Now on each side of that gate was a cat-tower; so a hundred men were sent to each of these to burn them first; they were then to follow the main body, doing such damage as they could to the petrariæ along their way: now this side of the camp happened to be very carelessly guarded, scarcely guarded at all in fact; there was no one in the cats, and the guards about fifty in number, who ought to have been watching them, were asleep some twenty yards off; so both parties succeeded in firing the cats, taking care to put such store of tow and flax mingled with pitch into them that it should be impossible to drown the flames; moreover the guards awakened by the trampling of the horses and roar of the flames were put

to the sword as they rose, sleepy, bewildered, unable to use their arms: then the two hundred men, burning as they went along the altogether unguarded petrariæ on their path, soon joined the main body, and they all rode on swiftly toward the camp, just beginning to stir because of the noise, and the flare of the burning cats. A few minutes' gallop brought Leuchnar to the foremost tents, which were fired, and then through the smoke and flame Leuchnar dashed into King Borrace's camp at the head of his thousand horsemen.

At first there was scarce any resistance, the men were cut down and speared as they ran half-armed from out of the burning tents, and the flames spread in the rising wind; but the alarm too spreading, and many bands coming up in good order, Leuchnar was surrounded almost before he knew it; so in a pause in the fight he looked about him to see how he and his could die most to the advantage of the People; he listened and looked toward the East Gate, there were no flames to be seen in that quarter where Richard was to have fired the great balistæ and the rams and the raft for the crossing of the moat; for, to leave Leuchnar about to do something desperate, some of King Borrace's men on that side had heard a stir in the town, and the bravest of them had gone to tell him: for at this time he was well nigh mad with his foil, and raged like the Devil himself, to whom indeed he must have been nearly related, and the service of telling him anything like bad news was indeed a desperate one. However as I said, some brave men plucked up heart of grace to go and tell him that the townsmen seemed to be about to make a sally on that side of the camp.

He answered them first of all by throwing four javelins at them, one after another; for he had a sheaf of those weapons put by his bedside for that very purpose; one of them was wounded by this javelin-flight, the others by careful dodging managed to avoid him: then at last he listened to them, and being rather sobered ordered 5000 horsemen to fetch a compass and charge Richard's party in the rear when he was well drawn out towards the balistæ, which, as they were larger on this side, (for it was on this side that the enemy hoped most to make a breach,) were farther from the walls that they might be out of the range of the townsmen's engines.

So when Richard came out of the East Gate very softly, this band of 5000 men was quite close to him, and the balistæ were guarded by a great body of archers and slingers; and neither horsemen nor archers could be seen, because, the night being gusty, the moon was at that time behind the clouds: so then Rolf coming near to one of the great balistæ sent aside fifty men to fire it, who were straightway attacked in front and flank by arrow-flights, so that all those who were not armed in proof were either slain or too badly wounded to retreat; the rest rode back in haste to the main body, which had halted as soon as Richard saw how matters went: then indeed would Sir Richard and all his men have died without helping Gertha, or the People that went westward, much, as men count help: but the Captain of those 5000 thought he would not attack Richard from behind, lest he should ride down his own people in the darkness, who he saw had already had some contest with the townsmen; but thinking that he would turn at once toward the town meant to fall on him as he retreated without order.

But Richard, seeing well how things had really gone, turned round to his men, and called out, "Keep well together, and fight well for Gertha"—then, "Sound trumpets, and Richard for Gertha!" So they dashed right at the camp at the gallop, and entered it close to Borrace's tent, where it was not deep but straggling.

Now Borrace, thinking that nothing else could happen but that the townsmen should all be slain close to the walls,

was standing near his tent, talking to some of his Captains, and armed all save his helm; for he was now well, or nearly well of his bruises, and intended to lead an attack the next day. So there he stood, and four Captains with him, he twirling his mace about in his nervous excitement, and sometimes looking uneasily at those that stood by, as if he thought they were getting something out of him. Judge of his astonishment when he heard Richard's shout of "Gertha," and then the thunder of the horsehoofs.

"Curse that witch!" he ground out from between his teeth, "shall I never hear the last of her? only I think when I have seen her well burnt out of hand, after that"——

"For your life, my lord! for your life! they are coming this way, they will be over us in a minute!" and he turned and ran, and ran well too; and Borrace also began to run, and got clear out of the way of the main body, and would have escaped but that a certain knight, espying him, and knowing well the villainous wolf's face of the man, as he looked over his shoulder, under the clearing moon, turned off a little and rode at him while he ran like ten men, crying out with a great laugh as he knocked him over, "Twice, O King Borrace!"

And indeed King Borrace was not knocked over thrice, for this time the brains were fairly knocked out of his smashed head by the great horsehoofs, the knight having disdained to use his sword on a runaway, and besides, being a genial sort of man, he had a kind of contemptuous pity for so stupid a brute, and thought to give him a chance.

However when the horsemen had ridden past, the Captains came back to see first of all what had become of their Lord and Master, for they had seen him go over, and with very mixed feelings. They found him as I said with his brains knocked out, and quite dead, whereat the first, Lord Robert, lifted his eyebrows and gave a long whistle in utter astonishment that so slight a matter as a horse should have slain him, for his head seemed to be solid and mostly of oak. But Sebald, the second of them, lifted his foot and dug his heel deep in the already fearfully lacerated face of the dead tyrant, saying as he did so,

"Beast and devil, remember my sister! I told you then I would do this one time or other," (and again he stamped,) "said so openly, yet you took me into your service instead of killing me as I hoped you would, madman that you were."

For in his madness of half-satisfied vengeance it seemed to him that he had slain him with his own hands; but suddenly it came across him how it was, and he said:

"Yet, O God! to think that I am disappointed in my revenge: yet still it is pleasant to do this, though another man slew him;" and again his heel came down on the dead King's wretched face: then he stooped down and put his hands to the warm blood that flowed from the wounds, and raised them to his lips and drank, and the draught seemed to please him.

Meanwhile Gherard, the third Captain, who had at first stood still without saying a word and apparently in deep thought, suddenly started, and catching hold of Sebald by the shoulder said savagely: "Fool! can't you stop that play-acting? Keep it till you are by yourself, for it is thrown away upon us, I can tell you; and don't you see all of you that this must not be known? quick! quick! help me to carry him into the tent; here Sebald, man, lift and quick——ah!" he said, turning round and glancing about uneasily, "where is Erwelt? but you carry him while I"——

And he darted off after the fourth Captain (Erwelt), who had somehow disappeared, a man of mincing manners, very elaborately dressed.

So Sebald and Robert, as they lifted the body, saw Gherard as he ran in great bounds towards Erwelt; they

saw his hand slide down to his dagger, but there was no weapon in the sheath; he ground his teeth with vexation, but still went on till he had overtaken his man; then he touched him on the shoulder and said: "Erwelt, I want to speak to you." "Well," said the other, "what is it?" But his heart sank and he felt as if Death stood before him, dart and all, as indeed he did, for Gherard was a very strong man, and, as he saw Erwelt's hand go down towards the dagger-hilt, he felled him with a quick blow between the eyes, then before he could recover was kneeling on him; he dragged the broad double-edged dagger from its jewelled sheath, and buried it thrice in Erwelt's breast, then drew it across his throat from ear to ear; then, thrusting the dagger back again into its sheath, after he had carefully wiped it on the white and blue velvet of the dead man's dress, he sprang up and ran back towards the King's tent, leaving the body to lie piteously under the moon which was shining out from dark purple hollows between the clouds.

The light of it flashed on the poor fop's jewels, shone on his upturned face and gashed throat and feeble nerveless hands. How much more dreadful was that one corpse than all the many, lying now nearer to the walls; than those even who lay with ghastly breakings of the whole frame torn by great stones; or slain by wounds that struck them hap-hazard in strange unlikely places: or slain as they lay already wounded; or who lay with their bodies twisted into unimaginable writhings brought about by pain and fear. All these and many more, many, very many of each sort, they were altogether less horrible than this one corpse of a *murdered man.*

The murderer found the others already in the tent, for Robert had said: "Sebald, don't let us see that; you and I know nothing about it for the present; for we must hold together; and for my part I vote that we let Gherard work for us, he is such a clever fellow."

Sebald made no answer; his eyes were dry, his throat was dry, his heart was dry with intense thinking if by any means he could extend his vengeance beyond the present world. He thought of all the curses he had ever heard; how meaningless and uninventive they all seemed when set beside his hatred! he thought so that I know not into what uttermost hell he had dragged his own heart; he certainly did not feel as if he were on earth; his head grew dizzy, he could scarcely walk under his burden, but somehow between them they managed to get the body into the tent unperceived.

Then he thought: "I can bear this no longer, I must think of something else just now; but I will make it the work of my whole life hereafter."

So then Gherard burst in, muttering from between his teeth, "so much for one marplot:" and Sebald woke up and was in the world again.

So they began to talk, Robert sitting down and with his elbow on the table, stroking his cheek with his open hand; Sebald standing still, with knit brows, and blood-stained hands crossed over his breast; while Gherard walked up and down, twisting his fingers together behind his back, his cheek all a-flush and his eyes glistening—and Erwelt lay stiffening in the moonlight. So those three fell a-plotting.

Meanwhile such a hubbub and confusion had been going on before the walls as if the fiends were loose; for the archers, when Richard had passed beyond hope of pursuit, having sent a few arrows into the darkness at nothing, turned and looked about them.

Now they knew nothing at all concerning those horsemen who had been sent to take Richard in the rear, so, seeing some helmets glittering in the somewhat doubtful moonlight, they advanced a little towards them, and, thinking as a matter of course that they were from the town, sent two or

three flights of arrows among them as an experiment, getting ready to run away in case they should be too many for them, doing all this before the horsemen could shout out that they were from the camp; and when they did so, the townsmen, seeing clearly that Richard and his men were away, opened a heavy fire on everything that they saw, and Borrace's archers believed that the horsemen lied, and still shot all they might.

Whereon the horsemen changed their minds, and settled that these were another band of men from the town whom they had not counted on, and so charged with a good will, especially as the long-bows and cross-bows and petrariæ were playing on them diligently from the city-walls.

Now the archers were more numerous than the horsemen, and, though not so well armed, fought stoutly, throwing away their bows and using their axes and swords, nor did they find out their mistake till many were slain both of horsemen and archers, and even then they were quite ready to go on with that work from sheer rage and vexation of heart; but restraining themselves, and being restrained by their leaders, they got separated somehow, and marched back to their own quarters, where one and all swore that they would stay, nor move again that night for man or Devil, whatever happened.

And so they fell to drinking all they might. But Sir Richard and all his, having won through the camp with but little opposition, (for the enemy were all drawn off other-where,) crossed the river that lay beyond, by a broad shallow ford that he knew well, (higher up it passed by that cottage,) then took mere bridle-ways and waggon-roads through the woods that lay beyond the river, after he had told his men that he intended making a circuit and falling from behind on that part of the camp where Leuchnar was. "For he is probably hard pressed by this time," said he, "the sortie being from the first somewhat desperate and wild, though necessary." And he made this circuit lest he should be cut off before he could reach Leuchnar; had he known that there would be no pursuit, (there would have been but for Borrace's death, and the happy clash between the horsemen and archers)—had he known all this he would certainly not have gone so far about, or gone through such intricate ways where the men could not help straggling.

So the rain-drops fell in showers on their armour as they past, from the low tree-boughs brushed by their crests and lowered spears; the moon flashed on the wet leaves that danced in the rushing sea-wind; with whirr of swift wings the wood-pigeon left the wood.

How often had Richard wandered here in the past days! what thoughts were his in those old times, of the glory of his coming manhood! what wonder at the stories of lovers that he read, and their deeds! what brave purposes never to be fulfilled! yet he meant them then honestly enough, yet he was to do one deed at the last if only one, that was something; and as he thought this he straightway drove thoughts of all other things from his mind, and thought of what he should do now.

He called a halt, and listened; then perceiving clearly that there was no pursuit at all, he led his men out of the woods, by a way he knew well, round toward Gate St. George, but cautiously and quietly for fear of an attack from the camp.

Then after a while they halted again, and he heard the noise of the irregular *mêlée* I have told you about, and could scarce account for it; he heard the noise of the fight about where Leuchnar was; and he heard withal another sound that made his heart beat with hope: it was a far-off sound swelling and fainting in the rise and fall of the southwest wind that blew from over the sea, the sound of triumphant trumpets: he leaned forward from his saddle to listen better, and many a

ldier's eyes sparkled as he cried out ddenly, "Victory! it is Edwin—uick to Leuchnar!" So away they ent toward Gate St. George at a nart pace.

They drew rein when they came ithin a few minutes' gallop from the mp that their horses might not go lown into the battle, then advanced ith as little noise as possible, till they rew near and saw the enormous asses of the enemy surging round omething which they knew well to be euchnar in a desperate case.

Then shouted their leader, "Richard! ichard for Gertha!" and with one ighty charge, which scattered the nemy to right and left, they were uried in the enormous multitude that as in vain striving to break Leuchar's array.

For he, trying to win his way back the city that he might sally out at he East Gate to the aid of Sir Richard, eset as he thought he was, as he was oing this he was first cut off from the ty and driven back towards the camp, nd then surrounded.

Whereupon the horsemen having smounted formed a great square with osely planted shields, and long spears t out like the teeth of a great beast, nd on this square King Borrace's orsemen, that were King Borrace's more now, had wasted their strength r long: for howsoever many men of were slain by the arrows and slings by the hurling of the long lances, t the living filled up the places of e dead, and the square, though lesning every moment, was not broken nen Richard made that charge, and ined Leuchnar: having hewn his way rough with most of his men to that uare of serried spears, "Brother!" shouted, "hold out yet awhile, for lwin is coming in triumph over the a, and we must live till then."

So they joined their two bands, and ade a thicker and larger square than fore, having cleared a space by one two desperate charges, and soon the ht was fiercer than ever.

But the men fell fast before the arrow-flights and they grew utterly wearied with standing there on foot; in pauses of the fight very anxiously did Richard and Leuchnar listen, and they heard a snatch now and then of the dear trumpet-music, and hoped, or tried to hope: yet it seemed that they must die before help came, the greater part at least.

Then an arrow whistled, and Leuchnar staggered and bowed forward; he was wounded, not mortally indeed, but it dizzied and confused him. Almost at the same time the crowd opened, and there rose a shout of "Gherard! Gherard!" Forthwith a fresh band of horsemen charged, all armed in proof and splendidly mounted, with Gherard himself at the head of them.

How it all happened Richard scarce knew, but so it was that they broke the terrible hedge of spears, and presently each man found himself fighting separately or with one or two friends about him; tired men too against fresh ones, men on foot against horsemen, and all things seemed desperate.

Yet even then between all the clash of the battle Richard heard the roar of the bells from all the belfries and the shouting of the people. Edwin had landed. Then as he thought of this he grew half mad to think that they should die before the very eyes of their friends, and shouted out "Gertha! fight on, brave lads, and gather together all you may!" He with some half dozen of his own men tried to gather others again, but, while he struggled desperately, his great sword flashing this way and that, but rising duller from every stroke because of the blood on it, he was suddenly borne away, and Leuchnar beheld him alone amidst a ring of foes, saw his sword still flashing for a little, then saw him fall with many wounds and lie dead, at peace at last.

He himself, though surrounded by a band of friends, was sorely wounded; and, sick with pain and loss of blood,

he had nearly fainted; and the few around him were falling, falling fast under axe and sword and spear, when lo! the gates open, and the cry of "Edwin for Gertha!" rings all about, thousands pour out of the great gates, over the bridge, there is a sharp fight, and the bodies at least of Leuchnar and Richard are rescued.

For the pirates are driven back to their camp, not to stay quiet there for long; for even as they stand at bay about their tents the word goes that Borrace is slain; nor only so; the moon sinks, the east begins to redden, and within an hour after her setting many new spears fleck the clear light; the advanced guard of the Lord Hugh's victorious army who have marched night-long to come to the help of the fair city.

Close them all about, brave sons of the men that go westward! Borrace is dead, Gherard is dead, Erwelt is dead, Sebald lies bleeding to death from four sore wounds, Robert fled soon, but was drowned in crossing the river.

The cats are on fire, the petrariæ are in ashes, all the camp is one blaze, everywhere the foe are throwing their arms away and crying for quarter, soon they are all slain, wounded, or prisoners.

Meanwhile a messenger, pale and worn out, is brought to Gertha, and kneels down before her feet; he says, "Lady, I have a message for you." (O Gertha! words spoken before.)

"Quick, good man," she says, "for these things draw to an end;" and a smile of quiet triumph passes across her pale face.

"Three days ago," he says, "the Emperor strove to force the passes; he and three of his captains were slain, and my Lord Adolf will be here soon."

"Thank God!" she says, "but you, poor man, what reward for you? ah! sleep has overmastered him:" for he has fallen forward before her so that his head rests on her feet; she touches him, takes his hand to raise him up; it is stone-cold, he is dead.

But for these men of King Borrace —let the wounded go to our hospitals that they may learn there something of love which they have not even dreamed about as yet; let the slain be buried, and lie under the earth, under the grass among the roots of the land they came to conquer: let the prisoners depart unarmed, but with provisions for their journey, let them cross the frontier, and never trouble the good land more, lest a worse thing befall them.

Chap. V.—*What Edith the Handmaiden saw from the War-saddle.*

And in the fresh morning sat Gertha the Queen in the body, while her spirit was a long way off, and round about her sat the Lords and Knights with flushed joyful faces, she alone pale though calm and serene, for she too was joyful.

Then into the midst of the great hall they bore Leuchnar dying from his many wounds, not in great pain, for his spirit was leaving his body gently, as if he were worn out merely.

And Gertha rose from her throne and went to meet them that bore him, and there was a flutter along the tapestry that the hall was hung with, as the wind rushed through the opened door, and therewithal Gertha woke, her spirit came again as if Olaf had sent it.

So she gazed at him as he had hoped she might, as a Queen on her faithful subject: before this, often a certain uneasy feeling, not pity exactly, used to come across her when she saw him; it used to seem such a hard thing to her that it should be thus; it was just such a feeling as might have turned to love with one less constant than Gertha: but now even this was gone, and Leuchnar felt that it was so, even by the look of her eyes upon him.

And he, raising himself, hardly said her, "Queen Gertha, I am come to farewell for a little."

"Poor Leuchnar, who loved me !"

"Nay," he said, "happy Leuchnar, o loves you still! in the time to ne it may be that lovers, when they ve not all they wish for, will say, h! that we might be as Leuchnar, o died for Queen Gertha in the old ne!'"

"True," she said, "farewell, Sir uchnar."

Oh! how eagerly he took her hand! Happy Leuchnar," he said faintly, n, "Domine, in manus tuas," and fell asleep, his head falling back.

For a short time she stood, holding dead hand; then gently disengaged and laid it with the other one, cross- them downwards.

Then they carried him out again ently; and again ran that tremour rough the gold wrought hangings, d her spirit had gone away again.

And within a while, as the great sun se higher, came the sound of trum- ts, and the roar of the bells from all e belfries: Adolf was come.

How near the end drew.

That noontide was windless, cloud- s, and very bright, except that a ft haze had sprung up everywhere m the moist earth, into which all ings far and fair melted.

She came from the midst of that ot of Lords that had clustered about r, and with her dark hair loose, stood the balcony above the people, and rough the hearts of all thrilled her ar speech.

"God has been very good to us, ends, and we have conquered, and w you must let me go as you promised. d you may grieve that I must go, and sh me back often, but still I must : it is not only because I wish to go at I must leave you, but I cannot help I think, nay am sure, that this also best both for you and me. If I were ueen much longer you would be dis- appointed with me, yet would not say so, because you love me.

"Think now! I am but Gertha, the peasant's daughter, and I know it was only the spirit of your dead Lord working in me that made you love me so. But if I were Queen for long I should come to be only Gertha again; so I must go. And if you will, let Barulf, who is old, but very wise, be King."

There was sad silence for a little when she had finished, then a confused sound of weeping, and sobs, and earnest wishes went up towards the balcony, where she stood with her arms lying down her side: already she looked as if she were a different kind of being from them: she said,

"Will you have Barulf for your King? if you will, say so to pleasure me; then farewell."

They shouted, "Barulf! God save King Barulf!" and lo! even in that shout she had vanished, like an angel that comes from heaven when God lends him, and goes to heaven again when God calls him.

Gertha walked over the field of battle; no meadow of sweet waving grass and lovely flowers, but something very horrible to gaze at, to pass over.

Yet she did not seem to take note of any of its horrors: her handmaiden was with her; but when they came within fifty yards of the aspen circle where he lay, she charged her to stop, and watch all that came to pass there, that she might tell the people hereafter.

So the handmaiden sat down there on the mournful battle-field on some great war-saddle that had been thrown down there.

But Gertha, when she had kissed her, left her and walked toward those aspen-trees; she was clad in her old peasants' raiment again, and was quite without ornament of gold or jewels; only, her black hair hung braided on either side of her face and round about

her head was a garland of yellow flowering stone-crop, such as he wore in his helmet that battle-day: but now when she entered the circle of aspens there seemed to be silence over all the earth, except that when she first stepped among the shadows of the trees, a faint breeze rose out of the south, and the lightly-hung leaves shivered, the golden haze trembled.

Now although all the rest of the battle-field was trodden into bloody mud, dry now again, but loaded with all dreadful things, this spot yet kept the summer flowers, neither was there any mark of his grave.

So there lay down Gertha, and the blue speedwell kissed her white cheek; there her breath left her, and she lay very still, while the wind passed over her now and then, with hands laid across her breast.

Nevertheless this was what Edith, her handmaiden, said to Barulf the King, and his Lords and Knights:

"And so I sat on the war-saddle and watched, and as my Lady stepped forward to enter that circle of trees, I saw my Lord Olaf, the King, as clearly as before he died, step forward to meet her, and he caught her in his arms, and kissed her on the mouth and on both cheeks.

"And they two were together there for hours (talking it seemed), sometimes sitting on the flowers and grass; (for that spot, my lords, is not trodden as the rest of the field is;) sometimes walking from tree to tree with fingers interlaced.

"But just about sunset time, I felt as if I must needs go and speak to my dear Lady once again, and hold her hand again: so I went up trembling; and lo! my Lord Olaf was not there any more, and I saw my Lady Gertha only, lying dead upon the flowers, with her hands crossed over her breast, and a soft wind that came from the place where the sun had set shook the aspen leaves. So I came away."

Thereat the King and his Knights wondered.

And the People raised a mighty Church above the place where they lay, in memory of Olaf's deeds and Gertha's love: and soon about the Church there gathered a fair City, that was very famous in the after-time.

Yet it was strange that this Church, though the people wrought at it with such zeal and love, was never finished: something told them to stop by then they had reached the transepts of it: and to this day the mighty fragment, still unfinished, towering so high above the city roofs toward the sky, seems like a mountain cliff that went a wandering once, and by earnest longing of the lowlanders was stayed among the poplar trees for ever.

THE BURDEN OF NINEVEH.

"*Burden.* Heavy calamity; the chorus of a song."—*Dictionary.*

I HAVE no taste for polyglot:
At the Museum 'twas my lot,
Just once, to jot and blot and rot
In Babel for I know not what.
I went at two, I left at three.
Round those still floors I tramp'd, to win
By the great porch the dirt and din;
And as I made the last door spin
And issued, they were hoisting in
A winged beast from Nineveh.

A human face the creature wore,
And hoofs behind and hoofs before,
And flanks with dark runes fretted o'er.
'Twas bull, 'twas mitred minotaur;
A dead disbowell'd mystery;
The mummy of a buried faith,
Stark from the charnel without scathe,
Its wings stood for the light to bathe,—
Such fossil cerements as might swathe
The very corpse of Nineveh.

Some colour'd Arab straw-matting,
Half-ripp'd, was still upon the thing.
(What song did the brown maidens sing,
From purple mouths alternating,
When that was woven languidly?)
What vows, what rites, what prayers preferr'd,
What songs has the strange image heard?
In what blind vigil stood interr'd
For ages, till an English word
Broke silence first at Nineveh?

On London stones our sun anew
The beast's recover'd shadow threw.
No shade that plague of darkness knew,
No light, no shade, while older grew
By ages the old earth and sea.
Oh! seem'd it not—that spell once broke,
As though the sculptured warriors woke,
As though the shaft the string forsook,
The cymbals clash'd, the chariots shook,
And there was life in Nineveh?

On London stones its shape lay scored.
That day when, nigh the gates, the Lord
Shelter'd His Jonah with a gourd,
This sun (I said) here present, pour'd
Even thus this shadow that I see.
This shadow has been shed the same
From sun and moon,—from lamps which came
For prayer,—from fifteen days of flame,
The last, while smoulder'd to a name
Sardanapalus' Nineveh.

Within thy shadow, haply, once
Sennacherib has knelt, whose sons
Smote him between the altar-stones:
Or pale Semiramis her zones
Of gold, her incense brought to thee,
In love for grace, in war for aid; . . . .
Ay, and who else? . . . . till 'neath thy shade
Within his trenches newly made
Last year the Christian knelt and pray'd—
Not to thy strength—in Nineveh.

Now, thou poor god, within this hall
Where the blank windows blind the wall
From pedestal to pedestal,
The kind of light shall on thee fall
Which London takes the day to be.
Here cold-pinch'd clerks on yellow days
Shall stop and peer; and in sun-haze
Small clergy crimp their eyes to gaze;
And misses titter in their stays,
Just fresh from "Layard's Nineveh."

Here, while the Antique-students lunch,
Shall Art be slang'd o'er cheese and hunch,
Whether the great R. A.'s a bunch
Of gods or dogs, and whether Punch
Is right about the P. R. B.
Here school-foundations in the act
Of holiday, three files compact,
Shall learn to view thee as a fact
Connected with that zealous tract,
"Rome: Babylon and Nineveh."

Deem'd they of this, those worshippers,
When, in some mythic chain of verse,
Which man shall not again rehearse,
The faces of thy ministers
Yearn'd pale with bitter ecstacy?
Greece, Egypt, Rome,—did any god
Before whose feet men knelt unshod,
Deem that in this unblest abode
An elder, scarce more unknown god
Should house with him from Nineveh?

Ah! in what quarries lay the stone
From which this pigmy pile has grown,
Unto man's need how long unknown,
Since thy vast temple, court and cone
Rose far in desert history?
Ah! what is here that does not lie
All strange to thine awaken'd eye?
Ah! what is here can testify,
(Save that dumb presence of the sky)
Unto thy day and Nineveh?

Why, of those mummies in the room
Above, there might indeed have come
One out of Egypt to thy home,
A pilgrim. Nay, but even to some
Of these thou wert antiquity!
And now, they and their gods and thou,
All relics here together,—now
Whose profit? Whether bull or cow,
Isis or Ibis, who or how,

The consecrated metals found,
And ivory tablets, underground,—
Wing'd teraphim and creatures crown'd,—
When air and daylight fill'd the mound,
Fell into dust immediately.
And even as these, the images
Of awe and worship,—even as these,—
So, smitten with the sun's increase,
Her glory moulder'd and did cease
From immemorial Nineveh.

The day her builders made their halt,
Those cities of the lake of salt
Stood firmly stablish'd without fault,
Made proud with pillars of basalt,
With sardonyx and porphyry.
The day that Jonah bore abroad
To Nineveh the voice of God,
Beside a brackish lake he trod
Where erst Pride fix'd her sure abode,
As then in royal Nineveh.

The day when he, Pride's lord and Man's,
Show'd all earth's kingdoms at a glance
To Him before whose countenance
The years recede, the years advance,
And said, Fall down and worship me;
'Mid all the pomp beneath that look,
Then stirr'd there, haply, some rebuke,
When to the wind the salt pools shook,
And in those tracts, of life forsook,
That knew thee not, O Nineveh!

Delicate harlot,—eldest grown
Of earthly queens! thou on thy throne
In state for ages sat'st alone;
And need were years and lustres flown
Ere strength of man could vanquish thee:
Whom even thy victor foes must bring
Still royal, among maids that sing
As with dove's voices, taboring
Upon their breasts, unto the King,—
A kingly conquest, Nineveh!

.... Here woke my thought. The wind's slow sway
Had wax'd; and like the human play
Of scorn that smiling spreads away,
The sunshine shiver'd off the day:
The callous wind, it seem'd to me,
Swept up the shadow from the ground:
And pale, as whom the Fates astound,
The god forlorn stood wing'd and crown'd:
Within I knew the cry lay bound
Of the dumb soul of Nineveh.

Then waking up, I turn'd, because
That day my spirits might not pause
O'er any dead thing's doleful laws;
That day all hope with glad applause
Through miles of London beckon'd me:
And all the wealth of life's free choice,
Love's ardour, friendship's equipoise,
And Ellen's gaze and Philip's voice,
And all that evening's curtain joys,
Struck pale my dream of Nineveh.

Yet while I walk'd, my sense half shut,
Still saw the crowds of kerb and rut
Go past as marshall'd to the strut
Of ranks in gypsum quaintly cut:
It seem'd in one same pageantry
They follow'd forms which had been erst;
To pass, till on my sight should burst
That future of the best or worst
When some may question which was first,
Of London or of Nineveh.

For as that Bull-god once did stand,
And watch'd the burial-clouds of sand,
Till these at last without a hand
Rose o'er his eyes, another land,
And blinded him with destiny:
So may he stand again; till now,
In ships of unknown sail and prow,
Some tribe of the Australian plough
Bear him afar, a relic now
Of London, not of Nineveh.

Or it may chance indeed that when
Man's age is hoary among men,
His centuries threescore and ten,—
His furthest childhood shall seem then
More clear than later times may be:
Who, finding in this desert place
This form, shall hold us for some race
That walk'd not in Christ's lowly ways,
But bow'd its pride and vow'd its praise
Unto the god of Nineveh.

The smile rose first,—anon drew nigh
The thought: .... Those heavy wings spread high
So sure of flight, which do not fly;
That set gaze never on the sky;
Those scriptured flanks it cannot see;
Its crown, a brow-contracting load;
Its planted feet which trust the sod: ....
(So grew the image as I trod)
O Nineveh, was this thy God,
Thine also, mighty Nineveh?

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO all true lovers of old English poetry the name of Robert Herrick sounds pleasant and refreshing. There is an indefinable charm in the very title of his work, the Hesperides, suggestive of exuberant fancy and vivid play of imagination, which transports the reader from the dull realities of passing life to the regions of fairy land. Not that the domain of Herrick's genius lay exclusively in the realms of fable, for he was eminently a poet of nature, who drank deeply and eagerly at her purest streams; but in his hands the beauties of creation are surrounded with an atmosphere of romance, which, without detracting from the truthfulness of his poetry, gives a tinge of the unreal to its subjects. An associate with, and humble follower, of that giant race, whose names are our nation's boast, he ranks as a lyric poet among the first of his age. Some of his happiest effusions are perfectly Horatian in their joyous glee and graceful abandonment to the humour of the moment; many are direct imitations of the Latin poet, who has seldom had a more congenial admirer. The metre of the Hesperides is as varied as the range of subjects; sometimes, though not often, degenerating into a fanciful distortion of verse, whose chief merit, if merit it can be called, is its quaintness.

Into this garden then, guarded by no watchful dragon, but graced with forms and images of beauty, let us stray for a while, culling here and there a flower from the clusters which the poet has scattered with no grudging hand, and catching at intervals a passing glance at that ideal world, with which the fancy of our forefathers surrounded the objects of nature. Let not the uninitiated hope to find here the smooth-shaven lawn and trim parterre, intersected by walks of formal curve. It is rather a very wilderness of sweets, in which all forms of vegetation are rankly luxuriant, and in which the eye is offended by the noisome weed springing up side by side with the fragrant blossoms of the flowers.

But before entering, let us make acquaintance with the hierophant of these mysteries. For the materials of

his life we are indebted to the parish registers, a few of his letters, scattered allusions in his poems, and some traditions which have survived the lapse of two centuries among the people of Devonshire. From these scanty materials it may be readily conceived that few details of his personal history can be gleaned; in fact, scarcely more than sufficient to supply the most meagre outline. Descended from an old Leicestershire family, who wrote their names indifferently Eyrick, Heryck, Heyrick, Hearick, and Herrick, the poet's father followed the calling of a goldsmith in Cheapside, and in 1582 married Julia Stone of Seghenoe. Four sons were the issue of this marriage, and of these Robert, the third, was born in 1591, and baptized in the church of St. Nicholas Vedast, on the anniversary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. On Lord Mayor's day in the following year his father fell from a window of his house, and died in consequence of the injuries he sustained. Whether this melancholy event was the result of accident or premeditation is not certain. His will by a singular, if not suspicious, coincidence, had been made but two days previously.

Thus deprived of his natural protector, young Herrick was left with his brothers to the guardianship of an uncle. Of his youth we find no traces, except that it appears to have been passed in London. He is supposed to have been educated at Westminster, on no stronger ground than a passing allusion to his "beloved Westminster" in his "Tears to Thamesis," in which he laments his absence from the place of his birth. If this supposition were correct he would probably have been a schoolfellow of George Herbert, who was only a few months his senior, and to whose poetry his own sacred pieces bear considerable resemblance. From the fact of his having entered his twenty-fifth year before his name appears as a fellow commoner upon the books of St. John's College, Cambridge, it has perhaps also been inferred with equal reason that his education was neglected. From St. John's he migrated to Trinity Hall, for the purpose of studying law, but ultimately took his degree in arts. In a letter written to his uncle at this period he says, "Forasmuch as my continuance will "not long consist in the sphere where "I now move, I make known my "thoughts, and modestly crave your "counsel, whether it were better for "me to direct my study towards the "law or not; which if I should (as it "will not be impertinent) I can with "facility labour myself into another "college appointed for the like end "and study, where I assure myself "the charge will not be so great as "where I now exist." In another dated from Trinity Hall after making the contemplated change, he writes, "I hope I have (as I presume you "know) changed my college for one "where the quantity of expense will "be shortened, by reason of the pri-"vacy of the house, where I propose "to live recluse till time contract me "to some other calling, striving now "with myself (retaining upright "thoughts) both sparingly to live, "thereby to shun the current of ex-"pense." In most of his letters which are extant the burden of his song is, as in similar productions to this day, a remittance. On one occasion he apologizes for his repeated applications of this nature, wishing that "charges had "leaden wings and tortoise feet" to come upon him. "That which makes "my letter to be abortive and born "before maturity, is and hath been "my commencement, which I have "now overgrown, though I confess "with many a throe and pinches of "the purse; but it was necessary, and "the prize was worthy the hazard; "which makes me less sensible of the "expense, by reason of a titular pre-"rogative—*et bonum est prodire in* "*bono*." The signature to this is

"Hopeful R. Hearick, Cambr. April "1617."

For the next twelve years we again lose sight of the poet, and it is only from occasional glimpses in his writings that we can form a conjecture as to his mode of life. It was probably during this period that he formed an acquaintance with Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and other choice spirits, whose convivialities he commemorates in an ode to the memory of the former.

"Ah! Ben
Say how, or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

Perhaps he was a member of the famous Mermaid Club, founded by Raleigh, to which both Shakespeare and Ben Jonson belonged. It is not impossible that he may have been an eager spectator of some of the wit-combats between these two illustrious worthies, to which old Fuller alludes with his usual quaintness in a well-known passage. "Many were the "wit-combats betwixt him (Shakes-"peare) and Ben Jonson; which two "I beheld like a Spanish great gal-"leon and an English man-of-war. "Master Jonson, like the former, "built far higher in learning, solid, "but slow in performance; Shake-"speare, with the English man-of-"war, lesser in bulk, but higher in "sailing, could turn with all tides, "tack about, and take advantage of "all winds, by the quickness of his "wit and invention." But it is difficult to believe that, had such been the case, we should not have had some record left in Herrick's writings of these memorable evenings; and, great as was his admiration for Ben, he could not fail to have been fascinated by his more illustrious rival. Shakespeare died while Herrick was at Cambridge, and the intimacy of the latter with the members of the Mermaid club seems to have dated from a subsequent period.

To scenes such as these does Beaumont refer, in his letter to Ben Jonson, when he exclaims,

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

It was in this gay company, whose reckless dissipation was in keeping with the fashion of the times, that Herrick acquired habits which rendered the seclusion of his after life irksome, and unfitted him for the proper exercise of his sacred calling. Many a longing look did he cast in after years, from his little parsonage at Dean Prior, upon these *noctes cœnæque deorum*, the evenings with the players in Bankside. Glorious nights they must have been, and never again will such a company of Bacchanals assemble. There sat big, burly, blustering Ben, lording it with a sway as despotic as was ever held by his great namesake at the Literary club. What flashes of humour, what torrents of overpowering dogmatic eloquence, thundered forth with an emphasis that none ventured to dispute. And how, when hard pressed, he would drown all argument with some pompous quotation. And then what huge cups of Canary he would quaff, like a very Silenus, till his less strongheaded companions dropped off one by one, and Ben was left alone, and rolled off to his house in Bankside, waking the echoes with snatches of some drinking song. Massinger was there, battling hard with poverty, gentle and uncomplaining, more refined, though less jovial, than his more fortunate contemporaries, but living and struggling on, modest and retiring, and dying as

he lived, "a stranger." There too was Ford, "with folded arms and melan-" choly hat," somewhat morose in his exterior, but genial and kindly withal. Beaumont died in the same year as Shakespeare, 1616. Herrick bestows a passing notice upon him, in conjunction with his colleague Fletcher, in a poem entitled, "The apparition of his mistress calling him to Elysium." After enumerating the heroes and worthies of antiquity whom he will there meet; Homer,

"About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue,
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid,"

and others, she continues,

"Thou shalt there
Behold them in a spacious theatre.
Among which glories, crown'd with sacred bays,
And flattering ivy, two recite their plays,
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans, to whom all ears
Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne."

But Ben Jonson was the hero of his worship, whose glory in his eyes eclipsed the lustre of all meaner constellations. Proceeding with the quotation,

"And still more for thee
There still remains to know, than thou canst see
By glimmering of a fancy: do but come,
And there I'll shew thee that capacious room,
In which thy father Jonson now is placed,
As in a globe of radiant fire, and graced
To be in that orb crown'd, that doth include
Those prophets of the former magnitude,
And he one chief."

His death, in Herrick's esteem, was fatal to the theatrical profession. Witness his lament.

"After the rare Arch-poet Jonson died,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.
The cirque profaned was, and all postures rack'd,
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,
Look red, and blow, and bluster, but not speak.
No holy rage, or frantic fires did stir
Or flash about the spacious theatre.
No clap of hands, or shout, or praise's proof
Did crack the playhouse sides, or cleave her roof.
Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;
Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hiss'd
At thy unequall'd play, the Alchymist."

But the time is come when he must quit these haunts of revelry and wit, and prepare himself for that profession which seems to have been his only resource. Like other literary men of his day, Herrick won golden favours from the noble patrons of literature. Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, the favourite of James the First, and a scion of a house not undistinguished in literary history, appears to have extended his munificence to the poet; for which his memory is graced by a place in the bede-roll of illustrious names, as one who turned the poet's lines to gold. The Earl of Dorset is addressed as one "whose "smile can make a poet." In the absence of any direct evidence on the subject, some allusions in the Hesperides would seem to indicate that, at some period of his life, Herrick had been a hanger-on at court. We know that in 1629 he was presented by the King to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, on the elevation of Dr. Potter to the bishopric of Carlisle. This may have been the reward of frequent appeals. Certainly no professed courtier would have been ashamed of the following verses, "To "the King, to cure the evil," written in the hyperbolical language of the day.

"To find that Tree of Life, whose fruits did feed,
And leaves did heal, all sick of human seed;

To find Bethesda, and an angel there,
Stirring the waters, I am come,"

and so on in the same strain. The little matrimonial differences between Charles the First and his Queen, which were chiefly owing to her refusal to share his coronation, furnished Herrick with a theme for his pen. He addresses them in the language of prophecy.

" Like streams you are divorced, but 'twill
come, when
These eyes of mine shall see you mix
again.
Thus speaks the oak here; C. and M.
shall meet,
Treading on amber with their silver feet;
Nor will't be long ere this accomplish'd be;
The words found true, C. M. remember
me."

This was evidently written before 1628, the year in which Buckingham, whose object it was to widen the breach between the royal pair, was assassinated by Felton.

The supposition that Herrick was a courtier, may perhaps explain the allusion to his "beloved Westminster" mentioned above, more especially as in some lines to the "Lady Mary Villiers, "Governess to the Princess Henrietta," which were written probably in 1644, he entreats her:

" For my sake, who ever did prefer
You above all those sweets of Westminster,
Permit my book to have a free access
To kiss your hand, most dainty governess."

There is something that smacks of the royal drawing-room in the following: "Upon a Black Twist rounding "the Arm of the Countess of Carlisle," first lady of the bedchamber to Queen Henrietta Maria:

" I saw about her spotless wrist,
Of blackest jet, a curious twist;
Which circumvolving gently, there
Enthrall'd her arm as prisoner.
Dark was the jail, but as if light
Had met t'engender with the night;
Or so, as darkness made a stay,
To show at once both night and day.
I fancy more, but if there be
Such freedom in captivity,
I beg of love that ever I
May in like chains of darkness lie."

The Countess always dressed in deep black to contrast with the whiteness of her complexion, and in a miniature, which was sold at Strawberry Hill, she is represented in an enormous round black hat. Waller describes her as

" A Venus rising from a sea of jet."

"The honoured M. Endymion Por-
"ter, Groom of the Bedchamber to his
"Majesty," was one of Herrick's most familiar friends, and a great patron of letters. He accompanied "baby "Charles" and "Steenie" on their journey to Spain in 1623, and it was for him that Herrick composed the pastoral dialogue with himself, under the name of Lycidas. Endymion complains of the silence of his muse:

" Ah! Lycidas, come tell why
Thy whilome merry oat
By thee doth so neglected lie,
And never purls a note?"

Lycidas, in return, implores him to leave the court and its uncongenial employments. Endymion consents:

" Dear Lycidas, ere long,
I vow by Pan, to come away
And pipe unto thy song.
Then Jessamine, with Florabell,
And dainty Amarillis,
With handsome-handed Drosomell,
Shall prank thy brook with lilies."

Whether the attractions of his friend's society induced him to haunt the purlieus of the court, or whether his attendance was for more interested motives, must be left, as it is, matter of mere conjecture. Julia, Sappho, Anthea, Electra, and the rest, the inspiring heroines of his song, may have been celebrated court beauties, whose charms in turn fascinated him, or they may have been purely imaginary mistresses, mere names to hang a verse upon; for a poet, like a young knight in the ages of chivalry, was obliged to have some real or pretended object of adoration, some Dulcinea whose pre-eminent beauty he vindicated, and whose favour it was his aim to achieve. Perhaps the following lines were written at the conclusion of a London season:

"I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all,
Sappho neat, a principal;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White, and heaven-like crystalline;
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrrha, for the lute and voice;
Next, Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it,
With Perilla, all are gone;
Only Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die."

But while indulging in speculations as to what might have been Herrick's mode of life in London, the few real facts of his history must not be forgotten. His presentation to the living of Dean Prior, though in all probability the result of his own application, does not appear to have afforded him much pleasure. Like Sidney Smith in the middle of Salisbury Plain, or in his secluded parsonage at Foston le Clay, he was banished from the society of his most congenial friends, to spend his days among a people as rough and uncultivated as the country they inhabited. His first impressions of them were not flattering, and after an experience of nearly twenty years, he takes leave of "Dean Bourn, a rude river in "Devon, by which sometimes he lived," in this uncomplimentary strain:

"Rocky thou art, and rocky we discover
Thy men, and rocky are thy ways all over.
O men! O manners! now and ever known
To be a rocky generation.
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude, almost, as rudest salvages:
With whom I did, and may resojourn,
when
Rocks turn to rivers, rivers turn to men."

The last sentiments he repeats in an ode to his household gods:

"Let us make our best abode,
Where human foot, as yet, ne'er trod:
Search worlds of ice, and rather there
Dwell, than in loathed Devonshire."

But unpromising as were his prospects of happiness in this dreary locality, he did not quit it till he was ejected by the parliament in 1648. To this period of nineteen years may be referred most of his pieces which have merely a local interest, and are addressed to various individuals in the county with whom he lived on terms of intimacy. It was also during this interval of retirement that a great part of his "Noble Numbers" were written, as may be inferred from his "Discontents in Devon."

"More discontents I never had
Since I was born, than here;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire:
Yet justly too I must confess
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press,
Than where I loathed so much."

His household was not large. A pet lamb, a spaniel, Tracy, a cat, and a sparrow who rejoiced in the name of Phil, shared his meals; and the former were probably the companions of his walks. But the presiding genius of all was his faithful old servant, Prudence Baldwin, whose unalterable attachment and domestic virtues he celebrates in more than one verse:

"These summer birds did wish thy master
stay [away;
The times of warmth, but then they flew
Leaving their poet, being now grown old,
Exposed to all the coming winter's cold:
But thou, kind Prew, didst with my fates
abide
As well the winter's as the summer's tide;
For which thy love, live with thy master
here,
Not two, but all the seasons of the year."

In grateful remembrance of her faithful services he wrote her epitaph:

"In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin (once my maid),
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet."

Tradition adds, says Southey, "that "he kept a pet pig, which he taught to "drink out of a tankard." His retired mode of life probably gave him a character for eccentricity among his neighbours, and the gossip of the country folk exaggerated any little singularities of behaviour. A man of kindly warmth of feeling, as Herrick must have been, would find more sympathy in the society of his dumb favourites than among the boors of his parish, and their

memory has been honoured with a place in his "Poetic Liturgy." The death of Phil, the sparrow, is made the subject of a dirge, in which he is compared with the bird made illustrious by the tears of Lesbia. It concludes with the invocation,

"But endless peace sit here, and keep
My Phil the time he has to sleep,
And thousand virgins come and weep,
To make these flowery carpets show
Fresh as their blood, and ever grow
Till passengers shall spend their doom,
Not Virgil's gnat had such a tomb."

Tracy, too, came in for his share of immortality.

Of his parsonage we have an interior, limned by himself:

"Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead:
Some little sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit
And glow like it."

If it were allowable to speculate a little as to his daily habits, gleaning the few hints he has left in his poems, we should imagine him as not a very early riser, temperate in eating and drinking more from necessity than choice, and, above all, genial and hearty in the enjoyment of social intercourse. In person he was probably about the middle size, with a waist of comfortable proportions, and a tendency to scrofula, which was perhaps the cause of "his farewell to sack" as much as the weakness of head of which he complains. By his own testimony he was weak-sighted, or as he calls it himself, "mop-eyed," and had by some accident lost a finger. One would almost suppose him a vegetarian when he speaks of

"The worts, the purslain, and the mess
of watercress."

which, with his "beloved beet," were the staple of his meals. But his frugality was a necessary consequence of limited means. At a dinner-table he was in his element. He left behind him among the people of Devon the reputation of being a witty and sprightly talker, and his society was courted for the pleasure of his conversation. Wood tells us, that he "became much beloved "among the gentry in those parts for "his florid and witty discourses." But the times of greatest enjoyment for him were the evenings when some pleasant friend would join him over a cup of canary, to read with him one of his favourite authors, and prolong the conviviality far into the night. These were days of rare occurrence, and deserved to be marked with white stones. A picture of one of them is contained in "An "Ode to Sir Clipsby Crew," inviting him to visit his cell.

"Here we securely live, and eat
The cream of meat;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and do divine
As wine
And rage inspires.

If full, we charm; then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantic thyrse;
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout,
To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which sung or said,
A goblet to the brim,
Of lyric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
A round
We quaff to him.

Thus, thus, we live, and spend the hours
In wine and flowers;
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day
To stay
The longer here."

His ordinary way of life was, as he describes it himself, simple and plain. His mornings would be occupied partly with his farm, and partly with his parish duties; for there is no reason to imagine that in the discharge of his sacred functions he comported himself with other than the strictest decorum, although tradition does accuse him of swearing in his pulpit, and flinging his sermon at the congregation. This must have been an enemy's tale, for throughout those of his poems, which are pro-

fessedly of a religious character, there breathes a spirit of fervent and unaffected piety and sober seriousness. Like Sidney Smith, he never allowed his wit to meddle with solemn subjects. The needy were never sent empty from his house:

"Low is my porch, as is my fate,
But void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
So worn by th' poor
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words or meat."

A few acres of glebe afforded him a pleasant source of amusement, and in his rambles round his fields, and by the banks of Dean Bourn, he acquired that intimate acquaintance with the beauties of nature which his taste led him to cultivate, and his genius to enshrine in verse. So strong was his love for nature that he constituted himself the hierophant of her mysteries, and his enjoyment of rural scenery, though tinged at times with a feeling of sadness, may have compensated in some measure for the loss of that gay company which at first he regretted so much. The introduction to his poems commences:

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and
bowers;
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.
I write of groves and twilights," &c.

Nature and all her phenomena were endeared to him by a thousand pleasant associations. The flowers were his companions, and he addresses them with playful familiarity. Read his lines "To "Primroses filled with Morning Dew:"

"Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas, you have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Nor warpt as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears, before ye have a
tongue."

And those "To Violets," beginning:

"Welcome, maids of honour,
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her."

It was undoubtedly from his own pleasurable experience that he wrote to his brother Thomas on the delights of a country life:

"The damaskt meadows, and the pebbly
streams
Sweeten, and make soft your dreams;
The purling springs, groves, birds, and
well-weaved bowers,
With fields enamelled with flowers,
Present their shapes."

And "To the Honoured M. Endymion Porter:"

"This done, then to the enamell'd meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present god-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower,
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine."

The flowery tribes supplied him with numberless subjects for his fancy to luxuriate upon, and run into the most extravagant wildness. Is Sappho unwell?

"Lilies will languish, violets look ill,
Sickly the primrose, pale the daffodil.
Pansies will weep."

Does Julia recover? the flowers are invited to participate in his joy.

"Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost withered.
New strength and newer purple get,
Each here declining violet."

Electra is conjured to love him;

"By all those sweets that be
I' the flowery nunnery."

The flowers were his friends, and with them he shared his joys and sorrows.

Of all the seasons, spring and early summer appear to have been his favourites, as they were with all the old poets. The old-fashioned ceremonies which ushered in the reviving year were rich in poetical associations, and speak volumes for the vivid imaginations of our forefathers. There is no doubt that much of poetry has vanished

n England with the decay of these imple, yet picturesque, rites. Merry England is a thing of the past, an antiquarian curiosity, which poets affect to believe in, and which historians annihilate with statistics. We may be wiser than our forefathers in some respects; but, without at all joining in the cry that the former times were better than these, we may without inconsistency experience a feeling of regret that so many of their pleasant institutions have fallen into decay, leaving their place still unfilled. But *revenons à nos moutons*, we were on the subject of spring, and "the succession of the four sweet months," each fraught with beauties to the poet's eye.

First April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three."

With what a burst of vaulting enthusiasm must the following welcome to spring have been penned:

"Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek nor tongue be dumb;
For with the flowery earth,
The golden pomp is come," &c.

And now May-day has dawned, and the rites have commenced, but Corinna has not yet risen. She is roused from her slumbers by the accompanying serenade:

Get up, get up, for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree."

Most of the customs by which May-day was formerly distinguished were purely English in their origin, but the gathering May-dew was a practice known in Spain, as we learn from Howell, who, in his "Familiar Letters" tells the following anecdote of Charles I., as Prince of Wales, while on his visit to Spain. "Not long since, the "Prince, understanding that the Infanta was used to go some mornings "to the Casa de Campo, a summer-"house the king hath t'other side the "river, *to gather May-dew*, he did rise "betimes, and went thither, taking "your brother with him. They were "let into the house and into the garden, but the Infanta was in the orchard, and there being a high partition wall between them, and the door "doubly bolted, the Prince got on the "top of the wall, and sprang down a "great height, and so made towards "her; but she, spying him first of all "the rest, gave a shriek and ran back. "The old marquis that was then her "guardian, came towards the Prince, "and fell on his knees, conjuring his "Highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his head if he admitted any "to her company; so the door was "opened, and he came out under that "wall over which he had gone in." It is to this inaugurating ceremony that Herrick alludes when urging Corinna to rise, he sings,

"The childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night."

The dew thus gathered before sunrise on May morning was used as a cosmetic, as Pepys tells us in his diary, under the date 1667, April 28th, "My "wife away with Jane and Mr. Hewer, "to Woolwich, in order to a little air, "and to lie there to-night, and so *to* "*gather May-dew* to-morrow morning, "which Mrs. Turner has taught her is "the only thing in the world to wash "her face with, and I am contented "with it."

The installation of the May-Queen in her temporary dignity has formed the theme of verse for more than one poet. One of these fair sovereigns of the springtime, Mistress Bridget Lowman, is addressed by her laureate, Herrick, in a "Meadow Verse, or An-

" Come with the spring-time forth, fair
maid, and be
This year again the meadows' deity."

And now listen to the chant which accompanies the erection of the Maypole, decked bravely with ribbons and chaplets of flowers:

" The Maypole is up,
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it."

But while May and spring-time are especially the seasons which the poet delights to honour, he has not forgotten the thoroughly English institutions of Yule-tide and its appropriate festivities. Many of the customs which he commemorates have either vanished entirely, or exist only in a mutilated form, in remote parts of the country, shorn of their poetical associations. In consequence of this, many of the allusions to these ceremonies are almost unintelligible, and an illustrated edition of the Hesperides would require the labours of a well-read antiquary. Washington Irving, than whom no writer enters more entirely into the spirit of these relics of a past age, has pointed out the writings of Herrick as a rich storehouse of antiquated customs, and testified his admiration of them by repeated quotations.

The ceremony of lighting the Yule-log with the remains of the last year's block is joyously celebrated by the madrigal commencing

" Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing:
While my good dame, she
Bids you all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

Another practice which was customary on Christmas Eve, and is not yet quite extinct, though it exists in a somewhat different form, has inspired the poet's verse:

" Wassail the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum, and many a pear;

exercised upon the New Year's Gift which Herrick wrote from London to his friend Sir Simeon Steward, in the country:

" A jolly
Verse crowned with ivy and with holly,
That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
That milkmaids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports," &c.

But Christmas and its jollities, like all other pleasant things, have an end, and at their termination on Candlemas Eve, he sings:

" Down with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the mistletoe;
Instead of holly now upraise
The greener box for show."

And so one might go on quoting for ever verses appropriate to each season, the fruits of the poet's happier moods. But he was not always thus happily inclined. His heart was not in the country, and its retirement at times weighed heavily upon his spirits, and checked his mirth. In such moments of despondency, he would ejaculate:

" O earth, earth, earth, hear thou my
voice, and be
Loving and gentle for to cover me:
Banish'd from thee I live, ne'er to return,
Unless thou giv'st my small remains an
urn."

Or he would vent his spleen in useless regrets.

" Before I went
To banishment,
Into the loathed West;
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best."

As a staunch royalist, and one too who was under personal obligations to the king, Herrick took a deep interest in the stirring events which were agitating the country, and the rumours of which penetrated even the seclusion of Dean Prior. His sympathy found expression in verse, and the incidents of the protracted struggle between Charles the First and his parliament are its subjects. The titles of a few of

his army into the West;" "To Prince Charles, upon his coming to Exeter:" "To Sir John Berkley, governor of Exeter;" "To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in Cornwall." "we are to interpret literally his Vow to Mars," it would seem to indicate that he joined the king's army, ut in the absence of any other evience it would be unsafe to draw such conclusion.

To go back a little in point of time, Herrick had not been long settled in is living, when on May 29, 1629, 'rince Charles, afterwards Charles II., 'as born at St. James's Palace. The ame day the king went to St. Paul's o return thanks for the birth of his eir. As the procession was slowly inding along the Strand, the crowds f admiring spectators were astonished y the appearance of a bright star at oonday. The omen was hailed as uspicious, and many were the bad erses which it provoked. Herrick ontributes his quota, not by any neans the worst, in "a pastoral upon the birth of Prince Charles," which vas set to music and dedicated to the king.

"At noon of day was seen a silver star,
Bright as the wise men's torch, which guided them [lehem.
To God's sweet babe, when born at Beth-
While golden angels, some have told to me,
Sung out his birth with heavenly minstrelsy."

Wotton alludes to the same circumstance, and it has been commemorated upon some of the coinage of the reign of Charles II.

Then, as another offering of gratitude to the king, we have "The poet's "good wishes for the most hopeful and "handsome Prince, the Duke of York," which the subject of them unhappily did not realize.

"May the thrice three sisters sing
Him the sovereign of their spring;
Gardens thence produce and meads;
And those meadows full be set
With the rose and violet."

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to remark, after the examples which have been quoted, that Herrick's versification is far more easy and perfect than that of many of his contemporaries. That he was an ardent lover of music may be gathered from frequent allusions in his poems, and that his ear was very correct is evident from the rhythmical flow of his verse. His heroics are sonorous without roughness and harmonious without monotony, but the metre in which he seems most to delight is a kind of trochaic, in which his well known advice "to the Virgins, "to make much of time," is written.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying."

Somewhat different is "The night-"piece, to Julia."

"Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber,
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear without number."

How musically the verses trip along!

From the fact that some of the Noble Numbers are still, or were till very recently remembered by the people of Devon, we may infer that most of them were composed during Herrick's residence among them. Southey, or the writer of the article on Herrick in the *Quarterly Review* for Aug. 1810, while on a pilgrimage to Dean Prior, met with an old woman in the 99th

year of her age, named Dorothy King. Her mother had lived in the family of Herrick's successor, and from her she had learned five of the Noble Numbers which she was in the habit of repeating. Among them was the beautiful "Litany to the Holy Spirit," and which will need no apology for being quoted, at least in part.

"In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

* * * *

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th,
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

We have said that, in some respects, Herrick's sacred poetry bears resemblance to the delightful strains of the sweet singer of the Temple. But, with some points of likeness, the two poets have scarcely more in common than might be inferred from their physical characteristics. Herbert, all intellect, delicate and sensitive as a woman, his attenuated frame almost worn out by his ever active mind, was in every way a contrast to the rough and somewhat coarse, though amiable and kind hearted, Herrick, in whose character the animal, though it did not perhaps predominate over the intellectual, was still a prominent feature. Nor were their habits of life less diverse than their persons. Herbert, abstemious as an anchorite, weakened his already shattered constitution by his frequent fastings, while Herrick, though compelled from prudential motives to restrain his bacchanalian propensities, was still an ardent worshipper of the goddess Sack, whom he thus apostrophizes:

"Thou mak'st me nimble as the winged hours,
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
And ride the sunbeams."

Herbert abounds in the conceits which were essential to popular poetry in his time, and his subtle and refined intellect revels in the fanciful analogies and nice distinctions which characterize the school of Donne and his imitators. Herrick, with a mind less acute, but vigorous and comprehensive, has so far fallen in with the prevailing fashion as to disfigure his muse with these meretricious ornaments, but he is evidently ill at ease in them, and his effusions under this restraint are far less happy than those written under the inspiring influence of natural scenes. Herbert had more fancy, Herrick the more vivid imagination. But on the hallowed ground of devotion they had in common an ardent spirit of piety, a firm faith in God, and souls overflowing with love to his creatures. Herrick's poetry bears more marks of mental conflict, and the Slough of Despond was a scene not unfamiliar to him. It was perhaps as his mind was recovering its tranquillity after one of these struggles that he wrote "The White Island, or Place of the Blest!"

"In this world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrows' streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes
Reciting.

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternity,
Uniting.

In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere,
Candour here and lustre there
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
Affrighting.
There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending
Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortalized and you,
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending."

One peep at Fairy land and we have done. It is a high feast day, and his elvish majesty is seated with his guests in the hall of his palace, attended by

"The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The elves present to quench his thirst,
A pure seed pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweeten'd in a blue
And fragrant violet."

Pâte de foiegras was a delicacy unknown in the fairy court, but instead we have

"The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music."

After the feast we are introduced to the bower of Queen Mab:

"A grove
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinsell'd with twilight."

It is illuminated by

"The glow-worm's eyes, the shining scales
Of silvery fish,
Upon six plump dandelions high
Rear'd, lies her elvish majesty.
And overhead
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cobweb curtains; from the roof
So neatly sunk, as that no proof
Or any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the air."

The few remaining facts of Herrick's life may be summed up in a very brief space. In 1648 he was ejected from his living by the parliamentarians, and this summary proceeding was hailed by him as the means of deliverance from his solitude. He returned to London with delight.

"Ravisht in spirit I come, nay more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity,"

was his exclamation. Here again his mode of life becomes matter of conjecture. He resided for a time in Westminster, and supported himself by his writings. Whether he followed the fortunes of the Royal Family to the Continent, we have no means of ascertaining. In some of his poems we have hints of a sea voyage, for instance:

"Mighty Neptune, may it please
Thee, the Rector of the seas,
That my barque may safely run
Through thy watery region."

But this may be merely a fanciful imitation of a classical passage.

At the restoration he returned to his vicarage, where he continued till his death, which took place about the year 1676.

It is to be regretted that many of his pieces, most distinguished by richness of fancy and lighthearted gaiety, have too great warmth of colouring to admit of being quoted in their integrity. In common with his contemporaries he allowed himself to pander to the corrupt taste of the age. The moral turpitude of a depraved court explains, while it does not palliate, the disgusting obscenities with which the writings of this period are polluted. That the example thus shamelessly held up to imitation should find a numerous crowd of followers is nothing more than might be expected from the naturally downward tendency of our nature. But that the writers personally, while assisting in the spread of this universal pollution, should have remained comparatively uncontaminated, is a phenomenon which, while in itself inexplicable, serves only to exaggerate their culpability. That they allowed themselves thus to be borne along by the tide of popular tendencies, without raising their voice in the cause of virtue and decorum, is a fact as lamentable as it is undoubted. It could not be expected that, like the stern prophets of the Old Testament history, they should have stood up in the midst of the people as the champions of re-

ligion and morality, and denounced the judgments of heaven upon the depravity of the age; but, while occupying a more neutral position, it was not too much to expect that they should have painted virtue and vice in their true colours, instead of surrounding the latter with a halo of attractiveness, glittering as the phosphoric exhalations of putrescence, and associating the former with everything that is imbecile and absurd.

Like these men, Herrick sinned; sinned not only against virtue and decency, but against his own better heart. So long as he speaks from the fulness of his love for nature, and intense sympathy with all that is beautiful in the material creation, his poetry is exquisitely musical and refined; but no sooner does he assume the character of a gay cavalier than the fire of genius seems quenched by the torrent of coarseness and sensuality which disfigures so much of his writings.

LINDENBORG POOL.*

I READ once in lazy humour Thorpe's "Northern Mythology," on a cold May night when the north wind was blowing; in lazy humour, but when I came to the tale that is here amplified there was something in it that fixed my attention and made me think of it; and whether I would or no, my thoughts ran in this way, as here follows.

So I felt obliged to write, and wrote accordingly, and by the time I had done the grey light filled all my room; so I put out my candles, and went to bed, not without fear and trembling, for the morning twilight is so strange and lonely. This is what I wrote.

Yes, on that dark night, with that wild unsteady north wind howling, though it was Maytime, it was doubtless dismal enough in the forest, where the boughs clashed eerily, and where, as the wanderer in that place hurried along, strange forms half showed themselves to him, the more fearful because half seen in that way: dismal enough doubtless on wide moors where the great wind had it all its own way: dismal on the rivers creeping on and on between the marsh-lands, creeping through the willows, the water trickling through the locks, sounding faintly in the gusts of the wind.

Yet surely nowhere so dismal as by the side of that still pool.

I threw myself down on the ground there, utterly exhausted with my struggle against the wind, and with bearing the fathoms and fathoms of the heavily-leaded plumb-line that lay beside me.

Fierce as the wind was, it could not raise the leaden waters of that fearful pool, defended as they were by the steep banks of dripping yellow clay, striped horribly here and there with ghastly uncertain green and blue.

They said no man could fathom it; and yet all round the edges of it grew a rank crop of dreary reeds and segs, some round, some flat, but none ever flowering as other things flowered, never dying and being renewed, but always the same stiff array of unbroken reeds and segs, some round, some flat. Hard by me were two trees leafless and ugly, made, it seemed, only for the wind to go through with a wild sough on such nights as these; and for a mile from that place were no other trees.

True, I could not see all this at that

* See Thorpe's "Northern Mythology," vol. ii. p. 214.

time, then, in the dark night, but I knew well that it was all there; for much had I studied this pool in the day-time, trying to learn the secret of it; many hours I had spent there, happy with a kind of happiness, because forgetful of the past. And even now, could I not hear the wind going through those trees, as it never went through any trees before or since? could I not see gleams of the dismal moor? could I not hear those reeds just taken by the wind, knocking against each other, the flat ones scraping all along the round ones? Could I not hear, moreover, the slow trickling of the land-springs through the clay banks?

The cold, chill horror of the place was too much for me; I had never been there by night before, nobody had for quite a long time, and now to come on such a night! If there had been any moon, the place would have looked more as it did by day; besides, the moon shining on water is always so beautiful, on any water even: if it had been starlight, one could have looked at the stars and thought of the time when those fields were fertile and beautiful (for such a time was, I am sure), when the cowslips grew among the grass, and when there was promise of yellow-waving corn stained with poppies; that time which the stars had seen, but which we had never seen, which even they would never see again—past time!

Ah! what was that which touched my shoulder?—Yes, I see, only a dead leaf.—Yes, to be here on this eighth of May too of all nights in the year, the night of that awful day when ten years ago I slew him, not undeservedly, God knows, yet how dreadful it was!—Another leaf! and another!—Strange, those trees have been dead this hundred years, I should think. How sharp the wind is too, just as if I were moving along and meeting it;—why, I *am* moving! what then, I am not there after all; where am I then? there are the trees; no, they are freshly-planted oak saplings, the very ones that those withered last-year's leaves were blown on me from.

I have been dreaming then, and am on my road to the lake: but what a young wood! I must have lost my way; I never saw all this before. Well—I will walk on stoutly.

May the Lord help my senses! I am *riding!*—on a mule; a bell tinkles somewhere on him; the wind blows something about with a flapping sound: something? in Heaven's name, what? *My* long black robes.—Why—when I left my house I was clad in serviceable broadcloth of the nineteenth century.

I shall go mad—I am mad—I am gone to the Devil—I have lost my identity; who knows in what place, in what age of the world I am living now? Yet I will be calm; I have seen all these things before, in pictures surely, or something like them. I am resigned, since it is no worse than that. I am a priest then, in the dim, far-off thirteenth century, riding, about midnight I should say, to carry the blessed sacrament to some dying man.

Soon I found that I was not alone; a man was riding close to me on a horse; he was fantastically dressed, more so than usual for that time, being striped all over in vertical stripes of yellow and green, with quaint birds like exaggerated storks in different attitudes counterchanged on the stripes; all this I saw by the lantern he carried, in the light of which his debauched black eyes quite flashed. On he went, unsteadily rolling, very drunk, though it was the thirteenth century, but being plainly used to that, he sat his horse fairly well.

I watched him in my proper nineteenth-century character, with insatiable curiosity and intense amusement; but as a quiet priest of a long-past age, with contempt and disgust enough, not unmixed with fear and anxiety.

He roared out snatches of doggrel

verse as he went along, drinking songs, hunting songs, robbing songs, lust-songs, in a voice that sounded far and far above the roaring of the wind, though that was high, and rolled along the dark road that his lantern cast spikes of light along ever so far, making the devils grin: and meanwhile I, the priest, glanced from him wrathfully every now and then to That which I carried very reverently in my hand, and my blood curdled with shame and indignation; but being a shrewd priest, I knew well enough that a sermon would be utterly thrown away on a man who was drunk every day in the year, and, more especially, very drunk then. So I held my peace, saying only under my breath:

"Dixit insipiens in corde suo, Non est Deus. Corrupti sunt et abominabiles facti sunt in studiis suis; non est qui faciat bonum, non est usque ad unum: sepulchrum patens est guttur eorum; linguis suis dolose agebant, venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum. Dominum non invocaverunt; illic trepidaverunt timore, ubi non erat timor. Quis dabit ex Sion salutare Israel?"

and so I went on, thinking too at times about the man who was dying and whom I was soon to see: he had been a bold bad plundering baron, but was said lately to have altered his way of life, having seen a miracle or some such thing; he had departed to keep a tournament near his castle lately, but had been brought back sore wounded, so this drunken servant, with some difficulty and much unseasonable merriment, had made me understand, and now lay at the point of death, brought about by unskilful tending and such like. Then I thought of his face—a bad face, very bad, retreating forehead, small twinkling eyes, projecting lower jaw; and such a voice, too, he had! like the grunt of a boar mostly.

Now don't you think it strange that this face should be the same, actually the same as the face of my enemy, slain that very day ten years ago? I did not hate him, either that man or the baron, but I wanted to see as little of him as possible, and I hoped that the ceremony would soon be over, and that I should be at liberty again.

And so with these thoughts and many others, but all thought strangely double, we went along, the varlet being too drunk to take much notice of me, only once, as he was singing some doggrel, like this, I think, making allowances for change of language and so forth:

"The Duke went to Treves
On the first of November;
His wife stay'd at Bonn—
Let me see, I remember;

"When the Duke came back
To look for his wife,
We came from Cologne,
And took the Duke's life;

"We hung him mid high
Between spire and pavement,
From their mouths dropp'd the cabbage
Of the carles in amazement"

"Boo—hoo! Church-rat! Church mouse! Hilloa, Priest! have you brought the pyx, eh?"

From some cause or other he seemed to think this an excellent joke, for he almost shrieked with laughter as we went along; but by this time we had reached the castle. Challenge, and counter-challenge, and we passed the outermost gate and began to go through some of the courts, in which stood lime trees here and there, growing green tenderly with that Maytime, though the north wind bit so keenly.

How strange again! as I went farther, there seemed no doubt of it; here in the aftertime came that pool, how I knew not; but in the few moments that we were riding from the outer gate to the castle-porch I thought so intensely over the probable cause for the existence of that pool, that (how strange!) I could almost have thought I was back again listening to the oozing of the land-springs through the high clay banks there. I was wakened from that, before it grew too strong, by the glare of many torches,

and, dismounting, found myself in the midst of some twenty attendants, with flushed faces and wildly sparkling eyes, which they were vainly trying to soften to due solemnity; mock solemnity I had almost said, for they did not seem to think it necessary to appear really solemn, and had difficulty enough apparently in not prolonging indefinitely the shout of laughter with which they had at first greeted me. "Take the holy Father to my Lord," said one at last, "and we will go with him."

So they led me up the stairs into the gorgeously-furnished chamber; the light from the heavy waxen candles was pleasant to my eyes after the glare and twisted red smoke of the pine-torches; but all the essences scattered about the chamber were not enough to conquer the fiery breath of those about me.

I put on the alb and stole they brought me, and, before I went up to the sick man, looked round on those that were in the rooms; for the rooms opened one into the other by many doors, across some of which hung gorgeous tapestry; all the rooms seemed to have many people, for some stood at these doors, and some passed to and fro, swinging aside the heavy hangings; once several people at once, seemingly quite by accident, drew aside almost all the veils from the doors, and showed an endless perspective of gorgeousness.

And at these things my heart fainted for horror. "Had not the Jews of late," thought I, the priest, "been very much "in the habit of crucifying children in "mockery of the Holiest, holding gor-"geous feasts while they beheld the "poor innocents die? these men are "Atheists, you are in a trap, yet quit "yourself like a man."

"Ah, sharp one," thought I, the author, "where are you at last? try "to pray as a test.—Well, well, these "things are strangely like devils.—O "man, you have talked about bravery "often, now is your time to practise "it: once for all trust in God, or I "fear you are lost."

Moreover it increased my horror that there was no appearance of a woman in all these rooms; and yet was there not? there, those things—I looked more intently; yes, no doubt they were women, but all dressed like men;—what a ghastly place!

"O man! do your duty," my angel said; then in spite of the bloodshot eyes of man and woman there, in spite of their bold looks, they quailed before me.

I stepped up to the bedside, where under the velvet coverlid lay the dying man, his small sparkling eyes only (but dulled now by coming death) showing above the swathings. I was about to kneel down by the bedside to confess him, when one of those—things—called out (now they had just been whispering and sniggering together, but the priest in his righteous, brave scorn would not look at them; the humbled author, half fearful, half trustful, dared not): so one called out:

"Sir Priest, for three days our master has spoken no articulate word; you must pass over all particulars; ask for a sign only."

Such a strange ghastly suspicion flashed across me just then; but I choked it, and asked the dying man if he repented of his sins, and if he believed all that was necessary to salvation, and, if so, to make a sign, if he were able: the man moved a little and groaned; so I took it for a sign, as he was clearly incapable either of speaking or moving, and accordingly began the service for the administration of the sacraments; and as I began, those behind me and through all the rooms (I know it was through all of them) began to move about, in a bewildering dance-like motion, mazy and intricate; yes, and presently music struck up through all those rooms, music and singing, lively and gay; many of the tunes I had heard before (in the nineteenth century); I could have sworn to half a dozen of the polkas.

The rooms grew fuller and fuller of people; they passed thick and fast between the rooms, and the hangings were continually rustling; one fat old man with a big belly crept under the bed where I was, and wheezed and chuckled there, laughing and talking to one who stooped down and lifted up the hangings to look at him.

Still more and more people talking and singing and laughing and twirling about, till my brain went round and round, and I scarce knew what I did; yet, somehow, I could not leave off; I dared not even look over my shoulder, fearing lest I should see something so horrible as to make me die.

So I got on with the service, and at last took the Pyx, and took thereout the sacred wafer, whereupon was a deep silence through all those rooms, which troubled me, I think, more than all which had gone before, for I knew well it did not mean reverence.

I held it up, that which I counted so holy, when lo! great laughter, echoing like thunder-claps through all the rooms, not dulled by the veiling hangings, for they were all raised up together, and, with a slow upheaval of the rich clothes among which he lay, with a sound that was half snarl, half grunt, with helpless body swathed in bedclothes, a huge *swine* that I had been shriving tore from me the Holy Thing, deeply scoring my hand as he did so with tusk and tooth, so that the red blood ran quick on to the floor.

Therewithal he rolled down on to the floor, and lay there helplessly, only able to roll to and fro, because of the swathings.

Then right madly skirled the intolerable laughter, rising to shrieks that were fearfuller than any scream of agony I ever heard; the hundreds of people through all those grand rooms danced and wheeled about me, shrieking, hemming me in with interlaced arms, the women loosing their long hair and thrusting forward their horribly-grinning unsexed faces toward me till I felt their hot breath.

Oh! how I hated them all! almost hated all mankind for their sakes; how I longed to get right quit of all men; among whom, as it seemed, all sacredest things even were made a mock of. I looked about me fiercely, I sprang forward, and clutched a sword from the gilded belt of one of those who stood near me; with savage blows that threw the blood about the gilded walls and their hangings right over the heads of those—things—I cleared myself from them, and tore down the great stairs madly, yet could not, as in a dream, go fast enough, because of my passion.

I was out in the courtyard, among the lime trees soon, the north wind blowing freshly on my heated forehead in that dawn. The outer gate was locked and bolted; I stooped and raised a great stone and sent it at the lock with all my strength, and I was stronger than ten men then; iron and oak gave way before it, and through the ragged splinters I tore in reckless fury, like a wild horse through a hazel hedge.

And no one had pursued me. I knelt down on the dear green turf outside, and thanked God with streaming eyes for my deliverance, praying Him forgiveness for my unwilling share in that night's mockery.

Then I arose and turned to go, but even as I did so I heard a roar as if the world were coming in two, and looking toward the castle, saw, not a castle, but a great cloud of white lime-dust swaying this way and that in the gusts of the wind.

Then while the east grew bright there arose a hissing, gurgling noise, that swelled into the roar and wash of many waters, and by then the sun had risen a deep black lake lay before my feet.

And this is how I tried to fathom the Lindenborg Pool.

CAVALAY. A Chapter of a Life.

Introduction.

"And one an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored;
A haunt of ancient Peace." Tennyson.

SOME books are like cathedrals — grand and stately and awful—in which the great questions of life are argued, and prayers and confessions and thanksgivings go up to heaven in solemn alternation. Others are like palaces—brilliant and splendid—full of gay tales of kings and courtiers, lords and ladies, —with glittering and sweet-sounding phrases laying the mind on purple cushions, and ministering to it dainty viands and rich wines.

Others again are like castles that frown on the summit of a mountain—picturesque and terrible—with wild, stern histories of warriors, whose life was one conflict with mighty foes—never subdued, though often defeated —only at the last hearing a low but clear song of victory, and beholding far up in the sky the wreath of conquest.

And others there are that are mere dwelling-houses, with nothing in them grand and solemn—nothing splendid and gorgeous, nothing fearful and romantic—but wherein families assembled day after day at the household prayer and round the household hearth; which witnessed from year to year human labour and love, and joy and sorrow, and birth and death. And such is the story I now commend to you, dear reader,—simple and ordinary, with little incident, with no adventure, yet not devoid of thought and feeling, as the life of no man, though it seemed the most monotonous and commonplace, has ever been. The spiritual worth of a life is not always in proportion to the noise and bustle it has made in the ear and before the eye. Its most precious part may have been the unacted feeling and the unspoken thought.

Chapter I.

"Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land.

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there.

And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free." Tennyson.

"But you will never persuade me, Cavalay, that it is right for a man like you to pass his time without some definite employment."

"And so all my arguments for the last half hour have been thrown away upon you. But you shall not entrap me into working by making me prove that I have a right to be idle any longer."

"But," said a third, "you don't seem to enjoy this kind of life. I am sure you are not near so happy as you were in your first two or three terms, when you were one of the hardest readers in college."

"That may be true; but it does not advance your argument much. I should like to catch you setting up happiness as the object of a man's life. But come, who's for a stroll in the High? The moon's up, and the shadow of the Radcliffe will be grand."

My readers will easily understand that the scene is a room in one of the colleges of Oxford. The speakers are three gownsmen, of whom the first is named Marlowe, the third Hartle; the other, being my hero, I must describe a little more particularly. He is about twenty-two years old, and will take his degree this time next year, it being now the Michaelmas term. His face is not what is usually understood as handsome, but is capable of great variety of expression; his hair deep brown, and curling; his eyes dark blue, and bright and quick. His make shows both activity and strength, both of which he every day displays, on the river, on the cricket-ground, in the fields, or in college rooms. He is considered the cleverest, but the idlest, of all his "set." Most of the others are not, in the University sense of the word, reading men, though few read more poetry, more novels, or more books of general information. Marlowe, however, is an exception, though he finds plenty of leisure to enjoy the company of the rest, especially of Cavalay, whom he admires very much.

The three walked about the town, and called at other colleges, till ten o'clock, when they returned to Marlowe's rooms. At this hour the business of the college is finished: chapel and hall have long been over, the gates are closed, and the servants are gone home, and all is quiet in the quadrangle, unless a noisy supper disturb it with songs and shouts. To many gownsmen this is the most pleasant part of the day. The late reader finds himself least distracted at this time; the early reader enjoys a cup of coffee and a pipe after his six or eight hours' work; a supper party have just emptied their first bowl of punch; while the rooms of such men as Cavalay and Hartle, who were neither what are called reading men nor fast men, often afforded the motley entertainment of smoking, drinking coffee or beer, reading aloud, and talking about books and kindred matters. Such was the scene displayed to-night in Marlowe's room. Beside himself, Cavalay, and Hartle, three or four other gownsmen were present. All stood, sat, or reclined as suited them; Hartle lying on a sofa, occasionally reading; Cavalay sitting in an arm-chair, smoking a long, well-coloured meerschaum. On the table was coffee, a huge tankard of spiced beer, a canister of tobacco, papers and books on divers subjects. I would I could bring the scene palpably before the reader; and especially, not describe the actors, but make them exhibit themselves, talking in my pages as they talked in this room. But he well knows what a thing of impulse a desultory conversation carried on by many parties is, and how difficult, if not impossible, it is to record it adequately in deliberate writing. The words, or rather the more important sentiments, can be easily given; but the manner in which each subject was started, the interruptions, the renewals,—the looks, the tones, the gestures,—the hesitation and awkwardness of one speaker, the fluency and felicity of another,—these can be given only in the merest outline, which reduces the actual conversation of living men, distinct with moral, intellectual, and physical peculiarities, to a bare collection of speeches made by characters, almost by abstractions. Yes, reader, I know well that when I tell you that Cavalay was a brilliant talker, the demand naturally rises at once to your lips, let me hear

him talk; and so you shall, according to my ability; but if I sometimes tell you how he talked, or what he talked about, instead of what he said, consider indulgently what I have just pleaded, and call to mind the many evenings you have enjoyed in continuous, amusing, instructive conversation, and how vainly you have tried to preserve them in your diary, until you have ended, perhaps, by putting down no more than this:—"Passed a pleasant evening in "conversation on various subjects." And thus fain would I relate how the discourse to-night in Marlowe's room flew from subject to subject,—how they talked now about poetry and art, now about University boating and the University schools; how presently they were discussing the character of this man, or criticising the merits of that book; how they told tales and anecdotes, and interspersed all with reading aloud, now a poem, now a choice chapter from a novel. But I must not attempt what I could not hope to succeed in.

They did not break up completely till three o'clock, when Cavalay and Hartle were left alone with Marlowe; the rest had dropt off one by one, two or three fresh comers having arrived from time to time. Every now and then a distant bell was heard, faintly telling the quarters; and at longer intervals the mighty Tom of Christ Church sent across the quiet streets, with musical thunder, first the many midnight strokes, and then the few strokes of the morning hours. Light after light disappeared from the windows of the rooms in the quadrangle, until the little party seemed the only wakers. Delicious hours! How far away appeared the world, with its care and its tumult and its commonplace men, to these young, ardent, careless spirits! How they felt the influence divine of night in revealing the beauties and the wonders of poetry and art and nature! This was their real education, not the lectures in Livy and Aristotle, read unwillingly in the day-time. And of all who so happy, so brilliant as Cavalay? Half of the whole talking was done by him. Often the conversation was a sort of dialogue between him and the rest. At times it was even a monologue, the others being silent to listen to him. It was really wonderful how the idle, careless lounger, whom scarcely anybody ever found reading, except, as now sometimes, aloud to others, could talk not only of poems and novels, but of works of philosophy and history; how he could criticise music and architecture; how the characters and manner of his acquaintances seemed entirely known to him. Not trying to do anything, he appeared to have the power almost to do everything; what was a labour and a serious work to others, was a bye-play and an amusement to him. See him now, as he sits, with his calm, full blue eye shining steadily, while he comments on a scene in *Macbeth*. What could be a more enviable lot? the unfeigned, open, enthusiastic admiration of young men, and that in youth, when admiration is so dear. What wonder if they say among themselves that Cavalay is the cleverest, the most amiable, the most entertaining man they know? What wonder if, as he walks across the dark quadrangle, he whistles softly and light-heartedly; and, when in bed, exchanges his waking thoughts for quiet dreams, in which, through a variety of vague, broken incidents, the happy spirit of the day is still preserved?

Chapter II.

"A spot of dull stagnation, without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal.

"A still salt pool lock'd in with bars of sand;
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white.

"A star that with the choral starry dance
Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
Roll'd round by one fixed law." Tennyson.

When Cavalay awoke, the first thing of which he was conscious was the dismal sound of rain pattering against the panes. He lay awake some time before he could prevail upon himself to face the dreary morning. He found no letters on his table, for he kept up little correspondence. He ate his solitary breakfast, lounging listlessly on the sofa; and, when it was finished, had recourse to a solace which seldom failed him, his meerschaum. But this morning perhaps it did: for, after a few whiffs, he put it down, and took up a volume of "Zanoni;" and in the strange interest of that novel tried to shut himself from the depressing influence of the rainy morning. Usually he possessed great command over his mind; but now he scarcely lost himself for a moment. Patter, patter, patter, unceasingly came down the rain; and every now and then the wind moaned, or, with a stronger gust, made his casement rattle. He rose—he walked to the window—he looked out on the steady, slanting rain, on the sloppy street, on the dull-coloured, heavy clouds. He looked over his book-shelves; but all his books seemed uninteresting, or requiring too much exertion. He threw himself on the sofa before the fire, shut his eyes, and tried hard to lose the gloomy present in some pleasant recollection of the past, or bright vision of the future. But the spirits of memory and imagination are very fickle; and now, when most needed, they would not come at his call. Was this that glowing fancy which had so often enthralled and charmed a listening circle?—this impotent, torpid mind that can scarcely recall the face of a friend seen last night. He soon found that memory and imagination were entirely beyond his control, and that nothing but the reality, the stern, bitter gloomy reality, remained for him. So he resolved to face it boldly; and first, as was natural in so young a man, he turned to the future. But the future, the glimpses of which ordinarily seemed so bright, now, when steadily looked into, appeared cheerless and threatening. What had he to expect? Friendship? He had never sought it. Love? He had tasted it, and found it bitter. Fame? He had hoped for it once: but his strong common sense told him that fame was reserved rather for the few who are fortunate than lavished on the many who seem deserving. Besides, was he deserving? What had he done, by way of performance, by way even of preparation? Alas, idle days and purposeless years, a spirit growing daily less brave and a mind less strong, was the self-condemning reply. He shrank sickening from the future, and turned to the past. But there was little to allure him there. In the distance a happy home, where were father, and mother, and two sisters, himself their pride and hope; a year or two, and father and mother and sisters were dead, and he was alone, except that a few were attracted by his

talents and accomplishments. The world became unreal to him. He found his friends, though lavish of admiration and attention, how unlike his father and mother and sisters, how little capable of supplying their place! The stimulus to exertion had been withdrawn, and thenceforth until the present, he had been a splendid failure,—full of promise, almost void of performance. There was nothing in the past to detain him. His father and mother, and sisters, had been dead so long, and since their death he had thought so little about them, that he could scarcely even recall their memory, and was utterly powerless to make them really live again to him. There was no friendship—neither love; least of all could he find pleasure in the remembrance of that. There was no performance of great or good actions to bring the peace of mind which more than compensates for family and friends and lovers. So he was thrown back upon the present. And what a present! Surrounded by admiring acquaintances, he forgot that there was none who loved him; engaged in intellectual pastimes, he forgot that he was applying his talents to no serious work. His life was usually too much occupied with busy idleness to allow him to take a comprehensive view of it. Now he had leisure, he examined it, and found it nothing worth. Was this the brilliant, the clever, the amiable, the admired, Cavalay? Was it possible that he was really a castaway, doing nothing, worth nothing? Who, in all his circle, so elevated in imagination, so subtle in logic, so clear-headed in practice? Yet he knew conscience told him truly. He knew, moreover, that however much he was admired and courted, however good-humoured and sociable, and even kind he was, yet he neither loved nor was loved. And at this thought he heaved a sigh that was almost a groan. What would he not have given for a gentle girl to love him, and by her love for him teach him to love her? He saw now, clearly, what he had often gained glimpses of before, that he was cold and selfish; he called to mind how little the sufferings of others affected him, how engrossed he was with his own happiness and his own misery. Indeed he had suffered much. I have already said in passing that he had been disappointed in love. He had loved with all the vehemence of his impetuous character. Following the tendency of all intense natures, he had concentrated, and so narrowed his affection. With no self-control, he had drunk to intoxication of the cup of enchantment. He had never suspected that his love might not be returned, and so had lived in a perpetual day-dream, till the rude reality of rejection awakened him to misery, self-humiliation and misanthropy. I have said reality of rejection; and for a while the world did seem too real to him; her words for weeks were always in his ears as plainly as when they were spoken; but then they died away; his grief subsided into a fixed heaviness, and through this haze of sorrow all things seemed unreal to him; the world which he had made for himself was destroyed, and his sick soul refused to live in the world which was around him, so cold, so hard, so unlike that of his own creation. He tried to live by himself, no longer, as before, as an Epicurean, seeking pleasure, but as a Stoic, hardening himself against pain. But woe to him who attempts to live alone. "The abysmal deeps of Personality" shall yawn for him, and down gulf after gulf, shall he fall, ever coming on some horrible thing, till he shall think his soul a hell full of devils and torments. Down these gulfs had Cavalay fallen, and the shame which such selfishness caused his originally generous disposition had pained him more than even his self-invented tortures. O love! love! he groaned inwardly. Oh for some one to love, some one to save him from himself! How

would the unreality of the world be turned to happy reality by the warm pressure of a girl's hand, by the life shining through her eyes into his. He ran rapidly through his female acquaintances; but who can single out this or that to love? He soon gave over the search; there was not one to whom he would have given a moment's thought in a time less wretched. Patter, patter, patter, still the rain came down, and still he lay on his couch, and gazed wearily into the fire. In the afternoon several gownsmen dropt in; the dull daylight at length faded quite away, candles were lighted, curtains drawn; and surrounded by a group, of which he was, as usual, the orator, he forgot the reflections of the dismal morning, and put off the new course of life, which he had almost persuaded himself to begin, till some convenient season.

Chapter III.

"So light of foot, so light of spirit,—oh she
To me myself, for some three careless moons,
The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing! Know you not
Such touches are but embassies of love
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found
Empire for life?" Tennyson.

When the term was over, Cavalay went down with Hartle, to spend the vacation with him. Mr. Hartle lived near a country town in the Midland Counties. His family consisted of a wife, Clarence, and two daughters, the elder seventeen years of age, the younger scarcely twelve. Mary, the elder, might fairly be called pretty; she had soft blue eyes, dark hair, and a very sweet and gentle expression. May gave promise of great beauty, having blue eyes, bright rather than soft, and a very lively and happy countenance. You could scarcely help fancying that the sun, whose visits were marked by half-a-dozen freckles on a very fair skin, had left some of his light and energy with her. Hartle and Cavalay did not reach the house till late in the evening, when they found none of the family up, except Mr. and Mrs. Hartle, who received Cavalay very kindly, having heard much of him from Clarence. He seemed to make himself at home at once, and sat in the arm-chair assigned him with such an air of comfort that a stranger would have taken him for one of the family. When he met the young ladies at breakfast he was at once attracted by the sunny face of May, though he was scarcely less pleased with the simple and gentle look of her sister. He was by nature extremely susceptible of female influence; although this tendency had been violently rooted out by his unsuccessful love, and had been succeeded by aversion, which sometimes had almost the strength of hatred. But to the health and growth of such a mind, esteem and reverence for woman are as essential as light to a flower. Often, indeed, familiar with the Unas and Idas of poets, it forms an ideal, which makes it regard actual women, who necessarily fall below its standard, with distaste and contempt. But it is always ready to acknowledge any resemblance to its ideal; and thus Cavalay, who was accustomed to complain of his female acquaintances with contemptuous bitterness, readily and joyfully yielded to Mary and May Hartle the homage which he at once felt was their due. After breakfast their father proposed a visit to the ruins of a neighbouring

castle; but his proposal was received with so deprecatory a look by Cavalay, who, except on rare occasions, hated sight-seeing, that he contented himself with recommending him to join Clarence and his sisters in a walk to view the surrounding scenery. Although it was in the earlier part of December, it was a fine sunny morning, and the slight frost of the preceding night had only given the air that bracing freshness which so invigorates the pedestrian. Cavalay and the young ladies were soon engaged in a continuous, though light, conversation; for Clarence did not talk much, and generally kept a little in the rear. There was not much poetry or sentimentality in Miss Hartle's conversation, but there was what was to Cavalay at the present time much better, kindness and freshness of feeling. She talked of the people of the neighbouring town, asked curious questions about University life, especially with reference to her brother—told him of the only visit she had ever paid to London, of her habits of life, of her reading, her music, her walks—and all with a simplicity and frankness which charmed him, even while he smiled to himself at the openness of the country girl. There was much more poetry and romantic feeling in the exclamations with which May kept ever and anon breaking upon their talk. She seemed to have a much livelier sympathy with nature, and a far deeper insight into its meanings. Yet, though he could no more help admiring her than he could help admiring a sunbeam, it was the homely talk of her sister that gave him the unwonted sense of freshness and fulness of existence. How full of life seemed everything around! The boughs were leafless, the grass was scanty and pale, there were few birds on the bushes and the trees; but the sunshine brightened the dull colour of the grass, and lay softly on the bare branches; many a streamlet glittered clear and cold; every now and then they heard the note of a winter bird still cheery, though the warm days were gone. It was the season of decay and death; yet busy and unending life seemed overflowing all about. Life! It was a strange sensation to Cavalay. It was fortunate for him that he was too much occupied with enjoying it, too much engaged with Mary Hartle and the scenery to notice the entrance of this unwonted feeling, or he would have philosophized upon it, and observed how and whence it came, and asked why it came, until it had slipped away unenjoyed. He was a curious mixture of the poet and the philosopher, and the mixture lost him much happiness. A poet would have felt and enjoyed, and there remained content; a philosopher would have searched, and would have been well rewarded by learning, while he would not have missed the pleasure derived from mere perception. But Cavalay's mind seemed to be in a perpetual conflict; one-half of it said, "See and enjoy;" the other half cried as commandingly, "Examine and know, "though knowledge lose you enjoyment." Doubtless these two parts admit of union; it is a shallow judgment that poetry and philosophy are enemies; but to most minds they seem such, and in Cavalay's they were still at strife. And thus he was far too much given to investigating his feelings, and many an emotion that would have brought him sympathy and happiness had been refined away. But one could not play the philosopher with Mary Hartle; with May one might; but in Mary there was so little hidden that you read it at a glance; you had but to look, and all was plain. Wholly unconscious of the good and happiness she was bringing her companion, (she would have shrunk from the idea that she could teach anything to one so clever as she had heard Cavalay was,) she was charmed by his ease and liveliness; even in the light topics upon which they had been talking, he seemed to see

so much farther than herself and those with whom she had associated; he put into language thoughts which had crossed her own mind, but which she would have had difficulty in expressing; he infused such grace and spirit into the most commonplace subjects, that the present walk was probably the most agreeable she had ever taken, and she felt an admiration for him who had made it such which her simplicity made no attempt to conceal. Just before they reached home, she said,

"We shall have some friends to visit us this evening, among whom will be a young lady whom I am sure you will very much admire."

"Let me find her out for myself then," he answered, laughing, "for if you point her out to me, how can I possibly admire her?"

"Well, I will trust to your discernment; but you cannot overlook her."

When they reached the house, they found her father, who had been out shooting, with several rabbits, the produce of his morning's sport, lying on the ground before him.

"Good morning, Cavalay," he exclaimed; "I hope you found the girls entertaining. I shall not spare you to the ladies this afternoon, but shall want you to help Clarence and me to crack a bottle or two of port. The dinner bell will ring in half an hour. We dine early in the country, you know; though not too early for an appetite. I hope you have got as good a one as I have this morning."

Chap. IV.

"'Let some one sing to us; lightlier move
The minutes fledged with music.' . . . . . .
She ended with such passion that the tear
She sang of shook and fell, an erring pearl
Lost in her bosom."

Tennyson.

Mr. Hartle was as good as his word, and when the ladies left the room soon after dinner, he drew his chair up close to the fire, motioning Cavalay and Clarence to do the same; then poked the fire, which was already half up the chimney, and now threw a ruddy light into every corner of the room,—rang the bell and ordered the butler to bring in a bottle of port, which he gave him precise directions to find. In it came with that delicious mould which tells of long lying in a vault, down somewhere, you know not and care not where,—far under ground, where the imagination wanders luxuriously among wines of every colour and every country; some in casks, some in bins closely covered up in sawdust; some in odd corners which the daylight never reaches, some in rank and file, like a band of fiery warriors. Amber and gold, dull white and deep red; sherry and bordeaux, champagne and hock, burgundy and madeira, and last and best of all the generous mellow port, which is most loved by us strong-limbed, stout-hearted Englishmen. Every wine announcing its country by its name, calling up vague pictures of rich plains of sunny France, castled crags of the Rhine, slopes of the purple Apennine, sparkling sands of the gold-river Tagus; creating romantic images of lively French grisettes, honest, kind-hearted Germans, picturesque Italian banditti, dark-eyed, dark-haired Spanish damsels. In our easy chair, with the wine sparkling and bubbling on the table, or lying still, glorious with calm beauty and quiet strength, we travel over the best part of Europe. Eloquent wine! that has just escaped from a black, mouldy, ugly bottle, to be imprisoned in a decanter, prim and formal, and uglier still. And happy wines of the olden times, that shone in figured glass of

Venice, and in goblets of silver and gold.

The decanter was soon emptied, and a second bottle, as mouldy as the first, was brought from the same dim region. Conversation flagged; for the wine and the fire, and the comfortable gloom which announced the ending of the short December day, made a state far too pleasant to be disturbed by the labour of talking. Cavalay lay back in his chair, looking now at his genial host, now at the still merry fire, now at the gloom, which was fast deepening into blackness in the angles of the walls. Darker and darker grew the room; more and more sober grew the fire; Cavalay was deeper than ever in his dream; Clarence was gazing intently into the fire, and his father was fairly beginning to nod, when suddenly the door opened, and a servant entered, and announced that tea was ready. Up they rose, and in another minute found themselves in a flood of light, through which they presently discerned a group of ladies, old and young, at the tea-table. The tea passed off as might have been expected, the gentlemen talking little, the ladies a great deal. When it was over a young lady played upon the piano, and was succeeded by several others, all displaying about the usual musical proficiency of young ladies. But at last one went to it, whose touch, as she carelessly fingered the keys before beginning a song, arrested Cavalay's attention. It was the touch of a musician. He started up just in time to anticipate Hartle in turning over the leaves of the music. It was a new and fashionable song, to which he listened almost with tears. When it was finished, he handed her to a seat, and himself took one by her. Presently he asked her:

"Will you tell me the name of the song you have just sung? I have never heard a more beautiful one."

With a look of surprise she answered, "Really I have forgotten: it is lying on the table. But you astonish me by admiring it so much."

He took it up, and read it over. It was one of the thousand inanities which form almost the entire stock of drawing-room vocalists. When he had read it, he smiled, and said, "Will you believe that, while you were singing, it seemed exquisite. I should not like to confess how much its seeming pathos moved me."

"But one never expects the words of a song to be beautiful: indeed one scarcely regards them at all; the music is everything."

"That is true, and just too, in the case of the generality of the songs of the present day. But it ought not to be so, nor is it always so. There are songs, the poetry of which is so beautiful that one can no more expect them to be set to fit music than to find a great poem worthily translated."

"I suppose you are thinking of Campbell's or Moore's songs. Yes, many of them, particularly some of the latter's, are exceedingly grand or pathetic, and though I cannot say that the words surpass the airs, I own they equal them."

He smiled a little at this. "I was not thinking of Moore. But young ladies (pardon me) seldom get beyond him and Byron. The poet I had in my mind was Tennyson; and I was thinking especially of two songs in 'The Princess,' 'The Splendour falls,' and 'Tears, idle Tears.' Of course you remember them."

Somewhat to his surprise, she answered that she had not read the poem.

"Then I must repeat you the second song. It needs no music but its own."

He repeated it in a low sweet voice, audible to none but her, but every word distinct and clear. She listened with tears that almost fell down her cheeks. She had never read or heard so beautiful a song, she had never heard poetry so beautifully delivered.

She herself sang several other songs in the course of the evening, one of which greatly struck him, and fixed itself in his memory. She sang it with-

out notes, and, to his ear at least, gave it peculiar pathos. The words were these:

"PARTED.

"No more, no more, O never more!
Parted, without a parting:
No farewell said, not even a tear
To boding eyelids starting.
'Good bye, sweet love, a short good bye!'
So short, it scarce had sorrow;
Almost a softly sad 'Good night,'
Before a blissful morrow.
Our voices, low and trembling, love
To his own tone did fashion;
Which still were low,—but with despair,
Still trembling—with vain passion.
For never, never more we met;
We meet no more for ever;
That had—that have—such worlds of love;
Whom nought—not death—could sever;
Who never spoke but loving words,
Whose every look was tender;
Yet now void, yearning heart to heart
Nor love nor woe can render."

He kept by the side of Miss Carlwood all the evening, and when she departed, she took with her a copy of "The Princess," which was one of the very few books that he had brought with him. Next morning at the breakfast table, Miss Hartle smilingly asked him with which of the ladies he had been most pleased; and then, without waiting for the obvious reply, informed him of at least three flirtations that she knew of, desperately entered into by as many young ladies, in the hope of diverting his attention. He laughed, and wondered how he could have been so unobservant.

Chap. V.

"As one that once declined
On some unworthy heart with joy,
When he was little more than boy,
But lives to wed an equal mind." Tennyson.

I have warned my readers to expect little incident in this tale, and I must now tell them that Cavalay's visit was only such a one as they themselves might make at the house of an uncle in the country, where there were pretty female cousins to walk with, and where dancing-parties, pic-nics, sight-seeing excursions, were arranged for their amusement. Not a day passed without something of the kind. In the morning, perhaps Mr. Hartle himself invited Cavalay to accompany him on a ride, or to carry a gun with him, or proposed that he should escort the young ladies to town, or join them and Clarence in a walk.

And here let me clear him once for all from any suspicion of harbouring a design of obtaining Cavalay as his son-in-law. Cavalay was far from rich, was very idle, at any rate was unoccupied, and seemed little likely to make way in the world. As for his cleverness, that would have weighed far more against him than for him in the estimation of a simple, not very well-educated gentleman farmer. He was merely practising the plain duty of hospitality, calling upon all the members of his family to contribute to the entertainment of one whom he had received into his house as a guest.

To return. Dinner was served rather early; after which an hour, or perhaps two, were devoted by Mr. Hartle, Clarence, and Cavalay to the discussion of a bottle, or, if the morning's shooting or riding had been harder than usual, two bottles of port. They seldom had company at dinner, or dined out, but the evening was never spent out of society. Dancing, with intervals of pianoforte playing and singing, was the principal amusement. And so the days and weeks glided by, very trivially, but very pleasantly, and Cavalay enjoyed everything from coursing hares down to walking through a quadrille, and was equally a favourite

with the sporting country gentlemen and their musical, poetical, dancing daughters.

And meanwhile there was a change going on in him, with the production of which the riding in the morning and the dancing in the evening may perhaps have had less to do than I may seem to have implied. Bodily exercise profiteth little a mind that is fretting itself away for worthy employment, and a heart that is hungering and thirsting after affection. The novelty would soon have worn off, and he might have ridden and danced again, as he had done often before, in a dream;—sometimes a pleasant dream enough, but sometimes an uninteresting, tiresome dream. No, my readers will easily believe, that the walks with Mary Hartle had more to do in working the change than such things. She seemed exactly fitted to accomplish it, exactly fitted to draw him out of himself, and make him feel the reality of the external world. It was impossible to look at her, and fancy that she was only a shadow;—he could have looked at Miss Carlwood, and fancied her but one; she was too much like the ideal women he was familiar with in poems and novels; but he could not hold Mary Hartle's hand without being sure that, soft and warm as it was, it was real flesh and blood; he could not hear her voice without feeling that there was more in it than sound.

Not that he was in love with her. How could he, so accomplished, so intellectual, be in love with a simple, half-educated country girl? It is true now and then the idea would cross his mind; but he laughed it away scornfully. Yet he did not like to look forward to the time when he should leave her father's. Certainly his visit was a very happy one. Nay, say it out plainly, he did not like parting with her. Yes, he really liked her, he was ready to acknowledge that: perhaps he felt some love for her, but only such as an elder brother feels for a sister. But why was he always thinking of her, and why did he dream of her night after night? These were perplexing questions, and up to the night before his departure he had not answered them satisfactorily. He did not sleep much that night, for he was too much occupied with attempting to reply to them. Yet there seemed a plain way of settling them. How could he bear to leave her on the morrow? Before he could reply to this direct question, he fell asleep, and, when he awoke, it seemed to have answered itself: there was a new feeling in his heart, or at least a feeling which before had been vague and imperfect, had now taken shape and grown to perfection. He did not go to sleep again, but lay in a waking dream, a very happy dream, from which he bore to rouse himself only because he knew that he should sit by Mary Hartle at the breakfast-table. That breakfast he thought the happiest in all his life. Probably enough he was right, for there was Mary Hartle by his side, and though he was going to leave her that afternoon, who does not know that the last taste of sweets is sweetest?

Now there is one question more which my female readers will wonder why Cavalay had never asked himself, Was Miss Hartle in love with him? Why should he ask it? Did not her face brighten and look sweeter than ever at his approach? Was she not always ready to walk and talk with him, to play and sing for him? Had she not always smiles and kind looks for him?—My readers will answer, But these are not the tokens of love. Certainly in most women they are not. But perhaps Cavalay was not so well read in woman as in man,—there are very many men who are not,—or perhaps he thought Mary Hartle an exception,—or perhaps his own love made him interpret too favourably or falsely.

But where was Miss Carlwood all this time? Had not he been fascinated

with her, if not she with him, the first evening they had met? She had gone home, but he had met her several times since that first night, and had talked a great deal about The Princess with her, and had often compared her to Ida. And did not she outshine simple Mary Hartle? Yes, very far; but for all that he did not fall in love with her in preference. Has the reader never known two girls, of whom the one had nothing but truth and goodness, while the other was clever, well-read, accomplished? Has he not bowed down before the one, as before a rightful queen, but shrunk from the thought of making her his wife, lest she might prove a partner unsuitable, too delicate for this commonplace, working world, or, it may be, from very fear that he might not dare to exercise over her the rule of a husband,—while he has looked at the sweet face of the other, and thought what comfort and delight it would be to have such a smile to welcome him home, or a voice as gentle to sing to him, or to tell him he was loved? Entire love is a compound of affection and admiration; but where both cannot be felt, the former is generally chosen. Affection is the mere necessary food of the heart; but veneration has something of the nature of a luxury,—in which we can rarely indulge in this unheroical world, and without which the soul, however much it may be stunted, will still live on and thrive. And thus Cavalay had bent reverently before the mind of Isabel Carlwood; but, the gentle, kind heart of Mary Hartle had drawn his own heart to it.

When breakfast was finished, he proposed a walk with Miss Hartle, to which she readily agreed. At first, and for some time, they talked on ordinary subjects, till he reminded her that he was going to London that afternoon. She was sorry, she said; they would miss him very much, and none more than she herself. Was this encouragement or not? He went on,

"I shall very much regret to leave you; for my visit has been a very happy one. It has been more than that; it has given me better feeling, it has made me kinder, more sympathizing, less self-absorbed, so that I have again felt like a man among men."

Here he stopped; but she could not, or would not, understand yet; so he spoke plainly.

"And that which has wrought this change is a feeling which I had thought I had become quite dead to. I should have thought I should never again know what it is to love; but I have learned this last month, and she who has taught me you will, I hope, be neither surprised nor displeased to find is yourself."

She suddenly turned pale, trembled, and loosed his arm. After a short pause she answered,

"I was very glad to hear what you said till the last sentence, which, believe me, took me completely by surprise."

Both were again silent for a few moments,—when he said,

"Miss Hartle, you do not know what you have doomed me to by those words. It is not only that you have disappointed my dearest hope, but you have thrown me back on the sense of unreality (perhaps you will scarcely understand what I mean by this), which I had lately begun to escape. I was beginning to feel sympathy with others, to feel that there were some perhaps who cared for me; but now I am again alone, alone in the whole world, with no relations, no friends, no object in life."

"You shock me," she replied, "but I certainly do not know how to understand you. I thought you had many friends at Oxford. I have often heard Clarence speak of you, how much you are admired and looked up to by them."

He smiled, half pleased, half in bitterness.

"Yes, I know well how I stand at Oxford. Doubtless there are many, who, if I were to die or to leave the University, would feel some regret,

inasmuch as they might find an evening dull which I might have enlivened.—Nay, do not look so grave; I will grant that there is genuine kindness among them; but that is not friendship; and I would gladly give whatsoever admiration they are flattering enough to bestow upon me, and all the kindness they are good enough to show me for one single act of real friendship."

"But do you mean to say that you have no friends at Oxford? Is not Clarence your friend?"

"You have put a home question, which I must answer carefully and at some length. Far be it from me to doubt that your brother and others beside him feel real regard for me, and would exert themselves and make sacrifices for my sake. And this is a most important part of friendship; but it is not the whole. The sacrifices that can be made for each other by young men situated as we are will very probably be few and rare, and meanwhile little else is required than good temper and courtesy. The small kindnesses which are so frequent in a family, which, though so slight in themselves, are yet so significant and so important in their results, are likely to be omitted by us; and thus one may feel solitary and friendless, though surrounded by those who are ready to perform the most difficult duties of friendship."

"I understand what you mean by that, though it appears strange to me. But the remedy is easy, and in your own hands. And if you knew that there were some who were interested in you, surely you would no longer feel as if you had no object in life, but would apply yourself seriously to work, if it were only to gain their admiration and esteem."

"That is true. You have touched a powerful string. I once even dreamed of fame. But now whom should I care to please. Mere admiration is easily gained, and, when gained, is equally unsatisfying."

"Then why make fame or admiration your object? Take a nobler aim, the good of your fellow men."

He laughed again, and this time somewhat scornfully.

"Your argument is not improving, Miss Hartle. How am I to benefit those for whom I have no affection, scarcely even any regard at all? It is an easy thing for those who love and are loved to talk about devoting oneself to the good of others. But there is no such thing as unimpassioned benevolence. It is the warmth of the heart that rouses the hands into action. Before you send me on a mission of benevolence, find me some one to love."

"But why do you look upon yourself as so devoid of friends?"

Here she hesitated for a moment; then went on,

"Will you think me forward or inconsistent if I confess that I take great interest in you? Though we have known each other for so short a time, I have heard a great deal of you from Clarence, and I think that in a little time I could regard you almost as a brother."

What a strange thrill of pleasure shot through him at those words! A sister! How sweet, how pure, how beautiful the name sounded to him! Once he had two sisters, and loved them tenderly: and now, if one could be given to him, how would the reality of the blood relationship and the open interchange of affection scatter the clouds which so often made the earth a world of shadows to him! He made no answer to Miss Hartle, for he was too much occupied with thinking of her last words, till she said,

"And now, Mr. Cavalay, I have one thing more to say. I should regret what has happened this morning much more if I thought it likely to affect you seriously. But I am confident that one who is so clever as you are could not long have remained content with one so little clever and accomplished as I am. And I am satisfied that you yourself will soon perceive this, and that we shall continue friends yet."

He seemed struck by this speech, and replied with some warmth,

"Continue friends I am sure we shall. I shall never forget—"

She interrupted him, somewhat archly,

"And you were complaining a few minutes ago that you had not a single friend. But come, before we go into the house," and she offered him her hand frankly, "let us shake hands to show that there is no ill-will between us."

He took the hand as freely as it was offered; and this was the seal of a friendship, which, rapidly as it had sprung up, had already ripened almost into the affection of a brother and sister. No, Miss Hartle was right; he was not, he had not been, in love with her; he almost saw it clearly already. She was the nearest, not the fittest. She had wrought, or was working, a great work in him; but hers was not that mightiest power of the Magician. The regard which he felt for her was love, real love; but it was but a messenger of that which above all other regard is called Love, bearing enough resemblance to his lord to make it no wonder that he had been mistaken for him.

(*To be continued.*)

ALEXANDER SMITH.

I HAVE often wondered, when I have thought of the books already given to the world, not only in such quantity, but treating the great questions of life in every variety of manner, on all sides, and from so many points of view,—some of them, too, with a force and subtlety, which we and our posterity cannot hope to surpass. I have often wondered why men should still continue to write, discussing, as they only can do, these same questions again and again. At first sight it would seem a matter of no little surprise that new books should still be printed every day in the language in which Chaucer and Spenser, Bacon and Shakespeare remain unread, at any rate by the multitude. It might have been expected that at least the thoughts, of the great men of old would have been fully mastered before living writers would venture to give their thoughts, almost necessarily not original, to their contemporaries. But it would appear as if every age, besides having its peculiar difficulties and problems, had also its peculiar modes of thinking, which render it necessary for every fresh generation to meet those difficulties and solve those questions in a certain manner, in such a one, namely, as is adapted to these distinctive modes of thought. Hence living writers, though not greater than their predecessors,—it may be far from equal to the greatest of them,—most powerfully influence mankind, though they may do no more than utter afresh what has been already spoken more fully and more forcibly. Neither is the age of the writer without effect in modifying his influence, directing it chiefly to those of the same age as himself, so that the youth of a nation will be peculiarly under the guidance of the young authors of their own time. These remarks will be found to apply to Alexander Smith, a young poet, who has been acknowledged generally to give the fairest promise, but whose actual performance, I conceive, must find appreciation principally with the young. It is now somewhat more than three years since his poems were published in a collected form. Great interest was excited by the announcement that a new poet had arisen in an age which had so commonly been termed—I say not with what truth—prosaic and uti-

litarian. The claims of the aspirant were tried, with more or less discrimination, in the reviews, and very generally a favourable verdict was pronounced. It seemed to be agreed that, if a great poet had not already risen, certain promise of his rising had been given. For myself, I heartily joined in the judgment then delivered; and six or eight months later, on testing the claim again, my former opinion was confirmed. And now, for the third time, I have tried it, more strictly even than before, and am much rejoiced to be able to pronounce a judgment, I know not how favourable—had it been adverse, this review would not have been written.

His chief poem is one more attempt to solve a question almost as old as the world itself: in a word, the problem of life—the evolution of order out of chaos, the substitution of duty for pleasure, God's will for self-will. Often and often, from the earliest times, has this question been handled, most powerfully, I doubt not, in the Book of Solomon the Preacher, who, while he sought his own pleasure, found all things vanity, and, in the end, knew no remedy, except only the stern injunction, "Fear God and keep his commandments." This great subject is treated in the "Life-Drama" with fearless originality, which often indeed degenerates into wildness and absurdity, but which nevertheless makes the poem a genuine voice from a human soul, telling its own experience of joy and sorrow, speaking for the most part, very forcibly, and not unfrequently with grandeur and authority. There is much in it to disturb and distress the reader, as I doubt not it was written with weariness and pain by the poet. I know scarcely any stronger and bitterer expression, in verse or in prose, of that vague discontent with life, that dull perpetual joylessness, which perhaps is harder to be endured than any except the acutest forms of positive wretchedness. It would seem as if this burden must be borne by all great men at some period of their lives. The great writers of the present day repeat—not indeed delivering it as their final moral—but still they repeat, as the experience of one part of their lives, the lamentation of the wisest of men, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity:" Tennyson, in "The Palace of Art," "The Two Voices," "The Vision of Sin," "Maud;" Kingsley, in "Hypatia," in which one of the principal characters, Raphael Aben-Ezra, is at the first a sort of personification of this life-weariness—it is uttered by Thackeray in the preacher's own words, "Ah, *Vanitas vanitatum*, which of us is happy in this world?" while Carlyle hears the dull "moan of ennui" rise from the whole present generation. Yet by none of these is the lament more bitterly uttered than by Alexander Smith in his "Life-Drama;" again and again it breaks forth, reaching its most painful tone in that "sad thought" of Walter's:

> "Though our beings point
> Upward, like prayers or quick spires of flame,
> We soon lose interest in this breathing world:
> Joy palls from taste to taste, until we yawn
> In Pleasure's glowing face. . . . .
> Great weariness doth feed upon the soul;
> I sometimes think the highest-blest in heaven
> Will weary 'mong its flowers. As for myself,
> There's nothing new between me and the grave
> But the cold feel of Death."

Sad of a truth is this to be spoken by one so young as Walter is represented to be, to be written by one so young as the poet is. Though, indeed, it seems to me that it is upon the first entrance into manhood, when life appears to eyes that have not yet learned to see aright, at once so grand and so mean, the world so alluring and so terrible, before we can resist the enticements of its pleasures, or have strengthened ourselves to bear its pains, when all glorious and happy things seem within

our reach; yet ever, when grasped at, glide away from it—it is then that this dull despair, this continual aching, most easily and surely seizes upon the heart; which, in later life, either enjoys moderately and so permanently, or is sustained by hope of better things, or is nerved by duty, or, at the lowest, learns to endure more patiently and suffer uncomplainingly.

The discontent of Walter has several causes. At the first, the not altogether ignoble one of impotent desire to do great things for which the time was not yet ripe, joined to the more doubtful longing after fame; afterwards, to these were added the loss of love, and remorse for the sin which had destroyed that love. His remedy lay in the accomplishment of the great work which he had felt in himself the power to do, the recognition of duty and consequent indifference to fame, and finally, the crown of all, the renewal of his love.

Perhaps nothing has commended this "Life-Drama" to young readers more than this vehement complaint of the tedium of life. Some have called our age an age of material comfort and contented ease; but, not to speak of the myriads who do not possess and cannot obtain material comforts—those *commoda vitæ*, which it has been asserted are the first objects of our modern philosophy—it seems to me rather as if those who do possess them, who might say, "Soul, take thine ease, and "be merry," were nevertheless disturbed by a vague yearning after they scarcely know what, unsettled by discontent with the things which lie around them—to use language as vague as their desire, longing after some more spiritual life, which, however alien it may appear to their ordinary habits, they yet feel, indistinctly enough it may be, to be in harmony with their true nature. We live in an age of change, perpetual change—transition we cannot pronounce, whatever we may hope, whether to better or worse; and our minds, the minds of the younger of us in particular, are as restless as our circumstances, so that we know not surely what to hope or fear, but know this at least, with bitter certainty, that with present things we are not and cannot be satisfied. And thus, day by day, from souls that are not willingly discontent, rises the cry of dull anguish, "all is vanity and vexation of "spirit;" and any writer who utters this cry with the eloquence, however rude, of a heart penetrated by its sorrow, cannot fail to touch the many hearts sick of the same gnawing pain.

The title, "Life-Drama," was cavilled at by some critics with much show of justice. For, indeed, a want of dramatic power throughout a great part of the poem is very palpable. All the characters, from Walter down to Arthur, talk in the same metaphorical style, and the reader must frequently be quite unable to feel them as real men and women. This so pervades the poem that it is quite unnecessary to give instances of it. But, in the midst of this unskilfulness is continually displayed a skill which promises I know not how great a result, if it be duly cultivated. This I will endeavour to show by quotations, and those somewhat lengthy, as it is a point I greatly desire to make good. The earliest example is the tale of the Lady and the Indian Page, which, though most abruptly and unnaturally introduced, and itself containing much absurdity, yet is related, on the whole, with great power and actuality, while some of the speeches of the Lady, (however bold the assertion may seem,) are positively worthy of Shakespeare himself.

Here let me notice, what I wish to draw no inference from, what may really be of little moment, but what surely is at least deserving of observation, that, throughout the poem, here and there occur lines which not only are in the style of Shakespeare, but which, to my ear at least, sound as if they had been written by him.

To return, I will quote the speeches of the Lady to which I referred.

" Who'd leap into the chariot of my heart,
And seize the reins, and wind it to his will,
Must be of other stuff, my cub of Ind;
White honour shall be like a plaything to him,
Borne lightly, a pet falcon on his wrist;
One who can feel the very pulse o' the time,
Instant to act, to plunge into the strife,
And with a strong arm hold the rearing world.
In costly chambers hush'd with carpets rich,
Swept by proud beauties in their whistling silks,
Mars' plait shall smooth to sweetness on his brow;
His mighty front whose steel flung back the sun,
When horsed for battle, shall bend above a hand
Laid like a lily in his tawny palm,
With such a grace as takes the gazer's eye.
His voice that shiver'd the head trumpet's blare,
A new-raised standard to the reeling field,
Shall know to tremble at a lady's ear,
To charm her blood with the fine touch of praise,
And as she listens, steal away the heart.
If the good gods do grant me such a man,
More would I dote upon his trenched brows, [ful lips,
His coal-black hair, proud eyes, and scorn-
Than on a gallant, curl'd like Absalom,
Cheek'd like Apollo, with his luted voice."

The Page confesses his love for his mistress:

" Thee I love."
" Thou!" and the Lady with a cruel laugh,
(Each silver throb went through him like a sword)
Flung herself back upon her fringed couch,
From which she rose upon him like a queen,
She rose and stabb'd him with her angry eyes.
" 'Tis well my father did not hear thee, boy,
Or else my pretty plaything of an hour
Might have gone sleep to-night without his head,
And I might waste rich tears upon his fate.
I would not have my sweetest plaything hurt.
Dost think to scorch me with those blazing eyes, [sun?
My fierce and lightning-blooded cub o' the
Thy blood is up in riot on thy brow,
I' the face o' its monarch. Peace! By my grey sire,
Now could I slay thee with one look of hate,
One single look. My Hero! my Heart-god!
My dusk Hyperion, Bacchus of the Inds!
My Hercules, with chin as smooth as my own!
I am so sorry maid, I cannot wear
This great and proffer'd jewel of thy love.
Thou art too bold, methinks! Did'st never fear
That on my poor deserts thy love would sit
Like a great diamond on a threadbare robe?
I tremble for't. I pr'y thee come to-morrow,
And I will pasture you upon my lips
Until thy beard be grown. Go now, sir, go."

The Lady sigh'd, " It was my father's blood
That bore me as a red and wrathful stream
Bears a shed leaf. I would recall my words,
And yet I would not.
Into what angry beauty rush'd his face!
What lips! what splendid eyes! 'twas pitiful
To see such splendours ebb in utter woe.
His eyes half won me. Tush! I am a fool;
The blood that purples in these azure veins,
Rich'd with its long course through a hundred earls, [him.
Were foul'd and mudded if I stoop'd to
My father loves him for his free wild wit;
I for his beauty and sun-lighted eyes.
To bring him to my feet, to kiss my hand,
Had I it in my gift, I'd give the world,
Its panting fire-heart, diamonds, veins of gold;
Its rich strands, oceans, belts of cedar'd hills, [the winds.
Whence summer smells are struck by all
But whether I might lance him through the brain [kill
With a proud look,—or whether sternly
Him with a single deadly word of scorn,—
Or whether yield me up,
And sink all tears and weakness in his arms,
And strike him blind with a strong shock of joy,—
Alas! I feel I could do each and all.
I will be kind when next he brings me flowers,
Pluck'd from the shining forehead of the morn, [bee.
Ere they have oped their rich cores to the
His wild heart with a ringlet will I chain,
And o'er him I will lean me like a heaven,
And feed him with sweet looks and dew-soft words,
And beauty that might make a monarch pale, [touch;
And thrill him to the heart's core with a
Smile him to Paradise at close of eve,
To hang upon my lips in silver dreams."

These speeches require, or rather admit of, no comment. The reader, having them before him, must judge for himself; for my own part, conscious though I am that they are not without

blemishes, I could not express my admiration of them.

Hitherto the interviews between Walter and the character designated "Lady," have been as unnatural as they could be; but we now come upon passages of great dramatic force and beauty. Walter declares his love for her in language that would have been powerful and affecting but for its exaggeration, upon which she replies,

" My God! 'tis hard!
When I was all in leaf the frost-winds came,
And now, when o'er me runs the summer's breath,
It waves but iron boughs. . . . . .
O Sir! within a month my bridal bells
Will make a village glad. The fainting Earth
Is bleeding at her million golden veins,
And by her blood I'm bought. The sun shall see
A pale bride wedded to grey hair, and eyes
Of cold and cruel blue; and in the spring
A grave with daisies on it. . . . . .
We twain have met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam, [Walter!
To meet no more. We have been foolish,
I would to God that I had never known
This secret of thy heart, or else had met thee
Years before this. I bear a heavy doom."

When she departs, Walter, after a long silence, looks up, and exclaims,

" God! what a light has pass'd away from earth [night!
Since my last look! How hideous this
How beautiful the yesterday that stood
Over me like a rainbow! I am alone.
The past is past. I see the future stretch
All dark and barren as a rainy sea."

I am aware how partially dramatic power can be illustrated by quotations, especially if fragmentary; and I would at least have quoted the part instanced entire, but that Smith, seldom writing with sustained power, has few passages of any length, which would bear minute criticism; at the best, the reader is offended with lines, which he can but wish away, wondering, not without some indignation, how they came. In the next scene, between Walter and the peasant, though it can scarcely be said that there is much delineation of character, the human interest is clearly and strongly brought out. In the first interview between Walter and Violet, there is a strange mixture of the absurd and the natural, the latter often very pathetic. The next scene, between these two, is for the most part violent and exaggerated, till towards the end, when their mutual avowal of love calls forth some of the most impassioned poetry I know of; indeed, so impassioned and sensuous as to prepare us for that which before long interrupts the enjoyment of their love for years.

" *Walter.* By thy tears
I love thee as my own immortal soul.
Weep, weep, my Beautiful! Upon thy face
There is no cloud of sorrow or distress;
It is as moonlight, pale, serene, and clear.
Thy tears are spilt of joy, they fall like rain
From heaven's stainless blue. [Bend over me, my Beautiful, my Own.
Oh, I could lie with face upturn'd for ever,
And on thy beauty feed as on a star!
Thy face doth come between me and the heaven—
Start not, my dearest! for I would not give
Thee in thy tears for all yon sky lit up
For a god's feast to-night. And I am [loved!
Why did you love me, Violet?
Violet. The sun
Smiles on the earth, and the exuberant earth [with me,
Returns the smile in flowers,—'twas so
I love thee as a fountain leaps to light—
I can do nothing else.
Walter. Say these words again;
And yet again; never fell on my ear
Such drops of music.
Violet. Alas! poor words are weak;
So are the daily ills of common life,
To draw the ingots and the hoarded pearls
From out the treasure-caverns of my heart.
Suff'ring, despair, and death alone can do it . . . . . .
Walter. . . . . . I am drunk with joy,
This is a royal hour—the top of life.
Henceforth my path slopes downward to the grave—
All's dross but love. . . . . .
Why do you weep?
Violet. To think that we, so happy now, must die.
Walter. That thought hangs like a cold and slimy snail
On the rich rose of love—shake it away—
Give me another kiss, and I will take
Death at a flying leap. The night is fair,

But thou art fairer, Violet! Unloose
The midnight of thy tresses, let them float
Around us both. How the freed ringlets reel
Down to the dewy grass. Here lean thy head:
Now you will feel my heart leap 'gainst thy cheek;
Imprison me with those white arms of thine.
So, so. O sweet, upturned face! . . . .
O, I could live
Unwearied on thy beauty, till the sun
Grows dim and wrinkled as an old man's face.
Our cheeks are close, our breaths mix like our souls.
We have been starved hereto; Love's banquet spread,
Now let us feast our fills."

But by far the most striking scene remains, that on the city bridge at midnight. Well is the place, so suggestive of dark histories of crime and misery, selected for this meeting between Walter, in the full bitterness of remorse for his unlawful love, and the Girl so quaintly and plainly entitled an Outcast. It is a terrible scene; scarcely to be read, I think, by any without pain. Considering the age at which it was written, it may be the earnest of tragic power, to parallel which we must go to Shakespeare or Æschylus.

"*Walter.* Wilt pray for me?
Girl (*shuddering*). 'Tis a dreadful thing to pray.
Walter. Why is it so?
Hast thou, like me, a spot upon thy soul
Which neither tears can cleanse, nor fires eterne?
Girl. But few request *my* prayers.
Walter. I request them.
For ne'er did a dishevell'd woman cling
So earnest-pale to a stern conqu'ror's knees,
Pleading for a dear life, as did my prayer
Cling to the knees of God. He shook it off,
And went upon his way. Wilt pray for me?
Girl. Sin crusts me o'er as limpets crust the rocks:
I would be thrust from every human door;
I dare not knock at heaven's.
Walter. Poor homeless one!
There is a door stands wide for thee and me—
The door of hell. Methink we are well met.
I saw a little girl three years ago,
With eyes of azure and with cheeks of red,
A crowd of sunbeams hanging down her face;
Sweet laughter round her; dancing like a breeze.
I'd rather lair me with a fiend in fire
Than look on such a face as hers to-night.
But I can look on thee and such as thee;
I'll call thee "Sister;" do thou call me "Brother."
A thousand years hence, when we both are damn'd,
We'll sit like ghosts upon the wailing shore,
And read our lives by the red light of hell.
Will we not, Sister?
Girl. O, thou strange wild man,
Let me alone; what would you seek with me?
Walter. Your ear, my Sister. I have that within
Which urges me to utterance. . . . . .
I have none
To listen to me, save a sinful woman
Upon a midnight bridge. She was so fair,
God's eye could rest with pleasure on her face.
Oh, God, she was so happy! Her short life
As full of music as the crowded June
Of an unfallen orb. What is it now?
She gave me her young heart, full, full of love:
My return—was to break it. Worse, far worse;
I crept into the chambers of her soul,
Like a foul toad, polluting as I went.
Girl. I pity her, not you. Man trusts in God;
He is eternal. Woman trusts in man,
And he is shifting sand.
Walter. Poor child, poor child!
We sat in dreadful silence with our sin;
Looking each other wildly in the eyes:
Methought I heard the gates of heaven close;
She flung herself against me, burst in tears,
As a wave bursts in spray. She cover'd me
With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud,
With dim dishevell'd tresses, hides the hill
On which its heart is breaking. She clung to me
With piteous arms, and shook me with her sobs,
For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,
And now had nought but me and her great wrong.
She did not kill me with a single word,
But once she lifted her tear-dabbled face—
Had hell gaped at my feet, I would have leapt
Into its burning throat, from that pale look.
Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend:
It drives me out to the black moors at night,
Where I am smitten by the hissing rain;

And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops, [turn,
Hustle me shrieking, then, with a sudden
Go laughing to their fellows. Merciful God! [white face,
It comes—that face again; that white,
Set in a night of hair; reproachful eyes,
That make me mad. Oh! save me from those eyes!
They will torment me even in the grave,
And burn on me in Tophet.
Girl. Where are you going?
Walter. My heart's on fire by hell, and on I drive
To outer blackness, like a blazing ship."

The last scene, between Walter and Violet, though not nearly so striking as this, is still more interesting, and is the most pathetic and the most important in the whole drama. The lovers have repented bitterly, for weary years, of the crime which put them asunder: Walter has made what atonement he could for the years worse than wasted in the pursuit of his own pleasure: he has made the great discovery of Duty, and, at last, the still greater of Love—of love, that is, for its own sake, pure and unselfish—a discovery made by Violet long before. The lovers now, after the desolate time of loneliness, are once more united, with trembling happiness, subdued almost into sadness, by the remembrance of the sinful days of pleasure and the woful years of separation; yet still happy, very happy, happiest of all in the feeling that this renewed love, so quiet, so chastened, so unlike the former tumultuous passion, can last, last for ever, through life, and in the life beyond death. The pathos and actuality of this scene alone would go far towards justifying the author in calling his poem a drama. One at length feels unmistakeably Walter and Violet as real human creatures, with warm, beating hearts.

And this seems to me true dramatic power, far more than the development of a plot. Against the argument which allies itself with the etymology of the word "drama," I quote the authority of the greatest dramatist the world has ever seen, whose conception of the purpose of the drama was "to hold, "as true, the mirror up to nature, to "show virtue her own feature, scorn her "own image, and the very age and body "of the time his form and pressure."

This last scene is too entire to admit of quotations, for my present purpose, that is, of showing the dramatic capability of its author: for this purpose it must be read throughout. I think I have now sufficiently proved that the poet, in throwing this poem into a dramatic form, was not so far wrong as some critics would have made him out to be. In leaving this part of my subject I have but to express my hope that this perception of character, this tragic power, will in future years be rigorously trained, whether for the composition of stage plays, the best purpose, or of other "dramatic poems," must be left to the discretion of the poet himself. As for the objections against Dramatic Poems in themselves, I hold them to be of that kind which are answered almost as soon as they are questioned. Lyrical poems are very commonly related in the person of the hero, and this being allowed, it is but an extension of the rule to make the rest of the characters speak for themselves. To write a stage play many and rare powers are required, such as are possessed by very few; but it may happen that a man, who does not possess all these qualifications in the requisite degree, has yet a keen perception of character, and there seems no valid reason (neglecting and despising mere arbitrary laws) why he should not deliver his thoughts in the form which is most easy and natural to him.

If I were to class Smith, I should without hesitation call him a moral or didactic poet. His "drama" is pointed with a moral, and that a stern and most important one, wrought out principally in the last scene, but, I need not say, pervading the whole poem. Very emphatically is Duty laid down.

"My life was a long dream; when I awoke

Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seem'd so terrible, I could have turn'd
Into my yesterdays, and wander'd back
To distant childhood, and gone out to God
By the gate of birth, not death . . . .
I will go forth 'mong men, not mail'd in scorn,
But in the armour of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me, and great songs, [I fall
And whether crown'd or crownless, when
It matters not, so as God's work is done.
I've learn'd to prize the quiet lightning-deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels
Which men call fame."

But very clearly has the poet seen that the principle of mere Duty, the bare resolution, that is, to do right, is not enough; that there is something beyond this, something which may soften this, and not allow it to take, as it is very apt to do, the shape of a pursuit of some abstract Right, which may leave the man hard and cold and really selfish. Not that this is the genuine principle of Duty, which, like Truth, admits of no admixture of evil; but, if Love be not within the heart, men are very liable to take this for Duty—the true practical definition of which is, not the rigid rule of some abstraction, but the will of that personal God, who, as his will is in perfect accordance with right, so has towards us the tenderness of a father. Very beautifully is Duty thus exalted into Love in the scene under consideration, until the consummation is reached in Walter's last speech, which stands in strange and sweet contrast to the not unselfish aspirations so often uttered by him before.

" This mournful wind
Has surely been with winter, 'tis so cold.
The dews are falling, Violet! Your cloak,
Draw it around you. Let the still night shine!
A star's a cold thing to a human heart,
And love is better than their radiance.
Come!
Let us go in together."

With this speech, which is a dramatic statement of the moral, the poem ends, I will not say fitly or beautifully, but perfectly.

Into the body of the drama are introduced, usually with the most inartistic abruptness, many shorter poems. The three best are the tale of "the Lady and the Indian Page," Walter's poem; "My head is grey, my blood is young," &c., and his tale, "Within a city one was born to toil," &c. I have already treated of the dramatic power displayed in the first. In the second there is much softness and pathos, while the speech of the dying girl is exquisitely simple and affecting.

" The callow young were huddling in the nests;
The marigold was burning in the marsh,
Like a thing dipt in sunset, when He came.
" My blood went up to meet Him on my face,
Glad as a child that hears its father's step,
And runs to meet him at the open porch.
" I gave Him all my being, like a flower
That flings its perfume on a vagrant breeze,
A breeze that wanders on and heeds it not.
" His scorn is lying on my heart like snow,
My eyes are weary, and I fain would sleep;
The quietest sleep is underneath the ground.
" Are ye around me, friends? I cannot see,
I cannot hear the voices that I love,
I lift my hands to you from out the night.
" Methought I felt a tear upon my cheek;
Weep not, my mother! It is time to rest,
And I am very weary; so, good night!"

The third is the old story of one born to great things, but hindered by circumstances, or—who shall say?—his own impatience. It is told here with very great power, at times even with terrible grandeur.

" The city now was left long miles behind,
A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars, [head,
He reach'd its summit. Far above his
Up there upon the still and mighty night,
God's name was writ in worlds. Awhile he stood,
Silent and throbbing like a midnight star.
He raised his hands, alas! 'twas not in prayer—
He long had ceased to pray. 'Father,' he said,
'I wish'd to loose some music o'er Thy world,

To strike from its firm seat some hoary wrong,
And then to die in autumn with the flowers,
And leaves, and sunshine I have loved so well.
Thou might'st have smooth'd my way to some great end—
But wherefore speak? Thou art the mighty God,
This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds
Is an eternal and triumphant hymn,
Chanted by Thee unto Thine own great Self!
Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers to Thee?
My pangs? my tears of blood? They could not move
Thee from the depths of Thine immortal dream.
Thou hast forgotten me, God! Here, therefore, here,
To-night upon this cold and bleak hill-side,
Like a forsaken watch-fire will I die,
And as my pale corse fronts the glittering night,
It shall reproach Thee before all Thy worlds.
His death did not disturb that ancient Night,
Scornfullest Night! Over the dead there hung
Great gulfs of silence, blue, and strewn with stars,
No sound—no motion—in the eternal depths."

The faults of Smith lie on the surface, and cannot be missed by the most careless reader. The monotony that makes most of the *dramatis personæ* uninteresting wearies us also in his metre. In his blank verse a pause occurs at the end of most lines, while the pauses in the middle of lines are far too few. Yet it possesses a strength and ease (the latter often becoming real melody, while the strength at times rises almost to majesty), which do much towards atoning for the want of variety. Blank verse, from its greater apparent facility because of the absence of rhyme, is not unnaturally, however unwisely, a favourite with young poets. I need not say that it is really one of the most difficult of metres, perhaps for the want of that very ornament of rhyme.—I will speak of Smith's management of other metres when I come to "Lady Barbara."

The paucity of his illustrations from history, &c. may be fairly set down to what I think I am justified in assuming, a very limited range of reading. Even his poetical reading would seem to have been confined (perhaps with the exception of Shakespeare) to Keats and Coleridge, the former, at least if studied in "Endymion," a somewhat dangerous model for him. No poet would be more valuable to him as a study (not, of course, for imitation, but for self-correction) than Tennyson, who is so characterised by that which is so wanting in the younger poet, finish. Far be it from me to set "glorious insufficiencies" below "narrower perfectness;" if I did so, I should rate Smith far less high than I do;—beyond a doubt it is that which is said, not the manner in which it is said, that is first and principal; but still there is that in completeness the loss of which the grandest imperfect treatment cannot wholly cover; it gives worth to what without it would be of little or no value, while to the greatest it adds the last, and not the least, excellence.

Despite, however, of this general carelessness and want of finish, there are no few passages, some of them of considerable length, which seem to me incapable of improvement; great thoughts, adequately expressed, in versification, which, though its want of variety would soon weary the ear, yet flows with an ease which fully satisfies it for the time.

In nothing is Smith's monotony more painfully felt than in his descriptions, if such they may be called, of external nature. Almost the only birds mentioned are larks, peacocks, and plovers, while his metaphors and similes are drawn almost solely from the sea, the sun, moon, and stars, till, even allowing them to be individually beautiful, we are wearied with the repetition. Yet one passage concerning the stars is so magnificent, so touchingly does it account for his love of them, that for

it we may well bear with much wildness and monotony.

"I love the stars too much! The tameless sea
Spreads itself out beneath them smooth as glass.
You cannot love them, lady, till you dwell
In mighty towns; immured in their black hearts,
The stars are nearer to you than the fields.
I'd grow an Atheist in these towns of trade,
Were't not for stars. The smoke puts heaven out;
I meet sin-bloated faces in the streets,
And shrink as from a blow. I hear wild oaths,
And curses spilt from lips that once were sweet,
And seal'd for Heaven by a mother's kiss.
I mix with men whose hearts of human flesh,
Beneath the petrifying touch of gold,
Have grown as stony as the trodden ways.
I see no trace of God, till in the night,
While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,
He doth reveal Himself to me in heaven.
My heart swells to Him as the sea to the moon;
Therefore it is I love the midnight stars."

As might be expected from this passage, the poet joins with his slight knowledge of nature the most intense love, which in future years may produce knowledge and true beauty of description.

His similes I hold to be the farthest removed from such description. When the "Life-Drama" was first published, nothing in it seemed to attract more attention than these, and certainly they are very striking, and in a sense original. Yet they are so strained and violent as fairly to lay him open to the charge, so indiscriminately and unjustly brought against the body of living poets, of being "spasmodic." This, however, is a fault which time and a more extended acquaintance with good models cannot fail to amend in so true a genius. I think, too, that he himself knew the comparative worthlessness of these glittering conceits; for in the advice given to Walter by the Lady, he makes her say,

"Strive for the Poet's crown; but ne'er forget
How poor are fancy's blooms to thoughtful fruits."

With this advice I entirely agree. Great thoughts, which, however ideal, can be applied to the common business of life, strengthening us for it while they exalt us above it, I hold to be the real beauties of poetry; and, if we have these, we can dispense with the ornaments of fancy, whereas these latter by themselves are but tinkling cymbals.—In the future poems of Smith I heartily hope to find the opinion expressed in the quotation, which I cannot help regarding as his own, acted upon, and the great thoughts with which his mind abounds, set forth, if it may be, with the adornment of the fancy, but, if not that, then uttered simply and without ornament at all, trusting only to their own worth.

Much fault might be found with his phraseology, disfigured as it is by much mannerism, no little coining of words, and occasional bad grammar (I allude to the employment of substantives and adjectives as verbs, &c.) These I would reprehend severely, but that I look upon them as the defects of a young author which I hope to see amended in his future writings. Let him make it his study to write plain and pure English, which will be found abundantly sufficient to express fully, forcibly, and accurately all poetical thought, alike the grandest and the most subtle.

The meagreness of the plot of the Life-Drama, the absurdity of much in the story, need not be more than thus mentioned in passing, as they are what no reader could possibly fail to observe.

With these faults I have at times been so painfully struck that I have even wished the poem had never been published. Great as has always been my admiration for much in it, I have at such times thought it would have been better if the poet had waited till he could mature his rich but imperfect conceptions, and embody them in fit and worthy language. But now, know-

ing the poem sufficiently well to be able to balance its excellencies and its defects, I deliberately unsay this, and both rejoice and am thankful that this "first heir of his invention" has been given to the world. I think, too, he has been right in making so few alterations, though the volume has reached the fourth edition. As he wrote it, so let it stand; the time and labour which would have been required to revise it may be better employed in writing fresh poems. With all its imperfections, it is still no mere promise or earnest of greatness, however certain: it is itself a great performance.

There is little left to say about the other poems: all have merit, but only one need claim our special notice. This is "Lady Barbara," the most finished poem in the whole volume. There is much in it which reminds me of Keats and Coleridge, the story apparently having been suggested by "The Ancient Mariner," while the versification and phraseology are in the style of Keats. The versification is very melodious: indeed Smith seems to possess more power over rhyme than over blank verse. Not that he has succeeded in all his rhymed poems: that in the metre of "Locksley Hall," (one of the most difficult of all metres,) is, with the exception of a few lines, a complete failure; but, in general, his rhyme is superior to his blank verse,—especially surpassing it in variety of rhythm,—an essential of the higher kinds of melody, though the praise of melody is frequently given to versification which is distinguished only for ease and smoothness,—an absurdity as great as it would be to call a waltz the highest form of music.

I have little to add by way of summing up. The reader already divines my estimation of the poems reviewed. If the "Life-Drama" may be fairly taken as a performance, it may more justly, if more indulgently, be accepted as an earnest. Weighing its merits against its defects, seeing that the former are the excellencies of great genius, the latter faults such as experience and care may amend, my hopes of the future greatness of its author are very high. Already we have among us a somewhat numerous band of young poets, of whom none has excited so much interest, none has received so much praise, as Alexander Smith. To say that among these he may take a high, or even the highest, place may be thought by some a sufficiently bold prediction; but I say not merely that; I unhesitatingly express my confident belief that, if his future performance does not belie this his youthful, almost boyish, promise, he may look to stand in the first rank of English poets, or, at the least, below only the very greatest.

THE WORK OF YOUNG MEN IN THE PRESENT AGE.

WHEN the snow-clad shores of the Crimea were thronged by our Armies, and our soldiers were keeping their cheerless Christmas amidst the trenches and the tents of War, it was no sentimental idealism, no false and highly wrought enthusiasm, which preserved their bravery undiminished, their fortitude unimpaired, but it was that strong and noble feeling, implanted deep in every English heart, a true and earnest sense of duty.

And now that War has ceased from among us, that same sense of duty will

not, surely, be allowed to die away. In Work, earnest, resolute, patient, constant Work, it will find its satisfaction. Inherent in the breast of each man, its business is to prompt him to his proper Work. It has been found sufficient to nerve for the sharp battle, or for the wearier and more fearful watching day by day and night by night, in cold, in hunger, and in nakedness before the beleaguered city, the beardless boy and the untaught rustic; and now, while all England rings with glorious deeds, whose true heroism and real worth and chiefest boast is, that they were deeds of duty; now will not the hearts of our young men beat, and their pulses leap with strong desire to learn how they may win that fairest guerdon, the inward sense of duty done?

They have a work to do. To do a certain work each man was born. It is the noble duty of each man, in youth, to learn his own peculiar work; and steadily and earnestly to pursue that work, whatever it may be; to pursue it amidst evil report and good report, for weal or woe, with a zeal enough to satisfy his conscience and his God, this, surely, is to do God's own work upon earth; this, surely, is for man to become a fellow-worker with God, because it is to carry out in its entireness the Perfect Will of the Eternal Mind.

But it is with a body rather than with individuals that we have now to do. It is on those who are yet young men that the future of the World depends. Their task, their duty, what is it? Their duty is to work. The Age of Idleness has passed away. The Infancy of this Old Earth has gone. And with it all pretence for idleness. We may dream no more of loiterings in the green forests, or hawkings, or revelry, or gorgeous feast; none may dream of these things now. The day was when the setting sun saw youths and maidens released betimes from toil, dancing eve away in the cool, calm streets of London, and on cooler village greens. But what sees now the setting sun? Still is the counting house thronged with clerks, whose pallid looks and aching brows tell of the long, fair summer's day spent in unhealthy labour; in the streets the busy multitude still move to and fro as if the night brought no repose from toil. And in the country the day's requiem ascends no more in cheerful sounds of rural revelry, but labour is prolonged while the last streaks of light shine in the Western sky.

At this time, then, of enforced and constant toil, we would not that our youth should alone be idle. They have a work; they have a duty. And, in truth, they are too seldom idle. We say too seldom idle, for better the gay, glad idleness of olden times, than selfish, hardening toil. It is almost fearful to reflect on the lot of our young men now. In the highest ranks a want of earnestness, a tone of levity prevails, which tells of no true Workers there. Where are they whose heart is in their work? who, with an intense self-devotion, give themselves up body and soul to that which, surely, is the appointed task of every man, the task of benefiting others? And when we speak of benefiting others, it is not always active and actual work for others of which we speak. Rather are we thinking of that calm and noble stedfastness which so does everything as to make each act of life unselfish; which, while teaching one to do with all one's might whatsoever the hand finds to do, yet teaches also so to work as not for oneself only, but for all mankind, not for one's kinsfolk only, but for that vast Family whose home is the wide world; not for one's country only, but for that commonwealth of all men, whose boundaries are the same with the limits of the globe.

But even in the highest ranks there is a craving springing up for work. Long ago wise men saw that it was not

idleness that made the Gentleman; but that rather there was in honest labour that which made the Gentleman. And now men have given over boasting of ancestors, and royal blood, and ancient pedigrees; in very shame they have given over, lest from the grave the forefathers they boast of should rise and warn them that the glory they won by patient toil, was never meant to conceal the hideous nakedness of idleness. Truly the true blood of nobility is a good thing, for there is good in everything; it is good when it urges those in whose veins it runs to an imitation of the great works of their ancestors. But when, instead of nourishing industry, it does but cherish pride, then is it useless, and mean, and pitiful.

And, as we have already said, many of the higher ranks are beginning to feel this now. And many in the middle ranks are girding themselves in youthful eagerness for the Work of Life, panting with desire to claim their privilege of Work; and ready, strong in faith, glad in hope and passionate in loving earnestness, to pave the way for the time when the wild bells, shall, with unearthly sweetness,

"Ring in the Christ that is to be."

And yet for want of knowing how to work, despite their longing for true work, how many waste the noblest energies of youth in dull routine. The merchant and the farmer, the landlord and the tenant, the noble and the peasant, the warrior and the priest, alike crave their work; alike fail to find it; alike miss to see that it lies at their very thresholds.

For it seems to us, that in each man's peculiar profession, or station, or business, there is noble work enough. Each man has his own bent towards some especial calling; and is not that bent an instinct, disregard of which must be unwise? To do, to dare to suffer in the gratification of that instinct, or rather, let us say, in the working as God has willed him to work, is what each one is called on to go forward to. But may he not remember for his comfort, that whatever he is called on by his natural bent of mind to do, he is called upon to do by the very voice of God? Politics, or teaching, or labours of love for others, or whatever else he may choose, may be made by him a holy and a noble work, nay, must be made so if he look for that satisfaction which only noble work can give.

And we do believe, that the best hope for our England lies in the appreciation of this truth by our young men. There is no want of earnest minds among the youth of England. Let those who doubt the earnestness of our young men, mark well the stamp which the inward mind impresses on the face of those who, year by year, go forth to labour from Oxford and from Cambridge; on those who, pale with too much work, and with lives led in close alleys and dark, damp cellars, yet pore in our Mechanics' Institutes over deep and weighty books; and on those who, gayer and healthier, are yet not less eager to go forward for ever, our young country peasants; not less earnest, as those can attest who know, that through snow and wet they will wade, in the stormiest winter night, over many a weary mile of country lane and by path, not, as of old, to the village ale-house, but to the village reading-room.

With such earnestness, with such true energy, why should we not hope for great things from our youth? Why should we not look for a stronger and deeper sympathy between all classes, and a truer love of work in all? Why should we not hope to crush the spirit of selfishness and of the love of money? It can and may be done by the young men of the present day, if they will but strive to add to their energy diligence; to their diligence, patience; to their patience, abnegation of self.

I. The young men of the present day have need of diligence. They have need of an independent judgment and

a firm and determined will, but they cannot heal our social evils, they cannot work the work they have on hand without that diligence, whose slow and painful blows can alone break the brazen gates of prejudice, and burst asunder the iron bars of obstinate routine. For that a man may take part in the work of social reform it is requisite that he should have a clear, calm judgment, a judgment formed by long and anxious thought. And unless the young men of the present day are willing to meditate on social wrongs, their causes, and the best way in which they, each in their several spheres, may help to heal them, unless they will do this with diligence, they may as well give up at once all thought of doing a good work, for zeal and energy and noble feelings will avail little, if diligence be wanting.

And the diligence we crave is that which knows no pause, no weariness, which is ever ready for brave and resolute action. The young Merchant, thus diligent, will ever be fighting against the love of Mammon both in himself and in the Commercial World; will ever be bidding God-speed to his dependents in their work of self-improvement; and will show, by kindly word and sympathetic deed, that his clerks to him are more than mere machines. The young noble, thus diligent, will devote unceasingly to others' good, his wealth, his knowledge, the influence of his rank; will never by debasing pleasures bring himself to the level of the peasant, but will labour to refine the peasant, and raise him to himself. The young peasant, thus diligent, will work his handicraft full honestly and well, but will still strive to train his mind to something higher; and will learn that those above him work as he, and that all should work together in a harmony of diligence and love.

And this continual reference of all work to something higher than its apparent outward end, best secures diligence, for it gives a high object for diligence. It will prevent dishonest and fraudulent working. For how can a man, who feels that his minutest actions may incalculably affect others, and who desires to show how in his trade and profession he can act nobly and so bring others to imitate him, and thus make noble his business, and cure a social ill by showing how in the most prosaic of work there is something noble, how can such a man, with so much at heart, dare by dishonesty to mar his work? He might be tempted to act dishonestly when his zeal and diligence seemed in vain. But he would not yield, for he would add to his diligence patience.

II. There is much need of patience to our youth. With abuses to correct, and reforms to work of no small moment, hurry and passion are too natural; but zeal must be tempered with patience if anything is to be accomplished by the young men of England. Not that we ask for the patience which will calmly endure ill, but for the patience which will be content to cure evil by degrees when it cannot be cured at once.

The vast task which those who are yet young are bound to labour at can be affected by patience only. For but for a moment consider what they, the future Husbands and Fathers of our English homes, may have power to do. Consider what social and political evils there are for them to cure; evils enough to make the most zealous grow sick at heart with the sickness of despondency, and the most diligent grow lax in despair, but which the patient man will fathom, and will work against continually, with a determination to seize the present moment, and though disappointed still to work, making his motto the noble sentiment:

> "Act, act in the living present,
> Heart within and God o'erhead."

For the heart of the patient man will be hopeful still. Is not hope the root of patience? At least of working, dili-

gent patience, though there is a patience without hope, the dull and helpless patience of despair. But the patience we are pleading for is of a bright and hopeful sort, the helpmate, not the hinderer, of work.

And our young men in the battle of life will have abundant opportunity for the exercise of patience; for their work is first to learn to aspire after the universal good, and to become Catholic in sympathy, generous in deed, and then to cure the wrongs immediately around, which is the work they can do best, because they know these wrongs best; though some indeed are summoned by that unerring instinct which no man can mistake to be the regenerators of a country, the saviours of a world; and such must not shrink like cowards from the call. But to most men it is given only to heal the ills of a family, a profession, or at most a native place. So much, however, by precept and example all men may help to do. Is it nothing to save a sister from the ill effects of that false system of education and conventionalism which destroy half our women? Nay, this is a work, a noble work for a brother and a man, and it is one which pre-eminently needs patience.

Again, a well regulated family is as a bright light in the place where is its dwelling. And is it nothing to reform a household? and so, perchance, to bless a city? A young man may do this by silent, patient work.

Again, the ills of our great cities, their ignorance and vice, their Mammonism and profligacy, the hypocrisy and formalism of their higher classes, the brutalizing degradation of their poor, what have not young men done to cure these things? What may not young men do? But it must be by patience. If we work with patient zeal we need not fear but that the poor will be oppressed no longer; no more will they be for six days kept at hard, unsatisfying labour, and on the seventh refused all recreation and driven to the alehouse, ay, and viler places; no longer will countless human beings herd together, day and night, in one small room; but the healthy spirit of youthful zeal, of youthful patience, will effect the downfall of these things.

And so by patience may not young men hope to work those great reforms, which others, because they have set about them too hastily, have failed to effect? For young men can afford to be patient; they have many years before them, and this too they may well hope, that if they be diligent to frame their lives, as if not living only for themselves, there will rise up after them a like-minded race of young men, treading in their footsteps, and thus never will young and noble workers be wanting in the work of progress.

And a higher patience may sometimes be required. It may be that some there are who, while eager to do good, and feeling that for the rights of fellow-men they could plead with unabashed eloquence in courts or senates, are yet confined to a routine of daily petty tasks, most repugnant to their tastes; and, as they are well nigh tempted to exclaim, deadly to their noble passion. But, in truth, it is not so. There is no work on earth, however mean, however poor, in which we may not do God and man good service. Patience, indeed, and that of the most trying kind, is needed. But yet, though it is indeed a noble thing to urge a senate to great deeds, or to plead at the Councils of a nation the cause of Justice and Truth, yet it is as noble to teach the peasant boy to read, the orphan girl to sew; nay, it is as noble to do well our work in any sphere. Even this is doing good. We may be well assured that, from our silent example, or from a word of encouragement, dropt, perhaps, by chance, some poor fainthearted ones will take heart and will go on to do *their* work in cheerfulness.

III. Diligence and patience, then, are the two great qualities for the Work

and for the Battle. But many an anxious hour must the Workman spend in the drudgery of learning ere he is fit to work among men; and the young warrior, ere he wins his spurs, must pass an apprenticeship of watchfulness and toil. Discipline is needed before we commence the work; and Preparation before we enter on the battle; and our preparation, our discipline must be that of the abnegation of self.

For even although the natural instinct of a man may prompt him to a certain work and prompt him to do it well, yet there is always lurking in the human breast, enough of indolence, enough of selfishness, to make Work of any kind—even that which is best and most congenial, sometimes painful and wearying. And it is in the hour when all seems darkest, when long diligence has been unrewarded, and when further patience seems in vain; when men mock our labours, and deny our industry because its fruits are hidden from their eyes, then it is that we have need of all our strength and all our unselfishness to keep us from flinging our weapons of toil aside. When the grey dawn is breaking, we, who all night long have watched and laboured alone and wearily in some great work of love, when faint and weak we fling ourselves down, after casting all the night our net into the sea of human misery and human sin, if perchance we may save some from woe, or elevate some from brutishness, and yet have done neither, then we feel tempted to work no more, but to return to our life of ease; but it is not so that we are warned by the Voice Divine. When we are most overwhelmed by the darkness then is the dayspring near, where the sea is most calmly deep; may the net be most surely cast and it may be, that when we are most disposed to faint in utter weariness, a little more unselfishness, a little longer patience, our industry but a little more continued, would amply repay all we had adventured, so that for the good effected by us, many would rise up and call us blessed.

And it is but by stern self-discipline and a constant daily learning from the spirit of unselfishness, that our young men can attain that nerve and firmness that fits them to put on the armour for the strife. By little things and daily acts, the character is formed: and the self-indulgent youth who puts no limits on his desires, who wastes at the University money, health, and time, with selfish thoughtlessness, can scarcely hope to start, on leaving it, into the earnest, energetic, thoughtful man; while, on the other hand, he whose young life is spent in a noble struggle against selfishness in every shape, in the cultivation of quick and generous feelings, and of liberal and enlarged ideas, and in the doing for duty's sake, calmly and quietly, his true work, such a one will be worthy to take his stand in the vanguard of the Army of Progress, and to help forward with a strong arm and a ready brain every good and noble work.

And men like this, humble, yet self-reliant, independent in spirit, yet with more of gentleness and chivalry than the noblest knight of old, men—young men like this are the present need of England. Men such as this there are—there have been such in every age—such (great instruments of good, but with aims directed amiss,) were Alexander of Macedon and our own Black Prince. Such the demigods of Fable and the heroes of history; and such still exist; oftenest where known least. But we have need of more; and we may call, at this time, on all our young men to rise from the pursuit of pleasure, to repudiate the life of listless or elegant ease, and to act and work in earnest. Often with a stern unselfishness must they give up, that they may nobly work their work, life's best and brightest. For the present age is an age of action. The scene of life is laid for each one on the highway or in the mart; perchance, even in the

bustle of the Battle; but never, for long, in the calm quiet of the cloister, or in the sweet contemplation of Nature's loveliness. Man must mix with his fellow men, and work and live for them. And those even who love the life of the recluse, and would strive to conjure up images of the Middle Ages, as they pore, in some quaint Gothic nook, over the stirring Chronicles of olden days; and those, too, who day by day would hang over the mountain tarn, or wander through lowland wood and pasture, weaving, from their own wayward fancy, visions too bright to be—such as these must learn to conquer self, to go down to the busy city, to mingle with the common herd; even they must be reapers in the harvest field of men, fishers offering their baits of civilization amidst shoals of hungry men; they must sow, although they should sow in tears, and to nature's refined and delicate as their own how should they do otherwise, at the spectacle of human misery and men? They must still sow, albeit weeping; the time will come, when the sun of their day is setting, when they may retire to their cloistral cell, and watch the fading light as it sheds a rosy hue over carved cornice, and fretted vault, and ancient pillar, decked with grey and yellow lichens; or may gaze at the last expiring ray gleaming in the mountain lake, or changing into rich gold-green the silent summits of the wood; but, in either case, their day's work will be done, the sowing will be over, and they will bring with them their sheaves—the sheaves of fellow-men who love them, as Disciples love their Master, and whom they have taught to love, with reverent admiration all that is beautiful in Nature, all that is fair in Art.

Men who will thus deny themselves for others are what our England needs. And, thank God, there are such men among those of her sons yet young. They, if they learn their true sphere of work, work in it humbly, diligently, patiently, will win for her more lasting honour than all the triumphs of her armies, and all the riches of her commerce-aiding fleets. For they will help to raise a race of men, hardy, noble, and vigorous; such as are the best and only bulwarks of a state, which can never hope for security in splendid cities and gorgeous courts, but only in

> "Men—high-minded men,
> With power as far above dull brutes endued
> In Forest, brake or den,
> As brutes exceed cold rock or bramble rude;
> Men who their duties know;
> But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain;
> Prevent the long aim'd blow,
> And crush the Tyrant while they rend the chain."

THE HOLLOW LAND. A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

STRUGGLING IN THE WORLD.

"We find in ancient story wonders many told,
Of heroes in great glory, with spirit free and bold;
Of joyances and high-tides, of weeping and of woe,
Of noble recken striving, mote ye now wonders know."
NIEBELUNGEN LIED (*See Carlyle's Miscellanies*).

DO you know where it is —the Hollow Land?

I have been looking for it now so long, trying to find it again—the Hollow Land—for there I saw my love first.

I wish to tell you how I found it first of all; but I am old, my memory fails me: you must wait and let me think if I perchance can tell you how it happened.

Yea, in my ears is a confused noise of trumpet-blasts singing over desolate moors, in my ears and eyes a clashing and clanging of horse-hoofs, a ringing and glittering of steel; drawn-back lips, set teeth, shouts, shrieks, and curses.

How was it that no one of us ever found it till that day? for it is near our country: but what time have we to look for it, or any other good thing; with such biting carking cares hemming us in on every side—cares about great things—mighty things: mighty things, O my brothers! or rather little things enough, if we only knew it.

Lives past in turmoil, in making one another unhappy; in bitterest misunderstanding of our brothers' hearts, making those sad whom God has not made sad,—alas! alas! what chance for any of us to find the Hollow Land? what time even to look for it?

Yet who has not dreamed of it? Who, half miserable yet the while, for that he knows it is but a dream, has not felt the cool waves round his feet, the roses crowning him, and through the leaves of beech and lime the many whispering winds of the Hollow Land?

Now, my name was Florian, and my house was the house of the Lilies; and of that house was my father Lord, and after him my eldest brother Arnald: and me they called Florian de Liliis.

Moreover, when my father was dead, there arose a feud between the Lilies' house and Red Harald; and this that follows is the history of it.

Lady Swanhilda, Red Harald's mother, was a widow, with one son, Red Harald; and when she had been in widowhood two years, being of princely blood, and besides comely and fierce, King Urraynes sent to demand her in marriage. And I remember seeing the procession leaving the town, when I was quite a child; and many young knights and squires attended the Lady Swanhilda as pages, and amongst them Arnald, my eldest brother.

And as I gazed out of the window, I saw him walking by the side of her horse, dressed in white and gold very delicately; but as he went it chanced that he stumbled. Now he was one of those that held a golden canopy over the lady's head, so that it now sunk into wrinkles, and the lady had to bow her head full low, and even then the gold brocade caught in one of the long, slim gold flowers that were wrought round about the crown she wore. She flushed up in her rage, and her smooth face went suddenly into the carven wrinkles of a wooden water-spout, and she caught at the brocade with her left hand, and pulled it away furiously, so that the warp and woof were twisted out of their places, and many gold threads were left dangling about the crown; but Swanhilda stared about

when she rose, then smote my brother across the mouth with her gilded sceptre, and the red blood flowed all about his garments; yet he only turned exceeding pale, and dared say no word, though he was heir to the house of the Lilies: but my small heart swelled with rage, and I vowed revenge, and, as it seems, he did too.

So when Swanhilda had been queen three years, she suborned many of King Urrayne's knights and lords, and slew her husband as he slept, and reigned in his stead. And her son, Harald, grew up to manhood, and was counted a strong knight, and well spoken of, by then I first put on my armour.

Then, one night, as I lay dreaming, I felt a hand laid on my face, and starting up saw Arnald before me fully armed. He said, "Florian, rise and arm." I did so, all but my helm, as he was.

He kissed me on the forehead; his lips felt hot and dry; and when they brought torches, and I could see his face plainly, I saw he was very pale. He said:

"Do you remember, Florian, this day sixteen years ago? It is a long time, but I shall never forget it unless this night blots out its memory."

I knew what he meant, and because my heart was wicked, I rejoiced exceedingly at the thought of vengeance, so that I could not speak, but only laid my palm across his lips.

"Good; you have a good memory, Florian. See now, I waited long and long: I said at first, I forgive her; but when the news came concerning the death of the king, and how that she was shameless, I said I will take it as a sign, if God does not punish her within certain years, that He means me to do so; and I have been watching and watching now these two years for an opportunity, and behold it has come at last; and I think God has certainly given her into our hands, for she rests this night, this very Christmas Eve, at a small walled town on the frontier, not two hours' gallop from this; they keep little ward there, and the night is wild: moreover, the prior of a certain house of monks, just without the walls, is my fast friend in this matter, for she has done him some great injury. In the courtyard below, a hundred and fifty knights and squires, all faithful and true, are waiting for us: one moment and we shall be gone."

Then we both knelt down, and prayed God to give her into our hands: we put on our helms, and went down into the courtyard.

It was the first time I expected to use a sharp sword in anger, and I was full of joy as the muffled thunder of our horse-hoofs rolled through the bitter winter night.

In about an hour and a half we had crossed the frontier, and in half an hour more the greater part had halted in a wood near the Abbey, while I and a few others went up to the Abbey-gates, and knocked loudly four times with my sword-hilt, stamping on the ground meantime. A long, low whistle answered me from within, which I in my turn answered: then the wicket opened, and a monk came out, holding a lantern. He seemed yet in the prime of life, and was a tall, powerful man. He held the lantern to my face, then smiled, and said, "The banners hang low." I gave the countersign, "The crest is lopped off." "Good my son," said he; "the ladders are within here. I dare not trust any of the brethren to carry them for you, though they love not the witch either, but are timorsome."

"No matter," I said, "I have men here." So they entered and began to shoulder the tall ladders: the prior was very busy. "You will find them just the right length, my son, trust me for that." He seemed quite a jolly pleasant man, I could not understand him nursing furious revenge; but his face darkened strangely whenever he happened to mention her name.

As we were starting he came and stood outside the gate, and putting his lantern down that the light of it might not confuse his sight, looked earnestly

into the night, then said: "The wind has fallen, the snow flakes get thinner and smaller every moment, in an hour it will be freezing hard, and will be quite clear; everything depends upon the surprise being complete; stop a few minutes yet, my son." He went away chuckling, and returned presently with two more sturdy monks carrying something: they threw their burdens down before my feet, they consisted of all the white albs in the abbey:—"There, trust an old man, who has seen more than one stricken fight in his carnal days; let the men who scale the walls put these over their arms, and they will not be seen in the least. God make your sword sharp, my son."

So we departed, and when I met Arnald again, he said, that what the prior had done was well thought of; so we agreed that I should take thirty men, an old squire of our house, well skilled in war, along with them, scale the walls as quietly as possible, and open the gates to the rest.

I set off accordingly, after that with low laughing we had put the albs all over us, wrapping the ladders also in white. Then we crept very warily and slowly up to the wall; the moat was frozen over, and on the ice the snow lay quite thick; we all thought that the guards must be careless enough, when they did not even take the trouble to break the ice in the moat. So we listened —— there was no sound at all, the Christmas midnight mass had long ago been over, it was nearly three o'clock, and the moon began to clear, there was scarce any snow falling now, only a flake or two from some low hurrying cloud or other: the wind sighed gently about the round towers there, but it was bitter cold, for it had begun to freeze again: we listened for some minutes, about a quarter of an hour I think, then at a sign from me, they raised the ladders carefully, muffled as they were at the top with swathings of wool. I mounted first, old Squire Hugh followed last; noiselessly we ascended, and soon stood all together on the walls; then we carefully lowered the ladders again with long ropes; we got our swords and axes from out of the folds of our priests' raiments, and set forward, till we reached the first tower along the wall; the door was open, in the chamber at the top there was a fire slowly smouldering, nothing else; we passed through it, and began to go down the spiral staircase, I first, with my axe shortened in my hand.—"What if we were surprised there," I thought, and I longed to be out in the air again;—"What if the door were "fast at the bottom."

As we passed the second chamber, we heard some one within snoring loudly: I looked in quietly, and saw a big man with long black hair, that fell off his pillow and swept the ground, lying snoring, with his nose turned up and his mouth open, but he seemed so sound asleep that we did not stop to slay him.——— Praise be!——the door was open, without even a whispered word, without a pause, we went on along the streets, on the side that the drift had been on, because our garments were white, for the wind being very strong all that day, the houses on that side had caught in their cornices and carvings, and on the rough stone and wood of them, so much snow, that except here and there where the black walls grinned out, they were quite white; no man saw us as we stole along, noiselessly because of the snow, till we stood within 100 yards of the gates and their house of guard. And we stood because we heard the voice of some one singing:

"Queen Mary's crown was gold,
King Joseph's crown was red,
But Jesus' crown was diamond
That lit up all the bed
Mariæ Virginis."

So they had some guards after all; this was clearly the sentinel that sung to keep the ghosts off.—Now for a fight.—We drew nearer, a few yards nearer, then stopped to free ourselves from our monk's clothes.

"Ships sail through the Heaven
With red banners dress'd,
Carrying the planets seven
To see the white breast
Mariæ Virginis."

Thereat he must have seen the waving of some alb or other as it shivered down to the ground, for his spear fell with a thud, and he seemed to be standing open-mouthed, thinking something about ghosts; then, plucking up heart of grace, he roared out like ten bull-calves, and dashed into the guard-house.

We followed smartly, but without hurry, and came up to the door of it just as some dozen half-armed men came tumbling out under our axes: thereupon, while our men slew them, I blew a great blast upon my horn, and Hugh with some others drew bolt and bar and swung the gates wide open.

Then the men in the guard-house understood they were taken in a trap, and began to stir with great confusion; so lest they should get quite waked and armed, I left Hugh at the gates with ten men, and myself led the rest into that house. There while we slew all those that yielded not, came Arnald with the others, bringing our horses with them: then all the enemy threw their arms down. And we counted our prisoners and found them over four-score; therefore, not knowing what to do with them (for they were too many to guard, and it seemed unknightly to slay them all), we sent up some bow-men to the walls, and turning our prisoners out of gates, bid them run for their lives, which they did fast enough, not knowing our numbers, and our men sent a few flights of arrows among them that they might not be undeceived.

Then the one or two prisoners that we had left, told us, when we had crossed our axes over their heads, that the people of the good town would not willingly fight us, in that they hated the Queen; that she was guarded at the palace by some fifty knights, and that beside, there were no others to oppose us in the town: so we set out for the palace, spear in hand.

We had not gone far, before we heard some knights coming, and soon, in a turn of the long street, we saw them riding towards us; when they caught sight of us they seemed astonished, drew rein, and stood in some confusion.

We did not slacken our pace for an instant, but rode right at them with a yell, to which I lent myself with all my heart.

After all they did not run away, but waited for us with their spears held out; I missed the man I had marked, or hit him rather just on the top of the helm; he bent back, and the spear slipped over his head, but my horse still kept on, and I felt presently such a crash that I reeled in my saddle, and felt mad. He had lashed out at me with his sword as I came on, hitting me in the ribs (for my arm was raised), but only flatlings.

I was quite wild with rage, I turned, almost fell upon him, caught him by the neck with both hands, and threw him under the horse-hoofs, sighing with fury: I heard Arnald's voice close to me, "Well fought, Florian:" and I saw his great stern face bare among the iron, for he had made a vow in remembrance of that blow always to fight unhelmed; I saw his great sword swinging, in wide gyves, and hissing as it started up, just as if it were alive and liked it.

So joy filled all my soul, and I fought with my heart, till the big axe I swung felt like nothing but a little hammer in my hand, except for its bitterness: and as for the enemy, they went down like grass, so that we destroyed them utterly, for those knights would neither yield nor fly, but died as they stood, so that some fifteen of our men also died there.

Then at last we came to the palace, where some grooms and such like kept the gates armed, but some ran, and some we took prisoners, one of whom died for sheer terror in our hands, be-

ing stricken by no wound: for he thought we would eat him.

These prisoners we questioned concerning the queen, and so entered the great hall.

There Arnald sat down in the throne on the dais, and laid his naked sword before him on the table: and on each side of him sat such knights as there was room for, and the others stood round about, while I took ten men, and went to look for Swanhilda.

I found her soon, sitting by herself in a gorgeous chamber. I almost pitied her when I saw her looking so utterly desolate and despairing; her beauty too had faded, deep lines cut through her face. But when I entered she knew who I was, and her look of intense hatred was so fiend-like, that it changed my pity into horror of her.

"Knight," she said, "who are you, and what do you want, thus discourteously entering my chamber?"

"I am Florian de Liliis, and I am to conduct you to judgment."

She sprung up, "Curse you and your whole house,—you I hate worse than any, — girl's face, — guards! guards!" and she stamped on the ground, her veins on the forehead swelled, her eyes grew round and flamed out, as she kept crying for her guards, stamping the while, for she seemed quite mad.

Then at last she remembered that she was in the power of her enemies, she sat down, and lay with her face between her hands, and wept passionately.

"Witch," — I said, between my closed teeth, "will you come, or must we carry you down to the great hall?"

Neither would she come, but sat there, clutching at her dress and tearing her hair.

Then I said, "Bind her, and carry her down." And they did so.

I watched Arnald as we came in, there was no triumph in his stern white face, but resolution enough, he had made up his mind.

They placed her on a seat in the midst of the hall over against the dais. He said, "Unbind her, Florian." They did so, she raised her face, and glared defiance at us all, as though she would die queenly after all.

Then rose up Arnald and said, "Queen Swanhilda, we judge you guilty of death, and because you are a queen and of a noble house, you shall be slain by my knightly sword, and I will even take the reproach of slaying a woman, for no other hand than mine shall deal the blow."

Then she said, "O false knight, shew your warrant from God, man, or devil."

"This warrant from God, Swanhilda," he said, holding up his sword, "listen!—fifteen years ago, when I was just winning my spurs, you struck me, disgracing me before all the people; you cursed me, and meant that curse well enough. Men of the house of the Lilies, what sentence for that?"

"Death!" they said.

"Listen!—afterwards you slew my cousin, your husband, treacherously, in the most cursed way, stabbing him in the throat, as the stars in the canopy above him looked down on the shut eyes of him. Men of the house of the Lily, what sentence for that?"

"Death!" they said.

"Do you hear them, Queen? there is warrant from man; for the devil, I do not reverence him enough to take warrant from him, but, as I look at that face of yours, I think that even he has left you."

And indeed just then all her pride seemed to leave her, she fell from the chair, and wallowed on the ground moaning, she wept like a child, so that the tears lay on the oak floor; she prayed for another month of life; she came to me and kneeled, and kissed my feet, and prayed piteously, so that water ran out of her mouth.

But I shuddered, and drew away; it was like having an adder about one; I could have pitied her had she died bravely, but for one like her to whine and whine!—pah!—

Then from the dais rang Arnald's voice terrible, much changed. "Let there be an end of all this." And he took his sword and strode through the hall towards her; she rose from the ground and stood up, stooping a little, her head sunk between her shoulders, her black eyes turned up and gleaming, like a tigress about to spring. When he came within some six paces of her something in his eye daunted her, or perhaps the flashing of his terrible sword in the torch-light; she threw her arms up with a great shriek, and dashed screaming about the hall. Arnald's lip never once curled with any scorn, no line in his face changed: he said, "Bring her here and bind her."

But when one came up to her to lay hold on her she first of all ran at him, hitting him with her head in the belly. Then while he stood doubled up for want of breath, and staring with his head up, she caught his sword from the girdle, and cut him across the shoulders, and many others she wounded sorely before they took her.

Then Arnald stood by the chair to which she was bound, and poised his sword, and there was a great silence.

Then he said, "Men of the House of the Lilies, do you justify me in this, shall she die?" Straightway rang a great shout through the hall, but before it died away the sword had swept round, and therewithal was there no such thing as Swanhilda left upon the earth, for in no battle-field had Arnald struck truer blow. Then he turned to the few servants of the palace and said, "Go now, bury this accursed woman, for she is a king's daughter." Then to us all, "Now knights, to horse and away, that we may reach the good town by about dawn." So we mounted and rode off.

What a strange Christmas-day that was, for there, about nine o'clock in the morning, rode Red Harald into the good town to demand vengeance; he went at once to the king, and the king promised that before nightfall that very day the matter should be judged; albeit the king feared somewhat, because every third man you met in the streets had a blue cross on his shoulder, and some likeness of a lily, cut out or painted, stuck in his hat; and this blue cross and lily were the bearings of our house, called "de Liliis." Now we had seen Red Harald pass through the streets, with a white banner borne before him, to show that he came peaceably as for this time; but I trow he was thinking of other things but peace.

And he was called Red Harald first at this time, because over all his arms he wore a great scarlet cloth, that fell in heavy folds about his horse and all about him. Then, as he passed our house, some one pointed it out to him, rising there with its carving and its barred marble, but stronger than many a castle on the hill-tops, and its great overhanging battlement cast a mighty shadow down the wall and across the street; and above all rose the great tower, our banner floating proudly from the top, whereon was emblazoned on a white ground a blue cross, and on a blue ground four white lilies. And now faces were gazing from all the windows, and all the battlements were thronged; so Harald turned, and rising in his stirrups, shook his clenched fist at our house; natheless, as he did so, the east wind, coming down the street, caught up the corner of that scarlet cloth and drove it over his face, and therewithal disordering his long black hair, well nigh choked him, so that he bit both his hair and that cloth.

So from base to cope rose a mighty shout of triumph and defiance, and he passed on.

Then Arnald caused it to be cried, that all those who loved the good House of the Lilies should go to mass that morning in St. Mary's church, hard by our house. Now this church belonged to us, and the abbey that served it, and always we appointed the abbot of

it on condition that our trumpets should sound altogether when on high masses they sing the "Gloria in Excelsis." It was the largest and most beautiful of all the churches in the town, and had two exceeding high towers, which you could see from far off, even when you saw not the town or any of its other towers: and in one of these towers were twelve great bells, named after the twelve Apostles, one name being written on each one of them; as Peter, Matthew, and so on; and in the other tower was one great bell only, much larger than any of the others, and which was called Mary. Now this bell was never rung but when our house was in great danger, and it had this legend on it, "When Mary rings the earth shakes;" and indeed from this we took our war cry, which was, "Mary rings;" somewhat justifiably indeed, for the last time that Mary rung, on that day before nightfall there were four thousand bodies to be buried, which bodies wore neither cross nor lily.

So Arnald gave me in charge to tell the abbot to cause Mary to be tolled for an hour before mass that day.

The abbot leaned on my shoulder as I stood within the tower and looked at the twelve monks laying their hands to the ropes. Far up in the dimness I saw the wheel before it began to swing round about; then it moved a little; the twelve men bent down to the earth and a roar rose that shook the tower from base to spire-vane: backwards and forwards swept the wheel, as Mary now looked downwards towards earth, now looked up at the shadowy cone of the spire, shot across by bars of light from the dormers.

And the thunder of Mary was caught up by the wind and carried through all the country; and when the good man heard it, he said goodbye to wife and child, slung his shield behind his back, and set forward with his spear sloped over his shoulder, and many a time, as he walked toward the good town, he tightened the belt that went about his waist, that he might stride the faster, so long and furiously did Mary toll.

And before the great bell, Mary, had ceased ringing, all the ways were full of armed men.

But at each door of the church of St. Mary stood a row of men armed with axes, and when any came, meaning to go into the church, the two first of these would hold their axes (whose helves were about four feet long) over his head, and would ask him, "Who went over the moon last night?" then if he answered nothing or at random they would bid him turn back, which he for the more part would be ready enough to do; but some, striving to get through that row of men, were slain outright; but if he were one of those that were friends to the House of the Lilies he would answer to that question, "Mary and John."

By the time the mass began the whole church was full, and in the nave and transept thereof were three thousand men, all of our house and all armed. But Arnald and myself, and Squire Hugh, and some others sat under a gold-fringed canopy near the choir; and the abbot said mass, having his mitre on his head. Yet, as I watched him, it seemed to me that he must have something on beneath his priest's vestments, for he looked much fatter than usual, being really a tall lithe man.

Now, as they sung the "Kyrie," some one shouted from the other end of the church, "My lord Arnald, they are slaying our people without;" for, indeed, all the square about the church was full of our people, who for the press had not been able to enter, and were standing there in no small dread of what might come to pass.

Then the abbot turned round from the altar, and began to fidget with the fastenings of his rich robes.

And they made a lane for us up to

the west door; then I put on my helm and we began to go up the nave, then suddenly the singing of the monks and all stopped. I heard a clinking and a buzz of voices in the choir; I turned, and saw that the bright noon sun was shining on the gold of the priest's vestments, as they lay on the floor, and on the mail that the priests carried.

So we stopped, the choir gates swung open, and the abbot marched out at the head of *his* men, all fully armed, and began to strike up the Psalm "Exsurgat Deus."

When we got to the west door, there was indeed a tumult, but as yet no slaying; the square was all a-flicker with steel, and we beheld a great body of knights, at the head of them Red Harald and the king, standing over against us; but our people, pressed against the houses, and into the corners of the square, were, some striving to enter the doors, some beside themselves with rage, shouting out to the others to charge; withal, some were pale and some were red with the blood that had gathered to the wrathful faces of them.

Then said Arnald to those about him, "Lift me up." So they laid a great shield on two lances, and these four men carried, and thereon stood Arnald, and gazed about him.

Now the king was unhelmed, and his white hair (for he was an old man) flowed down behind him on to his saddle; but Arnald's hair was cut short, and was red.

And all the bells rang.

Then the king said, "O Arnald of the Lilies, will you settle this quarrel by the judgment of God?" And Arnald thrust up his chin, and said "Yea." "How then," said the king, "and where?" "Will it please you try now?" said Arnald.

Then the king understood what he meant, and took in his hand from behind tresses of his long white hair, twisting them round his hand in his wrath, but yet said no word, till I suppose his hair put him in mind of something, and he raised it in both his hands above his head, and shouted out aloud, "O knights, hearken to this traitor." Whereat, indeed, the lances began to move ominously. But Arnald spoke.

"O you king and lords, what have we to do with you? were we not free in the old time, up among the hills there? Wherefore give way, and we will go to the hills again; and if any man try to stop us, his blood be on his own head; wherefore now," (and he turned) "all you House of the Lily, both soldiers and monks, let us go forth together fearing nothing, for I think there is not bone enough or muscle enough in these fellows here that have a king that they should stop us withal, but only skin and fat."

And truly, no man dared to stop us, and we went.

Chap. II.—*Failing in the World.*

Now at that time we drove cattle in Red Harald's land.

And we took no hoof but from the Lords and rich men, but of these we had a mighty drove, both oxen and sheep, and horses, and besides, even hawks and hounds, and a huntsman or two to take care of them.

And, about noon, we drew away from the corn-lands that lay beyond the pastures, and mingled with them, and reached a wide moor, which was called 'Goliah's Land.' I scarce know why, except that it belonged neither to Red Harald or us, but was debateable.

And the cattle began to go slowly, and our horses were tired, and the sun struck down very hot upon us, for there was no shadow, and the day was cloudless.

All about the edge of the moor, ex-

cept on the side from which we had come was a rim of hills, not very high, but very rocky and steep, otherwise the moor itself was flat; and through these hills was one pass, guarded by our men, which pass led to the Hill castle of the lilies.

It was not wonderful, that of this moor many wild stories were told, being such a strange lonely place, some of them one knew, alas! to be over true. In the old time, before we went to the good town, this moor had been the mustering place of our people, and our house had done deeds enough of blood and horror to turn our white lilies red, and our blue cross to a fiery one. But some of those wild tales I never believed; they had to do mostly with men losing their way without any apparent cause, (for there were plenty of land-marks,) finding some well-known spot, and then, just beyond it, a place they had never even dreamed of.

"Florian! Florian!" said Arnald, "For God's sake stop! as every one else is stopping to look at the hills yonder; I always thought there was a curse upon us. What does God mean by shutting us up here? Look at the cattle; O Christ, they have found it out too! See, some of them are turning to run back again towards Harald's land. Oh! unhappy, unhappy, from that day forward!"

He leaned forward, rested his head on his horse's neck, and wept like a child.

I felt so irritated with him, that I could almost have slain him then and there. Was he mad? had these wild doings of ours turned his strong wise head?

"Are you my brother Arnald, that I used to think such a grand man when I was a boy?" I said, "or are you changed too, like everybody, and everything else? What do *you* mean?"

"Look! look!" he said, grinding his teeth in agony.

I raised my eyes: where was the one pass between the rim of stern rocks? Nothing: the enemy behind us—that grim wall in front: what wonder that each man looked in his fellow's face for help, and found it not. Yet I refused to believe that there was any truth either in the wild stories that I had heard when I was a boy, or in this story told me so clearly by my eyes now.

I called out cheerily, "Hugh, come here!" He came. "What do you think of this? Some mere dodge on Harald's part? Are we cut off?"

"Think! Sir Florian? God forgive me for ever thinking at all; I have given up that long and long ago, because thirty years ago I thought this, that the House of Lilies would deserve anything in the way of bad fortune that God would send them: so I gave up thinking, and took to fighting. But if you think that Harald had anything to do with this, why—why—in God's name, I wish *I* could think so!'

I felt a dull weight on my heart. Had our house been the devil's servants all along? I thought we were God's servants.

The day was very still, but what little wind there was, was at our backs. I watched Hugh's face, not being able to answer him. He was the cleverest man at war that I have known, either before or since that day: sharper than any hound in ear and scent, clearer sighted than any eagle; he was listening now intently. I saw a slight smile cross his face; heard him mutter, "Yes! I think so: verily that is better, a great deal better." Then he stood up in his stirrups, and shouted, "Hurrah for the Lilies! Mary rings!" "Mary rings!" I shouted, though I did not know the reason for his exultation: my brother lifted his head, and smiled too, grimly. Then as I listened I heard clearly the sound of a trumpet, and enemy's trumpet too.

"After all, it was only mist, or some such thing," I said, for the pass between the hills was clear enough now.

"Hurrah! only mist," said Arnald, quite elated; "Mary rings!" and we all began to think of fighting: for after all, what joy is equal to that?

There were five hundred of us; two hundred spears, the rest archers; and both archers and men at arms were picked men.

"How many of them are we to expect?" said I.

"Not under a thousand, certainly, probably more, Sir Florian." (My brother Arnald, by the way, had knighted me before we left the good town, and Hugh liked to give me the handle to my name. How was it, by the way, that no one had ever made *him* a knight?)

"Let every one look to his arms and horse, and come away from these silly cows' sons!" shouted Arnald.

Hugh said, "They will be here in an hour, fair Sir."

So we got clear of the cattle, and dismounted, and both ourselves took food and drink, and our horses; afterwards we tightened our saddle-girths, shook our great pots of helmets on, except Arnald, whose rusty-red hair had been his only head-piece in battle for years and years, and stood with our spears close by our horses, leaving room for the archers to retreat between our ranks; and they got their arrows ready, and planted their stakes before a little peat moss: and there we waited, and saw their pennons at last floating high above the corn of the fertile land, then heard their many horse-hoofs ring upon the hard-parched moor, and the archers began to shoot.

* * * *

It had been a strange battle; we had never fought better, and yet withal it had ended in a retreat; indeed all along every man but Arnald and myself, even Hugh, had been trying at least to get the enemy between him and the way toward the pass; and now we were all drifting that way, the enemy trying to cut us off, but never able to stop us, because he could only throw small bodies of men in our way, whom we scattered and put to flight in their turn.

I never cared less for my life than then; indeed, in spite of all my boasting and hardness of belief, I should have been happy to have died, such a strange weight of apprehension was on me; and yet I got no scratch even. I had soon put off my great helm, and was fighting in my mail-coif only; and here I swear that three knights together charged me, aiming at my bare face, yet never touched me; for, as for one, I put his lance aside with my sword, and the other two in some most wonderful manner got their spears locked in each other's armour, and so had to submit to be knocked off their horses.

And we still neared the pass, and began to see distinctly the ferns that grew on the rocks, and the fair country between the rift in them, spreading out there, blue-shadowed.

Whereupon came a great rush of men of both sides, striking side blows at each other, spitting, cursing, and shrieking, as they tore away like a herd of wild hogs. So, being careless of life, as I said, I drew rein, and turning my horse, waited quietly for them; and I knotted the reins, and lay them on the horse's neck, and stroked him, that he whinnied; then got both my hands to my sword.

Then, as they came on, I noted hurriedly that the first man was one of Arnald's men, and one of our men behind him leaned forward to prod him with his spear, but could not reach so far, till he himself was run through the eye with a spear, and throwing his arms up fell dead with a shriek. Also I noted concerning this first man that the laces of his helmet were loose, and when he saw me he lifted his *left* hand to his head, took off his helm and cast it at me, and still tore on; the helmet flew over my head, and I sitting still there, swung out, hitting him on the neck; his head flew right off, for the

mail no more held than a piece of silk.

"Mary rings," and my horse whinnied again, and we both of us went at it, and fairly stopped that rout, so that there was a knot of quite close and desperate fighting, wherein we had the best of that fight and slew most of them, albeit my horse was slain and my mail-coif cut through. Then I bade a squire fetch me another horse, and began meanwhile to upbraid those knights for running in such a strange disorderly race, instead of standing and fighting cleverly.

Moreover we had drifted even in this successful fight still nearer to the pass, so that the conies who dwelt there were beginning to consider whether they should not run into their holes.

But one of those knights said: "Be not angry with me, Sir Florian, but do you think you will go to Heaven?"

"The saints! I hope so," I said, but one who stood near him whispered to him to hold his peace, so I cried out:

"O friend! I hold this world and all therein so cheap now, that I see not anything in it but shame which can any longer anger me; wherefore speak out."

"Then, Sir Florian, men say that at your christening some fiend took on him the likeness of a priest and strove to baptize you in the Devil's name, but God had mercy on you so that the fiend could not choose but baptize you in the name of the most holy Trinity: and yet men say that you hardly believe any doctrine such as other men do, and will at the end only go to Heaven round about as it were, not at all by the intercession of our Lady; they say too that you can see no ghosts or other wonders, whatever happens to other Christian men."

I smiled—"Well, friend, I scarcely call this a disadvantage, moreover what has it to do with the matter in hand?"

How was this in Heaven's name? we had been quite still, resting, while this talk was going on, but we could hear the hawks chattering from the rocks, we were so close now.

And my heart sunk within me, there was no reason why this should not be true; there was no reason why anything should not be true.

"This, Sir Florian," said the knight again, "how would you feel inclined to fight if you thought that everything about you was mere glamour; this earth here, the rocks, the sun, the sky? I do not know where I am for certain, I do not know that it is not midnight instead of undern: I do not know if I have been fighting men or only *simulacra*—but I think, we all think, that we have been led into some devil's trap or other, and—and—may God forgive me my sins!—I wish I had never been born."

There now! he was weeping—they all wept—how strange it was to see those rough, bearded men blubbering there, and snivelling till the tears ran over their armour and mingled with the blood, so that it dropped down to the earth in a dim, dull, red rain.

My eyes indeed were dry, but then so was my heart; I felt far worse than weeping came to, but nevertheless I spoke cheerily.

"Dear friends, where are your old men's hearts gone to now? See now! this is a punishment for our sins, is it? well, for our forefathers' sins or our own? if the first, O brothers, be very sure that if we bear it manfully God will have something very good in store for us hereafter; but if for our sins, is it not certain that He cares for us yet, for note that He suffers the wicked to go their own ways pretty much; moreover brave men, brothers, ought to be the masters of *simulacra*—come, is it so hard to die once for all?"

Still no answer came from them, they sighed heavily only. I heard the sound of more than one or two swords as they rattled back to their scabbards: nay, one knight, stripping himself of surcoat and hauberk, and drawing his

dagger, looked at me with a grim smile, and said, "Sir Florian, do so!" then he drew the dagger across his throat and he fell back dead.

They shuddered, those brave men, and crossed themselves. And I had no heart to say a word more, but mounted the horse which had been brought to me and rode away slowly for a few yards; then I became aware that there was a great silence over the whole field.

So I lifted my eyes and looked, and behold no man struck at another.

Then from out of a band of horsemen came Harald, and he was covered all over with a great scarlet cloth as before, put on over the head, and flowing all about his horse, but rent with the fight. He put off his helm and drew back his mail-coif, then took a trumpet from the hand of a herald and blew strongly.

And in the midst of his blast I heard a voice call out: "O Florian! come and speak to me for the last time!"

So when I turned I beheld Arnald standing by himself, but near him stood Hugh and ten others with drawn swords.

Then I wept, and so went to him, weeping; and he said, "Thou seest, brother, that we must die, and I think by some horrible and unheard-of death, and the House of the Lilies is just dying too; and now I repent me of Swanhilda's death; now I know that it was a poor cowardly piece of revenge, instead of a brave act of justice; thus has God shown us the right.

"O Florian! curse me! So will it be straighter; truly thy mother when she bore thee did not think of this; rather saw thee in the tourney at this time, in her fond hopes, glittering with gold and doing knightly; or else mingling thy brown locks with the golden hair of some maiden weeping for the love of thee. God forgive me! God forgive me!"

"What harm, brother?" I said, "this is only failing in the world; what if we had not failed, in a little while it would have made no difference; truly just now I felt very miserable, but now it has past away, and I am happy."

"O brave heart!" he said, "yet we shall part just now, Florian, farewell."

"The road is long," I said, "farewell."

Then we kissed each other, and Hugh and the others wept.

Now all this time the trumpets had been ringing, ringing, great doleful peals, then it ceased, and above all sounded Red Harald's voice.

(So I looked round towards that pass, and when I looked I no longer doubted any of those wild tales of glamour concerning Goliah's Land; for though the rocks were the same, and though the conies still stood gazing at the doors of their dwellings, though the hawks still cried out shrilly, though the fern still shook in the wind, yet, beyond, oh such a land! not to be described by any because of its great beauty, lying, a great *hollow* land, the rocks going down on this side in precipices, then reaches and reaches of loveliest country, trees and flowers, and corn, then the hills, green and blue, and purple, till their ledges reached the white snowy mountains at last. Then with all manner of strange feelings, "my heart in the midst of my "body was even like melting wax.")

"O you House of the Lily! you are conquered—yet I will take vengeance only on a few, therefore let all those who wish to live come and pile their swords, and shields, and helms behind me in three great heaps, and swear fealty afterwards to me; yes, all but the false Knights Arnald and Florian."

We were holding each other's hands and gazing, and we saw all our knights, yea, all but Squire Hugh and his ten heroes, pass over the field singly, or in groups of three or four, with their heads hanging down in shame, and they cast down their notched swords and dinted, lilied shields, and brave-

crested helms into three great heaps, behind Red Harald, then stood behind, no man speaking to his fellow or touching him.

Then dolefully the great trumpets sang over the dying House of the Lily, and Red Harald led his men forward, but slowly: on they came, spear and mail glittering in the sunlight; and I turned and looked at that good land, and a shuddering delight seized my soul.

But I felt my brother's hand leave mine, and saw him turn his horse's head and ride swiftly toward the pass; that was a strange pass now.

And at the edge he stopped, turned round and called out aloud, "I pray thee, Harald, forgive me! now farewell all."

Then the horse gave one bound forward, and we heard the poor creature's scream when he felt that he must die, and we heard afterwards (for we were near enough for that even) a clang and a crash.

So I turned me about to Hugh, and he understood me though I could not speak.

We shouted all together, "Mary rings," then laid our bridles on the necks of our horses, spurred forward, and—in five minutes they were all slain, and I was down among the horse-hoofs.

Not slain though, not wounded. Red Harald smiled grimly when he saw me rise and lash out again; he and some ten others dismounted, and holding their long spears out, I went back—back, back,—I saw what it meant, and sheathed my sword, and their laughter rolled all about, and I too smiled.

Presently they all stopped, and I felt the last foot of turf giving under my feet; I looked down and saw the crack there widening; then in a moment I fell, and a cloud of dust and earth rolled after me; then again their mirth rose into thunder-peals of laughter. But through it all I heard Red Harald shout, "Silence! evil dogs!"

For as I fell I stretched out my arms, and caught a tuft of yellow broom some three feet from the brow, and hung there by the hands, my feet being loose in the air.

Then Red Harald came and stood on the precipice above me, his great axe over his shoulder; and he looked down on me not ferociously, almost kindly, while the wind from the Hollow Land blew about his red raiment, tattered and dusty now.

And I felt happy, though it pained me to hold straining by the broom, yet I said, "I will hold out to the last."

It was not long, the plant itself gave way and I fell, and as I fell I fainted.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHAPEL IN LYONESS. A Poem.

Sir Ozana, le cure Hardy. Sir Galahad. Sir Bors de Ganys.

Sir Ozana.

ALL day long and every day,
From Christmas-Eve to Whit-Sunday,
Within that Chapel-aisle I lay,
And no man came a-near.

Naked to the waist was I,
And deep within my breast did lie,
Though no man any blood could spy,
The truncheon of a spear.

No meat did ever pass my lips.
Those days—(Alas! the sunlight slips
From off the gilded parclose, dips,
And night comes on apace.)

My arms lay back behind my head;
Over my raised-up knees was spread
A samite cloth of white and red;
A rose lay on my face.

Many a time I tried to shout;
But as in dream of battle-rout,
My frozen speech would not well out;
I could not even weep.

With inward sigh I see the sun
Fade off the pillars one by one,
My heart faints when the day is done,
Because I cannot sleep.

Sometimes strange thoughts pass through my head;
Not like a tomb is this my bed,
Yet oft I think that I am dead;
That round my tomb is writ,

"Ozana of the hardy heart,
Knight of the Table Round,
Pray for his soul, Lords, of your part;
A true knight he was found."

Ah! me, I cannot fathom it. (*He sleeps.*)

Sir Galahad. All day long and every day,
Till his madness pass'd away,
I watch'd Ozana as he lay
Within the gilded screen.

All my singing moved him not;
As I sung my heart grew hot
With the thought of Lancelot
Far away, I ween.

So I went a little space
From out the Chapel, bathed my face
In the stream that runs apace
By the Churchyard Wall.

There I pluck'd a faint wild rose,
Hard by where the linden grows,
Sighing over silver rows
Of the lilies tall.

I laid the flower across his mouth;
The sparkling drops seem'd good for drouth;
He smiled, turn'd round toward the south,
Held up a golden tress.

The light smote on it from the west:
He drew the covering from his breast,
Against his heart that hair he prest;
Death him soon will bless.

Sir Bors. I enter'd by the western door;
I saw a knight's helm lying there:
I raised my eyes from off the floor,
And caught the gleaming of his hair.

I stept full softly up to him;
I laid my chin upon his head;
I felt him smile; my eyes did swim,
I was so glad he was not dead.

I heard Ozana murmur low,
"There comes no sleep nor any love."
But Galahad stoop'd and kiss'd his brow:
He shiver'd; I saw his pale lips move.

Sir Ozana. There comes no sleep nor any love;
Ah me! I shiver with delight.
I am so weak I cannot move;
God move me to thee, dear, to-night!
Christ help! I have but little wit:
My life went wrong; I see it writ,

"Ozana of the hardy heart,
Knight of the Table Round,
Pray for his soul, lords, on your part;
A good knight he was found."
Now I begin to fathom it. (*He dies.*)

Sir Bors. Galahad sits dreamily:
What strange things may his eyes see,
Great blue eyes fixed full on me?
On his soul, Lord, have mercy.

Sir Galahad. Ozana, shall I pray for thee?
Her cheek is laid to thine;
Her hair against the jasper sea
Wondrously doth shine.

A YEAR AGO. A Poem.

A YEAR ago!
How mournfully,
How tenderly,
The words, as to some solemn music, flow!
Long, long ago might sadder seem;
But, Life for ever moving on,
The Present soon is all as surely gone
As that far Past we almost think a dream.
The hand we grasp'd but yesterday
Is now to us a shadow, far away;
The voice that thrill'd but now upon our ear
Has ceased, and we at best can keep
Faint echoes, that must soon as deeply sleep.
Thus all the Past is long ago, the near
As truly as the distant, and we start
To think how to our soon-forgetting heart
"For ever" sounds scarce longer than "a year ago."

A year ago
He stood beside me in his truth,
In all the glory of his youth,
The friend whose like can never comfort me:
For now between us rolls the unloving sea;
And what though hearts be join'd? hand, voice and eye
No longer each to each make sweet reply,
As in that happy time, a year ago.

A year ago!
Ah! why must all things thus for ever change?
The unbeloved new and strange
Supplants the old we love and know;
Then, grief of griefs! grows dearer and more dear,
Till Love counts worthiest that which is most near;
And, Time fast speeding on, and faster yet
Change and Oblivion, we forget,
Or image dimly, part by part,
What once stirr'd all the fountains of the heart,
In the time that is now for ever flown,
That seems long ages and ages gone,
But is only a year ago.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

A Study in Shakespeare.

It is believed that Twelfth Night is the thirty-fourth and last written of Shakespeare's Plays. We may reasonably therefore look therein for evidence of the maturity of his genius: nor shall we look in vain. It has not indeed the terrible energy of Lear, Othello, and others of his greatest works—for supposing it to have been composed for a new Twelfth Night piece, such as was usually represented before the Court in the reigns of Elizabeth and of James, anything more grave would have been out of place: but the master hand is well discernible in this play, in its freedom from blemishes, its finish, the compactness of the plot, the smooth, swift dialogue, the good stage effects, and, above all, in the bright, but calm and comprehensive wisdom with which the main subject—which is love—is viewed. The serene yet warm light shed over this drama may be likened to the golden summer afternoon sunshine, whose beams lie wide on the green sward of some far extending common, slope upward on the trunks and foliage of the oaks with which it is here and there bestudded, glance on the tall, feathery ferns, glow on the foxgloves and heath, nor forget to penetrate with pure light the transparent cup of the delicate, slightly trembling bluebell. This serenity, power, and warmth we may conceive to have been attributes of the mind of Shakespeare at this period of his life—if, as is thought, the play was written at Stratford on Avon, after he had retired from stage management and London, in 1614, and only two years before his death, at the age of fifty-two. It cannot be uninteresting to see what were the final conclusions of this mighty and gentle mind regarding that passion which plays so large a part in the World's Drama; and we shall proceed therefore to search out Shakespeare's Principles of Love as shown to us in this his latter, if indeed it be not his last writing.*

* The above conjecture of the Commentators as to the date when this play was written is partly founded on a passage in the third Act, where Sir Toby says to

ORSINO.

Enter Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Curio. Attendants, Musicians.

" *Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy*
That it alone is high fantastical.

Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? What news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,

Antonio, " Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you." This is thought to be a stage allusion to the political world. There were certain persons who had in that year, 1614, undertaken to carry things for the King in the House of Commons, to the great scandal of the nation, and these individuals were called Undertakers. Certainly Shakespeare's play was written after Marston's What You Will, entered at Stationers' Hall in 1607. Whoever reads the two will see how our author dealt with the hints he took from others, and how out of chaos and obscurity he would seize upon some element and work it into a distinct form of beauty—" a joy for ever " to the world. The coincidences in the two dramas, however slight, are numerous.

First. In Marston's play two individuals personate a third; as Viola personates her brother; and these appear on the stage at the same time.

Second. We are reminded of Shakespeare's " high phantastical" duke in these passages in Marston.—One says,

" My master's mad, starke mad, alasse for love."

* * * * *

" But troth say what straine's his madness of?"
" Phantasticall."

Third. The Clown's question to Malvolio about the soul has this parallel in Marston.

" I was a scholler—seauen vsefull springs
Did I defloure in quotations
Of cross'd oppinions 'bout the soule of man.
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt:
Knowledge and wit, fayths foes, turne faythe about.

* * * * *

How 't was created, how the soule existes,
One talkes of motes, the soule was made of motes,
Another fire, 't other light, a third a spark of starlike nature,
Hippo water, Anaximenus ayre,
Aristoxenus musicke, Critias I know not what."

Fourth. Olivia's mood may have been suggested by Marston's " Do but scorne her; shee is thine own," &c., and

Fifth. Viola's spirit is prefigured in Marston's lines,

" If love be holy, if that mystery
Of co-united hearts be sacrament,
If the unbounded goodness have infused
A sacred ardor—if a mutual love

* * * * *

Spring from a cause above our reason's reach,
If that cleere flame deduce his heat from heaven,
'Tis like his cause eternall, alwaies one,
As is th' instiller of deuinest loue
Vnchanged by time, immortall mauger death."

* Love.

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.
Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain and heart,*
These sov'reign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections!) with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love thoughts lie rich, when canopied with flowers."—*Act* i. *scene* 1.

There can be gathered from these sentences no good augury for the happy issue of the passion of which they are the exponent. Yet Orsino at once wins our interest, nor does he fail altogether to command respect.

The words,

" O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purged the air of pestilence,"

are not those of a voluptuary: they express, very exquisitely, a high poetical passion, sprung from a momentary impression. The use, in our poet's day, of the word "fancy," in many cases where we now should say "love," proves the general recognition, formerly, of the fact that love, most often, does arise from the impression of a moment; of some moment in which the fancy is struck, perhaps inexplicably so, and the sense is awakened in the breast that a certain object possesses a beauty such as is owned by no other creature. But, what shall come of that impression—whether it shall fade like the ripple made by a pebble thrown upon the water, or,

" Keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day and night,"

must depend on subtle sympathies, the existence or non-existence of which is left to time to prove.

There is no indication in the passages above quoted of any such sympathy: on the contrary, everything we hear betrays the uncongeniality of the two persons. That Orsino should obtrude his suit on Olivia's profound grief, shows how little he understands her; nor does her own account of her state of mind awaken in him one touch of sympathy. From her pathetic message he gathers this only—food for admiration, and for hope;—he does not sorrow that she is in sorrow: but, whilst she is bathed in tears, and will not let the air itself "behold her face at ample view," he withdraws, not to mourn in spirit with her, but to seek those delicious scenes of nature most suggestive to the poet and the lover of the "love thoughts" with which he bedecks the idol of his imagination. Just as Romeo loves not Rosalind, but has a mental image of beauty for which Rosalind stands, till Juliet, the true impersonation of it appears, so does Orsino love, love—but not Olivia.

Well does she read him. We find her in an after scene discoursing thus with one who has come to plead his cause:

" *Olivia.* Where lies your text?
Viola. In Orsino's bosom.
Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?
Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.
Oli. O, I have read it; it is *heresy*."

And, with the same discrimination, she will not let the envoy speak the speech Orsino has written, though told

" *Vio.* Alas! I took great pains to study it, and it is poetical.
Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you keep it in."—*Act* i. *scene* 5.

The fate of this love both to its sub-

* The supposed seats of passion, judgment, and sentiment.

ject and object is foreboded by the Clown, who thus quaintly observes, on the Duke's restless change of amusements:

"*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal.—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it, that *always makes a good voyage of nothing.*"—*Act* ii. *scene* 3.

It is not that the passion has sprung from a vivid momentary impression that we despair of it; nor yet that it meets with no reciprocation; but that it lacks every symptom of true love, and abounds in every symptom of the spurious kind; inasmuch as it inspires not the man with sympathy, even for the beloved object, nor breathes into his life noble energy and purpose, or yet nobler self-denial—but on the contrary, to the exclusion of all these, fills him with an insatiable thirst for its own indulgence, as well as (and the Clown is right in arguing as he does from the circumstance), with an incredible caprice in the whims which constitute that indulgence. *This* "spirit of love" may indeed "fall into "abatement and low price, even in a "minute," and we shall see, later, that the Duke himself has ever and anon an uneasy consciousness, against which he struggles, of the insecurity of his feeling, notwithstanding its violence.

In spite of all that is disparaging, however, we trace in Orsino, even in this first scene, a man of a most pure nature, of highly poetical and artistic temperament; a man of heart too, and of a reflective, philosophical cast of mind. Subsequently we find also that (though the aspect under which he first presents himself to us is such as we have seen under those bowery canopies where he, like Jacques's

"Poor sequester'd stag
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish,)"

his life previously had been sterner and more heroic. His fame had reached to other lands: and apparently he was one of those whose warlike enterprises were usefully directed to clear the seas of the fierce and terrific pirates who from the time of the Romans downwards had infested the Mediterranean and Adriatic. There is a rougher music in the words in which, in the fifth Act, he relates one of these adventures than in the liquid verse in which he "tunes his distresses and "records his woes" in the opening scene. Speaking of one whom he supposes to be a pirate, he says:

"That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he master of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him."

And addressing the same individual, he adds:

"Notable pirate! thou salt water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?"

Act v. *scene* 1.

In these spirited words heroic delight in martial enterprise is clearly indicated, as well as the awful power and wrath of the supreme and ruling prince, about to exercise his high prerogative of dealing justice to the enemy of the country. But so different is he from his best self when first we see him, that we must coincide in the remark in which a speaker, who knew him well, glances at him in a subsequent scene, when she says, in her own gentle way, that

"Wise men folly-fallen quite taint their wit."

Viola.

We must now turn to the second scene of this drama, which has altogether a different tone from the first. Here, in contrast with that Orsino,

who, in the capital, indulges in "rich "love thoughts" amongst "sweet beds "of flowers;" in contrast too with the Countess Olivia, who, immured in her princely mansion, nourishes her regret, the shipwrecked stranger, Viola, wanders along the shore, struggling as she may with grief and danger. Nobly born and rich, very young and most beautiful, cast by the storm on a country not deemed safe even for a brave man to traverse alone, her position is one of peril; but it is not her own danger that weighs, in the first instance, on her mind; another more grievous anxiety oppresses her, and it is not until relieved in some degree of this that her own difficulties and dangers occur to her mind. The dialogue which we proceed to quote is between herself and the captain and sailors saved with her.

"*Viola.* What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd:—What
think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Viola. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort
you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved
with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your
brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the
practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea,
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the
waves,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him." *Act* i. *scene* 2.

After the first impassioned exclamation, "And what should I do in Illyria?" we see that Viola recoils from the idea of her loss, and three times in these few lines reiterates the hope of her brother's safety. It is not simply the habitual generosity of the high-born lady that prompts her answer, "For saying so, there's gold," but the tenderness of the sister wishes "to pay this debt of love" "to a brother," as if by that very action she rendered more secure in reality, as she does to her own imagination, the fact of his existence.

The words of Viola seem like an echo rising up from the far-off shore to Orsino's enthusiastic eulogy on sisterly love, which we have just heard. We see that she possessed that "fine frame of heart" which (by the rule that he propounds, and which is strictly true) does, in its deep sisterly affection, imply capacity for love itself. Nor are we long in learning who is the object of that love.

Her anxiety for her brother now mitigated by hope, she turns her attention to her own safety, and, with a view to securing that, continues her dialogue with the captain. He having replied to her question, "Know'st thou this country?" in the affirmative, she asks:

"*Vio.* Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature
As in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father
name him.
He was a bachelor then."

Viola has heard of Orsino, perhaps has seen him; at all events loves him. The quick "he was a bachelor then," betrays the uppermost thought. Spenser, in his "Fairy Queen," tells how Britomartis wandered into her father's study, and looking in a magic mirror, beheld the image of a knight with whom she fell in love, and whom she spent years in seeking. Just such a mirror to Viola has been her father's conversation. Thus, in her case, has been awakened that first idea of love of which we have spoken, and the image already dwells in her soul, to which each thought is a homage.

The varying emotions with which she listens to the Captain's replies to

her subsequent interrogations are not difficult to imagine. After her observation, "he was a bachelor then," the dialogue continues thus:

"*Cap.* And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur (as you know, what great ones do
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love
They say she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O that I served that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's."

Very natural is the hurried, anxious "What's she?" Then we see, that, as the Captain proceeds, her heart warms to Olivia, in whose sisterly love and sorrow she finds a point of sympathy, and the sense of safety in a house exempt from "the company and "sight of men" makes her wish to seek the protection of the Countess; but this wish is as instantaneously as silently renounced on hearing that Olivia "will admit no kind of suit." Viola is too high born to sue, and too delicate to intrude on privacy, and above all on a mourner's grief.

Baffled then in her desire to enter this safe and decorous asylum, she adopts a resolution which shows equal spirit, delicacy, and judgment; and, having formed her plan, there is both wisdom and nobleness in the manner in which, by confiding in the Captain, and appealing to his best feelings, she endeavours to secure his aid, as the first condition of its successful execution. She says:

"*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise, as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service:
What else may hap to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit."
Act i. *scene* 2.

If, as she fondly believes, her brother is saved, Viola knows he is sure to betake himself to Orsino's court, Orsino being well acquainted with her family. She has, therefore, this motive to proceed thither; but there is, besides, another attraction which draws her. Never indeed would Viola's foot have sought that city had Orsino's love for "the fair Olivia" been reciprocated; or, at all events, her object in undertaking the pilgrimage would have been quite other than that which now leads her on, and which she obscurely hints at in the lines,

"I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service:
What else may hap to time I will commit."

When to the information that Olivia "will admit no kind of suit," the Captain adds, "No, not the Duke's," those four little words light the soft fire of hope, fix Viola's resolves, and decide her destiny. Trusting thenceforth to her own resources, she turns with aching yet not despairing heart from the sea whose green billows she will not believe enfold her brother, to seek the city of Orsino—who loves Olivia.

The impression that Viola produced at the court, where we next see her in male attire, and under the name of Cesario, appears from the following dialogue:

"*Valentine.* If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the Count."—*Act* i. *scene* 4.

Apparently she was at once established as the friend rather than the attendant of Orsino. She never sings to him in the play, but that, in another sense, she "speaks to him in many "sorts of music," is evident from the delight he takes in her society; and the question, "Is he inconstant, sir, "in his favours," as well as the gentle "I thank you," which follows Valentine's answer in the negative, mark how precious to her was this confidence, which was not only the proof of his appreciation, but which gave her the opportunity of being in his society, of watching his emotions, of thoroughly understanding his character, and of ministering to his mind such solace as she could give.

The short dialogue between Valentine and Viola is evidence also of the facility and tact with which she at once performed duties that must indeed have been strange to one always, hitherto, accustomed to command services, instead of rendering them. The power of adapting itself to circumstances is a mark of a fine mind; it results from clearness of intellect and delicacy of moral perception. This characteristic propriety (to use the word in its highest sense, of beauty and fitness combined) is conspicuous in Viola throughout, and is felt even in her language. Cymbeline, on hearing his daughter speak, exclaims, "the *tune* "of Imogen!" Now, applying to the expression of the speaker that phrase which Cymbeline applied to the voice, we may say that we are distinctly conscious in reading this play of "the tune" of Viola. It differs from that of every one in the piece, and from that of any of Shakespeare's other heroines. To contrast it with those who, like herself, assumed the disguise of manly dress, she has not the overpowering volubility and brilliant wit of Rosalind, nor the mournful but tender gravity and moral sententiousness of Imogen, nor the lawyer-like cool wariness and subtle certainty of her prey of Portia, but Viola's speeches are always distinguished by a rhythm of their own, a simplicity and silvery sweetness, and a temperance—so to speak—indicative of self-control over a heart whose emotions, all most gentle and most pure, we perceive as much by what she suppresses as by what she says, making us feel how much more touching, and even terrible to the spectator is a passion controlled than one which is vehemently manifested. To resume.

Whilst Valentine and Viola are speaking, the Duke enters, and making his suite retire, he thus addresses her:

"*Duke.* Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:"

and thereupon he proceeds to require of her the performance of a task that she certainly had not imagined to herself, when, standing on the shore, she uttered the resolve, "I'll serve this Duke;" for he adds:

"Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience."

More able to appreciate Olivia's state of feeling than himself, Viola urges:

"Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me."

Still, with the same want of sympathy we have before commented on, he regards not Olivia's grief, but, in his violent and selfish self-will, persists in his plan: and in order to carry it out, imposes on his "gentleman Cesario" a proceeding beneath his own ducal

dignity—how inexpressibly disagreeable then to the real Viola!

"*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return."

Anxious, however, to give him any relief she can, it is evident she mentally vows she *will* gain admittance, and then answers:

"*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?"

Perhaps she scarcely anticipated the extent of his commission, which is as follows:

"*Duke.* O then unfold the passion of my love, [faith;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord."

From which answer, she would have him infer, that himself would be the fitter "nuncio;" but he continues:

"*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair: Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet [*aside*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife."
Act i. *scene* 5.

The firmness which could enable her to repress all sign of the torture occasioned by his allusion, under the circumstances, to her feminine beauty and sweetness, is truly wonderful; whilst the reward he holds out to her in the words "Prosper well," &c., might, in any inferior mind, have raised a bitter contrast, between the recompense he offered, and the relation to him she coveted; but, rising above all this, she adopts, as we have seen, the only course worthy of her.

Her position was now so painful one would at first be tempted to believe nothing could be worse: but we must observe, in passing, that from one misery, at least, Viola was exempt. She was in no uncertainty as to Orsino's feelings; on that head she could entertain no doubt. Doubt!—perhaps the only evil under which a great mind may sink without incurring blame, or losing our admiration. Doubt!—which brings to the verge of madness natures different as that of the energetic Othello and the contemplative Hamlet: and no wonder: for, in the phantom region of Doubt, the Mind and Will know not what arms to bring forth, not knowing what enemy there is, nor even if there be one—but, fevered and exhausted, nature sinks, as does a warrior under the poisoned arrows of an invisible foe.

Viola's path was clear, and she resolved at once to tread it:

"I'll do my best
To woo your lady."

With what tact and zeal, with what unswerving fidelity the resolution was kept, any one studying the subsequent scenes will judge for himself. And it could not be otherwise: for, now, in the silence to which her own passion was doomed, the unutterable love could find no manifestation except in the ardent and assiduous effort to promote the happiness and dearest wishes of the beloved. The struggle was deadly, and death must have followed the victory: but the death of victory is not the worst alternative which fate may proffer to our choice. We must confess that Viola might have been more unhappy than she was. She might have been unable to render service to Orsino.

In showing us this heroine subject to so severe an ordeal, Shakespeare has not been without a motive. He has wished to prove to us that a perfect love must be born, if at all, out of a perfect friendship, and this law of the mind is one of those which the drama we are considering was intended to trace; and this it does trace, in cha-

racters of light which none should overlook.

OLIVIA.

Whilst Viola, accompanied by a suite, wends her way to the scene of her fiery trial, let us cast a glance into the interior of Olivia's house. There we hear Sir Toby's complaint:

"What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life."—*Act* i. *scene* 3.

Her brother has been dead a year, during which time she has closely shut herself up. Her accustomed amusements have become distasteful to her: for instance, the Jester has had no acceptance with her of late; so he has been hanging about Orsino's court, singing to him, and turning an honest penny that way. In reply to Viola's question,

"Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?"

he answers:

"No, indeed, Sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool till she be married."—*Act* iii. *scene* 1.

This absence has, however displeased Olivia, as we learn from the waiting woman, Maria, who says to the clown,

"Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence. * * * * * * * here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best."—*Act* i. *scene* 5.

On entering, Olivia's first words are,

"Take the fool away.
Clo. Do you not hear, fellow? Take away the lady.
Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool. I'll none of you: besides
You grow dishonest."

After some further parley, he says:

"Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.
Oli. Can you do it?
Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.
Oli. Make your proof.
Clo. I must catechise you for it, Madonna:
Good my mouse of virtue, answer me."

A pretty expression, by the way, as if to say the virtue of grief made her hide herself like a mouse from the world.

"*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness I'll bide your proof.
Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?
Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.
Clo. I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.
Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen."

That he has obtained his pardon by this delicate flattery, is clear, from her delighted remark to Malvolio:

"*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?"

Malvolio's cynical answer draws from Olivia an observation which lays open a very leading trait in her own character:

"*Oli.* O you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove."

Now from this we conceive, in part, why Orsino's suit had been so distasteful to Olivia. She has no self-love, consequently, no love of admiration, and many passages show her dislike of praise. Nor has she the poetical temperament; consequently, the character she was most likely to value was one which could win her esteem by its well-regulated balance: the "known discreet man" who would "reprove" her, would be more likely to gain her love than the man who should idolize her. Nor would she, having so little self-esteem, deem it any proof of a man's "discreet" judgment that he admired her excessively: she would be more apt to respect his judgment who thought slightingly of her, nay, scorned her: and her affection would flow to him whom she admired, not to one who admired her. Emerson has a passage descriptive of

this sort of nature. He says, "The "continual effort to raise himself, to "work a pitch above his last height, "betrays itself in a man's relations. "We thirst for approbation, yet cannot "forgive the approver. The sweet of "nature is love; yet if I have a friend, "I am tormented by my imperfections. "The love of me accuses the other "party; if he were high enough to "slight me then I could love him, and "rise by my affection to new heights." —*Essays*, p. 309. It is the inference the mind draws of great merit in the one who is proud and cold that excites the vehement desire to win the love of such, rather than wounded vanity or any natural inherent contradiction or love of conquest. These last are very inferior qualities, prevalent enough in persons of low morals, but with which high natures have nothing to do. "Meg grew sick as he grew heal," is a feeling which we leave to Meg and Duncan to settle between themselves; it is altogether different from that of which we are speaking, which is the desire to rise up to a level and communion with a nature that seems supreme, and seems so even by its very disdain. With these prefatory remarks, for the proof of the correctness of which we must beg the reader to be on the watch in the ensuing scenes, we now return to the action of the play.

At the precise moment when the clown's "catechising" had startled the mind of Olivia into a sudden brightness and reconciliation, by bringing before her that one only thought which reconciles us to the death of our friends, and which does so the more quickly and completely the deeper is our love; at that moment Maria enters and says:

"Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you."

With the instinctive apprehension of a lady undergoing the peculiar sort of persecution to which Olivia is subject, she answers,

"From the Count Orsino, is it?

Maria. I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man and well attended."

Olivia despatches Malvolio in these words:

"Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it."

After a time Malvolio returns, and in his account we see that, while Viola most carefully conceals whence she comes, as the first condition of effecting an entrance, she is acting up to the letter of the instructions, which we have heard Orsino deliver:

"*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so: and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favored and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him."

This description of his youth (Orsino for once guessed aright) added to the fact of his spirited pertinacity, decides Olivia: she says:

"*Oli.* Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman—Give me my veil. . . . . We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy."

When we realize the fact that Viola had had to encounter the pert Maria, the swaggering half intoxicated Sir Toby, and the formal, morose steward, her generous perseverance appears in clearness to our mind, and the embarrassment of her position on being

ushered into the apartment is no less evident, if we consider that there she finds two persons, strangers to her, one of them veiled, and the speech she has to repeat, the speech in which Orsino "unfolds the passion of" his "love," commences—"Most exquisite, radiant, "and unmatchable beauty."—The ridiculousness of rehearsing this to a veiled unknown, stops Viola, and from that moment she drops Orsino and takes the matter in her own hands. She is not put out of countenance, but with modest ease appeals to them as ladies: "Good beauties, let me sustain no "scorn; I am very comptible even to "the least sinister usage." With admirable tact she so conducts the dialogue that from being the butt of ridicule she soon begins to have the sway. Her first object is to ascertain if she is addressing Olivia herself. Having stated that she has a speech to recite, Olivia asks, "Are you a comedian?" And we, the audience, can well understand her answer, and sympathize in all it implies:

"*Vio.* No, my profound heart; and yet by the very fangs of malice I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself I am.

Vio. Most certain if you are she you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't; I forgive you the praise."

The tone of reproof Viola assumes above, and the sincerity and dignity of her perseverance win upon Olivia, and at Viola's request to be heard in private, Maria is ordered to withdraw. But this is only one obstacle removed. Before Viola can "do her best to woo" Orsino's "lady" she must see her: she therefore endeavours next to get rid of the veil.

"*Vio.* Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture: Look you, sir, such a one as I was this presents: Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy."

What can be more admirable than the generous recognition herein contained of Olivia's beauty! What more noble than Viola's friendship for Orsino! She even seems here, in the completeness of her sympathy to change existences with him; she looks with his eyes, thinks with his mind, and speaks with his tongue.

Olivia answers with her characteristic coldness to the voice of praise.

"*Oli.* O, sir, I will not be so hard hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But if you were the devil you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!"

This rebuke is not just, for Olivia is not proud; she is simply indifferent to Orsino, and indifferent to, though aware of, her personal attractions; but the tone Viola takes secures from thenceforth Olivia's serious and respectful attention. She asks: "How "does he love me?"

"*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire."

This picture of abject love is repulsive to Olivia; she answers steadily and gravely, and without the least touch of triumph,—we will not say without the least touch of contempt,—but rather with a total indifference both

to Orsino's admiration and his sufferings:

" *Oli.* Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him,
He might have took his answer long ago."

A speech which shows with perfect truth to nature that respect and admiration may exist without there ensuing any personal feeling; which fact Viola in her answer entirely overlooks. She thinks that, with this opinion of Orsino, Olivia cannot fail at last to love him.

" *Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find *no sense,*
I would not understand it.
Oli. Why what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.
Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman."

We see from the above how the mode of wooing that Viola describes, differing essentially in its energetic self-will and masterdom from Orsino's plaintive suffering and idolatry, pleases Olivia. She replies in continuation,

" *Oli.* Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him; let him send no more;
Unless perchance you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well!
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me."

Another indignity for Viola to undergo in addition to those which she has already experienced in the execution of this commission; but she quietly puts it aside, and only makes it the opportunity for urging Orsino's suit.

" *Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, needs recompense."

And then adds,

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty." [*Exit.*]

These are the only harsh words we ever hear Viola utter; and if there be anything that not only can move the patience of a saint but ought to do so, it is to see a person whom she loves made to suffer by one whom she less esteems.

After Viola's departure Olivia thus soliloquizes:

" *Oli.* What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five fold blazon; Not too fast;—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be."

Here then is Olivia's first impression of love; made by " perfections," which she enumerates in one long line, and whose effect, she in the three last describes perfectly. In addition and subordination to the reasons which, according to what we have said, it is clear such a nature as Olivia's would find for loving such a nature as Viola's, we may add the extreme beauty of Viola (called somewhere in the play " an estimable wonder,") and which no doubt shone forth with unwonted lustre in this interview. It had " a mind " put in't;" the intellectual and moral faculties were taxed to the uttermost. The magnanimity of her purpose and the self-possession she exercised would

pose; the generous passions that the dialogue called up would endue with brilliancy and fervour her countenance, gestures and language; whilst the whole air must have been rendered yet more touching by that sentiment of which she could never have been wholly unconscious, but to which she only reverts once, viz. in that speech in which the words "my profound heart" "the "fangs of malice" (mal-aise) "I am "not that I play;" completely suggest the "pang of heart" she was so firmly quelling. All this soul, no doubt, lent to her beauty a chaste but rich expression, which Olivia felt infinitely attractive. And so having heard the welcome words, "I am a gentleman," she gives herself up to "the enchantment," as she herself names it, done by Viola. Olivia was one of those ladies too, we must add, who are not ambitious of elevating themselves in rank through marriage. Sir Toby informs Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "she'll none "o' the count; she'll not match above "her degree, neither in estate, years, "nor wit: I have heard her swear it." Now the Duke was not far above Olivia in any one of these respects, but he was in a measure, and Olivia's choice like that of Imogen, Portia, Rosalind, and others of Shakespeare's heroines, fell upon "a poor but worthy "gentleman," (as she thought him) rather than on one "above her degree."

Viola returning "on a moderate pace," (her recent interview having given her plenty to think of, and besides being in no haste to communicate to the Duke the "unprofited return" she had made,) is overtaken by Malvolio, who brings a ring from Olivia, which she says, "the county's man had "left behind him, would" she "or no:" with this message,

"Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes! I am not
for him: [morrow,
If that the youth will come again to-
I'll give him reasons for't."

On Malvolio's exit the slight contempt expressed in the words, "I left "no ring with her: What means this "lady?" is soon replaced by self-reproach, and, notwithstanding the wish with which she has just quitted Olivia, by pity.

"*Vio.* Fortune forbid my outside have
not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed so
much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost
her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me sure; the cunning of her
passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why he sent her
none.
I am the man; If it be so (as 'tis),
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much."

In the words

"How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their
forms!"

she resents Olivia's late expressions of "heresy" and "feigned" as applied to Orsino's sentiment and poetry, and remarks how easy it is for the "proper false," that is the really false, to gain affection; but follows with an humble observation taught by her own feeling, unconquered though hopeless, and which because hopeless, she might think unreasonable, and because unreasonable, meriting to be called frailty: she says:

"Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be."

She then continues:

"How will this fadge? My master loves
her dearly; [him;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on
And she mistaken seems to dote on me:
What will become of this! As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now, alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia
breathe?"

The epithet monster refers to her disguise. In the following lines of her speech she appeals to the Power she has once before invoked; the friend of the unhappy; the hope of the heroic:

"O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie."

Act ii. *scene* 2.

VIOLA AND ORSINO.

Viola with her usual fine clearness of moral perception and delicacy of feeling now perceives that, added to all other motives, justice to Olivia demands that her sex should become known; and, firmly persuaded in her own mind that Olivia never will change towards the Duke, she strives in the ensuing scene to impress him with the same conviction, to induce him to look elsewhere for reciprocation, and to make the idea of her disguise flash upon his mind. In this exquisite dialogue it is impossible not to feel how harmoniously these two natures act and react upon each other: the responses are like a piece of music played by two flutes perfectly in accord. The Duke, having commanded "the old and antique song" he "heard last night," inquires "How dost thou like this tune?"

"*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.
Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take [him,
An elder than herself; so wears she to
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord."

an answer which perhaps implies not only a glance at her own constancy, but a belief in the chance that the Duke himself may some day give up his present fancy.

"*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow."

These words of Viola's relate to her own anticipated doom; though they serve at the same time as a reply to the Duke's remark on the fleeting attraction of beauty. Orsino then begins to comment, with his usual fine taste, on the song which is about to be sung, and which he and Viola both like so much—*her* reason we can well discern. He speaks to the Clown:

"*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their threads with bones
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,*
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower, sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown;
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there."

Viola feels every word of this in her heart's core. Neither friend nor lover was there to weep on her "black coffin" in that inhospitable land where she found herself a lonely stranger. The Duke's feeling is merely sentimental: his reason for liking the song he has stated to be,

"Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times."

Accordingly, no sooner is it con-

* Simple truth.

cluded than, far from uttering any feelings in harmony with the dismal anticipations of the song, he thus addresses Viola:

" Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon some sovereign cruelty:
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?"

(Olivia's own words, and which Viola firmly believes.)

" *Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.
Vio. 'Sooth but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answered?
Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart [tion.
So big, to hold so much; they lack retenAlas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver but the palate—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia."

Without disputing the Duke's first position, which probably is true in nature, Viola proceeds to answer his ast: and, not denying that the passion f a man may be more violent than hat which a woman can feel, she insists that a woman's may be as true.

" *Vio.* Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
n faith they are as true of heart as we.
[y father had a daughter lov'd a man,
s it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
ut let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
eed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument
Smiling at grief. *Was not this love indeed?*
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love."

In that one word " a blank," what worlds of pain are held Viola too well knew—and many others too well know. In the two concluding lines how well, and yet how gently, she describes Orsino's present passion—so great in show, so little containing of real love. He answers,

" But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not."

The first line of this reply should have struck him who had already said that all in her was " semblative a " woman's part;" but it does not—and then she adds the mysterious, hesitating second line—and then, seeing that Orsino is still obtuse, she asks, " Sir, " shall I to this lady?" The Duke, as if he reproached himself for a moment or two of sympathy spared to another than himself, replies,

" Ay, that's the theme:
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay."

Viola and Olivia.

Viola, according to Orsino's desire, having repaired to Olivia's house, encounters the Clown and salutes him, saying, " Save thee, friend, and thy music." A very natural expression, for she has the pleasant recollection of having lately heard him sing the " old " and antique song" to the Duke and herself. After some other talk, from which we see that the Clown, who has a very sharp pair of eyes, and looks through every one in the play, and prys into all their affairs, surmises her disguise, Viola, contrasting silently his feelings with her own, says, " I war- " rant, thou art a merry fellow, and " carest for nothing."

" *Clo.* Not so, sir, I do care for something: but, in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.*

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I should be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee."

But she cannot buy off the two curious eyes that are searching her secret. He answers, laying a trap, into which she falls,

" *Clo.* Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee I am almost sick for one: though I would not have it grow on my chin."

(Of course not: remembering how Orsino has said, " Diana's lip is not " more smooth and rubious.")

She then desires the Clown to ask for Olivia: he knows quite well the purpose of her visit, guesses in silence at her disguise and at her love, and goes away expressing his completely puzzled state. " My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin; I might say element, but the word is overworn."

Viola finds no difficulty now in obtaining an entrance into Olivia's house. She is courteously received by every one. Sir Toby, for instance, says, " Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her:" but before she can enter, Olivia already comes to meet her. Viola's difficulties, therefore, have ceased to be, as in the first instance, external difficulties: the " barful strife" is in the nature of the task itself. To the accomplishment of this, however, she now directs all her wonted unflinching faithfulness, her consummate delicacy, and her nicety of judgment. As soon as the garden door is by Olivia's order shut, she says to the supposed Cesario,

" Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess."

The calm respect and seriousness with which Viola withdraws from Olivia's advances is extremely beautiful. A nature less noble might have enjoyed the triumph of deluding and humiliating a favoured rival, but no such thought dims the clear soul of Viola: she is tender of the dignity of " Orsino's lady," and is grieved at the disguise she must yet awhile assume, since only as long as she does assume it can she act as Orsino's " nuncio." We shall see in the ensuing scenes with what singleness of purpose she watches every mood of Olivia and every opening in the conversation to work her round to a consent. The dialogue proceeds:

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* Both the names given to this play by Shakespeare denote the assumption by his *dramatis personæ* of an identity not their own. In our *Twelfth Night Characters* we have a vestige of the games by which our forefathers celebrated this holiday. Now Viola, in assuming the character of a youth and her brother's dress; Malvolio, in dressing himself up in costume at Maria's instigation and giving himself the airs suited to the " greatness thrust upon him;" Maria, who from the waiting-woman of his niece becomes the wife of Sir Toby—all these playing parts not their own render very appropriate to this drama the title of " Twelfth Night."

Nor is it difficult to see why the play was called " What You Will." This name appears to have been in Shakespeare's day synonymous with our Will o' the Wisp, Ignis Fatuus, and Phantasma. It is applied repeatedly in Marston's Play, bearing the same name, to persons assuming a garb and an individuality not their own, and such persons are called in the same play Nothing—a word that the Clown here applies to Viola, whose sex he suspects.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
You are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him; for his thoughts, would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres."

Olivia then refers to the sending of the ring and the construction to be put on such an action: then adds,

" To one of your receiving*
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies."

(This expresses Viola's sentiment at the moment. She feels sincerely sorry for the pain her rival, who, in that sense, is her enemy, is suffering.)

" *Oli.* Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
(*Clock strikes.*)
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest
Your wife is like to reap a proper man."

This speech contains much that is offensive to Viola, but in the comparison of the lion and the wolf there is the nearest approach to a consent that Olivia has yet uttered or felt. She adds a dismissal:

" There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward hoe.
Grace and good disposition tend your ladyship.
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?"

Viola thinks that, Olivia's pride being now roused, she is just in the mood to yield, and of this she takes advantage. To the gracious and almost holy parting salutation, " grace " and good disposition tend your lady- " ship," she adds words which suggest the mode in which she would fain have these qualities show themselves, " You'll nothing, madam, to my lord " by me?"

That this conduct won Olivia's respect is evident from the anxiety she now feels to assure herself of Viola's.

" *Oli.* Stay:
I prythee tell me what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be.
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool."

Viola is justified in this indignation. Olivia first wooes—then rejects—now wooes again. Besides this vacillation, there is much in Olivia's conduct and speeches that Viola would not approve, and Olivia's answer shows us this was the case.

" *Oli.* O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon."

" Love's night is noon" in Olivia, but not in Viola—there is that difference in the two natures. She adds:

" Cesario, by the roses of the Spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and everything,
I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

* Ready apprehension.

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better."

(The objects by which Olivia here adjures Viola, are those suggested by the bright and noble beauty of Viola under the influence of her present feelings.) Her reply is:

"*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore."

This speech in its cold and firm obduracy contrasts singularly with Olivia's. In the two we see the "conflict "of flame and ice." Viola purposes by hers to destroy all hope in Olivia of winning her love, conscious that thus she is doing the best she can to further Orsino's cause: Olivia only answers,

"*Oli.* Yet come again: for thou perhaps may'st move
That heart which now abhors to like his love."

It is these parting words that induce Viola once more to return. We hear Olivia soliloquising in a subsequent scene as follows:

"I have sent after him: He says, he'll come;
How shall I feast him? What bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd."

The result of this interview we learn from the same speaker when she and Viola re-enter:

"I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong, potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof."

Viola says,

"With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.
Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honor, saved, may upon asking give?"

Viola now sees in the influence she has obtained over Olivia one more chance, and, ever faithful, fails not to seize the opportunity. She replies,

"*Vio.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.
Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?
Vio. I will acquit you.
Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell."

For the sake of concentrating the reader's attention on Viola's endeavours to win Olivia for Orsino, we have brought scenes together which actually are spread over three months. For that period has Viola borne this mortal agony, nor ever flinched or faltered.

Sebastian and Olivia.

Leaving these affairs for a while, we must now turn our eyes once more to the seashore, where we hear Sebastian, Viola's brother, addressing his friend Antonio, a sea-captain:

"You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian; which I call Roderigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned. . . . .
A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance with more."

Subsequently he announces his intention of going to Orsino's court, and forbids his friend to accompany him. Antonio, looking after him, says:

"The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport and I will go."

Space will not permit us in this essay to do justice to the characters, actions, and friendship of Sebastian and Antonio: suffice it to say, that by all that appears, Sebastian is the worthy brother of Viola; in addition to her tenderness, high principle, and self-possession, he has manly courage and independence of spirit. He answers to Olivia's description of Viola:

"Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon."

His great resemblance to his twin sister she herself tells us.

"I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate."

This last she was sure to do, led by her affection and her sentimental kind of nature; and we must now relate briefly what came of this wonderful resemblance and imitation of the brother by the sister.

Sebastian reaches the capital, as he had purposed, and is there overtaken by Antonio; to whom, after mutual greeting, he says:

"I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city."

But Antonio declines this, because, being a political enemy of Orsino's, the publicity would be perilous to him. Thus the two friends separate till evening.

Let us now return to Viola. When, on leaving Olivia, on the occasion of the interview we have last related, she is met by Sir Toby and Fabian, they tell her that a gentleman is lying in wait to attack her. Sir Toby's great delight is in practical jokes, and this is one of them. Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, Olivia's foolish suitor, having complained to him:

"Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't i'the orchard"—

Sir Toby urges him to fight, the humour of which he thus sets forth to Fabian:

"I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fabian. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty."

The occasion tests Viola's judgment and courage: nor does she fail here any more than heretofore. She first expresses, very prettily, her innocence:

"My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man"—

and repeatedly urges to know her offence. Failing in that, she intends, with her usual good sense, to return to the house and ask the lady Olivia for an escort; but Fabian misguides her to the place where Sir Andrew is, and she is obliged to draw her sword. At the moment of the commencement of the encounter Antonio enters, and, seeing Sebastian, as he thinks, engaged in fight, calls out,

"Put up your sword; If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you."

At the noise of this brawl officers come in, who at once recognize Antonio and carry him off to prison. When he is gone, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian resolve to follow Viola, because they see her averse to fighting. They encounter Sebastian, whom, mistaking for her, Sir Andrew strikes, saying:

"Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there—
Are all the people mad?

Sir T. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight:

I would not be in some of your coats for two pence."

Olivia, summoned by the clown, enters, commands Sir Toby to withdraw, and entreats the supposed "Cesario" to go with her to her house. Sebastian, amazed, says aside:

"What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!
Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: Would thoud'st be ruled by me!
Seb. Madam, I will.
Oli. O, say so, and so be!"

In the next scene we have Sebastian's soliloquy:

"This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And, though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to mistrust my eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't.
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA *and a* PRIEST.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: . . . What do you say?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father: And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine."—*Act* iv. *Scene* 3.

ORSINO, OLIVIA, VIOLA.

Olivia being married, her doors now open to receive the Duke. There is a little triumph, and still more security and self-gratulation in the words *may not have* in her answer to the Duke's rapturous

"Here comes the Countess: now heaven walks on earth.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam?
Duke. Gracious Olivia—
Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord—
Vio. My lord would speak—my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
That e'er devotion tender'd.—What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him."

The calm intrepidity of the Countess is admirable. Orsino being her feudal lord, his reply contains no vain boast, or threat either.

"*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love: a savage jealousy,
That sometimes savours nobly? But hear me this,
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom by heaven I swear I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
[*Going.*]
Vio. And I most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Following.*]
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life.
More by all mores than e'er I shall love wife;
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love."

Olivia here sends for the priest, who has performed the marriage ceremony, and, supposing that Viola denies her, from fear of Orsino, adds, in her usual high-spirited way when the Duke is in question:

"Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome father."

The priest bears witness to the solemnization of the marriage, adding,

"Since when my watch hath told me toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours."

The Duke, exclaiming,

"O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?"

adds,

"Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet."

So ends this passion: self-absorbed and selfish from first to last, it has run its wilful course, and "falls into abate-"ment and low price even in a minute." Yet like every feeling once strong in the heart of man, it did, as we shall see, contain within it an immortal essence that survived its perishable half.

Sebastian now comes in, and the mystery of the marriage is cleared up. Viola and her brother enter into explanations r garding their family, and the Duke reassures the wonder-struck Olivia by the words

"Be not amazed; right noble is his blood."

He then adds,

"If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in *this most happy wreck.*"

Who does not realize what Viola felt on hearing these first words of love? We shall now see with what mingled delicacy and goodness of heart the Duke asks for a confirmation of those expressions which Viola has ventured to utter under the shield of her disguise, and in addressing her still as "Boy," screens her from all reproach of indelicacy and forwardness.

"Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never should'st love woman like to me."

Having heard his self-congratulation concerning his "share" in these events, she feels she may now reply as follows:

"And all those sayings will I overswear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand—
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds."

Olivia now, in her warm bright manner, comes forward, desirous at once to place herself in her true position to the Duke and to Viola.

"*Oli.* My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.
Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; (to *Viola*) and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
Oli. A sister?—you are she."

The peace between Orsino and Olivia will be lasting; they have already a mutual esteem, well merited on both sides. The Duke shows his exact feelings to both in his concluding speech,

the first part of which is addressed to Viola.

"When golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen."

In reviewing the drama of which we have now heard the concluding speech, we find still a few remarks to make; and first we will observe, that Olivia's love for Viola is quite natural. Long shut up in a house of mourning, there breaks upon her sight a vision of beauty and goodness of which she at once becomes enamoured. It is not alone the "roses of the spring" that captivate her in Viola, but the purity, "the honour, truth, and everything." Sebastian's passion likewise is to be accounted for. He becomes suddenly the object of the tenderness of "the "fair Olivia:" he is a witness also of the "smooth, discreet, and stable bear-"ing" with which she could "sway her "house, command her followers, take "and give back affairs and their dis-"patch;" in short, he at once sees the charms of her intellect, as well as those of her heart and person; and we may take his own word as a solution of whatever seems difficult of comprehension both in Olivia's love for Viola and his own for Olivia, where he says,

"Nature to her bias drew in that."

Nor is the sudden and stormy death of Orsino's fancy unnatural. It is not so sudden as it seems; the months have been preparing it; and when brought face to face with Olivia, and he cannot but perceive her indifference to himself and her love for another, the passions that in turn fleet over his soul (each dismissed as quickly as it arises) are only the natural transitions which under the circumstances such a passion as his undergoes; though in this royal and youthful lover these are indeed so violent, that they can only be considered as types of what is, more or less, felt by those somewhat similarly placed. Orsino's first feeling is rage against "the uncivil lady," as he calls Olivia; the second is rage against "the minion" whom she loves; afterwards comes acquiescence in the fate mingled with a desire no more to see those with whom so much pain is associated; lastly arises a settled calm, and an affectionate regard for all that is truly estimable in the former idol, and value for her intimacy and friendship, very happily expressed in the sentence "sweet sister, we will not "part from hence." We may trust the feeling whose tremulous dawn he first reveals in the words, "I shall have "share in *this most happy wreck:*" words resembling the reflex, on the yet heaving waters, of a star whose light the parted storm clouds permit to pass. In Viola's poetical and sympathetic nature he has long found a continual charm and solace. To a man of so much heart, the deep gratitude he entertains for her devoted love, and his admiration of her heroic unselfishness, are sure to render her for aye "Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen." And the nobleness of his affection, and its enduring character, we gather from the words of promise,

"A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls."

For Viola, mute in her present blessedness, as in those days of trial when she "pined in thought," we must for ourselves realize her supreme felicity. In none of his impersonations, we should observe, has Shakespeare shown more wondrous skill than in this of Viola, for the very reason that he has not "o'erstepped the modesty of "nature," but has drawn a character which, like her own famous image of Patience, charms and reveals as much by what she hides in her heart as by what is apparent.*

* A character so reserved must be closely examined in order to be appreciated, and for this reason Viola, although she may vie with the very highest of Shakespeare's

In the very first passage of the play, (in the words, "That strain again," &c.) lies hidden its leading idea. It is, as it were, an overture foreshadowing the approach of her who is to be the guiding spirit of the piece; nay, almost naming her, whose harmonious and lofty nature is to change the destinies of those towards whom fate is leading her—who is to bring joy and peace where love and death have preceded her, only to leave behind them pain and sorrow—but who (as often happens in real life) is neither to achieve the happiness of her friends nor to consummate her own without undergoing a struggle of the severest description.

The peculiarity of Viola's love does not consist in the firm suppression of all manifestation thereof; for it is not very rare to find persons capable of maintaining, when honour demands it, the silence and concealment which then become the best and only possible proof of true affection. Such persons might ask themselves, with the same proud fondness as Viola, is "not "this love indeed?" and no one could gainsay them.

Neither is it the great peculiarity of this affection that the heroine's deeds have been "against the mettle of her "sex; beneath her soft and tender "breeding." Instances of this sort of virtue in women are of daily occurrence, and history is full of the bright examples. Take, for instance, Her who was at the defence of Nottingham Castle, or Her who acted as her lord's secretary on his trial—surviving his loss through long dreary years—living to see the downfall of his enemies, and the triumph of the cause for which he suffered.

But that in Viola which is rare, is, first, that her passion is not selfish, but sympathetic wholly. Witness her words, confirmed by all her deeds:

"I most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die."

And, secondly, that her love is wholly independent for its existence (though not for its happiness) on reciprocation. It is not nourished by love bestowed by its object, but by love bestowed by its subject; that is to say, by utter admiration and love of another's mind.

Compare the words of Portia and Viola on the occasion of being affianced.

Portia's are:

"How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts and rash-embraced
despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-eyed
jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit."
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *scene* 2.

Viola's are:

"And all those sayings will I overswear,
And all those swearings keep as true in
soul
As doth that orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night."

In the former we see the passionate utterance of that love which cannot

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heroines, has never taken rank either on the stage or with the critics, according to her merit. How little she has been understood by one of the latter, Dr. Johnson, let the following passages show. Alluding to the first scene in which she appears he says, "Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts." Stevens follows in the same strain. A propos to her reception of the ring from Malvolio he says: "This lady, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is an excellent schemer, she is never at a loss." And again, referring to her words, "I am all the daughters of my father's house," &c. he says, "This was the most artful answer that could be given." Our readers will not coincide, we think, in these judgments of the critics, nor yet with the following: "The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life."—Dr. Johnson.

live without reciprocation, and in the latter of that which cannot die, because it is mind loving mind. Very characteristically Viola expresses no joy—she merely reiterates her words of love and faith, leaving us to infer that such love comprehends, if satisfied, all joy; if unsatisfied, still all the joy that can be felt. She draws her simile from the heavens, and well she may, for the feeling she expresses is changeless as they are: nay, is it too much to hope that it is eternal as the mind which loves and the mind which is beloved? This is Shakespeare's idea of perfect love; he has dramatized it in this play, as he has poetized it in that sonnet, the first lines of which are as follows:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no, it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken," &c.

This sublime passion is not a poetic dream. Fiction is beautiful, but real life is more beautiful still. There have existed, there do exist those who comprehend in all their fulness the loftiest words of the poets. Doubt it not.

Twelfth Night at the Haymarket.

In the month of July last this piece was brought out at the Haymarket; and, we observe, is announced again for representation at the same theatre. We felt, in the last scene, the advantage of seeing a play over reading one, for the actress had an opportunity of showing, by her attitude and expression of countenance, that satisfaction which Shakespeare's Viola does not allow her lips to breathe. The young actress who played the character availed herself of the occasion with considerable delicacy of taste and effect. But this effect we think would have been enhanced if the audience had once seen her in her "maid's garments," as Viola calls them, whereas, on her first appearance she wore the manly attire that should have been assumed, for the reasons which do not arise in her mind until after the first scene, upon a steady review of what course she must pursue in her forlorn and perilous condition.

Olivia was played rather too much in the modern drawing-room, fine lady style. The bright, impassioned, intelligent, kind-hearted Olivia, was not rendered; nor yet the rich and noble feudal countess, exercising unquestioned authority over her own affairs, and her numerous followers.

The comic parts were admirably sustained, though perhaps more archness might have been thrown into the character of Maria, that "excellent devil "of wit," as Sir Toby thinks her.

There were some very judicious omissions of jests too coarse, but other omissions of poetical passages we regretted; and worse than these omissions, we observed two defects that we would gladly see corrected in future representations, since they really affect the spirit and style of the play. We allude, first, to the music and to the songs. These have in this play more connection with the actions and the feelings of the characters than is the case in any other of Shakespeare's dramas: so that "Twelfth Night" really partakes somewhat of the nature of an opera. It commences, continues, and ends with music and with songs. Now we are quite sure that, had Orsino been present at the Haymarket before the curtain drew up, his first exclamation would never have been "If music be the food of love play on." On the contrary, we think he must have had a prevision of that very Haymarket performance when he reviled

"The light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

Managers should remember that music *does* speak to the senses and imagination, and that therefore overtures and interludes should have some sort of

relation to the play that is enacting. The songs that were given as a substitute for Shakespeare's sadly destroyed our illusion, and reminded us of London streets in 1856, and not of Italy in the sixteenth century. The great bell of Ware, and the bells of St. Bennett are indeed introduced into this play; but so naturally, that neither of them asks, "And what should I do in Illyria?" No one feels them out of place; but Shakespeare's genius can harmonize incongruities which inferior genius cannot. Clown is the Greek Chorus of the piece. We were sorry to lose the cypress song. The song which commences "O mistress mine, where are you roaming," would have prepared the audience for Sebastian's arrival. The song at the end of the play (not that we advocate this being sung) is Clown's reflection in the character of Cupid, on the past drama. The first verse refers to Orsino's love for Olivia; the second to Olivia's "perverseness;" the third to Malvolio's folly; the fourth to Sir Toby's marriage; and the fifth to the marriages now happily concluded of Orsino and Olivia.

Another fault in the representation at the Haymarket was one calculated to lower the dignity of Viola, and, so far, it is very much to be reprehended. We have, in our previous remarks, shown how well she behaves in the duel affair; with how much good sense and propriety she meets the sudden danger: it is out of all character that Viola should ever need, or indeed suffer her[illegible] to be forced on to fight by Fabian as we saw it acted. Her feminine timidity would be tempered by noble self-command; and it is clear that at the critical moment, she is entirely self-possessed; she draws, saying,

"I do assure you 'tis against my will."

Words which show that the emotion described by Fabian,

"He pants and looks pale as if a bear were at his heels,"

had been subdued, as well as the idea which had occurred to her, and which she utters aside,

"Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man."

These natural thoughts and feelings had passed over her mind, and left her, as ever, able to meet the emergency. If it be necessary "to make the groundlings laugh," let the real coward and mean-souled Sir Andrew be the object; his fear might be rendered grotesque: but under no circumstances whatever could Viola appear so.

THE SCEPTIC AND THE INFIDEL.*

"L'Esprit de système est le tombeau de la vérité."

TOLERATION is not the question of one, but of all nations and times. It is common to all subjects, whatever peculiarities it may derive from each. It is not the isolated appendage and moderator of the great engines of Church and State; it pervades every crevice of common life, whence its tiny fibres and radicles draw those juices and tempers, that gradually swell the main-

* *List of Books.*

1. Perversion, or the Causes of Infidelity. Essays . *By Connybeare.*
2. Le Roman Religieux en Angleterre. Plaidoyer Anglican contre l'incrédulité. Mr. *Montégut* (Revue des deux Mondes).
3. Restoration of Belief . . . *Anonymous.*
4. Representative Men. The Sceptic . . . *Emerson.*
5. Etudes Morales. Sens du mot Foi . . *Guizot.*

stream of the national sap. Wherever two men meet, the question of tolerance and intolerance arises latent or expressed; and the progress of every science, natural, moral, and political, is a running commentary on the answer. The word subsists, but its spirit changes with the spirit of the times. As virtue, once, meant courage, or excellence in one,—now, excellence in all things good; toleration, which originally meant refraining from cutting the throats of others for their opinions when the danger of doing so became too apparent, has passed in the minds of the more enlightened and good into a wider meaning, commensurate with that spirit of Christianity, commanding us to judge righteous judgment and to do to others as we would that they should do unto us.

The stream of human life is continuous, though often lost to antiquarian research, as waters, that disappear for a space under ground, when hidden to the outward eye, are yet unbroken and progressive. Every word and every law, every custom, and every book, mark the addition of separate rills to the rolling flood. And like the main river, each minor stream has its own, however hidden or diluted, existence. Were it possible, it would be no trivial task to trace in its downward course the growing stream of toleration. It would be the surest method of convincing those who doubt that the degree of toleration proper for one age is very different from the amount necessary in another, and that its sound and sufficient definition required by existing light and circumstances, conscientiously adhered to, is perhaps the most vital and important root of diffused peace, progress, and satisfaction. Toleration is to a nation what temper is to a man.

It is beautifully told of Charles the Fifth, that he was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches, and having found by repeated trials that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, with a mixture of surprise and regret, on his own folly, in having bestowed so much time and labour on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the intricate and mysterious doctrines of religion.

A century later, in an intolerant age, Jeremy Taylor writes, that, amid the factions and partialities that troubled Christendom, mistaken physicians propounded some a guide, and others a rule; but that who this guide should be only added to the flames of discussion, and that, even supposing men agreed of the rule, yet the interpretation of the rule became so various, that this also became part of the disease for which the cure was pretended. Whereupon he continues, "all men "resolved upon this, that, though they "had not yet hit upon the right, yet "some way must be thought upon to "reconcile differences in opinion; "thinking, so long as this variety "should last, Christ's kingdom was "not advanced, and the work of the "gospel went on but slowly. Few "men, in the mean time, considered "that so long as men had such variety "of principles, such several constitu-"tions, educations, tempers and dis-"tempers, hopes, interests and weak-"nesses, *degrees of light and degrees* "*of understanding, it was impossible* "*all should be of one mind. And what* "*is impossible to be done is not necessary* "*it should be done.* And therefore, "although variety of opinions was im-"possible to be cured, and they who "attempted it did like him who claps "his shoulder to the ground to prevent "an earthquake, yet the inconveni-"ences arising from it might possibly "be cured, not by uniting their beliefs, "that was to be despaired of, *but by* "*curing that which caused these mis-*"*chiefs and accidental inconveniences,* "of their disagreeings. For although "these inconveniences, which every "man sees and feels, were consequent "to this diversity of persuasions, yet it "was but accidentally and by chance;

"inasmuch as we see that in many "things, and they of great concern- "ment, men allow to themselves and "to each other a liberty of disagreeing, "and no hurt neither. And certainly "if diversity of opinions were, of it- "self, the cause of mischiefs, it would "be so ever; that is, regularly and "universally. But that, we see, it is "not. For there are disputes in Chris- "tendom concerning matters of great- "er concernment than most of those "opinions that distinguish sects and "make factions; and yet, because men "are permitted to differ in those great "matters, such evils are not consequent "to such differences, as are to the un- "charitable managing of smaller and "more inconsiderable questions. Since, "then, if men are quiet and charitable "in some disagreeings, that then and "there the inconvenience ceases; if "they were so in all others, and *they* "*may in most*, Christendom should be "no longer rent in pieces, but would "be redintegrated in a new pentecost."

Jeremy Taylor was far in advance of his age. Had he written in this, he would have said, not "they may in most," but "they should in all;" for his argument, if it includes any, must embrace every thing, since "*degrees* "*of light and degrees of understand-* "*ing*," if they apply to one, must apply to every subject and to every opinion, if indeed we agree with Archbishop Whateley that all faith must rest upon grounds.

Another century, and the encyclopædists were maintaining, that man has a right to his own belief and to think what he pleases, and their opinions were eagerly disseminated throughout Europe. This of course must be taken in the spirit of reactionary bravado of the times.*

In our own day, a hundred years later, without the cynicism and with more weight, Mr. Hallam has condemned the notion of the "essential "criminality of religious error," and "the fallacy of assuming that truth "must ever exist visibly on earth." While a distinguished French publicist, whose name stands second in the list of books at the head of this article, has quite recently contended that the definition of toleration suitable to the nineteenth century is, "that we are "not responsible for our opinions."

And this, though far from being universally acknowledged as such, will be found perhaps to contain the true philosophy of toleration.

It is well understood that we owe the novel entitled "Perversion; or, the Causes of Infidelity," to the author of a recent article on Church Parties, much quoted at the time of its first appearance in the *Edinburgh Review*, and since reprinted, in separate forms, through several editions. In that article Mr. Connybeare described with humour and discrimination the conflicting parties dividing the English Church. His account of the "High "and Dry," "the Low and Slow," was readily accepted by all but themselves; while those who, if they could, would take their stand on the larger, more indefinite ground, which, for want of an existing word, the author dexterously called the "Broad Church," hailed the new cry for the mere sound of its catholicity and toleration. All who think that the human mind may and must expand under cultivation; that the direction of its growth is due not more to spontaneous efforts, than to infinite circumstances beyond human control; that differences of opinion, in a word, hetero-

* Man has not the right to think as he pleases. He has not *the right* to be orthodox, unless convinced of the truth of the orthodoxy for the time being; but he is bound to judge up to the measure of his light and degree of understanding and no more. But though he may not have "the abstract right" of belonging to a party, he may not have the power of disengaging his thoughts or his feelings from the bias of early education, in which case, as Jeremy Taylor says, "what is impossible to be done, it is not necessary it should be done," were it even desirable.

doxies, so far from implying wilful perversity, are an indication rather of intellectual labour and of praiseworthy endeavours after truth; and that, as in mining operations, if ore implies dross, dross also implies ore: such men were eager to enrol their names beneath the more inviting and humane banners of the "Broad Church."

But it would seem, for any liberal interpretation of the epithet, suitable to real and actual requirements, we must not look to Mr. Connybeare, who appears disposed under the specious mask of comprehension to use the term as a convenient, in proportion as it is an indefinite, symbol of exclusion. The scope of such a word must evidently depend on the spirit in which it is applied: for however he may enlarge the limits of his field, if he shuts all the visible gates, its breadth more vacant than before, is gained only at the expense of beating back all, for the sake of none or one. Mr. Connybeare certainly succeeds in making a clear space, but for aught I can see he stands in it alone. But truth abhors a vacuum, and he may perhaps find the space he has cleared but a barren tract after all, if, with the vacant breadth they assume, his views are neither definite nor deep. So much for what can be gathered of the author's own personal opinions. But in his account of "the "causes of infidelity," it will be seen that I speak of philosophical insight only. For as a religious humourist, he is faithful and pleasing. But, as a philosopher of causes, he is ludicrous and small. A clever photographist, he can seize accurately and well every pimple on the face of the body religious; but, when he descends to the *Causes of Infidelity*, he confounds the depth of his subject with the plate of his picture; momentous laws with puny effects; pimples and freckles with primary organs; he applies his daguerreotype to the face of the heavens indeed, but without the space-penetrating power of Herschel's telescope; he chirrups and mistakes the mimicry of the mocking-bird for the hum of the ocean. In the preface, for instance, to the third edition to his *Essay on Church Parties*, answering "some most "excellent people, who have objected "to the appearance of levity given to "the treatment of a serious subject," he very properly observes that "to say "such exposure casts ridicule on reli- "gion is as mistaken as it would be to "say that those who decry pews and "galleries are ridiculing church archi- "tecture." No doubt: but then, what becomes of the notion, that the absurdities exposed are the source of infidelity among a class of men, who are fitted no less perhaps than Mr. Connybeare to distinguish between Church architecture and a pew.

There are many ways of considering a question. You may consider it in all its petty and contemptible aspects, and trade upon the galling and lilliputian prejudices of the market.

Or you may take the rancorous view of a subject; seize upon, or invent, prominent members of any obnoxious sect or set of men, paint them in every alarming and hostile, or glaring and disgusting colour, and dismiss them an example and sign for ever.

Or again (and a clever man will combine all methods), you may deal in safe and convenient generalities, dexterously confound innocent and guilty, emulate the ancient feat, and make one black fleece cover twenty white, and so get rid of all your opponents at once. Nothing more convenient for the Athenian poet, the representative of the orthodox enemies to all thought and progress, save in their own track, to club all the sophists under one name, their most eloquent opponent's, in many instances. Socrates thought, and thought for himself, two things which are not always synonymous. That was enough to make him amenable to the charge

ὑπερφρονεῖν τοὺς Θεούς.

But, it may be observed, as soon as men

begin to "think" at all, they will begin o "differ," by reason of the infinity of nature and the finiteness of man; and o long as they do *not* "think," each nan being "*like a true zero, nothing in himself, but much in sequence*,"* their greement is mere matter of chance or convenience, fleeting when uncon-cious, and, when conscious, wicked nd dishonest, IF it leads men to ca-umniate others, because they are only nore honest and upright than them-elves. I say only, *if* it leads men to alumniate the legitimate freedom of thers. For I am far from insinuating hat the placid agreement of those who ave never thought on a subject is vicked or dishonest. It is even neces-ary to the well-being of society, in vhich it forms the temporary substi-ute for that higher and more powerful ement ultimately to arise, we trust, rom the coincidence of conscious *con-victions* in those who, having thought, ave come to the same conclusions.

But I fear we are subject to a great allacy on the subject of freedom of hought. For as human faculties are o limited that few men can inquire nto everything, and most men can in-uire into comparatively little, active nd usurping spirits come to look on he passive acquiescence of the ma-ority as a sort of prescriptive right, nd ill brook when any man, whose ircumstances have jostled his mind ut of the beaten track into the stream f living thought, tries as well as he an to swim for himself, and perhaps ccasions a great splashing, not more greeable to himself than his neigh-ours. As all national institutions are or the most part framed by the supe-ior activity of such usurping tempers, hey are stamped, so to speak, with he genius of intolerance, which, being anded down with the institutions hemselves, comes to be looked upon s part and parcel of the institutions: nd this may account for the intolerance of otherwise often placid majorities. The tendency of all intellects subject to the same laws is, no doubt, towards ultimate agreement. But ultimate agreement is not immediate coinci-dence. This, this is true infidelity: *to be for ever clamouring for a hollow unity, lest the real should never come; whereas honest difference and sincere comparing of notes is the only real road to genuine and universal truth.*

There is a deeper and more refined persecution than the cup or the stake. Now, as in those ancient days of So-crates, of Jesus, and later of Galileo, men are tempted to injustice and supineness. What eager champions did then for the truth as it was in their day, official and officious defenders of the different sects and churches do now,—burning, though without stake, crucifying, though without cross, and confounding under one type every spe-cies of real and apparent unbelief. In the words of Emerson: "Great be-" lievers are always reckoned infidels, " impracticable, fantastic, atheistic, and " really men of no account."

It is a delicate task, that of attempt-ing to do justice to those whom the world calls infidels, and of whom the world is often not worthy. But amid a practical people, so just, though too careless of distinctions, it is not to be endured that honourable and inevitable differences of opinion should be falsely, sometimes ungenerously, but more often unthinkingly, classed as infidelity and villainy. If a man were the first to moot so critical a subject, he might deserve the credit of good intentions, if not of prudence and wisdom. But the controversy is universal. It rises at every corner. Why shut our eyes and ears to it? Latent or expressed, at the peasant's hearth, at the rich man's table, the question is, "What is truth?" It is, in fact, the question of questions, most eloquent where silence points to the blank. Every list of new

* Hallam's "Literature."

publications bears evidence, if evidence were wanting, to the throes of conflicting thought, of faith casting for an anchor. If one university has given us a "Nemesis of Faith," the sister institution has answered by the "Restoration of Belief." We have "Essays "on Church Parties," "Signs of the "Times," "Authority in Matters of "Opinion." Grave historians have investigated the laws of early national faiths. While a practical man of the world and statesman has traced the living growth of Grecian Religions, an eminent churchman has recognised the existence of a Christian Mythology. We have four distinct theories of inspiration, of which three, with a variety of shades due to a variety of thinkers, are orthodox, or at any rate respectable. When the question of inspiration is disposed of, comes that of interpretation, in which everything, or all but everything, remains to be done, spite of a host of Kittos. We have vehement and momentous debates on the relation of Scripture to Science. The contending ranks are divided between those who think that science, being demonstrative, necessarily determines the sense of scripture on the one side, and those on the other who still hold that scripture, being inspired, determines the truth of science.

These questions cannot be blinked. They are vital. To answer them offhand is to be a sciolist or an enthusiast. These, and not the petty foibles of paltry sections, high or low, or dry or slow, are some of the real theological problems of the day. Each army, again, is subdivided into parties, agreed only in resisting the common foe on some one point, and at variance on every other.

Now where so much contention exists, it is only reasonable to suppose that much is undetermined, and charitable to refrain from taxing severe and truthful students with the indefinite charge of infidelity.

It is curious to observe, how Mr. Connybeare, with whatever care he may have classified all the orthodox parties of the English Church, seems to have expended equal care in hiding from his readers the great tides of doubt which sway the national mind, and to dismiss the subject in convenient obscurity "as belonging to the domain "of metaphysics, rather than of reli-"gion."—*Essays*, p. 159. In perversion, again, where he distinctly undertakes the subject, he is even more studiously ambiguous and one-sided, representing infidelity, in other words, speculative immorality, as the only normal development of scepticism, of which it is really but an occasional and accidental result.

There is the sceptic from lassitude of life. He has run through every activity and every enjoyment, and he says: "all things are vanity." There is the sceptic from lassitude of thought. He has laboured through systems and creeds, and having reached the limits of his own understanding and looked back on the long chain of his endeavours after truth, he is weary and asks, "What is truth?"

There is the sceptic from over-suspicion, and the sceptic from over-confidingness and trust often deceived.

There is the sceptic from love of truth and rational independence of character, and the sceptic from selfishness and hatred of legitimate restraint.

There is the sceptic from vanity, imbecility, fashion, &c. &c. &c., as there are many more people religious overmuch from fashion, imbecility, or vanity, &c.

Again, no less than the three great types described by the author of the Essay on "Church Parties," the different classes of sceptics run into one another with various gradations of light and shade, of which Archer is meant to represent the worst and most offensive exaggeration, and Charles Bampton the best and most amiable example, however ordinary and weak his character and his doubts. But the

social habits of mutual acquiescence and forbearance are so ingrained by daily intercourse, that in spite of the uncharitableness characteristic of religious differences, thousands of persons contrive to pass placidly through life under the banner of one or other of the reigning orthodoxies, who would be shocked, if they only knew, in how many points they are unconsciously guilty of very grave discrepancy, whence it might appear how much smaller the heterodox party seems, than it really is. Moreover scepticism being a dissolvent, cannot itself cohere.

There is indeed a speculative pusillanimity, which in the eyes of the Creator must be the greatest of all infidelity; since it betrays a fear that error may chance to be stronger than truth, and a blind, panic-stricken desire to make one man's span the measure of all ages. And although the word sceptic only means an "Enquirer," it is no difficult task to see how, like many other good names, it acquires a bad meaning from the intolerance and infidel haste of men to establish their own notions.

Were it even granted that all the contention must arise from an innate perversity in men and a radical preference of evil and error; this no doubt, of itself, would be an accusation against men. But surely the evidence in favour of the various truths under discussion is by no means always so great as to infer and convict that perversity! Where men, with all friendly feeling, looking at objects in broad daylight, often cannot agree as to what it is they see, why accuse men of perversity or infidelity because they cannot agree when they look "through a glass darkly?" When it is so difficult to get at the truth of an event that took place an hour ago at the top of your street, of which, by the time they get to the bottom, twenty eye witnesses give twenty different accounts, will you tax men with hatred of the truth because they differ on the most delicate, but at the same time all important evidences on events thirty centuries old? Have not thousands of errors been orthodoxies in their day, not without use, supreme use, as links of transition, I grant, but still errors, exploded and understood?

Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that all who oppose an orthodoxy do so from a reprobate mind, from a wish to shake off the restraints which orthodoxies generally put on some men's convenience. Still, that they never attack the self-evident truths, that two and two make four, or that the whole is greater than the part, is evident. Yet if a bad man could delude sane persons into believing that the part exceeds the whole, he might turn it to far greater advantage than any more transcendental heterodoxy—nay, without more ado he might upset the world and feed upon the spoils. Why then is the attempt not made? Because, I apprehend, however perverted a man may be, though desperately wicked, and above all things deceitful, he cannot persuade *himself* that the axiom is false. He is powerless before the truth. He stands naked before his brother. And if he resists the received truth on other points, it must therefore arise from one of three things: either, that the received truth he assails is not really the truth; or that those points on which he assails it are weak, being imperfectly understood, and so open to error and illusion; or finally, that he *sincerely* believes the truth not to be such, in which case his sincerity, so far as that truth is concerned, is all that is required of him; since the same sincerity, which leads him to protest, will lead him to agree, when sufficient grounds are produced for his agreement.

But it is with a sense of shame and grief that I argue thus in detail, and think how many fathers and mothers, and heedless sons and daughters, that will be fathers and mothers, allow words and imputations to cross their

lips, of which they cannot calculate the consequences, and of which they themselves actually know not the meaning, or, if they know the bare meaning, have never spent one hour in endeavouring to understand the things, upon which those whom (we hope unwittingly) they calumniate, will hesitate, after years of patient thought and study, to decide.

Let me rather boldly ask the question, who in the present day that lays claim to wisdom and sobriety will affirm that doubt and dissent are a necessary, or even ordinary, badge of perversity?

Does not the Christian Religion command righteous judgment? It is the part of a Christian to doubt, where doubt exists; to sift evidence impartially; to make allowances for frailties of judgment to which, in all sincerity, he himself is subject; and still further allowance for those infirmities to which he, indeed, may not be subject, but which are divided among men according to time, age, temper, circumstances and constitution. "It is not required "of us," says Jeremy Taylor, "not to "be in error, but that we should try "and avoid it." But it is too common to observe how, if you differ from people, they will jump to the conclusion that, because according to them you are wrong, you have not tried to avoid error, and are therefore guilty for your opinions.

In the estimation of society, I know that a freethinker is one who considers himself at liberty "to think just as it "suits his convenience and his vices." And as there are men who do actually try to consider themselves so at liberty, society is quite right in branding them with some word or other in self-defence. But when the same word with the same meaning is applied to men, who, for thinking themselves free from any intellectual allegiance to other men's opinions, only consider themselves *more than ever bound* to the truth, such as they really conceive it to be, it is a gross calumny, too often resorted to, alas, by those who should know better. It is in fact confounding light and darkness; freedom and licence. Such confusions are highly injurious to the cause of truth and charity, and yet I will venture to say that seven *educated* girls in ten that come out every season will confound Atheists, Deists, Unitarians, Freethinkers and Infidels, as all very much the same thing under different names. I appeal to my reader's own personal knowledge for the moderation of the statement. And these girls are to be the future mothers of educated England, and sow the first seeds of true toleration and righteous judgment in educated England's sons! This is indeed one source of real infidelity, and of opposition to truth, far deeper than may be thought at first sight.

Every man is imbued with the spirit of his times; for he is clearly so imbued if he sympathizes with it; and if he does not sympathize, his hostility and opposition is necessarily determined by the nature of the thing opposed, so that in neither case is he independent of the period in which he lives.

To adopt a most expressive technical term, we are each and all "*functions*" of the age in general, and of those particular circumstances in which we have lived; dependent on every pulsation of the surrounding world; vessels, though ever so skilfully managed, supported by every wind and wave speeding our course. The shape of the waves, the power and direction of the winds are beyond our control. Slaves, indeed, to every such wind and wave we need not, independent we cannot, be, and to every man his own depth.

Moreover, the spirit of every age has its advantages and disadvantages. As in the life of a man, if old age wants the confiding innocence of childhood, the faith of youth lacks the wisdom of later years, so in the life of nations, there are periods of infancy, maturity, and

senility, of commotion and calm, of faith and fluctuation.

Let us judge the Time with impartiality, the Man with mercy, nay, justice.

In the eloquent words of Emerson, "The philosophy we want is one of "fluxions and mobility. The Spar- "tan and Stoic schemes are too stark "and stiff for our occasion. A theory "of St. John, and of non-resistance, "seems, on the other hand, too thin "and aërial. We want some coat "woven of elastic steel, stout as the "first, and limber as the second. We "want a ship in these billows we in- "habit. An angular dogmatic house "would be rent to chips and splin- "ters in this storm of many ele- "ments. No, it must be tight, and "fit to the form of man, to live at all; "*as a shell is the architecture of a house* "*founded on the sea.* The soul of man "must be the type of our scheme, just "as the body of man is the type after "which a dwelling-house is built. "*Adaptiveness is the peculiarity of* "*human nature. We are golden ave-* "*rages, volitant stabilities, compensated* "*or periodic errors, houses founded on* "*the sea.*"

The unquestioning faith and implicit confidence of early ages is not, and cannot be, the spirit of reform and discovery natural to later periods of civilisation. So long as men, by reason of infirmity, award equal conviction to error and truth: roast human flesh for witchcraft and the Copernican system, believe in spirit-rapping and the Holy Ghost, die for Juggernaut and Christ, that spirit in man which resists rightly the tyranny of falsehood, will be liable also wrongly to withstand the force of truth, until the chaff be winnowed from the wheat, and the distinction between them placed beyond the reach of a doubt.

But in the meantime doubt is the primary dissolvent of error, the harbinger of approaching truth. If Columbus had not doubted the mistaken but sincere convictions of most men of his day, he would not have discovered the new world. And for ourselves, let us be just, reflecting that we do not live in an age of faith vulgarly,—and poetry commonly, so called, nor of cathedrals, nor of great individual achievements. We are all moving, often groping on, together. It is a sounder faith and nobler charity, that we should help one another in collecting, unravelling, and arranging, the immense store of materials thrown, often to confusion, on the civilised mind, not of England only, but the world, by recent convulsions, by the vast, most unprecedented and sudden increase of civilised intercourse, and by the consequent multiplication of novelties in every department. What wonder if the minds of so many are, as it were, lost in bewilderment and astonishment? Terrors of denunciation against so-called infidelity are worse than useless. Few horses were ever flogged out of shying, though often terrified into vice. To quash organic diseases and natural crises is to murder the patient.

> "Naturæ non imperatur,
> nisi parendo."

When a fool hears a new opinion, he decides upon it at once; but the first impulse of a man of sense and sincerity is to pause and consider: hence he seems to hesitate, to beat about the bush, he doubts, balances, and finally decides.

What is true of a man, is true of an age. Its phases are necessary and inevitable. To judge men with any degree of justice, we must take the phase into consideration, and ours would seem to be one of hidden travail and expectation. After the crash of ancient constitutions; amid the dull, but ominous heavings and seethings of neighbouring nations; amid the vast, undigested treasures of accumulating lore and speculations pouring in on all hands; amid fresh lights struck on History's old lamp; amid new, revealed

out of ancient worlds—new Herculanea from the ashes; amid the many doctrines and conceits long cherished as political, historical, theological and philosophical truths, now daily fading before the growing light; amid the irresistible strides of science, in spite of the faith, mistaken though sincere, that in his day would have burnt Galileo for the truth, in *ours*, would still confound liberty of thought with Atheism and villainy: men, who believe in immutable laws of truth, whom the history of human error has taught humility, whose purer faith rises beyond the paltry pride of a hollow consistency, and whose courage is superior to the weakness that cowers behind a rotten landmark; such men cannot for ever be bound to the arbitrary track of orthodoxies. They see that every error countenanced in its day by a majority for the time being has been an orthodoxy for the time. What two vessels, they ask, bound for the same port, ever yet pursued the same track? What two leaves on any one tree were ever identical? What two men were ever known to have identical opinions? And how much less ten millions? We may stand up, say they, in church and, bowing our heads, repeat a creed. We may be, most of us are, perfectly sincere in so doing. But in our minds are we all agreed? If every person present should paraphrase, so as to explain the creed he repeats, would not every paraphrase differ from every other? "No doubt," it is answered, "but the "differences would be insignificant." To which they reply, "How do you "know they would be insignificant?" To us who are finite they may be so, in as far as they only affect human co-operation. But as regards absolute truth, God, who sees men's hearts, and holds both ends of the chain of truth, knows the value of every link in our opinions, and the difference of the smallest link may be the difference of the whole chain, as every logician knows. But who then can be saved? The answer is plain. By creeds shall no man be saved. If a man is not sincere, what his creed is matters not: but if he is sincere and honest, his belief must be the spontaneous and unbiassed result of grounds and premisses, which are for the most part often totally independent of himself.

Without grounds no faith can or ought to exist, except on sufferance. Even when we believe a thing to be unintelligible, we can only do so after trying to understand it, and the correctness of this trial sets the seal to the grounds of the belief, grounds, which depend upon varying degrees of knowledge and reflection, equal probably in no two men that ever lived.

Indeed if there is a truth more broadly than another written over the face of our century, it is that no *honest* man is responsible for his opinions. This is the true and fundamental principle of real toleration. Toleration, at the time of our Revolution, was but the truce of panting tigers. Its philosophy and Christian spirit it remained for us to discover, at any rate to apply.

In the words of M. Montégut, who has reviewed the novel before us in a spirit which does honour to the thinking men of France:

"Men forget to enquire what new "definition the nineteenth century "might give of Toleration. There is, "however, one, which springs out of "the inextricable moral confusion in "which we are involved,—namely, "'*that we are not responsible for our* "'*opinions*,' . . . . . "... The state of our century com- "pels the greatest reserve, therefore, "in judging the opinions of our fel- "lows; the unbeliever and the sceptic "deserve all our interest and all our "charity. We should reflect that, if "their opinions are floating, they are "less to blame than the time; we must "reflect that, if they believe not, they

"have left nothing undone to believe. "*Faith is laborious and painful now-* "*a-days, and to the primeval anathema* "*which doomed man to earn his bread* "*at the sweat of his brow, another seems* "*added condemning him to earn his* "*opinions at the sweat of his thought.* "Intolerance in our time is not only "a crime against charity, it is also a "mark of incurable blindness and in- "curable folly, *since nothing is more* "*remarkable than the hearty goodwill* "*displayed on all sides by the minds of* "*men and the religious attempts in all* "*directions which occur every day.*... "You see nothing but people preoc- "cupied in the search of some reason "for believing, and for the most part "the very least would suffice them. "The different churches,* that divide "Christendom, might draw this lesson "of tolerance from the spectacle of "the conflicts which arise in their own "bosom. Not more than the world "of laymen are they free from doubt "and disquiet; they, too, are over- "taken with scepticism: more than "one of their members labours, as he "best may, to reconcile his knowledge "and his faith; more than one may "have perceived, by the sacrifices it "imposed, how hard and painful is the "task. Which of them would venture "to say, that, on emerging from such "a conflict, he has been able to find "the exact equilibrium between his "knowledge and his faith, and that he "has not been called upon to give up "a part either of the one or of the "other? The liberal Roman Catholic, "who seeks to reconcile his creed with "political liberty and the philosophical "exercise of reason; the Puseyite, who "has sought to reconcile the existence "of his church with historical tradi- "tion; the evangelical clergyman, who "has sought for the common ground "on which dissenters might unite; "the Unitarian, who has studied to "establish an agreement between the "principles of Christianity and the "consequences of German doctrines, "might answer this question, and tell "us what price they have paid for "their endeavours."

We believe, we judge, we conclude up to the measure of the light that is in us,—more than this is unwarranted, and, if we are aware of it, dishonest. We believe, because, in the language of Bishop Butler, the sum of the probabilities resulting from the accumulation of evidence on one side or the other is in favour of our belief. The "sum of these probabilities" Archbishop Whateley would call those "grounds" without which no faith should exist. In a word, we believe, not because we wish to believe, not because it is our duty to believe, but because we cannot help believing. There is, then, something always antecedent to this belief, which, by educated men, can be expressed and weighed at its proper or approximate value.

It can be expressed: for belief is in its nature rational, not sensational. Whatever is thought can be expressed in words, and then it is right or not right, true or not true, probable or improbable, possible or impossible.

But the Hannah Mores and Charlotte Elizabeths of the land will tell you that in their earnest desire to believe such and such a doctrine they prayed to the Almighty for faith, and having felt the delightful conviction stealing into their minds, wonder that you can ask for reasons and arguments, or, in short, for other grounds than their ineffable sensations. I should not mention them if they had not sons to influence and to educate. On this I observe that from all time lawgivers, prophets and apostles have appealed to the reason of mankind. And it

* M. Montégut evidently, from what follows, understands the clergy only under the word "church," as he distinguishes it from the "monde laïque." But the distinction is, perhaps purposely, not clearly drawn.

may be added that every conviction that is felt can or cannot be expressed. If it can be expressed, it falls under the ordinary laws of language, examination and probation: if inexpressible, it lives and dies with the person, forming no part of that faith, of which men are called upon to give a reason.

And reasons must be given in words or intelligible symbols. Nor is it conceivable, while the reasons for the thing should be in words, the thing itself might not be, for then we should be giving definite reasons for an indefinite thing, of which all that we know is that we know nothing. As if a man should give an explanation of, or reason for, a thing that might be fish or flesh, sun or moon, matter or spirit, all or none, whence it would follow that any reason might do for any, and every reason for every, thing. "For "sentiments so trite I can only apolo- "gise to men of sense, and patiently "endure the anger they will excite "among those with whom they will pass "for original." But they will hardly be thought needless by those who observe how many thousands of persons believe that *their* "*feelings*" are a sufficient reason for other people's faith, not to say, their own, and who, when called upon to express those feelings, answer that (owing to sublimer properties, as a matter of course) "*they cannot be expressed.*" The answer is simple. If they cannot be expressed, they are not binding upon me: if they can be expressed, they are, like all other subject-matter of language, amenable to the ordinary laws of probation and truth.

Little difficulty appears in tracing the springs of authorship in "Perversion." Mr. Connybeare had alienated all the existing parties of the church by his pungent satires, and they retorted with deep hums of latitudinarianism, which in common parlance is meant to imply a spice of infidelity, as "infidel" again will generally imply actual or potential villainy. But this was enough to make even a stouter churchman's hair stand on end. Mr. Connybeare wrote Perversion, and in every key of evangelical sweetness he gives the world to understand that out of his church, the broad church, or as it has been called, the hard church, no man can be saved, and therefore that, whatever he may think of high and dry and low and slow, he is no latitudinarian.

The world, no doubt, congratulates Mr. Connybeare on the success of his defence; for, however they may strain their eyesight, he seems to have the full benefit of his own boat. "See," he seems to say, "I am no latitudina- "rian, God forbid! I believe what the "broad church believes, and the broad "church believes what I believe, and "because it is so broad, whoever is "out of it cannot be saved, and is un- "reasonable if he wishes to be saved."

But if we ask where it is, we are told, "why here to be sure;" and, if we ask what it is, he answers, that it is neither high and dry, nor low and slow which is to be henceforth our creed.

But to leave no inconvenient doubts about himself, he gallantly attacks the problem of infidelity.

Mr. Connybeare does not kick and cuff men into Christians after the fashion of some "holy bullies and evangelical swaggerers:" his plan is more refined and suited to the times. It consists in the ingenious use of the alternating bugbear in one hand with barley-sugar in the other. Mr. Archer, who is an infidel and therefore a villain, represents the former: Mr. Charles Bampton supplies the latter by the gratifying spectacle of rose-water doubts removed by rose-water means and Bampton lecture arguments, a composition of artifice most excellently adapted to a boy of eleven.

But what is Mr. Archer? A man radically bad, bold, selfish, and unscrupulous, withal highly accomplished and fascinating, a hackneyed sophist of indulgence, skilled in the art of making

the worse appear the better cause, born to be a villain. With such a man what have the peccadilloes and disputes, the tiny scandals and petty follies of the clergy to do? He laughs at them. He is altogether above them. His quarrel is not with the Church; it is the old feud between self and the neighbour; between God and the Devil; between hatred of the one and love of the other. Archer is not a villain, because he is an unbeliever; he is an unbeliever, because he is a villain, and would have been a villain, whether or not he were an unbeliever. He is the Jonathan Wild of the college, the Mephistophiles of the gown. His doubts do not proceed from the susceptibility, the discrimination and conscientious independence of a Hegel, a Hume or a Halifax. It is no scepticism at all. The true sceptic is a man of the tenderest conscience, of apprehension exquisitely nice, who by the constitution of his mental eyesight sees a thousand weak points, where ordinary men see adamantine truth. Archer cares as little for the true sceptic, as for the enthusiast. Any system or any man standing in his way he will oppose, crush if he can, and undermine if he cannot crush. His "no" is not the no of honest conviction, but of determined hostility—hostility, not to that which he conceives to be error, but to error and truth as they happen to shackle his licence, and he clokes himself in real truth and plausible error, not from any love of either, but in pursuit of his own selfish and abominable ends.

As for Mr. Charles Bampton, he ought to be an argument in favour of the docility of sceptics; for the decent debility of his doubts is removed by tonics sufficient for a schoolboy perhaps, but scarcely for men wrestling with all the great questions of their day.

Mr. Connybeare affirms, indeed, that the fashionable scepticism of the last ten or fifteen years is "*directly caused* "*by the dissensions of the Church*," because, as he adds, 'When doctors differ, who shall decide?' is the ex- "pression of an almost inevitable scep- "ticism." But inasmuch as the so-called sceptics of the present day, who deserve any serious attention, are not *fashionable* sceptics, but sceptics *against fashion*, it will be found that they are, for the most part, sincere and, in whatever degree, original thinkers. When, therefore, they ask such a question, it is in nine cases out of ten *not* "the "expression of an inevitable scepti- "cism;" that is, inevitably arising from clerical inconsistencies, but a polite parry and home-thrust to wave discussion with men, who, in the words of Hallam, they perfectly well know, "will "assume their own truth as an axiom "in the controversy."

Scholars and "men of the highest "rank and most intelligent profes- "sions" need not be "Pantheists of "the forum," as it is disingenuously assumed, and yet they may be sincere enough, independent and courageous enough, to confront those great and universal questions which stare them in the face. Having confronted them, and accepted battle, who knows that they will—who can assert, that every man must or can, settle questions coextensive with mankind in one lifetime? "What is impossible to be done, it is "not necessary it should be done." In the meantime, unless Mr. Connybeare believes that God's true children have no part in the ordinary difficulties of humanity, these men appear to me to be fighting out (if sincere) that very battle between truth and error, "the "final victory in which," Mr. Connybeare himself admits, may be "pre- "ceded by many ages of defeat." And yet they are branded as infidels, enemies towards God and the Church, and possibly villains among men: at any rate treated coldly, and subject to constant suspicion. Be this as it may, if they have the experience of "men of "the highest rank and most intelligent "professions," it is very unlikely they should be led astray by the clerical

absurdities and inconsistencies of a Moony, a Slocumbe, or an Oriel. They are surely not less likely, from their position, to distinguish between a rock and a pebble; between a philosopher and a Recordite; between Bishop Berkeley and Dr. McNeill; between Dr. Whewell and Mr. Fullom; between Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Cumming. Without the power of such an elementary distinction the "pan-"theism of the forum" may be pronounced as perfectly harmless, as it is magnificent and high-sounding.

Mr. Connybeare endeavours to trace the causes and consequences of unbelief, distinguishing three classes of unbelievers: those whose natural depravity would escape from the yoke of the moral law; those whom the sight of the hypocrisy and self-seeking of the clergy has robbed of their faith; and finally, those who reject the historical and philosophical proofs of Christianity. On this M. Montégut observes, that the unbelievers of the first two classes are scarcely to be found in the circles to which Mr. Connybeare refers, arguing that the spectacle of the hypocrisy or self-seeking of the clergy really influences only the popular classes, those, namely, who identify the idea with the containing body, the institutions with those who represent them. If scandals become too general, and are too often repeated, if the vices and foibles of the clergy are visible to all eyes, there can be no doubt that the popular classes will soon be alienated from the Church and fall into infidelity. But *their* infidelity in such a case will have no anti-christian or anti-religious motive: it will arise simply from the fury of having been duped and deceived. Now Mr. Connybeare's unbelievers do not belong to the popular, they belong to the cultivated classes, among whom clerical inconsistencies have never produced *positive* unbelief, but mere indifference. With regard to unbelivers from excess of depravity, they are happily rare, and their irreligion is not the cause, but the consequence of their perversity. It is quite natural that a forger, or a gambler should be without any religion, but such men seldom take the precaution to rid themselves of all religious ideas *before* they give way to their vices. Perversity always precedes irreligion. An unbeliever is not necessarily depraved, but a depraved man is naturally an unbeliever, unless indeed he should prefer to be a hypocrite.*

But, continues Mr. Montégut, and I will quote his own admirable words:

"The author of Perversion has for-"gotten a fourth category of sceptics "and unbelievers, the most interest-"ing, in fact, and that which is pecu-"liar to our epoch. *The Scepticism of* "*the present day is above all a scepti-*"*cism of lassitude.* Violent revulsions, "changes startling and headlong, po-"litical actions and reactions, discon-"certing our hopes or fears at every "moment, unsettle and uproot our "beliefs and our convictions. There "is no man but his faith will reel, "when it is powerless to give him a "clue to events and furnish him with "weapons to combat or defend them. "Now this is a phenomenon of hourly "occurrence; our faith is never, so to "speak, in equilibrium. Every day "we are compelled, according to our "temper and character, to relax or "to contract our opinions,—to relax "them, if inclined to tolerance,—to "contract them, if rather inclined to "obstinacy. It never occurs to me to "wonder, when, in full view of the co-"temporary drama, I see a Protestant

* On the other hand, a free liver need not be a freethinker: so inconsistent is human nature. Cold Addison "died of brandy," and gentle Harry Fielding was stained with claret, which prevented neither from hiccupping "Church and State" with exemplary fervour. So that isolated cases are really often good for nothing at all, either one way or the other.

"prepare for an immediate millennium, "and a Catholic reascend boldly to the "twelfth century. Such vagaries and "exaggerations of the mind seem to "me perfectly logical, and amenable "to laws far higher than a fanatic "temperament or derangement of the "brain. Why then, if this be so, should "I dream of wondering that the same "drama of cotemporary events should "produce in other minds the relax-"ation of doctrine known by the name "of scepticism? It is the same pheno-"menon taking place both in the "sceptic and the ultra-catholic or "ultra-protestant. And to these dis-"comforts of conscience, from the in-"extricable difficulties in which our "century is involved, must be added "the unavoidable perplexity intro-"duced into the mind by the incredible "diversity of doctrines and metaphy-"sical novelties which this century has "witnessed. It is not perhaps so easy "as Mr. Connybeare thinks, to with-"stand these novelties and to pass "by them, saying, I know you not! "What is certain, however, is, that "no sooner have you given way to "curiosity and had any commerce with "these new children of metaphysical "enquiry, than an element of doubt "enters within you. There are days "not to be forgotten in the moral, any "more than in the social, life of a man: "days of adventure and of sudden ex-"perience, when the drama, confined "though it be to the region of pure "intellect, is full of emotion as if it "were enacted in the sphere of the "most sensible reality. How many "such days which cannot be forgotten "might not be recited by those who "have lived an intellectual life? A "day of bitter experience, for instance, "is that in which, a decided Cartesian, "convinced of the power of reason to "explain the things 'which are not "you,' you found yourself face to face "with the principle of Kantism. What "a revolution takes place within you, "when you are compelled to acknow-"ledge, that you have no *true* idea of "things, that all you have thought of "time and space, of the world and "God, is, as it were, but a prolonga-"tion of *yourself*, and that all your "researches can end only in *objecti-"vating* yourself! Brought up in the "most Christian ideas, you recoil with "terror before the impious doctrines "which bear the name of Pantheism. "To brace yourself in your opinions, "you say, that these doctrines are "even more powerless than the others "in explaining the first principle of "life. Beware however lest you should "be tempted to apply them to the "science of the physical world, to his-"torical investigations, to the expla-"nation of arts and of literatures, for "the results obtained on subjects, ap-"parently so unconnected with your "religious faith, will be so marvellous, "so luminous, so startling, that the "effect will be irresistible. And yet, "what other means than wilful blind-"ness have you to check the bent of "your curiosity?"

What other means, indeed? For the germs of all these different systems do not lie dormant in the pages of Descartes, Kant, and Spinoza, so that you will be safe from their intrusion, if you should only take care not to disturb the dust from their volumes. They are human problems, coextensive with mankind, the germs and sporules of which penetrating every crevice of the human atmosphere take root one or all, or none, according to the soil on which they happen to fall.

It is not to be supposed, that a man of Mr. Connybeare's attainments is ignorant of all this, as he plainly shows, in the conclusion, for instance, to his *Essay on Church Parties*, by the admission that the conflict of ideas in some minds produces absolute Pyrrhonism. But, secure in the prejudices of the bulk of his readers, he dismisses the subject with too haughty and churchmanlike brevity, and I think, coming from him, not without some

suspicion of unfairness; for it is surely wrong, by silence on so vital a point, to leave the impression on his readers, that between his three types of churchmanship and absolute Pyrrhonism, there is no alternative: which would be too laughable, if one could believe him really to entertain such an opinion.

"Even when," says M. Guizot, speaking of subjects in general, "by "dint of meditation, reasoning and "study, a man has attained to pro- "found conviction, he can scarcely "ever disenthrall his mind from the "toils he has passed through, the "mazes in which he has wandered, "and the false steps he has made. He "has reached the goal, but the journey "fills his mind with the recollection of "all the worry, all the mishaps, all the "chances; he has found the light, but "the impression of the darkness and "doubtful gleams he has traversed "still besets his eyes. In vain his "conviction is entire; traces of the "labour expended over its growth are "apparent; it lacks simplicity and "confidence; *a certain fatigue accom-* "*panies it*, which enervates its prac- "tical virtue and fruitfulness; he can "hardly forget, or pull down the scaf- "folding of enquiry and give himself "up without reserve to the truth, for "which it was erected; or like a winged "insect, he is hampered in taking flight "by the shell, in which he was born, "and from which he is not fully dis- "engaged."

(*To be continued.*)

CAVALAY. A Chapter of a Life.

Chapter VI.

CAVALAY was soon tired of London. He was in no humour for public amusements; neither could he at the time bear solitude. He knew few people in town, and even those he did know he did not call upon; for, though he dreaded being alone, he shrank from society. In fact, he was in a morbid and altogether unsatisfactory state, from which, fortunately, he was roused before long by an invitation to Cambridge from an old schoolfellow named Wilton. Wilton was, in many respects, a sort of contrast to him; not very clever, far from brilliant, but steady and industrious. Cavalay always professed that Wilton had great influence over him, and there really did exist great mutual regard; the one admiring the versatility of the other, while Cavalay equally respected Wilton's firmness and diligence. But there was far too much difference in the nature of their minds for either to exercise any real influence over the other; such, I mean, as can be distinctly traced in the modification of the character—than which scarcely anything is more rare. Certainly Wilton could not exercise any such over his friend. Cavalay was born for a hero. He had not fulfilled his destiny; but he could not worship less than a hero, and that Wilton certainly was not. Cavalay wrote to accept his invitation as follows:—

"My dear Wilton,—You have never, I believe, spent a month in London by yourself; neither have you ever journeyed through the desert of Zahara; so I will not attempt to give

For the last four weeks have I been in this social desert, in that most dreary of all characters, an unattached University man with nothing to do but to amuse himself. I must own to a complete failure, though I have made a vigorous struggle. I have been to at least half the theatres in town, half-a-dozen concerts, as many scientific lectures; I have smoked a pound of tobacco; I have read eight novels; for a whole week I shut myself in with Plato and Bacon, and worked hard at the 'Republic' and the second book of the 'Novum Organum.' But even that desperate expedient failed; and at last, in despair, I was beginning to think of presenting some letters of introduction which I had carefully stowed away in my writing-desk, when a double knock and your most welcome invitation arrived. I sit down immediately to indite an answer; and to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock, I trust I shall be ensconced in your rooms at Trinity. Right anxious, I grant, am I to behold that renowned abode of learning; but you ought to be still more anxious to see me, for, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, I have a tale to unfold. And what, at my tender years and with my susceptibility, can the tale be but upon one subject? Yes, strange and sad, yet true; I have adored, and—been rejected. And I am in despair in consequence? Well, I am not sure that I am; after all, it takes a good deal to make a man in despair. Besides, this is only the old tale; everybody you meet can tell the same from his own experience. In this wise age, no man dies of a broken heart; and scarcely half-a-dozen women in a nation. Now, if you are properly interested, you say, when and where did it happen, and whose were the eyes that did the deed? That's right; ask as many questions as you will, but not one will I answer till I am comfortably established in your arm-chair, with your oak shut that no one may intrude on the tender confession. Much more could I write on various subjects; but wherefore, when I hope so soon to treat with you in person? My meerschaum and 'Zanoni' await me. Farewell, not for ever, but till to-morrow at noon.

"Yours truly and expectantly,

"James Cavalay."

Some people seem to carry adventures with them, and meet with romantic persons and romantic incidents even in steamboats and railway carriages; but, I am bound to confess, my hero travelled to Cambridge with nothing to excite or interest him, except the strange beauty of Fouqué's "Sintram," which he read luxuriously in a first-class carriage.

Wilton met him at the station, and they walked to Trinity together. The time before dinner they spent in strolling about the town and its neighbourhood, and after dinner they called on a Trinity man who had been with them both at school. But, when after chapel they were sitting alone over tea, Wilton was very curious to hear the tale which the other had informed him he had to tell; but Cavalay put him off, not being in the humour at present. It was not till they had again walked about the town, and called on several mutual acquaintances, and had paced for more than an hour up and down the cloisters of Trinity, by which time it was after midnight, that Cavalay would commence his "confession," which he did on their return to Wilton's room. They remained for more than two hours, the one on a sofa, the other in an arm-chair, drinking coffee and talking, safe from interruption. Our hero told his tale with a strange mixture of jest and earnest, which completely puzzled his listener, and left him in doubt whether he had been serious in the matter.

"And do you think you were really in love?" he said; "for I can't even guess whether you were or not."

Cavalay smiled. "You will never see through a stone wall, Wilton. You will, for many years, go through the

world believing that a man is always merry when he laughs, and sad when he looks as if he would cry,—for I suppose no man ever actually does cry. Why should I not have been in love?"

"I don't know, except from your manner of talking about it. It was a very short acquaintance, too."

"That would be no objection. There are some men, and women too, who fall in love at first sight. And I say if a month was not long enough, no time would be. But I must talk to you quite out of riddles, or you won't understand me; so I'll give you my opinion now in plain words, having first filled my meerschaum. It's often a very difficult thing, as I have no doubt you know, for a man to tell whether he is in love or not. My decided opinion then, though not positive assertion, is, that I was not in love. That was her opinion too, and it struck me at the time as very plausible, and has seemed more and more probable ever since."

"What a cool fellow you are! I should think nobody else would talk like this upon such a matter. But what sort of a girl is she?"

"What a question to ask! I have more than once determined to answer such by a slight description of the face and figure,—'Short, with blue eyes and dark hair.' That's the reply your question deserves; but I'll tell you a little more about her. She is neither clever, nor accomplished, nor very pretty; but she sings and plays, and has plenty of sense and a pleasing face. Add to this, that she is kind and amiable, and I have said quite enough to keep me free from the charge of calumny."

"A tempting description enough to a fellow who is no admirer of blue-stockings or heroines. And it may prove a seasonable warning, too; for I am going there in the vacation: it will be a dangerous place."

"No: danger is not the word. You have not a chance of saving yourself; she was born to be your enslaver."

"Well, it will be my own fault now, if I am not on my guard."

And then the conversation passed off to University subjects, which soon proved not sufficiently interesting to keep them out of their beds. Cavalay slept in the college; though slept is hardly the word, he lay so long awake, to hear the silvery strokes of the clocks striking the quarters, and to enjoy the novelty of finding himself in the sister University.

Wilton understood enough of his character not to trouble him much about seeing the buildings in Cambridge, but was careful to introduce him to as much society as he could; and, belonging to so large a college as Trinity, he was able to take him among men of widely various tastes,—reading men, and idle men, and boating men, —yes, and fast men too. It was a keen enjoyment to Cavalay, loving as he did to study human nature, to have such a world thrown open to him,—a world, besides its novelty, very different to what is generally understood as "society"—a world in which character is really brought out, and which, in a little compass, exhibits dispositions and mental capacities and acquirements the most varied. He easily adapted himself to the company in which for the time he found himself. I can scarcely say which he most enjoyed, the noisy suppers of the boating men, or the quiet talk over coffee and tobacco with that large middle class who neither "read," nor "boat," nor do anything in particular,—or the hard, serious conversations with the "reading men," against whose greater amount of knowledge he set his own versatility and readiness of mind. And much did it puzzle these last to understand why he took so little interest in University matters, and was so little ambitious of University honours, when so splendid a career must lie open to

his visit, of the large and varied circle to which Wilton introduced him, and was long remembered, and often spoken of, as the "splendid oar," the "capital singer," the "clever, idle "Oxford man," &c. according to the class to which the speaker belonged. The fortnight he stayed in Cambridge long stood out from the rest of Wilton's University life as the date to which he referred all other events. Never had he passed in *Alma Mater* so idle and so pleasant a time.

On leaving Cambridge, our hero took lodgings at a little distance from London, where we must leave him till the Oxford Long Vacation.

Chapter VII.

When the Cambridge Easter vacation came, Wilton paid his visit to Mr. Hartle's. The morning after his arrival, his host made to him the proposal which he made to all his visitors, to go and view the ruins which my reader will perhaps remember Cavalay had so shrunk from.

"Father," said Clarence, who had come home a day or two before, "you always tease people that come to our house to go and see those unfortunate ruins. Do you suppose Wilton has never seen an old castle before? Besides, he must be tired after his long journey from Cambridge."

But Wilton had not our hero's dislike of sight-seeing, and declared that it would give him great pleasure to view the ruins.

"Then," said Clarence, "I must get you to excuse me; for, if I don't go to town this morning, our fishing can't begin to-morrow, and may be put off *sine die*."

"Never mind that," said his father: "you go and get the fishing-tackle: Mary and May will escort Wilton, and I dare say he'll excuse you."

When they set out, he remained silent so long that Miss Hartle began the conversation, by asking him if he really liked sight-seeing.

"Very much," he replied; "I have made more than one ecclesiological tour. But castles I know nothing about, and must trust to you to tell me all about this one."

"Yes, Mr. Wilton," burst in May, "let Mary tell you all she knows about it, and then you make a legend of it, with a gallant knight and a fair lady and a cruel giant in it."

"Well, I will try," he answered, laughing, "some time before I leave, if your sister will give me some hints for the story."

"O, that will be delightful," exclaimed she, clapping her hands, "Mary will tell you anything you want to know. I often used to ask Mr. Cavalay to make tales for me, and it was a great shame that he would'nt, for he was very clever; but he was so idle."

"I am sure, May," answered her sister, "Mr. Cavalay was nothing of the sort. He never spent a minute of his time at our house unoccupied."

"Mr. Cavalay," said May softly to Wilton, "is a great favourite with Mary, and you must not say anything against him before her. But you know what I mean by his being idle; they say he didn't work at college; and, if you wanted him to sing or read aloud to you, very likely he wouldn't; though, if you said nothing, but only sat still at your work, he'd take up a book and read to you for hours."

"Didn't you like him then?" asked Wilton.

"I didn't mean that. He was a great deal the best companion I ever had; and I was very sorry when he went away. He used to ride by me and teach me how to manage my pony; and he told me what books to read, and gave me several pieces of music. So I liked him very much, because he was so kind and so clever."

These last words seemed to catch her attention, and, before Wilton could speak, she went on.

"Is it true that clever people are generally not good and kind?"

"I hope not: I have not found it so."

"But so many of my books say they are not; and I've heard people at papa's say the same.—I suppose you are clever."

"O dear no," said he, laughing.

"O! but I should think you are: and you *must know* a great deal, because Clarence says you are nearly always at Cambridge.—But you seem kind."

"I hope I am that. But you forget your brother."

"O yes, of course he's very good, and we all love him very much. But there's a great difference between him and other gentlemen; at least *we* find it so. He never talks much to us, at any rate to me; that is, I mean, in the way you are talking now. But some gentlemen will talk to me for an hour together, and Mr. Cavalay used to like talking with me almost as much as with Mary."

"Come," said her sister, on being thus a second time mentioned in conjunction with Cavalay, "I am sure you've talked enough for the present, if not too much."

They had by this arrived at the ruin. Wilton was very much interested in it, and bought a guide-book, which he diligently read, occasionally imparting his knowledge to Miss Hartle. She seemed altogether unmoved by it, the same quiet, gentle girl she had been at her father's breakfast-table. But May was quite saddened: she wandered about by herself, every now and then coming to Wilton for information from the guide-book. At last they found her standing beneath a window, which was overgrown with ivy. She went up softly to Wilton, and said in a low voice,

"That was the window where she saw him killed."

Mary told him the story, which, in her telling, sounded a commonplace one enough. Poor May did not recover her gaiety till they were quite out of sight of the castle; though, when they reached home, she rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming,

"O Papa and Mamma, Mr. Wilton is going to make a legend about it, and read it to us before he goes."

The worthy couple did not know what to make of this at first; for the castle was completely out of their heads except when they had visitors. She went on,

"It looked so beautiful this morning with the fresh ivy growing all round it. I shall get Mary to draw the window, and we shall have quite a book about it."

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of her sister and Wilton, the latter of whom was soon engaged in talking with their father about an approaching election. Before long Clarence came in with the fishing tackle, which he and Wilton used the very next morning. Most of their mornings were thus spent, for Wilton was fond of fishing, and it was the only out-door amusement he took interest in. One morning, as they were walking home, Clarence said to him,

"Do you know Carlwood?"

"No; but I've heard a little of him from Cavalay. I should think he must be a good sort of fellow."

"I don't know much of him myself: he's a junior man, and we only called on him last term, because his sister had been staying near our house at Christmas, and we met her several evenings. But, from what we have seen of him, we like him very much, and Cavalay and I are going a tour in North Wales with him in the Long, and we want you to join us."

"I'm afraid I shall not be able. You know I'm in for my degree next January, and I must make good use of the Long. What time do you expect to be out?"

"A month, more or less. I think you might easily spare the time. You'd work all the better before and after it."

"Well, we must talk about it again. I should like very much to go, especially as I should have you and Cavalay for my companions."

Wilton's visit lasted for three weeks. He spent the time much more with the family than Cavalay had done; for, besides that the latter's visit had been paid at Christmas, the Hartles soon perceived that their present visitor was of a much quieter disposition than their former one, and would feel far more at his ease with themselves alone than with political, sporting country gentlemen, or even their party-going daughters. It was a very pleasant relief to him from his hard, dry reading at Cambridge, to be thrown with people so simple and openhearted as Mr. and Mrs. Hartle, and especially with girls so fresh and unaffected as their daughters. He felt at home with them almost as soon as Cavalay had done, though by a different process. The latter had done so by virtue of the universal power which would have put him at his ease equally in the palace of a king or the cave of a bandit; but the Hartles were among the comparatively few people, sincere and unpretentious—with whom Wilton could deal easily and pleasantly. When the three weeks were ended, he left with mutual regret, and with many pleasing recollections, though, I must own, much less taken with Miss Hartle than he had expected to be. That had happened to him which has happened to many another: he had gone to her father's fresh from hearing her spoken of by Cavalay, and was fully prepared to admire her, if not to fall in love with her; and admire her he did, to some extent, and like her far more, but by no means to the extent of falling in love with her. Like Cavalay, he looked for a great degree of mental cultivation, which she, with her little reading and mediocre playing and drawing, fell far short of. And he, in his turn, did not excite in her the interest which had been excited by Cavalay, with his sprightliness, mixed with melancholy, a temperament peculiarly adapted to interest women. True, his disposition, akin to her own, quiet and gentle, could not but recommend him to her; but though he was thrown with her even more than Cavalay had been (though for a shorter time), he went away without any sign yet of her feeling even a sister's affection for him.

Chapter VIII.

The next term at Oxford, Cavalay not being up, and Hartle reading for his examination, was of a very different character to its predecessors. Much less smoking and sitting over the fire, talking for amusement; much less walking in the country and strolling about the gardens, though it was the lovely summer time, and summer in beautiful Oxford is indeed lovely; scarcely a single hour's reading of novels and poetry.

Marlowe had always been a reading man, and now, when Cavalay was away, I cannot say read more than ever, but took his recreation in a different manner.

Carlwood was one of that large number who read moderately the whole of their course, with the view of merely passing, or taking a low class; and now gave his mornings to reading, and the rest of the day to boating and visiting, with considerable regularity. And thus the time was spent more profitably, perhaps, by all three, and others beside them, for Cavalay's influence extended to a large circle; but I should be afraid to say that it passed as agreeably as before. Certainly

Hartle, when he came in from a somewhat short and rapid walk, and took out a book on logic, could not but think regretfully of former times, when, on returning from a walk or from boating with Cavalay, they sat before the fire, or at the open window, smoking and talking,—or Cavalay read aloud from Shakespeare or Shelley, while Hartle listened on the sofa. And Marlowe too found the time hang somewhat heavily on his hands, despite of the number of hours occupied in reading. And I fear that Carlwood, if the well-known rap of Cavalay had been heard at his oak, as he sat reading Œdipus Tyrannus or the Georgics, would most joyfully have opened it, and laid Sophocles and Virgil on the shelf for the rest of the day, or of the term, if need were. No, it is of no use playing the hypocrite; the ways of folly and sin are for the time often pleasant, sometimes very pleasant; while the paths of wisdom and duty, really and in the end the paths of pleasantness and peace, are yet for the present frequently dreary and uninviting enough. And so our three friends, if no other acquaintances of Cavalay's, were glad when the term came to an end; Hartle going down with the mediocre distinction of a Second Class.

The walking tour was to be commenced as soon as possible. Wilton had been persuaded to join it; and the four met at Chester early in July. I shall narrate only one incident, which happened when they had been out about a fortnight, and were settled for a few days at Abergyle. During their stay there, one of the chief amusements of Cavalay and Carlwood (the former being one of the best oarsmen of his college, and the latter having boated a good deal at Eton,) was to row on the sea in the evenings, which for several days together were so fine and serene that the waters were almost as still as a pool. This was the most pleasant part of the day to these two, who usually went alone, their companions preferring to stroll about among the hills. Their friendship too was greatly increased by these excursions, for all the latent gentleness in Cavalay's nature was drawn forth by the influence of the time and place, and the disposition of his companion, which was peculiarly gentle; while he, in his turn, was astonished and delighted at the change from the cold brilliancy, which was so often the characteristic of the other, to easy, good-natured sociability, which at times became almost tenderness. They frequently lingered on the water till long after the moon had risen, and rowed several miles from land. One evening, while they were still three or four miles from shore, the clouds, which had long been threatening, startled them with a long, low peal of thunder.

"We must row with all our might, Harry," said the other, "or we shall be in for a heavy storm."

Each grasped his oar firmly, Carlwood giving the stroke, and for a couple of miles the boat flew along rapidly. By that time Carlwood began to tire, but still he pulled away manfully. The storm had greatly increased; the waves ran high, and their progress began to slacken. The wind blew from the land steadily, but not very strongly, and they continued to make head slowly, till they were within about a quarter of a mile of land, when suddenly the wind veered and made the boat lurch so violently that Carlwood was carried off his seat and rolled into the sea. In another moment Cavalay leapt in after him. Carlwood was a sufficiently good swimmer in smooth water, but in the high waves of the sea he would have stood small chance of saving himself. He was struggling already somewhat feebly when Cavalay reached him. As is common with drowning persons, his first impulse was to grasp at the other; but Cavalay was prepared for this, and, when the movement was made, swam away so as to avoid it. Carlwood appeared to recognize him, and to feel

confidence in him, for when Cavalay presently swam up close to him, he continued striking out, and keeping himself afloat as before; though by this time he was fast beginning to droop. Cavalay supported him with one arm, and with the other cleft his way through the swoln waters. He could however advance but slowly, but before long the wind changed as suddenly as before, and drove them on the shore, where they were left by the rapid ebb of the waves. Carlwood was insensible; but Cavalay, though much wearied with buffeting with the waters, still retained his senses and self-possession. He looked hastily round; but could not at first discern the town. In a little while he saw a light twinkling through the darkness, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. He placed Carlwood upon dry ground, and then ran at full speed towards the light, to which, fortunately, a road led directly. He found only one person awake in the cottage, a man who was sitting by the fireplace smoking. He hastily told him of their misfortune, and that he wanted him to help to convey his companion to a place of shelter. The man at once arose and accompanied him. The storm had by this time ceased, and the clouds had broken sufficiently to allow them to find their road without difficulty, Cavalay leading the way, and running as before at full speed. They carried Carlwood to the cottage, where the man awoke his wife and daughter, who had scarcely come down stairs when Cavalay fainted.

It was a long time before signs of life appeared in either of them; and it was not till after midnight that they sufficiently regained consciousness to remember their companions. Their hotel was not far off, and the younger woman went to inform them what had happened to their friends. She found them on the beach in front of the hotel, very much alarmed, having been walking in and out of the hotel, and along the shore, for more than two hours. They accompanied her to the cottage, where they found Cavalay and Carlwood so far recovered as to be able to walk to the inn with their assistance. The night was too far spent, and Cavalay and Carlwood were too much exhausted, to permit of an explanation. But the next morning the former related what had happened, much of which was new to Carlwood also. When the circumstances became known, the whole neighbourhood was full of praises of Cavalay's courage, self-possession and kindness. A dozen at least volunteered to look for the boat, which was found to have drifted on to the shore about two miles from the town.

This misadventure put an end to the pleasure of their tour, and they resolved to return home as soon as Cavalay and Carlwood had gained sufficient strength, and accordingly on the third day they were on their road back. Our hero's demeanour was greatly changed, he was much kinder, and warmer, and more sociable than had been his wont; and the attachment which Carlwood had conceived for him during their excursions on the water ripened at once into strong and lasting affection.

Chapter IX.

"I have led her home, my love, my only friend;
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood,
And sweetly, on and on,
Calmly itself to the long-wished-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good." Tennyson.

When they reached England, Carlwood insisted on Cavalay's accompanying him to his father's. It will readily be believed that, though he hesitated to accept the invitation, yet in his heart he was nothing loth, if only from remembering his meetings with Isabel at Mr. Hartle's. When they arrived, Harry, in the presence of the whole family, related the adventure in which Cavalay had saved his life, with all the enthusiastic praise of a generous and ardent mind.

"Mr. Cavalay," said his father, when he had finished, "I am really at a loss how to thank you. If there is anything in the whole world I can do to serve you I shall be only too happy to do it."

"O Harry, to think how near I was losing you!" was all his mother could say for some time after the first shock had passed away.

Presently she thanked Cavalay in many words, and for a long time was divided between expressing her gratitude and caressing her son, who seemed to her as if newly restored from the dead.

And Isabel too thanked him, very warmly, though in much fewer words than her mother; but her gratitude then took a shape far sweeter to him than words; for, when she spoke, it was with such softness, almost tenderness, and sometimes she looked at him so kindly and admiringly, that his head was dizzy with delight. They pressed him to stay so heartily that he could not decline: indeed his own inclination so urged him to remain, that he made a very faint show of refusing.

His visit lasted three weeks, during which he was naturally thrown much with Isabel. They frequently walked out together; he read to her, she played and sang to him. He would listen entranced while she played, piece after piece, from Beethoven and Mozart, or sang to him; and of all the songs he still loved most that which he had heard her sing the first night he had met her, "Parted." It seemed to have taken a wonderful hold of his mind. She never went to the piano without singing it at his request; and, when she ceased, he would remain for a minute or two in the same attitude, repeating in a low voice the first two lines:

"No more, no more, O never more!
Parted, without a parting."

As she sang it without notes, he suspected that she had written both the air and the words; but he forbore to ask her, thinking that it might have some history, and the question might pain her.

Once, after he had been reading Keats to her, she said,

"I wonder, Mr. Cavalay, you do not write yourself. One who appreciates poetry so thoroughly, and reads it so correctly and beautifully, must surely be able to write it."

"No, no, Miss Carlwood," he replied, in a manner very common with him, with a smile not more than half serious; "to interpret is one thing, to create is another, and a very different thing. I should have thought you would have known the difference between the artist and the dilettante. Thousands can appreciate and judge of poetry as well as I can, of whom only one can write it."

"That may be true, and yet you

may be the one out of ten thousand. Indeed, I found yesterday among my music a short poem in your handwriting. I really could not resist the temptation of reading it, however much you may blame my curiosity. Here it is; read it to me. I liked it very much when I read it myself, but I always like poetry that you read far better than before."

He received the poem from her hands, and, after a slight attempt at declining, read as follows:

"PRESENTIMENTS.

"How full of awe must all things be,
Of doubt, if not of misery!
Mankind are ever longing, fearing,
Waiting for something nearing, nearing;
Evil or good, ah, who may know?
But saddened spirits augur woe.
For grief comes oft, and long remains,
With ceaseless losses, toils, and pains;
And happiness a little while
Cheers aching hearts with transient smile,
Then yields to bitter, keen distress,
Or fades in sated weariness.
Yet sorrow might be borne, if joy
Could alternate without alloy;
And, though for one short hour alone,
Could fill the heart all, all its own.
But ever in the midst of bliss
We catch the serpent's smothered hiss;
A stifled undertone of care;
A cloudlet in the sunny air:
Some groundless doubt that reason jeers,
Yet cannot prove away our fears;
Some dark, vague prophecy of ill,
We laugh to scorn, believing still.
And thus, since I beheld the face,
That is to me the sum of grace,
And heard the voice, that made my tongue
Burst into quick, spontaneous song,
With joy, that entered then my breast,
Pain entered too, ill-sorted guest;
And spite of reason, spite of hope,
My doubts and fears will have their scope,
Foreboding, whispering, hinting still
Grief, disappointment, nameless ill.
Ah rest, sad heart, at length from fear:
So long hast thou been dark and drear,
Thy very joy takes sorrow's hue:
But cowards ever are untrue.
Look round the earth, on stream and lawn;
Look on the heavens, when the dawn
Wakens the sun, or when the day
In unnamed colours fades away.
The sea is not for ever sad,
But leaps and shines, all bright and glad;
The moon is pale, but clear and calm;
The cold stars chaunt a quiet psalm;
When clouds make thick and dark the air,
Behind, the blue is everywhere.
Believe it not, the cruel lie,
That sorrow is man's destiny:
The earth is not so full of woe
That joy should always be a show.—
I would accept the sweeter voice,
And in the happier creed rejoice;
At least be brave, to hope all good,
And trust what is not understood."

When he finished, the pause which always follows the reading of manuscript, ensued: it was broken by Cavalay, who asked his listener what she thought of it?

"I must be careful what I say, for I am sure the author is before me. Let me have a copy, and let that be sufficient criticism."

He already regarded her very differently from other women. He had great admiration for her, no little veneration; for she was by far the most intellectual woman he had ever met: not merely the cleverest; mere cleverness is not intellectuality; but she had an understanding and appreciation of greatness and beauty such as he had never found in woman before. Yet, still more was he struck by her quiet strength and depth of feeling, and, what few of her acquaintances would have given her credit for, docility. For her mind had recognized in his a greater than itself, and had joyfully yielded itself up to its guidance. To many, if not most others, out of her own family, she had seemed, nay, was, proud, cold, sarcastic. What was there in them that she could honour? at the best she could but stoop to them; and so she may, and that kindly and gracefully, in later life; but youth is proud and headstrong, and she is very young, showing her love and hatred, her admiration and contempt, with the openness of a mind accustomed to look upon itself as containing little that needs concealment, and not yet mastered by self-control. But Cavalay had already entirely won her reverence; to him she was all gentleness and docility. He shone upon her as a knight in full

armour might shine upon his wife, sitting amid her maidens with their tapestry before them, while he was going forth into the world, to do glorious deeds and win great renown. Yet she did not love him, until one evening she saw a part of his nature which she had never seen before, or rather had seen only dimly and partially. Despite of his having saved her brother, and despite of the affection which she could not but perceive Harry bore him, she had as yet looked upon him rather as a glorious intellect than as a man, feeling, as well as thinking and imagining. She had been his pupil, a willing, eager, delighted disciple, and had felt for him no more than the reverence due to a master. But one evening they were sitting alone in the garden, a little before sunset. It had been a cloudy day, though without rain, and in the afternoon the clouds had grown blacker and blacker, till, as the sun was dying, they closed in upon him, and threatened to end the day with a storm. Cavalay was usually very lively when in company with Isabel; but to-night her presence could not charm away the saddening influence of the clouded sky, perhaps even increased it. In vain she tried to cheer and rally him; his melancholy soon began to affect her. To the east lay the monstrous, foul, ugly town, now little more than a huge, shapeless mass of building, in the darkness of the clouds and the shroud of its own smoke. He looked in the direction of it, his face growing sadder and sterner as he gazed. Perhaps he was thinking of the misery and degradation which festered in it; perhaps it merely reflected back and aggravated his own sadness. They soon gave up all attempts at talking, and she was about to propose that they should return to the house, when suddenly the sun burst forth from the dark clouds, touching the edges of their thick folds with brilliancy the keener for their blackness and sections on the south-land stream of light that seemed, for the moment, brighter than the radiance of noon-day. Cavalay was startled from his gloomy trance, looking like a man in a dream; he turned round to Isabel, his face catching the halo of the setting sun, and, leaning his forehead on her shoulder, and exclaiming,

"The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go,"

burst into tears, the first he had ever shed since boyhood. She looked at him, at first utterly astonished; then a new feeling sprang up in her heart, and she had almost wept herself, tears of sympathy, of pity, of love, of happiness. She felt that his inmost and truest nature had been unveiled to her. She felt, too, that only to one whom he loved could he show such emotion. The darker clouds rapidly rolled away in vast masses of gorgeous gloom, and clouds of fiery red gathered round the sun, and, when he set, spread over the heavens, before long fading away, except from the west, where the fire grew paler and paler, until it became faint gold, which lingered long after the first stars had come out on the dim blue. And Cavalay and Isabel kept silent for a while, till he said, in a voice scarcely audible,

"There is no time in all the year—not even the autumn afternoons, with their dappled skies and yellow leaves—like the long evenings of summer. They have a calm, softening beauty that is all their own. One fancies that it must always have been summer evening in Eden. And at this time Paradise receives us again for a little while even now. How sad it is to turn from the west to the east! 'All good things are in the west!'"

From that day, which was at the end of the second week of his visit, confidence rapidly grew up between them; and not an evening passed without their walking out together,—sometimes with little Emily, Isabel's younger sister; sometimes alone,—when, after

found a retired spot, he would open the book which he carried in his hand, and which was nearly always "The Princess" or "In Memoriam," and read aloud with that sweet, modulated voice, which made still more musical and beautiful even the music and beauty of those poems. As he read, he was far above attempting to draw attention to himself; he read as though none were present, never looking at his companion till he had finished, and even then not for a few seconds; but she would have been more or less than woman if her thoughts had been fixed wholly on the poet. She stole many a glance at the reader, looking to her imagination like a minstrel knight of the olden chivalrous times reading his own lays. When he ceased, silence followed for a little time,—they held Tennyson too high for praise, too great for criticism,—till the pause would be broken by the voice of Cavalay, sweet and very low, bidding her look at the clouds in the west, or the quiet course of some little stream; or, perhaps, he would bring her a wild flower, frequently quoting from some poet, who, it may be, had himself at some time beheld it in a similar scene and season, and with a like companion. Then, as the evening darkened, he would talk to her, slowly and softly,—a sort of lecture, half poetry, half philosophy; and never had night, with its blue or clouded sky, and its stars, and its stillness and its muffled sounds, seemed to her half so beautiful and divine as now, when she listened to her companion, breathless, in a sort of trance. What wonder if she dreamed of him at night! what wonder if he was her first thought when she awoke! O the new world that was opened to her! the new powers that seemed added to her mind! It was as though she had not known her true life till the last two or three weeks; or, at best, had lived with her highest faculties undeveloped, waiting for the coming of this Magician to expand them. Yes, he was indeed a Magician; and, when they walked in the garden on the evening before his departure, she knew that she must grant whatsoever he might ask, even though it were to acknowledge that she loved him. And on that evening, beneath the holy summer sky, which was cloudless blue and grey, except where the setting sun had left the west transfigured with pure gold,—in the hush of the coming night, standing by a cypress in the garden, where the flowers were beginning to fold themselves, and the trees to draw the gathering darkness into their foliage,—in the midst of that quiet, awful beauty,—in that solemn, silent time,—she told him that his love was returned—not falteringly or with agitation, scarcely even timidly, almost as collectedly and calmly as he himself had spoken; and when she ceased, he kissed her on the hand and the brow with reverential love, and spoke no more, but led her into the room where her mother was sitting, and went out and sat by himself, with his face to the glowing but fading west, to grow acquainted with his excess of happiness.

Perhaps in all deep feeling there is a sort of sadness,—certainly a tendency to pass before long into some unquietness,—I know not what to call it—sadness, or awe, or longing—which at least chastens the happiness which seems unfit for a world in which there is so much sorrow. And thus Cavalay and Isabel the rest of the evening were very silent, scarcely speaking to each other once again, only repeating their vows when they separated by the tenderness of the lingering fingers and the long gaze in which their deep blue and dark hazel eyes mingled the soft light of love. But when their eyes were closed, and the world was shut from their sight, and their love made their only life, every trace of fear and sadness faded away, and from blissful waking thoughts they passed through the enchanted half-thoughts, which are the beginning of sleep, into happy dreams, from which each more than

once awoke, in the dark night and in the brightening dawn, and knew not whether to desire the day or not, so full of calm, complete happiness appeared both present and future. And to both it seemed as if the consummation of life had at length come, and they should be happy henceforth for evermore.

(To be continued.)

THE HOLLOW LAND.

Chapter III.

Leaving the World. *Fytte the First.*

I HAD thought when I fell that I should never wake again; but I woke at last: for a long time I was quite dizzied and could see nothing at all: horrible doubts came creeping over me; I half expected to see presently great half-formed shapes come rolling up to me to crush me; some thing fiery, not strange, too utterly horrible to be strange, but utterly vile and ugly, the sight of which would have killed me when I was upon the earth, come rolling up to torment me. In fact I doubted if I were in hell.

I knew I deserved to be, but I prayed, and then it came into my mind that I could not pray if I were in hell.

Also there seemed to be a cool green light all about me, which was sweet.

Then presently I heard a glorious voice ring out clear, close to me—

> Christ keep the Hollow Land
> Through the sweet spring-tide,
> When the apple-blossoms bless
> The lowly bent hill side.

Thereat my eyes were slowly unsealed, and I saw the blessedest sight I have ever seen before or since: for I saw my Love.

She sat about five yards from me on a great grey stone that had much moss on it, one of the many scattered along the side of the stream by which I lay; she was clad in loose white raiment close to her hands and throat; her feet were bare, her hair hung loose a long way down, but some of it lay on her knees: I said 'white' raiment, but long spikes of light scarlet went down from the throat, lost here and there in the shadows of the folds, and, growing smaller and smaller, died before they reached her feet.

I was lying with my head resting on soft moss that some one had gathered and placed under me. She, when she saw me moving and awake, came and stood over me with a gracious smile.—She was so lovely and tender to look at, and so kind, yet withal no one, man or woman, had ever frightened me half so much.

She was not fair in white and red, like many beautiful women are, being rather pale, but like ivory for smoothness, and her hair was quite golden, not light yellow, but dusky golden.

I tried to get up on my feet, but was too weak, and sunk back again. She said:

"No, not just yet, do not trouble yourself or try to remember anything just at present."

There withal she kneeled down, and hung over me closer.

"To-morrow you may, perhaps, have something hard to do or bear, I know, but now you must be as happy as you can be, quietly happy. Why did you start and turn pale when I came to you? Do you not know who I am? Nay, but you do, I see; and I have been waiting here so long for you; so you must have expected to see me.—You cannot be frightened of me, are you?"

all the time strange knowledge, strange feelings were filling my brain and my heart, she said:

"You are tired; rest, and dream happily."

So she sat by me, and sung to lull me to sleep, while I turned on my elbow, and watched the waving of her throat: and the singing of all the poets I had ever heard, and of many others too, not born till years long after I was dead, floated all about me as she sung, and I did indeed dream happily.

When I awoke it was the time of the cold dawn, and the colours were gathering themselves together, whereat in fatherly approving fashion the sun sent all across the east long bars of scarlet and orange that after faded through yellow to green and blue.

And she sat by me still; I think she had been sitting there and singing all the time; all through hot yesterday, for I had been sleeping day-long and night-long, all through the falling evening under moonlight and starlight the night through.

And now it was dawn, and I think too that neither of us had moved at all; for the last thing I remembered before I went to sleep was the tips of her fingers brushing my cheek, as she knelt over me with down-drooping arm, and still now I felt them there. Moreover she was just finishing some fainting measure that died before it had time to get painful in its passion.

Dear Lord! how I loved her! yet did I not dare to touch her, or even speak to her. She smiled with delight when she saw I was awake again, and slid down her hand on to mine, but some shuddering dread made me draw it away again hurriedly; then I saw the smile leave her face: what would I not have given for courage to hold her body quite tight to mine? but I was so weak. She said:

"Have you been very happy?"

"Yea," I said.

It was the first word I had spoken

"Ah!" she said, "you will talk more when you get used to the air of the Hollow Land. Have you been thinking of your past life at all? if not, try to think of it. What thing in Heaven or Earth do you wish for most?"

Still I said no word; but she said in a wearied way:

"Well now, I think you will be strong enough to get to your feet and walk; take my hand and try."

Therewith she held it out: I strove hard to be brave enough to take it, but could not; I only turned away shuddering, sick, and grieved to the heart's core of me; then struggling hard with hand and knee and elbow, I scarce rose, and stood up totteringly; while she watched me sadly, still holding out her hand.

But as I rose, in my swinging to and fro the steel sheath of my sword struck her on the hand so that the blood flowed from it, which she stood looking at for a while, then dropped it downwards, and turned to look at me, for I was going.

Then as I walked she followed me, so I stopped and turned and said almost fiercely:

"I am going alone to look for my brother."

The vehemence with which I spoke, or something else, burst some blood-vessel within my throat, and we both stood there with the blood running from us on to the grass and summer flowers.

She said: "If you find him, wait with him till I come."

"Yea," and I turned and left her, following the course of the stream upwards, and as I went I heard her low singing that almost broke my heart for its sadness.

And I went painfully because of my weakness, and because also of the great stones; and sometimes I went along a spot of earth where the river had been used to flow in flood-time, and which was now bare of everything but stones;

down on everything a great flood of fierce light and scorching heat, and burnt me sorely, so that I almost fainted.

But about noontide I entered a wood close by the stream, a beech-wood, intending to rest myself; the herbage was thin and scattered there, sprouting up from amid the leaf-sheaths and nuts of the beeches, which had fallen year after year on that same spot; the outside boughs swept low down, the air itself seemed green when you entered within the shadow of the branches, they over-roofed the place so with tender green, only here and there showing spots of blue.

But what lay at the foot of a great beech tree but some dead knight in armour, only the helmet off? A wolf was prowling round about it, who ran away snarling when he saw me coming.

So I went up to that dead knight, and fell on my knees before him, laying my head on his breast, for it was Arnald.

He was quite cold but had not been dead for very long; I would not believe him dead, but went down to the stream and brought him water, tried to make him drink—what would you? he was as dead as Swanhilda: neither came there any answer to my cries that afternoon but the moaning of the wood-doves in the beeches.

So then I sat down and took his head on my knees, and closed the eyes, and wept quietly while the sun sunk lower.

But a little after sunset I heard a rustle through the leaves, that was not the wind, and looking up my eyes met the pitying eyes of that maiden.

Something stirred rebelliously within me; I ceased weeping, and said:

"It is unjust, unfair: What right had Swanhilda to live? did not God give her up to us? How much better was he than ten Swanhildas? and look you—See!—he is DEAD."

Now this I shrieked out, being mad; and though I trembled when I saw some stormy wrath that vexed her very heart and loving lips, gathering on her face, I yet sat there looking at her and screaming, screaming, till all the place rung.

But when growing hoarse and breathless I ceased; she said, with straightened brow and scornful mouth:

"So! bravely done! must I then, though I am a woman, call you a liar, for saying God is unjust? You to punish her, had not God then punished her already? How many times when she woke in the dead night do you suppose she missed seeing King Urrayne's pale face and hacked head lying on the pillow by her side? Whether by night or day, what things but screams did she hear when the wind blew loud round about the Palace corners? and did not that face too, often come before her, pale and bleeding as it was long ago, and gaze at her from unhappy eyes! poor eyes! with changed purpose in them—no more hope of converting the world when that blow was once struck, truly it was very wicked—no more dreams, but only fierce struggles with the Devil for very life, no more dreams but failure at last, and death, happier so in the Hollow Land."

She grew so pitying as she gazed at his dead face that I began to weep again unreasonably, while she saw not that I was weeping, but looked only on Arnald's face, but after turned on me frowning.

"Unjust! yes truly unjust enough to take away life and all hope from her; you have done a base cowardly act, you and your brother here, disguise it as you may; you deserve all God's judgments—you—"

But I turned my eyes and wet face to her, and said:

"Do not curse me—there—do not look like Swanhilda: for see now, you said at first that you had been waiting long for me, give me your hand now, for I love you so."

I sat, and I caught her in my arms, and she prayed to be forgiven.

"O, Florian! I have indeed waited long for you, and when I saw you my heart was filled with joy, but you would neither touch me or speak to me, so that I became almost mad,—forgive me, we will be so happy now. O! do you know this is what I have been waiting for all these years; it made me glad I know, when I was a little baby in my mother's arms to think I was born for this; and afterwards, as I grew up, I used to watch every breath of wind through the beech-boughs, every turn of the silver poplar leaves, thinking it might be you or some news of you."

Then I rose and drew her up with me; but she knelt again by my brother's side, and kissed him, and said:

"O brother! the Hollow Land is only second best of the places God has made, for Heaven also is the work of His hand."

Afterwards we dug a deep grave among the beech-roots and there we buried Arnald de Liliis.

And I have never seen him since, scarcely even in dreams; surely God has had mercy on him, for he was very leal and true and brave; he loved many men, and was kind and gentle to his friends, neither did he hate any but Swanhilda.

But as for us two, Margaret and me, I cannot tell you concerning our happiness, such things cannot be told; only this I know, that we abode continually in the Hollow Land until I lost it.

Moreover this I can tell you. Margaret was walking with me, as she often walked near the place where I had first seen her; presently we came upon a woman sitting, dressed in scarlet and gold raiment, with her head laid down on her knees; likewise we heard her sobbing.

"Margaret, who is she?" I said: "I knew not that any dwelt in the Hollow Land but us two only."

She said, "I know not who she is, only sometimes, these many years, I have seen her scarlet robe flaming from far away, amid the quiet green grass: but I was never so near her as this. Florian, I am afraid: let us come away."

Fytte the Second.

Such a horrible grey November day it was, the fog-smell all about, the fog creeping into our very bones.

And I sat there, trying to recollect, at any rate something, under those fir-trees that I ought to have known so well.

Just think now; I had lost my best years somewhere; for I was past the prime of life, my hair and beard were scattered with white, my body was growing weaker, my memory of all things was very faint.

My raiment, purple and scarlet and blue once, was so stained that you could scarce call it any colour, was so tattered that it scarce covered my body, though it seemed once to have fallen in heavy folds to my feet, and still, when I rose to walk, though the miserable November mist lay in great drops upon my bare breast, yet was I obliged to wind my raiment over my arm, it draggled so (wretched, slimy, textureless thing!) in the brown mud.

On my head was a light morion, which pressed on my brow and pained me; so I put my hand up to take it off; but when I touched it I stood still in my walk shuddering; I nearly fell to the earth with shame and sick horror; for I laid my hand on a lump of slimy earth with worms coiled up in it. I could scarce forbear from shrieking, but breathing such a prayer as I could think of, I raised my hand again and seized it firmly. Worse horror still! the rust had eaten it into holes, and I gripped my own hair as well as the rotting steel, the sharp edge of which cut into my fingers; but setting my teeth, gave a great

wrench, for I knew that if I let go of it then, no power on the earth or under it could make me touch it again. God be praised! I tore it off and cast it far from me; I saw the earth, and the worms and green weeds and sun-begotten slime, whirling out from it radiatingly, as it spun round about.

I was girt with a sword too, the leathern belt of which had shrunk and squeezed my waist: dead leaves had gathered in knots about the buckles of it, the gilded handle was encrusted with clay in many parts, the velvet sheath miserably worn.

But, verily, when I took hold of the hilt, and dreaded lest instead of a sword I should find a serpent in my hand; lo! then, I drew out my own true blade and shook it flawless from hilt to point, gleaming white in that mist.

Therefore it sent a thrill of joy to my heart, to know that there was one friend left me yet: I sheathed it again carefully, and undoing it from my waist, hung it about my neck.

Then catching up my rags in my arms, I drew them up till my legs and feet were altogether clear from them, afterwards folded my arms over my breast, gave a long leap and ran, looking downward, but not giving heed to my way.

Once or twice I fell over stumps of trees, and such-like, for it was a cut-down wood that I was in, but I rose always, though bleeding and confused, and went on still; sometimes tearing madly through briars and forse bushes, so that my blood dropped on the dead leaves as I went.

I ran in this way for about an hour; then I heard a gurgling and splashing of waters; I gave a great shout and leapt strongly, with shut eyes, and the black water closed over me.

When I rose again, I saw near me a boat with a man in it; but the shore was far off; I struck out toward the boat, but my clothes which I had knotted and folded about me, weighed me down terribly.

The man looked at me, and began to paddle toward me with the oar he held in his left hand, having in his right a long, slender spear, barbed like a fish hook; perhaps, I thought, it is some fishing spear; moreover his raiment was, of scarlet, with upright stripes of yellow and black all over it.

When my eye caught his, a smile widened his mouth as if some one had made a joke; but I was beginning to sink, and indeed my head was almost under water just as he came and stood above me, but before it went quite under, I saw his spear gleam, then *felt* it in my shoulder, and for the present, felt nothing else.

When I woke I was on the bank of that river; the flooded waters went hurrying past me; no boat on them now; from the river the ground went up in gentle slopes till it grew a great hill, and there, on that hill top,—Yes, I might forget many things, almost everything, but not that, not the old castle of my fathers up among the hills, its towers blackened now and shattered, yet still no enemy's banner waved from it.

So I said I would go and die there; and at this thought I drew my sword, which yet hung about my neck, and shook it in the air till the true steel quivered; then began to pace toward the castle. I was quite naked, no rag about me; I took no heed of that, only thanking God that my sword was left, and so toiled up the hill. I entered the castle soon by the outer court; I knew the way so well, that I did not lift my eyes from the ground, but walked on over the lowered draw-bridge through the unguarded gates, and stood in the great hall at last—my father's hall—as bare of everything but my sword as when I came into the world fifty years before: I had as little clothes, as little wealth, less memory and thought, I verily believe, than then.

So I lifted up my eyes and gazed; no glass in the windows, no hangings

on the walls; the vaulting yet held good throughout, but seemed to be going; the mortar had fallen out from between the stones, and grass and fern grew in the joints; the marble pavement was in some places gone, and water stood about in puddles, though one scarce knew how it had got there.

No hangings on the walls—no; yet, strange to say, instead of them, the walls blazed from end to end with scarlet paintings, only striped across with green damp-marks in many places, some falling bodily from the wall, the plaster hanging down with the fading colour on it.

In all of them, except for the shadows and the faces of the figures, there was scarce any colour but scarlet and yellow; here and there it seemed the painter, whoever it was, had tried to make his trees or his grass green, but it would not do; some ghastly thoughts must have filled his head, for all the green went presently into yellow, outsweeping through the picture dismally. But the faces were painted to the very life, or it seemed so;—there were only five of them, however, that were very marked or came much in the foreground; and four of these I knew well, though I did not then remember the names of those that had borne them. They were Red Harald, Swanhilda, Arnald, and myself. The fifth I did not know; it was a woman's, and very beautiful.

Then I saw that in some parts a small penthouse roof had been built over the paintings, to keep them from the weather. Near one of these stood a man painting, clothed in red, with stripes of yellow and black: then I knew that it was the same man who had saved me from drowning by spearing me through the shoulder; so I went up to him, and saw furthermore that he was girt with a heavy sword.

He turned round when he saw me coming, and asked me fiercely what I did there.

I asked why he was painting in my castle.

Thereupon, with that same grim smile widening his mouth as heretofore, he said, "I paint God's judgments."

And as he spoke, he rattled the sword in his scabbard; but I said,

"Well, then, you paint them very badly. Listen; I know God's judgments much better than you do. See now; I will teach you God's judgments, and you shall teach me painting."

While I spoke he still rattled his sword, and when I had done, shut his right eye tight, screwing his nose on one side; then said,

"You have got no clothes on, and may go to the devil! what do *you* know about God's judgments?"

"Well, they are not all yellow and red, at all events; you ought to know better."

He screamed out, "O you fool! yellow and red! Gold and blood, what do they make?"

"Well," I said; "what?"

"HELL!" And, coming close up to me, he struck me with his open hand in the face, so that the colour with which his hand was smeared was dabbed about my face. The blow almost threw me down; and, while I staggered, he rushed at me furiously with his sword. Perhaps it was good for me that I had got no clothes on; for, being utterly unencumbered, I leapt this way and that, and avoided his fierce, eager strokes till I could collect myself somewhat; while he had a heavy scarlet cloak on that trailed on the ground, and which he often trod on, so that he stumbled.

He very nearly slew me during the first few minutes, for it was not strange that, together with other matters, I should have forgotten the art of fence: but yet, as I went on, and sometimes bounded about the hall under the whizzing of his sword, as he rested sometimes, leaning on it, as the point sometimes touched my bare flesh, nay, once as the whole sword fell flatlings on

my head and made my eyes start out, I remembered the old joy that I used to have, and the *swy, swy*, of the sharp edge, as one gazed between one's horse's ears; moreover, at last, one fierce swift stroke, just touching me below the throat, tore up the skin all down my body, and fell heavy on my thigh, so that I drew my breath in and turned white; then first, as I swung my sword round my head, our blades met, oh! to hear that *tchink* again! and I felt the notch my sword made in his, and swung out at him; but he guarded it and returned on me; I guarded right and left, and grew warm, and opened my mouth to shout, but knew not what to say; and our sword points fell on the floor together: then, when we had panted awhile, I wiped from my face the blood that had been dashed over it, shook my sword and cut at him, then we spun round and round in a mad waltz to the measured music of our meeting swords, and sometimes either wounded the other somewhat, but not much, till I beat down his sword on to his head, that he fell grovelling, but not cut through. Verily, thereupon my lips opened mightily with "Mary rings."

Then, when he had gotten to his feet, I went at him again, he staggering back, guarding wildly; I cut at his head; he put his sword up confusedly, so I fitted both hands to my hilt, and smote him mightily under the arm: then his shriek mingled with my shout, made a strange sound together; he rolled over and over, dead, as I thought.

I walked about the hall in great exultation at first, striking my sword point on the floor every now and then, till I grew faint with loss of blood; then I went to my enemy and stripped off some of his clothes to bind up my wounds withal; afterwards I found in a corner bread and wine, and I eat and drank thereof.

Then I went back to him, and looked, and a thought struck me, and I took some of his paints and brushes, and, kneeling down, painted his face thus, with stripes of yellow and red, crossing each other at right angles; and in each of the squares so made I put a spot of black, after the manner of the painted letters in the prayer-books and romances when they are ornamented.

So I stood back as painters use, folded my arms, and admired my own handiwork. Yet there struck me as being something so utterly doleful in the man's white face, and the blood running all about him, and washing off the stains of paint from his face and hands, and splashed clothes, that my heart misgave me, and I hoped that he was not dead; I took some water from a vessel he had been using for his painting, and, kneeling, washed his face.

Was it some resemblance to my father's dead face, which I had seen when I was young, that made me pity him? I laid my hand upon his heart, and felt it beating feebly; so I lifted him up gently, and carried him towards a heap of straw that he seemed used to lie upon; there I stripped him and looked to his wounds, and used leech-craft, the memory of which God gave me for this purpose, I suppose, and within seven days I found that he would not die.

Afterwards, as I wandered about the castle, I came to a room in one of the upper stories, that had still the roof on, and windows in it with painted glass, and there I found green raiment and swords and armour, and I clothed myself.

So when he got well I asked him what his name was, and he me, and we both of us said, "truly I know not." Then said I, "but we must call each other some name, even as men call days."

"Call me Swerker," he said, "some priest I knew once had that name."

"And me Wulf," said I, "though wherefore I know not."

Then he said:

"Wulf, I will teach you painting now, come and learn."

Then I tried to learn painting till I thought I should die, but at last learned it through very much pain and grief.

And, as the years went on and we grew old and grey, we painted purple pictures and green ones instead of the scarlet and yellow, so that the walls looked altered, and always we painted God's judgments.

And we would sit in the sunset and watch them with the golden light changing them, as we yet hoped God would change both us and our works.

Often too we would sit outside the walls and look at the trees and sky, and the ways of the few men and women we saw; therefrom sometimes befell adventures.

Once there went past a great funeral of some king going to his own country, not as he had hoped to go, but stiff and colourless, spices filling up the place of his heart.

And first went by very many knights, with long bright hauberks on, that fell down before their knees as they rode, and they all had tilting-helms on with the same crest, so that their faces were quite hidden: and this crest was two hands clasped together tightly as though they were the hands of one praying forgiveness from the one he loves best; and the crest was wrought in gold.

Moreover, they had on over their hauberks surcoats which were half scarlet and half purple, strewn about with golden stars.

Also long lances, that had forked knights'-pennons, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

And these went by with no sound but the fall of their horse-hoofs.

And they went slowly, so slowly that we counted them all, five thousand five hundred and fifty-five.

There went by many fair maidens whose hair was loose and yellow, and who were all clad in green raiment ungirded, and shod with golden shoes.

These also we counted, being five hundred; moreover some of the outermost of them, viz. one maiden to every twenty, had long silver trumpets, which they swung out to right and left, blowing them, and their sound was very sad.

Then many priests, and bishops, and abbots, who wore white albes and golden copes over them; and they all sung together mournfully, "*Propter* "*amnem Babylonis;*" and these were three hundred.

After that came a great knot of the Lords, who wore tilting helmets and surcoats emblazoned with each one his own device; only each had in his hand a small staff two feet long whereon was a pennon of scarlet and purple. These also were three hundred.

And in the midst of these was a great car hung down to the ground with purple, drawn by grey horses whose trappings were half scarlet, half purple.

And on this car lay the King, whose head and hands were bare; and he had on him a surcoat, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

And his head rested on a tilting helmet, whose crest was the hands of one praying passionately for forgiveness.

But his own hands lay by his side as if he had just fallen asleep.

And all about the car were little banners, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

Then the King, who counted but as one, went by also.

And after him came again many maidens clad in ungirt white raiment strewn with scarlet flowers, and their hair was loose and yellow and their feet bare: and, except for the falling of their feet and the rustle of the wind through their raiment, they went past quite silently. These also were five hundred.

Then lastly came many young knights with long bright hauberks falling over their knees as they rode,

and surcoats, half scarlet and half purple, strewn with golden stars; they bore long lances with forked pennons which were half purple, half scarlet, strewn with golden stars; their heads and their hands were bare, but they bore shields, each one of them, which were of bright steel wrought cunningly in the midst with that bearing of the two hands of one who prays for forgiveness; which was done in gold. These were but five hundred.

Then they all went by winding up and up the hill roads, and, when the last of them had departed out of our sight, we put down our heads and wept, and I said, "Sing us one of the songs of the Hollow Land."

Then he whom I had called Swerker put his hand into his bosom, and slowly drew out a long, long tress of black hair, and laid on his knee and smoothed it, weeping on it: So then I left him there and went and armed myself, and brought armour for him.

And then came back to him and threw the armour down so that it clanged, and said:

"O! Harald, let us go!"

He did not seem surprised that I called him by the right name, but rose and armed himself, and then he looked a good knight; so we set forth.

And in a turn of the long road we came suddenly upon a most fair woman, clothed in scarlet, who sat and sobbed, holding her face between her hands, and her hair was very black.

And when Harald saw her, he stood and gazed at her for long through the bars of his helmet, then suddenly turned, and said:

"Florian, I must stop here; do you go on to the Hollow Land. Farewell."

"Farewell." And then I went on, never turning back, and him I never saw more.

And so I went on, quite lonely, but happy, till I had reached the Hollow Land.

Into which I let myself down most carefully, by the jutting rocks and bushes and strange trailing flowers, and there lay down and fell asleep.

Fytte the Third.

And I was waked by some one singing: I felt very happy; I felt young again; I had fair delicate raiment on, my sword was gone, and my armour; I tried to think where I was, and could not for my happiness; I tried to listen to the words of the song. Nothing, only an old echo in my ears, only all manner of strange scenes from my wretched past life before my eyes in a dim, far-off manner: then at last, slowly, without effort, I heard what she sang.

"Christ keep the Hollow Land
All the summer-tide;
Still we cannot understand
Where the waters glide;

"Only dimly seeing them
Coldly slipping through
Many green-lipp'd cavern mouths,
Where the hills are blue.

"Then," she said, "come now and look for it, love, a hollow city in the Hollow Land."

I kissed Margaret, and we went.

* * * * *

Through the golden streets under the purple shadows of the houses we went, and the slow fanning backward and forward of the many-coloured banners cooled us: we two alone; there was no one with us, no soul will ever be able to tell what we said, how we looked.

At last we came to a fair palace, cloistered off in the old time, before the city grew golden from the din and hubbub of traffic; those who dwelt there in the old ungolden times had had their own joys, their own sorrows, apart from the joys and sorrows of the multitude: so, in like manner, was it now cloistered off from the eager leaning and brotherhood of the golden dwellings: so now it had its own gaiety, its own solemnity, apart from

theirs; unchanged, unchangeable, were its marble walls, whatever else changed about it.

We stopped before the gates and trembled, and clasped each other closer; for there among the marble leafage and tendrils that were round and under and over the archway that held the golden valves, were wrought two figures of a man and woman, winged and garlanded, whose raiment flashed with stars; and their faces were like faces we had seen or half seen in some dream long and long and long ago, so that we trembled with awe and delight; and I turned, and seeing Margaret, saw that her face was that face seen or half seen long and long and long ago; and in the shining of her eyes I saw that other face, seen in that way and no other long and long and long ago—my face.

And then we walked together toward the golden gates, and opened them, and no man gainsaid us.

And before us lay a great space of flowers.

ROGERS'S TABLE TALK.

THERE is an unappeasable desire in the hearts of men to know concerning their fellow-men, what they have done and said, and thought; not content to be informed merely of their principal actions, which, as they are commonly related, are the veriest phenomena of the whole life, but, by a record of their minutest actions, a transcript of their actual words, and, if possible, an interpretation of their inmost thoughts, penetrating into the depths of the spirit, to learn truly what the men themselves really were. Hence compilation of biographies innumerable, not only of great men, but also of mediocre, and even positively small men; all of which, nevertheless, if composed with any truthfulness (I do not mean with a mere attention to truth in the narrative of events, &c., but rather with a true comprehension and interpretation of those outward signs) severally possess, and cannot but possess, an interest always fresh, for no small circle of readers. But the sympathetic curiosity of men is not satisfied with the comparative minuteness of biography; we long to look more closely, to learn what the man wrote and said, not in public only, but in privacy, among his own family and friends. To gratify this no idle curiosity, correspondence is brought before the world, then—a step still further—conversation, Table talk—neither an unimportant addition to the history of humanity. Not unnaturally, the words only of men esteemed great have been thought worthy of preservation, such men, to give familiar instances, as Luther and Coleridge: for it would seem too much to hope that the conversation of ordinary men could contain much that would edify or interest, beyond the date of its utterance. Yet, perhaps, even the every-day conversation of such men might be found to possess far more value than we are apt to think: the most trivial at times, and those not infrequent, become serious and earnest; the coldest and hardest have their moments of warm and tender feeling, the dullest their more brilliant intervals: in all there is the same humanity, the same mind and heart; all, with whatever differences, are yet one. I think a trustworthy transcript of the speech even of such, after severe and judicious sifting, might present us with much that would not merely entertain, but also profit and comfort.

But careful discrimination must be exercised: even the greatest, or the most eloquent men could not bear to have their conversation noted down at random, and so reported; the essence must be culled out, and the rest be left, not indeed as worthless, but as too cumbrous.

The reporter of "Rogers's Table Talk" seems to have been of a different opinion, notwithstanding that he has entitled his book "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers." Whether he proceeded upon a system at all is doubtful; to judge by the result, I should say he thought it enough to jot down anything that remained in his memory, without any regard to its value: moral reflection—criticism—anecdote, reputable or otherwise—he had determined to give to the public the private conversation of Samuel Rogers, and anything that Samuel Rogers said was fit for his purpose. Did he look upon the task he had set himself as a difficult and important one? I think not; yet I think that, if he had regarded it not only as such, but as even a solemn one, he would have been less wrong than he has been. That he could have hoped that the compilation he *has* produced would edify, even the youngest reader in any particular, is too improbable an idea to be entertained for a moment. That he could have imagined that he was doing anything to aid the general public to understand the real self of the poet (whom he knew, and saw closely, as a friend), is more absurd still: nobody could possibly pretend that in these "Recollections" we have the key to the inner spirit, I do not say of Rogers, but of any man. What, then, was the aim of the self-constituted reporter? Truly, I can see but one, mere amusement, the whiling away, by the most easy method, of an idle hour. Whether it becomes one of so grave a calling as the priesthood, one set before the world to be a its frivolity, and awaken it to earnestness—whether it becomes such a man to minister to the recreation of idleness, this is a question by itself, and no unimportant one: another and a less important question is, has he succeeded in this aim, good or bad? has he compiled an amusing book? The dreary recollections of half an evening spent (or wasted) in listlessly running it through would assure me that a more unentertaining book was never written. It contains a few somewhat interesting anecdotes, a few beautiful sentiments, some observations (not too common) of genuine feeling; but for the rest, despite of the distinguished names which raise the reader's expectation on almost every page, the names of statesmen, generals, poets, philosophers, historians, &c., it is verily, with drowsy emphasis, Table Talk, the talk, namely, of a man at a dinner-table, heavy with meat, and *not* warmed with wine. Was it not enough for such talk to have been uttered once, to amuse, if it could, fellow diners once for all, and then pass away from earth for ever? Save me from my friends indeed, and from men "of the best intentions!" Everybody knows the story of Johnson, when he heard of Boswell's intention to write his life, how the irascible, but not imprudent, "great man" promptly announced *his* intention to forestall his would-be biographer, by *taking* his life. Too violent a measure that, doubtless; but if Rogers, by any less violent method, could have prevented this report of his Table Talk, it would have been better for him, for Mr. Dyce, and for the public. Strangely enough, however, Mr. Dyce, in his preface, informs us that Rogers was pleased with the undertaking when it was first made known to him. How blind are men sometimes! how little careful of their own fame!

And yet what a book might we not have looked for! A poet's con-

of no high order, has written what the world will not willingly let die, what to many at least will establish some claim to the great name of poet.—A poet's familiar talk! At such an announcement who is not all expectation, hope mixed with fear? Will our hero prove no hero when we see him as closely as his own valet saw him? Or is that an altogether false and contemptible saying, invented by the mean and base, and to be accepted only by such; and shall we find our great man greatest in his everyday acts and words? For myself, I incline to this latter belief; and him who, while absent, and far off, has already won my love and reverence, I should trust to love and honour more, the more narrowly I could look into him, that is, the more truly I could know him. In particular, I have sometimes thought that the *written* words of such a man are far from representing the whole wealth of his mind, are indeed but a somewhat poor earnest of it; wealth, which lies, it may be, scarcely known, only at times partially divined, even by himself. Thoughts flash across his spirit, which are gone almost as soon as they come, which will not wait to be completed and elaborated into exact writing; which are, perhaps—who knows?—too subtle for language altogether. Yet, at the very moment of their birth, they might be seized, partially enough, doubtless, by word of mouth, and thus some portion at least of them secured. And so a poet's conversation may be more spontaneous, more full of insight, in a word more inspired, than even his poems. With these expectations, conceive my disappointment in this Table Talk, almost the best part of which is mere inanity; while no small portion exhibits Rogers as one of the ignoblest and unkindest of men—talking petty scandal to his own guests. Of the many illustrious names introduced there are few that he does not sully, not with the greater crimes, but with that meanness which excites contempt rather than hatred, and which seems less compatible with greatness even than grosser wickedness. Very often the scandal is open and downright, with no attempt at wit or humour, or even at the delicacy which points while it seems to conceal. Sometimes, however, it is delivered with more refinement, quite with ingenuity, so that at first sight nothing has less the appearance of depreciation. Of this kind we have an excellent instance in the very first paragraph. It opens well, displaying the speaker to us as a man of shrinking tenderness of feeling, putting "stray gnats and wasps" out of the window, lest hands less gentle should harm them. But all at once we come upon an anecdote, showing how his "friend," Lord Holland, had not this scrupulous "feeling for insects." And after that another anecdote to the same effect. Strange, and somewhat doubtful, feeling this, so tender to "stray gnats and wasps," so severe to a "friend."

In conclusion, are we to regard these "Recollections" as a genuine portrait of Rogers? I do not mean, do they give us a true report of the *letter;* I am quite ready to grant that; but have we in them the true *spirit* of the man rendered? At what period of life these scattered conversational fragments were severally uttered, I do not know, no dates being given: in the preface we are told that they reach down to within a few years of the poet's death. Much allowance may therefore be made for the failing powers of extreme old age, and this alone ought to put us on our guard against receiving the Table Talk as a true delineation of the whole man. But, setting aside this consideration, I do not, for I cannot, believe that we have here a faithful representation of one who has made good some right to the name of a poet: in the absence of evidence far more unmistakeable than this, I would still cling to my faith in the general

union of moral excellence with intellect. Nothing is more difficult, nothing more rare than to get a true history of a man: hundreds volunteer to give an account of the entire man, seeing only a very small part of him; totally incapacitated, it may be, by various causes,—distance, in time or place, different mental constitution, &c.,—from ever seeing him as he was, a consistent whole. How often has the true history of Cromwell or Marlborough been written? or who shall now attempt to give us a true account of Byron or Edgar Poe? That Mr. Dyce is not such an interpreter (for the arrangement of Table Talk is in some sort a writing of biography) is palpable indeed: I think, by this, he cannot but be conscious of it himself. Sympathy with genius he evidently has; he is a "hero-worshipper" after his own fashion; but his "hero-worship" has much the look of "lion-hunting"—a contemptible parody of the reality.

For the book itself it will be easily understood I have but one wish, that it may be consigned as speedily as possible to the oblivion which it so fully merits, and to which it is irreversibly doomed; the publication of it was an evil, and this is the only remedy.

PRAY but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars.
The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
Faint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt the cloud-bars,
That are patiently waiting there for the dawn
Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold
The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dim;
Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn,
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
Speak but one word to me over the corn,
Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

THE SCEPTIC AND THE INFIDEL.

Concluded.

TO the profound and eloquent remarks of M. Montégut, quoted in the last article on the Scepticism of Lassitude, it may be objected by some persons that faith, of its nature, should be fixed. But the question is, whether the faith of finite beings ever has been, or ever can be, fixed. The man who paces a deck may think that he walks straight and upright, when he really follows every oscillation of the deck he paces. So if a man lives, as he must live, on the billows of the age, his faith must partake of the mobility of the flood on which he steers his course. Those who plead for the immutability of truth forget, that the *truth* is not, but *we* are, mutable, and in this the whole question lies. Are not the Heavens one? Their constitution who can date? Since man first raised his eyes they have enthralled, consoled, terrified, or delighted the human race. Such as they were 6000 years ago so in the main are they now. But we have changed. For who will say that Moses or Homer saw the Heavens as Herschel sees? The Heavens, indeed, are one and the same, but our apprehensions concerning them often contradictory in every particular to those of the ancient, including the inspired, writers.

The anonymous writer of the "Restoration of Belief" proposes "Christianity or Atheism as the only alternative now in front of the cultured "branches of the human family." He grounds his argument on the very partial assumption, "that the Atheism, partly, and the Theism, entirely, "of the present time is full of Christian sap." But an author apparently so well read should not omit to state that Christian theology has been inoculated by almost every successive doctrine of philosophy, from Plato downwards. Theism was long antecedent to Christianity, and if, with the author, we should suppose "the Gospel" (for argument's sake) "to have "breathed its last," the alternative would still remain between Atheism and Theism to the end of time, Theism being the natural belief of mankind, and Atheism but the *temporary malady of a certain small class* of minds, since so long as the idea of cause and effect forms the groundwork of the human intellect, the bulk of men will believe

in a prime cause, and endow it with attributes, sound in proportion to their general progress. And if, as he says, no one scheme of "philosophic Theism "can maintain its ground," it is simply because the attributes given to the Godhead in one age will vary according to the amount of light acquired in another. The dark, though unsensual and legal, Jehovah of Moses, is altogether a different being from the God of the later Jews, or of Mr. Kingsley, for instance, in his sermon on the "Divine Life:" and the progress is inevitable. None but an idiot ever grew up to consider his father in manhood what he did as a child. If then theisms are subject to those periods of "fermentation" which our author very properly ascribes to and defends in the case of Christianity, the argument is exactly equal for and against both. Nay, it is no trifle whether Theism *can* keep its ground; for Christianity did not usher in, but only developed, the belief in one God; and if that constitution of men's minds should cease, which after a proper amount of experience recognises, with whatever attributes, one prime and sole cause, the fate of Christianity will have become a matter of very small moment indeed, and thus much perhaps the author allows, with apparent inconsistency, elsewhere. Again he says, "natural theology cannot lay the "foundation for a worship, nor give "fixed support to an ethical doctrine."

The stress here lies on the word "fixed;" and *fixity* of worship, judging by the diversity of Christian worships, Christianity has failed to give. Moreover, whatever is common to all the various Christian worships is really common to mankind, and, therefore, as mankind, shifting. And as for the ethical doctrines founded on Christianity they too are diverse, and not only so, but in many cases that diversity has actually been accepted and derived from Grecian, purely natural, sources, so much of revelation as people may be disposed to imagine implanted in man's original constitution. If, therefore, the absence of fixed support given to worships and moral systems be any argument against Natural Theology, it would avail equally against Christianity also.

But the truth appears to be that *no* worship, and *no* ethical doctrine, ever can be fixed, so long as humanity is not fixed, but progressive; for even such as it is, the fixity of any worship is only apparent; if, instead of judging by the letter of creeds and formularies, we judge by the spirit of the men who own them. For in their hearts probably no two individuals ever did worship in the same way, though they uttered the same words with their lips. And to express the difference which Omniscience beholds between their prayers in spite of the common form, would actually require a different form of words. And this is true of the purely intellectual part of a creed or prayer. But it is still more true, when applied to the emotional part of worship, that namely which regards the feelings, such as love, devotion, adoration, sincerity, and the like. For as no two children award exactly the same feelings to one parent, neither do two men to God. And as the reverence of the child differs from that of the matured man, so will the inner worship of even one and the same individual vary at two different periods. Thus, however durable liturgies and doxologies may be, when once established, yet the spirit breathed into the words by succeeding tides of worshippers, not to say by each individual at different periods—the spirit, I say, gives the real meaning to the form. The same chalice will hold holy water and *Lacryma Christi*. The form indeed may remain, but those who watch human progress know that the essence and spirit below the form not only will, but must change. The infidel

change; but, while the former attributes it to blind chance, the latter believes in certain laws of transition, even when he is unable to trace them.

But when, in a period of intellectual "ferment," the author of the "Restoration of Belief" expresses a fervent desire to go back to "that Christianity, whole and entire, which, filling as it did the mind and the heart of the early Church, carried it through its day of trial," that seems no better than if a man cutting his wisdom tooth should wish himself back in his mother's womb.

So much for the impossibility of having fixed worships. And as for ethical systems they are subject to every kind of "fermentations," to use the author's own word, incident to religious schemes. They are not, and so long as human morality is not, never can be fixed. Are the ten commandments fixed? In themselves no doubt as fast as the Heavens. But the Commandments themselves, *ipsissimæ leges*, have no influence on men. It is the interpretation for the time being of each commandment that really sways them, and this fluctuates, or rather systematically progresses with the whole tide of hermeneutics, with the whole history of a country's laws, and with the whole stream of its literature.

And should this be used as an argument against all reforms and all changes, since "any form will do for any spirit," that is not the scholar affirms. He advocates the doctrine, that all outward forms and institutions are but the incrustations and exponents of an organic life within; that they grew out of that life originally, and in course of time will begin to hang on more and more loosely as a new shell, so to speak, grows hidden by the old one from the outward eye, until this older and outer covering, effete and worn out, finally drops off. This is pretty well acknowledged by all but the most violent and antiquated Tories for all *human* institutions. It only remains to apply the same principle to all matters of opinion in religion. But, unfortunately, though change does gradually and daily take place before men's eyes in matters of religion, they fear to allow it, and disclaim what they see, ceasing, in fact, to see it, because they are haunted by the fallacy that a religion, as to be true, it must be divine, so to be divine must be immutable. But in that case humanity ought to be an immutable thing, because that also is divine, being created of God; whereas, by his very creation, humanity is mutable, and, being mutable, everything, including religion, adapted to its mutable nature, must partake of a mutability, not indeed subject to chance, but, whether or not they are known, to fixed laws.*

The temper of the constitutional sceptic, while it leads him to suspect in general, will, in the case of his neighbours, often lead him to be confiding in particular. His general suspicion often arises from an excess of confidence having been early deceived and abused; but, in particular things and men he is still too often trusting, loving, and sincere, and in himself trustworthy. The man who, against the tide of the world's contempt, speaks out his doubts, must have, unless he be a cynic, a singular fund of trustworthiness. And experience shows, that few men have been more blameless and trustworthy in their privacy than the avowed greater sceptics. Thence, too, the sceptic is often severe in general, lenient in particular; a general accuser, a particular excuser.

* I am not aware that these remarks agree with Dr. Newman's doctrine of Development, for he, if I mistake not, intended to make the full grown man return to the antics and exaggerations of the child; whereas the marks of affection of the man are ever colder, and his conceptions of man and God more sober, in comparison with the boiling fervour of the youth; and this, rightly understood, seems a sufficient answer to

And this of itself might go a long way to account for the general hostility awarded to him on the part of the world and the devoted friendship of his more intimate acquaintances.

It may be interesting to consider how it should so often happen that those who are in reality above their age, not only fail of the sympathies of their fellows, incurring even their positive hatred, but should themselves, which is more extraordinary, look coldly on the general tide of progress. The first efforts of superior minds are generally directed to earn a certain independence of ideas, more or less adapted to the state of things around them, a principality of thought, which they may still consider more especially their own.

Of the original systems, which have startled or delighted mankind, perhaps most may be traced to the early discomforts of men, whose tender or proud consciences, rudely jostled in the crowd of conflicting ideas, have led them to yearn for a vista of their own, and to strive after some commanding peak, whence to overlook in peace the turmoil below.

But, as every age is in travail of the next, thousands remain striving and fighting along the valleys, up the hills in which, the efforts of the few have enabled them to escape. The consequences of the separation are often as deplorable as they might have been foretold. Looking down, those who have crowned the heights behold aghast the tide of battle at their feet. So long as they were in the press themselves, elbowing and panting, they had neither power nor time to survey the rolling flood. But the confusion from which they have fled they now see thrice confounded. At rest themselves they forget their recent plight, and exaggerating the efforts of each unit by the agitation of the sum total, they are smitten with the panic and dread of universal anarchy. With angry pity they retort upon the reproaches of apathy and selfishness or godless pride hurled at them from beneath, and from the height of their elevation, as they see far ahead how the path of progress must lie, they cannot understand the restless impatience of those below, and view with melancholy disgust the desperate contortions of men striving in vain to look beyond their neighbour. Hence it so often happens that they to whom the many might reasonably have looked for guidance and encouragement throw ice on burning zeal, and reap unexpected hatred, suspicion, or contempt, instead of the honour due to their loftier position.

Such among other men is the fate of eminent sceptics. And yet, in the words of Emerson,

"The right ground of the Sceptic is not at all of unbelief, not at all of universal denying; nor of universal doubting; least of all, of scoffing, and profligate jeering at all that is stable and good. He is the considerer, the prudent, taking in sail, counting stock, husbanding his means, believing that a man has too many enemies than that he can afford to be his own . . . . . It is a position taken up for better defence, as of more safety, and one that can be maintained, and it is one of more opportunity and range; as when we build a house the rule is to set it not too high nor too low, under the wind, *but out of the dirt.*"

Again he says,

"Though we are natural conservers and causationists, and reject a sour, dumpish unbelief, the sceptical class have reason, and every man, at some time, belongs to it. Every superior mind will pass through this domain of equilibration—I should rather say, will know how to avail himself of *the checks and balances in Nature, as a natural weapon against the exaggeration and formalism of bigots and blockheads.*

"Scepticism is the attitude assumed by the student in relation to the particulars which society adores, but which he sees to be reverend only in their tendency and spirit. Society does not like to have any breath of question blown upon the existing order. But the interrogation of custom at all points is an inevitable stage in the growth of every superior mind, and is the evidence of its perception of the flowing power which remains itself in all changes. The superior mind will find itself equally at odds with the evils of society and with the projects that are of-

fered to relieve them. The wise sceptic is a bad citizen; no conservative; he sees the selfishness of property, and the drowsiness of institutions. But neither is he fit to work with any democratic party that ever was constituted; for parties wish every one implicated, and he penetrates the popular egotism. His politics are those of the 'Soul's Errand' of Sir Walter Raleigh; or of Krishna in the Bhagavat; —'There is none who is worthy of my love or hatred;' whilst he sentences law, physic, divinity, commerce, and custom. He is a reformer; yet he is no better member of the philanthropic association. It turns out that he is not the champion of the operative, the pauper, the prisoner, the slave. It stands in his mind that our life in this world is not of quite so easy interpretation as churches and schoolbooks say. He does not wish to play the part of Devil's attorney, and blazon every doubt and sneer that darkens the sun for him: but he says, '*there are doubts.*'"

This picture of the Constitutional Sceptic of all times, the type of minor modifications, or exaggerations, vigorously drawn by an eminent American pen, is rendered still more interesting, perhaps, coming after the more abstract and refined description of general phases quoted from the distinguished French Publicist. Surely a little scepticism would be a vast blessing to those, who, in Jeremy Taylor's words,

"read, study, pray, search records, and use all the means of art and industry, in the pursuit of truth,—not with a resolution to follow that which shall seem truth to them, but to confirm what before they did believe: and if any arguments shall seem unanswerable against any article of their Church, they are to take it for a temptation, not for an illumination, and they are to use it accordingly; which makes them make the devil to be the author of that which God's Spirit hath assisted them to find in the use of lawful means and search of truth."

Much is said of the tendency of the positive sciences to disturb religious truth; and it is indeed curious to observe the bye-play which accompanies the progress of *absolute* knowledge. "What is sure," says the author of Restoration of Belief, in a very remarkable passage,

"What is *sure* will be pressing upon what is uncertain, whether or not the two be brought designedly into collision or comparison. What is well defined weighs upon, and against, what is ill defined. Nothing stops the continuous involuntary operation of *science*, in dislodging *opinion* from the minds of those who are conversant with both."

And so true does this appear, that every orthodoxy, from the time of those who impeached Anaxagoras for being guilty of the "re-ification of "the sun," down to our own people, who thought to stay the strides of geology,—every orthodoxy bristles all over at the birth of a new fact, as if it never knew exactly what was going to happen to it next. But against this nameless jealousy, the latent axiom of the *unity of truth* is perpetually obtruding itself. Under a polytheism twenty contradictory truths might have co-existed, all equally true, as emanating from distinct divinities; but as emanating from one sole prime and perfect cause they are not conceivable. Thus the unity, coherence, and harmony of truth is forced upon its often most unwilling champions, who are reduced to lament in secret that they have no corner of their own secure from intrusion, and that some unlucky discovery in chymistry or the stars may penetrate into the darkest corner of divinity, because, forsooth, all truth hangs together, and man, having but one mind, is subject to the same laws of thought in religion as in science. And thus it comes that the positive sciences have often been spoken of with but cold consideration, if not open abuse.

But it required little sagacity to discover that the language of the Bible being the natural and idiomatic language of a section of mankind, would yield with the elasticity of every untechnical tongue to the progressive requirements of science, as indeed it actually turned out. For at first it was denied that the earth turned round the sun, because the Bible said the

sun turned round the earth. But when it became certain that the earth actually did turn round the sun, it was discovered that the Bible had never meant to say whether it did or not, but had merely adopted the daily language of the Jews for the time being. To this method of interpretation, with good will, patience, and very moderate ingenuity, there is hardly any limit, and thus the more sagacious party have ceased to fear any danger from that quarter. What they fear and dislike are the stubborn, patient, and conscientious habits of thought and enquiry fostered by scientific pursuits.

There is hope of an enthusiast, for any vagary: but experience shows how little of the experimentalist. They confine themselves, therefore, in a general way to calling independence of thought towards *man* hostility towards *God;* and, in a word, adopt the very Christian warfare of giving a dog a bad name. The Churches, we may be thankful, have many nobler spirits: but they belong to those whose faith rises beyond the fictions of a day,—less defined, perhaps, but more palpitating,—less precise, but more kind; who penetrate beyond the husk of institutions to the diviner essence of life and charity, the true bond of human brotherhood; who care for universal truth more than for their own; whose hearts, not centred in one spot, embrace both earth and heaven: the Gamaliels of a land. And they would be more numerous in every church, if the insane notion of the essential criminality of religious heterodoxy, dogging their every thought, did not warp so many of their best sons into silent bitterness or loud hostility.

It is not, then, by tightening the bonds of mutual toleration *between churchmen* only, that infidelity seems likely to be checked, but by establishing the true, proper, and lawful foundation of human forbearance. Chickens are not made for egg-shells; but egg-shells for chickens. Men are not made for churches; but churches for men. We seem perpetually in danger of mistaking the fly for the coach—the effect of an institution for the great tide and temper of the times, on which the institution is afloat. Church discipline is improved, says Mr. Conybeare. But if Church discipline is improved, is it not because the temper of the times is improved? If the "tribe "of Hoadlies" has vanished, is it not because even doubt has learnt to respect itself, and to know its own place and value in the economy of truth? And is not this, perhaps, as it ought to be? For since the present generation has had such triumphant and multifarious proof and experience of the power of true knowledge, and so many more students, jostled much against their will into independence of thought, on looking back have seen how often honestly to doubt once was to believe for ever; being no other, in fact, than the evidence of that spirit of childlike humility, necessary to enter into the kingdom of truth; no wonder if even Doubt should have learnt to esteem itself, and refuse to accept a portion with infidels and dogs.

There is a class of men not easy to describe, whom possibly Mr. Conybeare would include in the Broad Church,—a class of men who, if sifted by a higher power, might, for ought we know, be found to have no opinions at all, only the knack of believing that they do believe; but what, they will not tell, and of course nobody else can.

"They are Anglican." But if asked what Anglican is, they look at you with dignity and calm politeness, and (for your sake, no doubt) change the subject. If you are of a gentle turn, you immediately suspect yourself of being guilty of some shocking enormity—of having forgotten your Catechism or the ten Commandments, God knows, of never having learnt them at all; you feel humble and repentant; you are dumb-stricken by the silent

reproof of an all but august self-possession. If you are of a hot and generous nature, you curse yourself for your own imprudence, and them for their coldness and unkindness. But if you pique yourself on sagacity, and are sufficiently ill-natured, you feel quite sure, somehow, that they are infidels in disguise, and you are half consoled by the discovery for their impudence. You are mistaken, however. They are not infidels. They do not belong to the chosen band of "twenty" in the Church, who, "under "the mask of impenetrable hypocrisy," escape even Mr. Conybeare's practised eye. They really do believe that they believe. Their lot is indeed most fortunate. They live in the happy consciousness of faith. They occupy the loftiest ground. They are unassailable. They are not, like the miser, for ever counting their articles. *Their* bags are sealed, labelled, duly shelved, properly aired and dusted, and never opened. To the wealth of such men there is really no limit. It is untold, fabulous. Their credit is unbounded. Of their neighbours' affairs *they* can afford to talk. They do not live in glass houses. Hence they are not the shallow, illiterate pedants of any school. They look at everything, scan everything. They are familiar with every system, every creed, with every virtue and every enormity. At college they discussed them hotly or cynically. Perhaps some were not without the hearty and specific convictions of youth. But youth grows into manhood. What they discussed hotly, they now discuss calmly. The absence of all inconvenient personal allusions or reference to past times has become a tacit freemasonry. They look at opinions in general with godlike dispassion, each man living in a circle of his own, a circle magic and unseen, from which all particular opinion provokingly and pertinaciously recoils. Does not every one of my readers know ten such men? Now all this is very well. In daily life they are often most useful and exemplary men—often excellent friends, most charming companions. But why confine the freemasonry of *opinion* to a personal clique? If they look so calmly on systems, why not a little more kindly on the authors of systems? if merciful to abstractions, why not to living life? "Honeymans" and Hoadlies, Recordites and Mark-of-the-Beast men, with the whole tribe of quacks, I give up to their withering contempt; but why are they more Anglican than human, more Christian than Christ? Whether or not Mr. Conybeare himself belongs to this party, I do not for a moment decide. But while on the one hand he would, I think, have us understand that he, for his part, does not answer for the salvation of the un-Anglican "thinker," on the other hand he has pointedly attacked Carlyle and Miss Martineau; the latter, perhaps, in some sense inhumanly. The sincerity, the long labours, the deep philanthropy, whatever the temper and the faults, of this extraordinary woman, are well known. Have Christians no tempers, no faults? Are they always sincere, laborious, and humane? She is now on her deathbed, and, after a long life spent as a Unitarian, she has, it appears, made in her last days a formal profession of Atheism. Now Atheism is a very revolting thing, if it proceeds from the hostility of vice: a very melancholy state of mind, if, in the inscrutable designs of Providence, it should proceed from lengthened labours and lassitude of thought, as we may charitably suppose. But if a daughter should have spent a long and lonely life in search of her father, and worn out in body and soul, should breathe her last by the way, exclaiming in the madness of her heart, "I "have no father!"—would such an exclamation, such a delusion, alter the bowels of parental compassion, and would a father sympathize with him, who, on passing by and hearing the

we shall attribute to God in Heaven less mercy than to fathers on Earth?

With regard to Carlyle, whom Mr. Conybeare accuses of designing tactics in the conduct of his writings, of having first veiled his tendencies under scriptural phraseology, and then unmasked his batteries against the truth, I need only give M. Montégut's masterly and charitable explanation. He remarks, that

"The Anglican church would see far smaller inroads into the ranks of her faithful, if she possessed the gifts by which Carlyle has moved so many minds, that is, his warmth and sympathy, and above all his marvellous faculty of expressing the secret thought and hidden travail of the generations whom he addresses. If the young men, and the women themselves have read with so much enthusiasm the writings of Carlyle, it is because he has called the loudest *sursum corda* that England has heard in this century. Those dithyrambics of a living and impassioned heart have acted on new generations like a religious note. And what indeed are the active forces of religion, if not impassioned feeling and life? Carlyle happened to possess precisely those gifts of proselytism which are necessary to the chiefs of churches, and there lies the principal cause of his success. The moral consequences which may flow from the writings of the man, whom it is impossible to read without esteem and to know without respect, are not such as Mr. Conybeare would insinuate. Mr. Charles Bampton could never find in them any theories of sentimental indulgence, nor could the odious Archer ever find any arguments in them to warrant his crimes. If, with respect to systems, Carlyle may be looked upon as a pantheist (which is disputed; for pantheism was never with him a profession of faith, but only a note of interrogation, if we may call it so), on the other hand, with respect to morality, he has remained an intractable dualist. Instead of identifying in one single and suspected unity the two principles of good and of evil, he has never failed to mark the impassable gulf between them. As a moralist he remains as austere as ever, and condemns as irrevocably the vicious and guilty as ever Calvin or John Knox. which he has had the honest cynicism to call by their true name: "phallus worship." But above all, in subjects of practical morality, the solid good sense of the man breaks out, who, while he admires Goethe and opposes Bentham, is not the more disposed, on that account, to admit the poetry of vice, than its utility."

M. Montégut then proceeds to observe, that

"Mr. Conybeare embodies an accusation against Carlyle, which the most superficial knowledge of his writings refutes: he accuses him of tactics and strategy. According to him, he first insinuated himself into public notice in sheep's clothing to deceive the flock better, and once in threw off the mask, and appeared in his true character of a wolf. He made use of Christian phraseology to express philosophical ideas, and affected a mystical gait to play the part of a rationalist; then, having made his way under ground, and sheltered from attack secured a strong position, he then unmasked all his batteries. The difference, it is true, between his earlier and later writings is, as every one knows, sufficiently palpable; but this difference is explained by age and common life. In his youth he was more of a mystic. As he grew older, the religious ideal held less place in his mind, until at length he was seized with that fury of terrestrial justice, practical and political, which in his later years has become his war-cry. Give him justice; he will have it at any price; impose it by whatever means, and force men to be just by the sword! He who shall accomplish this revolution will be sure of his obedience, and do not talk to him of scruples of conscience, of evangelical mildness, of moral persuasion, &c.! Bottled Moonshine all that! A good government, strenuous and just, that is now his ideal. Where is there a shadow of tactics in all this? To him who can read, the metamorphosis was preparing long ago, and the work on Cromwell forms the appropriate transition between Carlyle the mystic, the believer in a supernal ideal as a means of action on man, and Carlyle the worshipper of Frederic the Second, the king practical, atheistic, and just."

A very common method of argument is to assume that, because one set of

good in favour of any of the errors in science, which in spite of almost preternatural longevity have given way at last, and the assumption is so injurious in the minds of many men to the cause of the Christian Religion that it may be worth while to dwell on its futility.

If every religion must have its phases and crises, it will of course have to combat corresponding phases and crises of objection. And this would suffice in a general way.

But it may be thought of greater moment to enumerate particularly some of the principal theological problems of the day, more especially as they are too often buried in foolish silence, while mock elephants of infidelity are elegantly trumped up to be elegantly demolished. It will thus appear how grave and reasonable the doubts of honest men may be. Those who advocate fearless discussion, and who believe that truth will prevail, will find no fault with me for calling attention to difficulties which must be answered sooner or later.

When Hume propounded his argument against miracles, he inferred that Christ and his Apostles were impostors. Divers scientific answers, with various success, were returned to the general argument; but his inference fell to the ground before the overwhelming conviction of most reasonable men, that the New Testament writers and early Christians were sincere, and had in many cases sealed their sincerity with their lives. But the study of history, aided by the immense increase of European discussion, the fruits of which in this country have been far more generally felt during the last ten years, owing to the causes already suggested, has disposed men to be more sparing of the hypothesis of "impostorship." The haps; but sincere. He was the "representative man," to use Emerson's language, of an Oriental phase. Further, the whole downward stream of Grecian and Roman history has been set forth in a blaze of light, explored by all the scholars and philosophers of the Continent, and arranged in order by distinguished countrymen of our own more fitted for the latter task by the practical habits derived from a more advanced national and political experience. It used to be thought indeed, however vaguely, that the heathens had no religion, or no religion worthy of much consideration. Despising their errors, we neglected to enquire into their frames of mind, or how their religious beliefs had arisen. But recent historical labours have done much to dispel such indifference. To take Greece, we are compelled to abandon the opinion too commonly received at one time, and even now lingering, that the works of Homer were the mere pleasing fictions of an idle and imaginative race. We now see that the early books of the Jews were not held in higher religious reverence by the Hebrews than were the books of Homer by the Greeks. Homer, we now know, was the Bible of the Greeks. We never loved ours more than they did theirs, and when Socrates was put to death for canvassing the Gods, his doom was but the index of the struggle between the orthodox and critical parties, to the latter of which we even owe the germs of almost every modern science, and of ethics so called Christian. The Athenians, who voted the death of the philosopher, were not perverse or inhuman; they were orthodox, and convinced of the truth and importance of their faith. Now the evidence, the *direct evidence*, in favour of the inspiration of the early books of the

Jews is not one whit greater than that in favour of the early books and oracles of the Greeks; both resting on the affirmation of the respective nations, or of individuals of those nations. The faith of each was equally undoubting, no "undesigned coincidences" are required to prove it, and the earnest student may be excused for asking in what respect, taken all in all, the Jews had greater antecedent claims on posterity than the Greeks. If later miracles are appealed to, we know now that men may believe in fictitious miracles without a grain of insincerity or imposition. If the superior morality of the Gospel is pleaded, we know that, as a science, ethics were founded in Greece, and that too by the sceptical party of their day. And those who have read Plato's Dialogues know that Socrates went the length of inculcating forgiveness of our enemies in the midst of the most cruel and vindictive of peoples, and that to have proceeded one step farther to the love of our enemies, judging from the whole tenour of his views, would have been a very easy transition.

But moreover, there are more obscurities in Jewish history than in Grecian, and the doubts they occasion are not removed by the knowledge on the part of the scholar of the paucity of materials, which, he knows, has lent too great a handle to party feelings, for violent distortion or enforced conventional silence. When a few years ago Dr. Milman published a History of the Jews, written in a manly, universal spirit, he was immediately taxed with latitudinarianism and neology. Owing to such jealousies, and to the fact, that Hebrew is not generally studied at school like Greek and Latin, while immense strides have been made in the history of the Greeks and Romans, and the minds of educated men prepared for the results, the history of the Jews has *hardly* received any *critical* treatment at all, and any attempts at it in England are viewed with distrust and ill will, and easily misrepresented by fanatics and hypocrites.

The enlightened sceptic pleads, that if the Jews believed in one God, and that be urged in favour of their antecedent superiority, that very superiority should not be set aside on the question of their trustworthiness, when they rejected the claims of the Christ. On *purely historical grounds*, which it must be remembered, he says, are the proper and primary grounds of evidence, it does not easily appear that the career of the Saviour on earth differed more from that of Socrates than might have been expected from national differences. Socrates resisted the Aristophanites, or old orthodox party on one side, and the infidel sophists on the other. He too had his demon; his heavenly inspiration. The Saviour, on the other hand, resisted the Pharisees or orthodox party on the one hand, and the infidels or Sadducees on the other. And when it is remembered how vast a difference there is between the mystic depth and oriental fervour of the Jews and the cold, bright intellect of the Greeks, if many a man, accustomed to weigh delicate evidences, is loth after the history of human delusions to do unnecessary violence to those universal and primary laws of nature, which to the scientific student are the highest glory of the Creator, it need not be wondered at that he should hesitate in attributing supernatural agency to an historical phase, the counterpart of which he thinks he sees clearly in the life of other nations.

The *onus probandi* here really lies with the orthodox party, for they, not the sceptics, are the innovators, since the latter appeal to the antecedent and primary principle of "greater simplicity," which is, that of two or more possible suppositions the simplest in order should be taken until it can be shown not to be the true one. Now, *à priori*, it is the simplest hypothesis

to suppose Jewish history to have been amenable to the same or similar phases, the same or similar "ferment-"ations," as other nations have been found to be subject to. And when on actual trial it seems likely to turn out that not only are the various phases highly analogous, but even the very differences such as might have been expected, the sceptic is only more philosophical in assuming one comprehensive law to include both nations, until churchmen of the old school can prove the hypothesis insufficient.

Such an argument and assumption is not of an infidel hostile to religion, but of a sincere and highly cultivated man, who is more devoted to truth than to opinion. It is not the argument of the eighteenth century, neither of Hume nor yet of the more recent and more visionary Strauss. So far from being elated by the pride of knowledge, as he is malignantly represented, his doubts proceed from very humility and fidelity to the Creator whom he reveres.

Again, another question of great import, hinging on to the former, is that of the inherent natural depravity of man. The philosophical moralist argues, that men are observed, until perverted by habit, to do some good actions for the sake only of doing good actions, whereas they do no bad actions for the sake only of doing bad actions, but in reality only to compass some imaginary good. That it should be an imaginary good argues no natural depravity, only frailty and ignorance.

Appealing to "Bishop Butler's Ser-"mons on Human Nature," he maintains that no crime, much less a minor fault, can be pointed out, into which frail and ignorant men might not have fallen without any inherent natural depravity; and that since, on the natural hypothesis of the frailty of mankind it can be shown, by the easiest steps, that the gold of civilization would have been accompanied by all the dross which has actually accompanied it, the artificial hypothesis is unnecessary, savouring too much of the dark fears of a fervid people in its infancy, analogous to the feelings which gave rise to the Promethean myths of other countries, myths which only represent the craving of all tribes to explain the apparent hostility between the heavenly powers and man in tribulation.

According to Emerson,

"The word Fate or Destiny expresses the sense of mankind in all ages that the laws of the world do not always befriend, but often hurt and crush us. Fate, in the shape of *Kinde* or Nature, grows over us like grass. We paint Time with a scythe; Love and Fortune blind; and Destiny deaf. We ha[illegible] too little power of resistance against this ferocity, which champs us up."

This feeling decreases with the growth of light; yet Mr. Kingsley, in his Sermons for the Times, still finds it necessary to combat it in his most forcible language. Eclipses are taken by rude tribes as marks of divine wrath, and the same spirit will seek to exculpate itself from sin by the legend, sincerely believed, of an original fall. Fichte observes, that there is a universal tendency in mankind to place the golden age behind them, which in reality is the ideal of a golden age to come. From such a golden age the whole apparent tendency of history, past and cotemporary, goes, he thinks, to prove that no nation ever did start; while, if the whole known cycle of nations be taken in, humanity seems plainly to tend to it, Christianity being only the most perfect hitherto of moral evolutions of the world. "They have not understood "me," said the noble old man, when he was banished from Saxony on the charge of atheism: "they have not "understood me." The sceptic who entertains, and whose attainments warrant such doubts, by his devoted love of truth, and by his impartiality above all bribe from hope or fear, is not the least sincere friend of *true* religion and

civilization; and to class him with the enemies of God and the Church, is either childish injustice or conscious weakness, or else the most fiendish iniquity. Such a man has no notion of overturning the Church and unsettling the weak. He views infidelity (truly, not vulgarly so called) with pity and almost divine compassion. He would rather a millstone were hung about his own neck, than that he should tamper with the faith of the simplest "little one." He does not wish, he would be grieved, that any one should entertain his doubts, who has not also trodden his most laborious grounds. He believes in and patiently contributes his mite towards the gradual unfolding, the final ascendancy, of truth, be that *what it may*.

On the other hand, it too often happens

> "that the people's questions are not his; their methods are not his." . . . . "Even the doctrines dear to the hope of man—of divine Providence, and of the immortality of the soul,—his neighbours cannot put the statement so that he shall affirm it. But he denies out of more faith, not less: he denies out of honesty. He had rather stand charged with the imbecility of scepticism than with untruth. I believe, he says, in the moral design of the universe: it exists hospitably for the weal of souls: but your dogmas seem to me caricatures. Why should I make-believe them? Will any say, this is cold and infidel? The wise and magnanimous will not say so. They will exult in his farsighted goodwill, which can abandon to the adversary all the ground of tradition and common belief, without losing a jot of strength. It sees to the end of transgression . . . . Now shall he, because a good nature inclines him to virtue's side, say, There are no doubts, and lie for the right? Is the name of virtue to be a barrier to that which is virtue?"

These words, put into the mouth of the sceptic in Emerson's Lecture on Montaigne, express the feelings of many men who may be pardoned a feeling of indignation and bitterness, when foolishly reviled with infidelity, and secretly looked upon as the enemies of truth.

Any criticism of ordinary novels written to adorn a text must be a secondary consideration. It may not, therefore, perhaps be deemed necessary to review the story before us in the character of a novel. As a novelist, the author of "Perversion" is what might have been expected from his other writings: sharp, shrewd, dextrous and observant; accurate, but in haste; without hurry, but lacking the first requisite of art, repose. The impression left is of the well-trained Senate-house writer, who, even should he fail of great excellence in any, is sure of moderate success in every task to which he may turn his hand.

Such passages as the following, though certainly not of frequent occurrence throughout the one thousand odd pages with which we are favoured, may not betoken any very high artistic power.

A poor old clergyman is represented as receiving his younger friends in the following style:

> "Young gentlemen," he said, "I am obliged to you by the honour you have done myself and my family, *I am*. It is very good of you to come and meet us in this unceremonious manner, *it is*. I have the honour of introducing to you my son Thomas, *I have*; and I hope he will do his duty as a member of the illustrious college to which you belong, *I do*."

But Mr. Conybeare's essays will probably be thought, generally speaking, very far superior to his novel, Cambridge honours being now, perhaps, more conducive to criticism than to works of fiction. But considering the apparent hostility of Mr. Conybeare to originality and independence of thought, out of a certain limited sphere, he would hardly be expected to attain to the ethereal touches of a Thackeray or Lesage, a Dickens or Cervantes. He would probably deprecate the world-wide impartiality necessary for such eminence, content to ruin those of whom he would be rid. To kindle the flame of sympathy in that world, whose great heart "knows no long in-

"justice," and burns from age to age with love of all things true, holy, excellent and great, requires a spark more catholic than he can give, in whom the Church has swallowed up the man. On the other hand, the cleverness, the information, the keen perception, the apparent candour and admirable suppression of everything calculated to injure the text of his sermon, are subjects of praise to which the author of "Perversion" is clearly well entitled.

Mr. Conybeare, who seems to agree with Arnold, that the Visible Church, though one universal commonwealth, is not restricted to any single form of outward *government*, naturally thinks, therefore, that the dissenters may as well stay at home, and seems displeased that the sons of dissenting ministers should consent to adorn and encumber the livings of the Establishment. There is much that is natural and reasonable in this. But he reserves all his severity for the religious Irish fortune-hunter. Perhaps the following passage is in his best style:

"When the ladies withdrew this exhibition terminated, and was followed by a languid interval of dulness in the dining-room. Mr. Moony had no longer the same stimulus from the rapt attention of his audience; Charles and the Admiral conversed apart, and the other gentlemen drank their wine in silence. At last the quantity which he had imbibed began to tell on Murphy,"

an Irish travelling representative of the Millenarian Society,

"who waxed loquacious in his native brogue, which grew thicker and thicker as the wine mounted to his head. He edified the company by an account of a clever exploit he had performed in the last railway journey he undertook on behalf of the society he represented. He found his carpet-bag missing (he said) at the terminus; and where he expected it to be, saw a leathern portmanteau which seemed without an owner.

"And said I to myself, sure then exchange is no robbery: most likely the man who lost this leathern convanience has got me carpet-bag, bad luck to him; so I took the trunk home with me instead, and it has never been claimed since."

"And did you open it, sir?" asked Charles. "Open, is it," said Murphy, "and what for should'nt I? Indeed but I did open it, and have worn the clothes in it ever since; and mighty convanient I have found them, for the man that lost them must have been just me own size, barring that he was a thought bigger: and with the fault of the tailor that fault is aisy cured."

Presently they adjourn to the drawing-room, on reaching which they find a precocious young Recordite, petted by the ladies.

"Clara was asking him whether he knew little Rubric, the son of another clergyman in Summerham?"

"No," cried the child, "I hate him; he is a nasty Tractarian."

"Why, my dear boy," said Charles, "what do you know about Tractarians? Do you know what the word Tractarian means?"

"Oh yes," said the precocious controversialist, "I pick up little things from what papa says at luncheon. I know very well. Tractarian means the same as an infidel."

"Quite right, you darling!" cried Miss Hawser; "how delightful to see clear views firmly impressed on the mind of such a suckling!"

One feels quite unexpectedly indebted to Mr. Conybeare for giving society such an excellent lesson on the common use of the word infidel.

If one should attempt to conceive Mr. Conybeare's sentiments from his writings, however erroneous I hope the impression to be, he would appear either to love nothing and nobody, or to disguise that he loves anything and anybody, save, perhaps, under the limited idea of churchmanship. And, therefore, while I think his photographical exhibitions of many absurdities and vices—Tractarian, Recordite, and Infidel—will be as useful in their way as they are often highly finished and amusing, I feel convinced that he will convert few, call forth sympathy from few, living the life of him in whom the man does not also contain the critic by the way, but in whom the critic, keen, clear, and deft, embodies the whole man. What men

want now-a-days is love, that devotion of man to man, which in the pacific calm consequent on many convulsions, seems to droop, and in the iron tread of business, dies within itself, ashamed to show its own face, when, with all the high and most substantial blessings of greater freedom and equality, we still must feel, that men are now so much alike—with agreements and disagreements so minutely subdivided and interwoven, that it is toss up, whom we may like and dislike, and from whom, being bound to-day, to-morrow we may drift. But that love they will not purchase at the expense of their freedom, dearly bought, their principles, and understandings. Such is the hidden sore of the present time, a sore which Mr. Conybeare's writings are not calculated to heal over.

He speaks, indeed, with respect of Arnold and Dr. Hare, of Maurice, Wilson, Dawes and Perry. He patronises and reclaims his own weak and amiable creation, Charles Bampton, and seems to admit, that even unbelievers, like Socrates, may be good. But even Socrates he thinks will be admitted into heaven, not to glorified humanity, but the church. Whence it may be inferred, that man is for the church; not the church for man.

He walks with neat and business-like step down the opposing ranks, marshalled for his criticism, and plunges the probing knife unflinchingly in all. But when a victim is not backed by a powerful party to support him, he is not prone to stop with the kind word and look to raise some little gem of truth out of the dust at his victim's feet, and console him with an acknowledgment of it; there it is, there let it lie; it is covered with dust, something dirty.

A highly tempting opportunity occurs, for instance, in his Essay on Mormonism, of insinuating that Mormonism seems exactly to realize the ideal of a distinguished controversialist, because in stating it as his chief objection to the Christian system, that it discourages the love of earthly things, he proposed to amend the precept of St. John—"Love not the world and "the things of the world: the lust of "the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the "pride of life,"—by simply leaving out the word *not*. Who this *distinguished* controversialist may be is little to the purpose. But so bold an insinuation, without note or comment, highly clever on the part of a determined partizan, would seem foolish from one who has really truth at heart. Mr. Conybeare need not be told that no doctrine has been and is more perverted by Christian preachers than that of "not loving the world." Historical critics like Arnold, Hare, and Stanley,—and with these champions of the Broad Church Mr. Conybeare does not forbid his readers to rank him,—men of such learning, good faith, and temper, would be the last to deny, what any school-boy now knows, that the New Testament writers were influenced not more by their own individual characters and antecedents than by the various tendencies of their time. Now, the essential sin of matter is an opinion at all times highly characteristic of eastern creeds, and one which has filtered down in different proportions through all the successive Christian orthodoxies to our own time, where it forms the often obscure root of those inconsistent and visionary Philippics against the *flesh*, (meaning everything or nothing according to the ignorance or design of the preachers,) which are thundered or sighed from so many of the pulpits, stigmatised by Mr. Conybeare himself. Perhaps four-fifths of the religious extravagances of the day are either caused in the origin or aggravated in the end by confused notions on what ought and what ought not to be condemned as love of the world. And it will generally be found, that so many people have no connected ideas of morality, save what they are taught

by daily life and by a jumble of texts, that when anything disturbs the even tenour of their lives, they fall a prey to the first sonorous voice they may hear declaiming against "the love of the "world."

But the precept "love not the world" must receive a vast amount of qualification indeed before students of nature will prefer a doubtful text to certain truth, while the world appears every day a more glorious confirmation of the greatness and wisdom of the Creator, and they lament the poverty of their faculties to fathom, and of their senses to relish, its most ineffable marvels. There is, in fact, a constant antagonism on this subject between the practical sense of straightforward men and these essential sin-of-matter-ite declaimers—an antagonism which has risen until the common sense of the former became so fully established that they could afford to put up with the latter as a mastiff will bear with the yelping of curs. On the other hand, we can scarcely hope for a complete cessation of hostilities so long as weak minds are, like strong minds, subject to disappointments, and, unlike strong minds, subject to turn round and kick a chair because they ran up against it. True love of the world is but the manifestation of all those rational excellences which make a civilized man what he ought to be, and what eastern asceticism, too capable of conceiving, and too hopeless of realizing, finally condemned. When Macduff breaks into that wonderful paroxysm of grief over the fate of his family, he displays no more than that "love of the world" which every good Englishman would only think himself and others too honoured in feeling as the most dignified expression of the might of family affection, the most elementary bond of Christian civilization.

But all this in favour of an antagonist seems not in Mr. Conybeare's temper to have said. With Roman fortitude he combats a host, and crushes a handful.

Thus, in dealing with the Recordites and Tractarians, he begins by doing full justice to their normal types, for two reasons, perhaps. Firstly, because as he says himself, the triple cord of the three church parties cannot well be unbound; but, secondly, also, as he does not say, because those parties are powerful enough, in spite of him, to do justice to themselves. But in the case of sceptics, (whom by the way he is careful to confound with infidels, actual or potential,) and against whom he is secure of the support of Recordite, Tractarian, and Broad Churchman, of Roman Catholic and Dissenter, knowing as he does, "the power of "names over things," he seems to think himself absolved from doing them any justice at all, and thus his account of scepticism and infidelity is but a caricature; and, to use his own expression, one perversion throughout.

Infidelity and vice, which, as every one knows, are *possible* "exaggerations" of scepticism, he has very cleverly described. But why not also the normal types of scepticism?

In the persons of the Oxonian Jones and Brown, Mr. Conybeare cleverly ridicules the use which *dilettante* sceptics make of flimsy scientific and historical attainments. So far good. But it is as well to add, that natural philosophy and critical history in those who really study them *do* generally lay the foundation for a delicate love of speculative truth in its minutest points, sought in vain from other pursuits: and to such persons the amount of insincerity and the greedy haste of assumption displayed in all dogmatic disputes, would appear ludicrous, were they not so often shocking and disgusting on the part of men, with whom truth ought to be not only the *sine quâ non*, but the *ne plus ultra*, the alpha and omega, of religion.

It is quite painful to such persons, and, in their opinion, does the cham-

pions of orthodoxy more damage than anything, to see how often people otherwise high-minded, generous, and just, think nothing at all, apparently, of evading the laws of truth and morality to serve an opinion, (which, ought, if true, to serve itself,) or to save a soul, as they think, from perdition, thereby sacrificing virtue to its shadow, and falling into one ditch, while busy cudgelling their neighbour out of another.

If Mr. Conybeare had only meant to ridicule infidelity in its absurdities, and to brand it in its wickedness, every good and decent man, orthodox, and heterodox, would have been on his side. But he has done more. Instead of making infidelity the exaggeration of legitimate doubt, he has made it the normal type. And he has adroitly thrown discredit on every kind of scepticism by representing scepticism mainly not as the growth of honest enquiry, "of the degrees of light and degrees "of understanding," but as the tool of designing wickedness. All this is very clever; but, like all sleight-of-hand, it will die its own death, or return on the perpetrator.

Of course there is some faint and contemptuous allowance made "for "the doubts of a sceptical under-"standing, and the difficulties inherent "in the substance or the documents "of the Christian Religion." We are then told "that the consequences "which result from infidelity are, "moral deterioration and the loss of "happiness and peace."

But then we ask ourselves, what infidelity is? What does Mr. Conybeare mean by infidelity? Does he mean doubts about any of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian Religion? Does he mean doubts about its evidences? Does he mean honest or dishonest doubt of any kind, or both?

On turning to his story we find a powerful delineation of sheer wickedness making a tool of doubts in general, and of friends in particular, and a few weak characters only fit to be made tools and fools of.

The moral of which story is simply this: "that the consequences, which "result from *wickedness* on the one "hand, and *weakness* on the other, are "moral deterioration and the loss of "happiness and peace," which is very true, and not new, leaving all the real problems of the day unsolved, and, save for the infusion of another grain or two of polemical venom, untouched.

"Out of the Church, no salvation," is a very old maxim; older than the Inquisition, being the spirit of the first inarticulate note of human intolerance from the beginning.

But, "out of the Church, no morality," is an implied doctrine of Mr. Conybeare, which, in the light of history, both sacred and profane, will, I trust, satisfy the largest appetite for novelty.

"Indifference to truth naturally "leads to sensualism," he says; "and "the sensualist is naturally indifferent "to truth."

Both equally true, and equally false. For the gross belief in pleasure of the sensualist often prevents him from being indifferent to dogmatic truths, and he loves absolution even more than other men. If there is no priest to bestow it, he will divide himself into two, and is too much in want of a *deus ex machinâ* to be a sceptic at all. The most fervent sensualist is often also the most fervent believer, *in the vulgar sense of the word.*

On the other hand, the sceptic—that is, the honest and calm doubter and enquirer—is not "indifferent to truth;" only more faithful, and, strange though it may seem, only less firm, because more faithful. Moreover it is notorious, that real scepticism has the effect of diminishing a man's faith in and capacity for "pleasure" more perhaps than anything else, because it inclines to consider the cost and vanity of all things; more certainly than religious restraints, if we may judge by

the mortifications and penances submitted to by such men as Pascal. It is a mere random shot, then, to say "the idolater of pleasure has no faith "in God;" while the assertion that "the most universal sceptic believes "in pleasure" is contrary to experience, unless we define pleasure in such a way as to leave no importance to the statement.

In point of "morality, peace and "happiness," David Hume lived a happy, a contented, an independent, a pure, a most honourable life, and died with a serenity which many most excellent and most troubled Christians might well applaud and envy.

If however Mr. Conybeare has in his eye the malady which accompanies almost any change of opinions,—that moulting of the soul, which for a time leaves the moral sense weak, vacillating and erratic, exposed to every wind,—a blight and stagnation, or an excess of feeling, which often in a high degree will accompany even the passage from one locality to another, from one set of friends to another,—what then? It proves absolutely nothing.

"That is only another manœuvre" (says M. Montégut) "of all religious polemical writers, which consists in the undue generalization of certain details and certain moral phenomena, which accompany this or that phase of unbelief. The experience both of history and common life teaches, for instance, that, when a man passes from faith to doubt, or, when he simply passes from one religious creed to another, his morality for a time runs very great perils. Nothing is more easy to explain than this fact, which is, so to speak, a phenomenon of natural morality. When a man passes from one conviction to another, there is a moment when his moral health is impaired; his soul loses its equilibrium, his principles are relaxed, his mental eyesight is obscured. Like the nervous system, when the blood no longer regulates it, his moral nature falls a prey to contractions and involuntary movements. A certain time must elapse before the equilibrium is re-established, and before the natural strength is restored.

"This passing malady, experienced by many a man, often in history follows in the wake of great revolutions. The most austere reform is always accompanied by the most shameful excesses. Thus companies of flagellators and Jumpers will bring up the rear-guard of Waldensian Protestantism; a sect of Adamites accompany the reforms of John Huss, and Anabaptist excesses follow closely on the labours of Luther. The departure then from orthodoxy, whatever it may be, entails a dangerous disease—nothing more true, or better proved;—what is false, is to represent this disease as mortal, or incurable, or even as constant, and above all, to assimilate a phenomenon, purely transient, with unbelief itself."

As for all that Mr. Conybeare gravely relates of modern life and youthful scepticism in Oxford, M. Montégut sees in it but the pranks of emancipated boyhood rather than any positive tendencies to immorality. They are the freaks of young blood, philosophical buffooneries, in which more than half is drollery and fun.

But however unfairly the author of Perversion may be thought to have dealt with the true philosophy of scepticism, in one respect it is highly indebted to him. Although he has recognized no good in it, the keen contempt with which he has deservedly stamped some of the possible exaggerations of scepticism, cannot but tend to keep honest doubt and enquiry (σκέψις) to their true foundations, cleared of vanity, frivolity and wickedness. In which, let me attempt to do him the justice of observing, that he would, I trust, sympathize more openly in "the doubts of a sceptical "understanding" could he but realize, or cease, in fact, to be an infidel on the proper sphere and virtues of doubt as the prime lever in enquiry.

I fear I have already trespassed too long on my reader's patience. But let me venture to observe, in drawing to a close, how hardly it can be an accidental circumstance, that all the *good* people in Perversion have weak lungs. Or if a casual exception occurs, it may be to save those who are afflicted with sounder organs from absolute despair. Mr. Williamson has weak

lungs. Mrs. Williamson has weak lungs. Charles Bampton has weak lungs, and who can tell, that Hawkins would not have had weak lungs, but for the timely loss of his fortune. Even Hawkins, however, had the cholera before it could be safely pronounced, that "hence-"forward Charles Bampton was a "Christian." What delicate speculations generations yet unborn may raise upon this, we can only guess at; but one thing is clear, that the first step in the overthrow of infidelity, and the progress of sound religion, will be to get rid of cod-liver oil.

Clara (not her letters) is a delightful creation, with just that *soupçon* of a manly devil (a female devil is something too awful) in the gentlest soul to make her truly dear. I love and pity her with all my heart. It is grievous to think she fell into Archer's hands, but still more painful that she should have fallen under Mr. Conybeare's ruthless pen. I can conceive no greater cruelty, than to make a sweet creature put an end to herself because you have made her unhappy. Mrs. Williamson is a very noble character. As Charles says, "I am sure Mrs. Williamson's "kindness is the natural growth of her "loving heart." Thank God, there *are* a few such in England.

But "Life in Barracks," and "Prophets Unveiled" are chapters told with a zest and relish, a genuine gusto and smack of the lips, from which, once embarked, you may venture to defy any ordinary reader to escape. After ten o'clock, keep your hair down if you can. As for me, Pantheism pursued me to bed like a panther, and I never was more overjoyed, awaking next morning, than to discover I had actually slept. As I passed my hand over the cold dews of my brow, involuntarily my lips broke into the beautiful motto of our novel,

> ". . . . . Hail! holy light;
> . . . . Escaped the Stygian pool
> Thee I revisit safe."

I had almost forgotten Homer, and Shakespeare, and last, not least, the Bible. But I recovered my memory and am alive again.

The heavens embrace me; the sun shines; the birds sing; the flowers smile; and so will come to-morrow's *da capo*,—heavens the same, over different and differing eyes.

To quote another of Mr. Conybeare's quotations, not perhaps without some trifling resentment, for having given me such a fright:

> "See the wretch, who long has toss'd
> On the thorny bed of pain,
> At length repair his vigour lost
> And, &c., &c., &c."

To those who would look more particularly into what appear to be the true sceptical problems of the day, I venture to recommend neither Hume nor Strauss, but the Sixteenth Chapter of the first volume of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece;" his account of the Sophists; the three first Sermons of Butler on "Human Nature;" the introduction in Plato's "Phædrus;" and Samuel Bailey's admirable treatise "On the Formation of Opinions."

In conclusion, I will only ask permission to quote at length, a passage from Mr. Hallam's "History of the Literature of Europe," to which I have already referred, believing it to deserve a far wider publicity than, coming from so eminent a pen, it would seem to have obtained.

"Mademoiselle de Duras, a Protestant lady, like most others of her rank at that time, was wavering about religion, and in her presence the dispute was carried on. It entirely turned on Church Authority. The arguments of Bossuet differ from those which have often been adduced only by the spirit and conciseness with which he pressed them. We have his own account, which of course gives himself the victory. It was almost as much of course that the lady was converted, for it is seldom that a woman can withstand the popular argument on that side, when she has once gone far enough to admit the possibility of its truth, by giving it a hearing. Yet Bossuet deals in sophisms, which though always in the mouths of those who call themselves orthodox, are

contemptible to such as know facts or logic. 'I urged,' he says, 'in a few words, what presumption it was to believe that we can better understand the Word of God than all the rest of the Church, and that nothing would thus prevent there being as many religions as persons.' But there can be no presumption in supposing that we may understand anything better than one who has never examined at all; and if this *rest of the Church*, so magnificently brought forward, have commonly acted on Bossuet's principle, and thought it presumptuous to judge for themselves; if out of many millions of persons, a few only have deliberately reasoned on religion and the rest have been, *like true zeros, nothing in themselves and much in sequence;* . . . . . we can only scorn the emptiness, as well as resent the effrontery, of this common-place that rings so often in our ears. Certainly, reason is so far from condemning a deference to the judgment of the wise and the good, that nothing is more irrational than to neglect it; but when this is claimed for those *whom we need not believe to have been wiser and better than ourselves*, nay, sometimes whom without vainglory we may esteem less, and that so as to set aside the *real* authority of the most philosophical, unbiassed and judicious of mankind, it is not pride or presumption, but a sober use of our faculties, that rejects the jurisdiction."

Again he says:

"The main point, as Bossuet contends it to be, that the Protestant churches (for he does not confine this to persons) fluctuated much in the sixteenth century, is sufficiently proved; but it remained to show *that it was a reproach*. Those who have taken a different view from Bossuet, may perhaps think that a little *more* of this censure would have been well incurred; that they have varied too little rather than too much; and that it is far more difficult, even in controversy with the Church of Rome, to withstand the inference, which their long creeds and confessions, as well as the language too common with their theologians, have furnished to her more ancient and catholic claim of infallibility, than to vindicate *those successive variations which are analogous to the necessary course of human reason on all other subjects.* The essential fallacy of Romanism, that truth must ever exist *visibly* on earth, is implied in the whole strain of Bossuet's attack on the variances of Protestantism: it is evident that variance of opinion proves error somewhere; but unless it can be shown that we have any certain method of excluding it, this should only lead us to be more indulgent towards the judgment of others, and less confident of our own. *The notion of an intrinsic moral criminality in religious error is at the root of the whole argument;* and till Protestants are well rid of this, there seems no secure mode of withstanding the effect which the vast weight of authority asserted by the Latin Church, even where it has not the weight of the Eastern, must produce on timid and scrupulous minds."

These noble sentiments of Mr. Hallam are capable of a far wider application than only to church authority. May they sink into thousands of hearts, and enshrine him there long after he has reaped the crown of his long, pure and most distinguished labours.

One word more.

It may be asked, "Why take so "much pains to throw light on the "position of the sceptic, unless you "would advocate infidelity?" Any defence of infidelity, or unreasonable doubt, is very far from my thoughts; for if we believe truth to be the nature of things, so long as truth exists, infidelity can never be the normal nor durable condition of men's minds. But true scepticism is not infidelity; and to consider and treat sceptics as infidels and wild beasts, rebels to God and us, is to invite them to behave as such; whereas, to recognise their just and lawful claims is to bind them over to keep the peace, and to reap for ourselves that legitimate fruit of their constitutional and honest peculiarities which Providence, we may believe, intended we should reap from every necessary ingredient of human life.

Τοῦ γὰρ δοκοῦντος εἶναι ἀγαθοῦ πάντα πράττουσι πάντες.

CAVALAY. A Chapter of a Life.

X.

" Nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science and the long result of Time;
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;
When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that could be.

* * * * * * * * *

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands."

Tennyson.

CAVALAY promised Isabel to read hard for his University examinations; a promise which was little needed, for life, with Isabel Carlwood to love and be loved by, was very different from what it had been when he seemed to stand alone in the world. He took lodgings in the middle of London; a somewhat strange place, it may appear, for a man to study in, but he chose it for its very stir and bustle, that he might feel animated by the constant sight and sound of human labour around him. The time between his engagement and the end of the long vacation was two months, and this period, as my readers will easily believe, was perhaps the very happiest and most active in all his life. Never had his mind made so much progress in so short a space, never had the problem of life come so near solution. He now began to see life as it really is, that the ideal is founded upon the actual, or rather is only another side of the same thing. His University reading, to which he was now content, for the time, to devote himself exclusively, was exactly suited to draw out, strengthen, and expand his intellect; though of course it was his love for Isabel that, far more than all other things, made the world a happy reality to him. It was that which gave meaning and value to all other things; without love all things are as nothing, philosophy a vain babbling, poetry a tinkling cymbal.

" A web is woven across the sky,
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun.
And all the phantom, Nature, stands,

* * * * * * *

A hollow form with empty hands."

To say that his visits at Mr. Carlwood's were happy, would be to speak of them most feebly; to both the lovers they were times of complete, unalloyed rapture;—there is such a thing even in this world, though, perhaps, to be felt only by two young hearts filled with mutual love. She was advancing in mind scarce less than he; every week he found her more beautiful, more glorious; more kind, too, and gentle and tender, growing in moral grace not less than in intellectual power. And thus their love reached that consummation, so rarely attained, except for a very short time, and even then, perhaps, only by a false process, through some illusive medium of idealization, which a little closer acquaintance easily undoes;—that highest form of love that each worshipped the other;—no idolatry:—ye that truly love, search your own hearts for answer:—each was to the other the impersonation of all that was noblest in humanity, she being to him what his man's nature most craved, the ideal of woman; he to her what her womanhood most needed and desired,

tense as this love was, it was no less calm and constant; without passion, tumult, or caprice; like that perfect enthusiasm, which, burning like fire within the heart, is yet held in absolute subjection under the will. Not that there were no seasons of sadness and foreboding amid all this glory and happiness; life can never be wholly happy and glorious, except for some fleeting day or hour; and the brightest happiness, if only from contrast, is most surely followed by the darkness or dimness of sorrow and fear. And thus our lovers, Cavalay especially, from his sadder disposition and experience, could not but sometimes feel too thoughtful, if not sorrowful, fearful, or doubtful of what they knew not,—perhaps only because they seemed at the very height of bliss, and knew that in this world of chances and changes, no condition can ever for long remain unaltered. Yet these feelings were not lasting, and might almost be called a subdued happiness, arising, as they did, from no definite cause, unless it were excess of joy. They were like clouds in a sky that elsewhere is pure blue, which do not threaten present storm, but show that storms have been and still must be. Yet once or twice sadness came upon them even when they were together. How could it be otherwise? Had there been no other reason, the summer soon began to fade into autumn, that lovely (to many the loveliest in all the year) but mournful season, when the earth once more begins to die, and first the limes and chestnuts, and before long the rest of the trees, lost their verdure little by little, and the ground was saddened with discoloured, withering leaves. The skies too were less brilliant and gorgeous, subdued and pensive, though as beautiful as before, and the garden where they had so often lingered during the long, slow evenings, changed flower after flower, the rose and the white lily and the heart's-ease giving place to the hollyhock and the sunflower and the marigold.

So no wonder if sorrow and fear stole into the hearts of the lovers once or twice even when they were together. One evening she had been playing to him, chiefly from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," the "Qui Tollis," many times, he listening with all his soul, in perfect silence, almost motionless, with his head bowed down before the solemnity of its pathos. They were sitting in a room which led into the garden,—their Eden, where they had first known the joy of avowed love. She played till the dusk had made all things dim and solemn; and, in the sober, somewhat mournful twilight they stept out into the garden, and walked round it, arm closely linked in arm. They walked in silence for some time, till they came to a chestnut tree, beneath which were lying a few leaves, the first sign which they had observed of the coming of autumn. The passing away of the lovely summer time, especially of that summer which had been so happy to them, saddened them, filled them with dim fears, which they durst not confess, or even give shape to, lest it might be an omen of the quick fading of that love which seemed too bright to last long. And it was not until darkness had veiled the earth from their sight, and the stars had come out, pure and happy in a cloudless sky, that they felt completely reassured and tranquil. But as I said, their happiness was interrupted or chastened thus,—by some vague pain, some dim foreboding,—only once or twice during the whole two months; and in all London, perhaps, there was no happier man than Cavalay. I say perhaps, for I am not quite sure of it. Yet what did he want? In love, his love returned, the course of true love for once running smooth, for him,—working and taking pleasure in his work,—may we not call him perfectly happy? It was delight to him merely to walk along the streets, and watch the ever active industry on all sides around him; men ever labouring to bring humanity nearer to its great goal,—how far off?

some seemed to say, "scarce a league:" he himself would help the good cause, a worker, perhaps not the least, among workers. Oh! how different had life become to him since he had loved Isabel! No more weariness, no more despondence, no more restlessness and vexation of spirit; glad hope and faith, and untiring strength.

But in the streets was it all vigorous labour? Were there none weak, none suffering; none to relieve and pity, beside those to take comfort from and emulate? Such there were, doubtless, many such; he had once been struck, very painfully, by their number: but now he saw them not, or, if he saw them, did not heed them, too busy and happy to pause over helpless wretchedness. And was it not natural? nay, expedient, or even necessary? Why burden his free, ardent spirit with the sense of misery which he could do little or nothing to alleviate? Let him work and be happy. If the strong are to wait till they have lifted up the weak and the fallen, they may stand still for ever. The eyes must be closed against too sorrowful sights, and the heart shut upon too curious thoughts, that the hands may labour in peace.

When Cavalay returned to Oxford, his friends were astonished to learn that he had been working so hard, were still more astonished, as they well might be, to learn how much he had done in those busy weeks, in which he had laboured like a young giant, rejoicing in his strength.

I think most men could point to some comparatively few seasons when their mind was more active, when they learnt more, and taught more, and took more pleasure therein, than at all other seasons of their life, in which study for the most part has been weariness of flesh. Some, perhaps, could point out one single period, probably a very short one, during which their intellect advanced with giant strides,—an era, which will never be forgotten, and round which all their life will seem to centre. Especially may this be true of creative minds; of the poet when he first finds words to utter the thoughts which had before lain within him unspeakable, the thoughts themselves now coming to him far more rapidly, more spontaneously, more palpably,—so that it seems not so much as if his own mind had developed suddenly and swiftly, but rather as if some external spirit had seized him, and were using his faculties at its own will and for its own purposes. Of the painter, too, when more and more he sees deep meaning, such as no spoken language may declare, in the fair forms and colours which lie ever and in all places before his sight, and feels that to his hand at length has come the power to set them visibly forth to delight and teach the eyes and hearts of men. In the life of the philosopher, also, will stand out seasons when the great truths of the universe grow clear; when faith, if not knowledge, drives back doubt; when the riddle of the earth becomes plain, and earth and heaven are united. In such a happy mental state was Cavalay now. The wings of his soul were growing fast; for Love had opened his eyes to see the supreme Beauty.

Meanwhile Love had been busy elsewhere. Wilton had intended to go from Wales straight to Cambridge, but, as the tour had ended sooner than had been planned, he was induced by Hartle to take his father's house in the way, and, when once there, to remain two or three weeks. He easily renewed his intimacy with Mary, and passed a considerable part of his time alone with her. Both sketched, and this gave them opportunities for walking out together unaccompanied: or, if May went out with them, she soon found their society dull, and strayed off by herself. Clarence hated walking, and never left the house except for some definite purpose. The gentleness and affectionate truthfulness of Mary won fast upon Wilton's heart; while he, in his turn, gained more and more her esteem and regard, until

they grew gradually and imperceptibly into a warmer feeling, which made her often lonely, she durst not ask why, when he returned to Cambridge. He too found himself much less contented with Cambridge than he had been hitherto, and had no little difficulty in keeping to his books. He could not doubt what was the cause of this; and accordingly, about three weeks after his return, wrote to Mary declaring his love. An early answer made him happy, with his happiness, however, alloyed by the prospect of not seeing her again till Christmas. He wrote to Cavalay to inform him of his engagement; who replied to congratulate him, though, by the side of his own bright happiness, all other happiness appeared to him poor and worthless.

XI.

" Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

" All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

" Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

" Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground."

TENNYSON.

ONE day, in the middle of the term, in the early part of the afternoon, Cavalay was standing in Marlowe's room, talking gaily to him and some half-dozen others. He was in unusually good spirits; his examination was very near, and he had good hopes of passing it well, having been reading steadily ever since his engagement. The messenger of the college entered with letters.

" Any for me?" he asked carelessly, for he did not expect any, not having had leisure for much correspondence during the last month.

" There is one, sir," said the messenger.

He took it, and opened it, whistling. But he had not read three lines before he turned pale, and staggered against the mantel-piece. The rest looked astonished, and eagerly enquired what was the matter. He made no answer, but putting on his cap, walked out of the room. When he reached his own room, he sat down and read the letter to the end. It was from Mr. Carlwood. Isabel was very ill, it was feared dying; and they begged him to come to their house at once. In ten minutes he was walking to the Railway Station with his carpet-bag in his hand. He had even forgotten to obtain leave of absence from the Head of his college. He enquired of a porter when the next train would start for London, and was told, in three quarters of an hour. He sat down on a bench on the platform, and once more read the letter. He could not yet believe its dreadful news. When he had read it over slowly, word by word, till every phrase had firmly fixed itself in his mind, he tore it up into small pieces, and then rose and paced up and down along the platform. The train seemed to him neither a long time nor a short time in arriving; for, somewhat strange-

ly, he did not yet feel any impatience to reach London, though, when he was within twenty miles of it, his impatience was torturing. Fortunately the train was an Express; and in a little more than two hours he was at the door of Mr. Carlwood's house. The blinds were down.—In the hall stood Mr. Carlwood.—They shook hands in silence.—Mr. Carlwood led him to the dining-room, where were his wife, and their younger, now their *only*, daughter, Emily, sobbing. The former could scarcely say,

"Oh, James! we were afraid you would come too late: but it has been all so sudden: John didn't like to alarm you, and the change the last two days has been so rapid."

Presently she grew a little calmer, and then continued,

"We had hoped that she would get better till yesterday morning, when all at once she grew very much worse, and then John immediately wrote to you. She continued sensible almost to the last. She asked several times if you were come, and said she should so much like to see you before—." Her voice was choked with sobs, but Cavalay made no reply; and, when she recovered, she went on, "But she was so patient: we told her when we wrote to you, and she said she knew you would come as soon as you possibly could."

But he seemed little interested in the particulars of her illness, engrossed and overwhelmed by the result. Neither, however strange it may appear, did he once ask to see her. He had a horror of the outward signs of death; and least of all could he have borne to look upon that face animated no longer by the soul which he had so loved and reverenced. He stayed at her father's house till after the funeral; but scarcely ever spoke of her, indeed seldom talked at all. He would remain for hours sitting with his hand over his eyes, or with a book before him which it was evident he was not reading,—seeming absorbed in gloomy thoughts: though, if they could have penetrated into his mind, they would have found that one thought alone possessed it: that thought was "Isabel is dead:" it seemed as if he could never sound the depths of the woe of those words. Mr. and Mrs. Carlwood did not care to disturb his reveries; even in the midst of their own grief they felt awed by a sorrow that seemed unutterable. But Emily, who had been a great favourite with him for her gentleness and liveliness, would seat herself quietly upon his knee, and, taking his hand, would softly kiss him under the eyes, and try to get him to talk with her as he had been used to do. He gave her short replies, sometimes none at all; but he received her caresses, and felt from them that comfort which children's endearments often bring, when the sympathy of their elders, as kind and as sincere, is powerless.

* * * * * * *

He looked round, and saw here the piano upon which Isabel had played to him, the songs she had sung to him, the books he had read to her; there the fields where they had strolled together in the summer evenings, the garden in which they had first felt, and first made known, that they loved each other. And of all this love and happiness this was the end, death and misery. Why was it thus? Had she not, by making him happier, made him better? What remained to him now? A dreary, bare wilderness, or a thicket overgrown with sharp briars and poisonous plants; that was his road through the world to death. And on this desolate pilgrimage who was to cheer and support him? Why had she not lived, the only one who could win him from evil, and guide and strengthen him in good? But he would learn the lesson, however bitter; never, never again would he love; he could not reach happiness, but he might at least attain to indifference. Indifference! Had he not known it of old? Had he not tried it, and proved it an illusion?—that there is no such thing

as indifference,—that what is called so is only dull, instead of keen, misery? No; wretchedness,—heavy, dreary, monotonous wretchedness,—that was his portion through life.—Nay, it seemed as if the actual present would never end,—as if Isabel would always have died a few days ago, always be lying up stairs in that fearful chamber, waiting to be carried to the cold, dark grave. An eternity of this present. Oh insupportable despair and horror of grief! He was utterly broken by it, cast down utterly prostrate. Not a single glimpse of hope in the whole horizon; everywhere nothing but horror, blackness, desolation.

The blinds drawn down, sound hushed, scarcely any motion, the house seemed a tomb. The dull, muffled light lingered through the slow hours of day, till at length it grew slightly dimmer, and the twilight came; then for a few minutes darkness settled on the room, till candles were lighted, bringing a sudden relief, which died away almost as rapidly as it sprang up; and they sat round the fire, but could not talk,—and every book they tried to read was saddened to them for months after, bearing the mark of those sorrowful, gloomy nights. Often during the first three days Mrs. Carlwood would leave the room, and her footsteps would be heard softly creaking up the stairs, and presently the ear would catch the distant, but distinct, sound of the key turning slowly in the lock of the room in which Isabel lay. How Cavalay longed to accompany her! But he could not, he durst not; it was no fear that could be overcome, no fear that he could shame himself out of, that dread of the terrible chamber of death. On the third day, when by that awful marvel of death the full beauty of the dead girl came out, to delight and awe and sadden them for that one last day, Mrs. Carlwood pressed him much to go with her into the room. He yearned to see his beloved once again, especially now, when she was more beautiful than ever, though with the beauty of death: but the day passed, and the fearful word "changed" told the time was come when the mortal body should be rendered to the earth from which it was taken. And she was going to the grave, and he had not beheld her for two months, that seemed ten times two years; and he should never look upon her again; for ever, for ever he had looked his last. For ever parted, without hope of meeting again, even for an instant, to utter the farewell that had been left unspoken on earth. And their old song rang in his ears, like a prophecy at length understood, hitherto only felt as a dark foreboding.

> "No more, no more, O never more!
> Parted without a parting."

Yet how tenderly, with what an absorbing agony of tenderness, he loved her, though with this blind, hopeless love that could not see beyond the present. Neither on to the future, nor back to the past; even remembrance of her seemed entirely lost; nothing remained but the terrible knowledge that she was dead. Dead, dead. How different death seemed to him now, and then when he had been used to speak of it, even think of it, with hope and longing, as the passage from lower to higher life. Did it seem this to him now? Or did it seem, what the mouth of the grave was but a feeble emblem of, the entrance to total, final darkness and blankness?

But at length, after a weary time, the last day itself, the day of the funeral came, and the dismal, mocking foppery of a modern English funeral jarred upon the passionate grief of the mourners, the father and brother and lover, who stood side by side round the grave, feeling more despair from the sound of the earth dropping upon the coffin-lid than hope from the words of the Service for the Dead. The father and brother wept abundantly; but Cavalay shed no tears, though his eyes were dry and hot to shed them.

XII.

"Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stay'd with us!"

TENNYSON.

WHEN the funeral was over, Cavalay left Mr. Carlwood's house, and took lodgings in the west of London. Too restless to remain within doors, he passed the greater part of the day in wandering listlessly about the town, but avoiding all acquaintances, in particular never going to Mr. Carlwood's. At first they took this as unkind neglect, but after a while they understood him, and pardoned him, and even pitied him the more.

It is the general effect of such domestic sorrow as is unembittered by disgrace,—perhaps scarcely less than of domestic happiness,—to endear the place in which it befell us. The memory of the happy olden time, of affection that grew stronger in the sorrowful after time, wipes away little by little, as the months and years go on, the painful recollections of sickness, death and parting, and gives the home a mingled interest far more strong and lasting than if it had been merely the scene of eating and sleeping in quiet, of talking and reading round the fire, with the household circle undiminished. And thus the generality of men cling, all the more fondly it may be, to places where they have lost those whom they loved. But there are some minds so morbidly sensitive that a death will make gloomy and intolerable the room, or even the whole house and neighbourhood, in which it happened; so that, if it is in their power, they leave it, or avoid it, and even force it wholly out of their remembrance; or, if they are compelled to live in it, or to visit it, or to pass by it, they feel a fear and horror which all their courage can lessen but little, which time only can take entirely away. Of this sort was Cavalay: for some weeks the sight of the house in which Isabel died would have been torture to him.

All his old sociability was gone; nay, his very compassion and sympathy seemed to be lost also. As he walked along the streets, and saw the sights of various misery that met him almost at every step, he not only felt no desire to relieve them, but absolutely felt no pity for them. He could only compare the lot of the wretches around him with his own, which seemed to him still more miserable. Not one of them could have suffered so great a loss as he had suffered; not one could have lost an Isabel Carlwood. Compared to such a loss, poverty, disease, even crime, appeared to him trifling evils. It was strange logic, truly; but it seemed sound to his passion of grief. And so from day to day he grew more and more selfish, and the sorrow which should have taught him sympathy with the sorrows of others only made him shut his heart more closely upon them. Was this to be the end of his fascination, his sociability? Alas, they had been only garments, and, while he wore them, inwardly he had been a mere pleasure-seeker. And now, if left to himself, he had no power to help himself: but he was not so given over, and another was about to open his eyes, that he might read the lesson which lay before him. One afternoon, about a month after the death of Isabel, he was surprised by a visit from Hartle, whom he had not seen since their tour in Wales. Hartle had known of his engagement with Miss

Carlwood, and had heard of her death, but he was astonished and shocked to find so great an alteration in the appearance of one whom he recollected so gay and full of life. But he was soon far more shocked to discover the state of torpid selfishness into which Cavalay had sunk. He himself had taken Orders, and was now a curate in a parish in the east of London, and thus had witnessed in the homes of the poor much of that wretchedness, of which the other had seen a small part in the streets. Very different from Cavalay's was his estimate of the comparative lots of him and such people. He tried to point out the truth to him, but he could not, or would not see it, till Hartle said,

"Will you go round with me in my visits to-morrow afternoon? If you will, I will call for you at half-past two, and by this time to-morrow I am sure you will have greatly altered your opinion."

"I have nothing better to do," was the listless answer; "so I may as well do this as anything else."

No, I will not describe the scenes of diverse misery which they visited that afternoon;—alas, the newspapers teem daily with such descriptions;—I will tell only of the effect which these sights produced upon Cavalay. All the evening (which he spent with Hartle) he was very thoughtful, and talked little, every now and then enquiring about some of the people whom they had visited. When they were about to separate, he asked Hartle if he might accompany him the next day. The day after that also he went with him; and then returned to his own rooms very sad, and absorbed in thought. Hartle, who possessed a considerable knowledge of his character, had said little to him, leaving his own thoughts and feelings to work their way. And they were working, strongly and rapidly, and no less surely. A new light had burst upon him,—a light which had shone upon him before, though at most times dimly enough; but now, with irresistible brightness, it scattered the darkness from his mind, and set before him the truth, the stern, startling, imperious truth. He stood bewildered and appalled in this fearful lightning of conscience, which unveiled to him distinctly and all at once his past life with its one great sin leavening the whole. He had lived hitherto a totally mistaken life, no matter what particulars of good had made part of it; he had lived in, and for, himself,—in his own thoughts and feelings—for his own happiness. He had sought by turns beauty, pleasure, admiration; but the one object of life he had never sought.

Now, as he walked along the streets, and looked on the men, women and children before him, how different were his reflections from what they had been so short a time before! How forcibly and startlingly it rushed upon him that with all this swarming mass of life he had scarcely any sympathy; their tastes, their habits, their thoughts were alien to his, were even unknown to him. Every man lives in some lesser world of his own, most men in very small worlds—for narrow-mindedness is one of the prime faults of human nature, making a true catholic and charitable spirit among the rarest, as among the most precious things under the sun. But Cavalay had contracted his world within the narrowest bounds. His remedy clearly was, to go out of himself; not merely, indeed not primarily, to enter, what is often, with proud and selfish exclusiveness termed society, but rather to go among these teeming thousands in the streets, if not at present as an actor, at least as an observer,—for observation may in due time bring action. They are human like himself, and have much to teach him, though they are themselves so miserable and ignorant.

And now his thoughts again turned to the Carlwoods. He had not called upon them since the day of Isabel's

funeral, and he hesitated some time before he durst resolve to visit them, and, as he drew near the house, felt painful doubts that they might receive him coldly. Harry he knew was not at home, having just been informed in a letter from him that he should stay in Oxford till Christmas Eve. The door was opened by little Emily, who had seen him from the sitting-room, and ran to be the first to welcome back her favourite. The instant she opened the door, she sprang up to him, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him with eager fondness many times; then rushed into the room where her mother was sitting,—clapping her hands, and crying joyfully, "Mamma, mamma, here's James come again." Mrs. Carlwood was almost equally rejoiced to see him, for he had entirely won the love of the whole family, and they had long guessed, if not fully understood, the reason of his absence.

"I am so glad you have come to us again," she said. "You must have been very lonely the last month. But you must come here now every day. Poor Emily has been dying to see you, and Harry will be at home by Christmas Eve."

"I have not deserved this kind reception," he replied; "you must have thought me very, very unkind and ungrateful to keep away from you so long. But I could not bear to come here till to-day. But now, if you will let me, I will see you very often; for I do feel very, very lonely." And he kissed the little girl tenderly and held her very close to him. "And you, Emily," he went on, "will you love me like Harry, and be my little sister?"

Mrs. Carlwood could not speak a moment or two for tears, and when she did speak it was very brokenly.

"James, James, you shall be my son still."

And at those words, as a year before, when Mary Hartle offered him a sister's love, a strange joy shot through his heart, stranger and deeper almost than any he had ever felt before,—so strong and real are those mysterious ties of blood, of which we so often speak and think so lightly.

And on Christmas day, a day which a good custom has set apart for the union of relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Carlwood, and Harry and Emily, and Cavalay, met as one family. There were sorrowful—there could not but be many sorrowful thoughts at this their first complete re-union after Isabel's death; and it was sad indeed for father and mother, and brother and sister, to miss upon this day of all days her from whom they had never been separated on a Christmas day before. Yet now, for the first time since her death, all really felt that she was not gone from them for ever—under the influence of the holy festival that brought peace on earth and goodwill towards men really felt the serenity, however mixed with sadness, that with clear eye can pierce through the darkness of the grave, and see the dead still living. At church, as is not uncommon, the organ pieces were all from the Messiah: in the morning, "But thou didst not "leave his soul in hell," and "Glory to "God in the highest;" in the evening, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "the Hallelujah Chorus." All observed upon this coincidence, if chance it was,—as surely it was not, but one of the myriad acts of that special Providence that marks even a sparrow's fall. Neither without effect was the evergreen holly set round the church and in their house—so cheery and joyful, with its shining leaves and burning berries, while so many of the trees were mourning, in the blank winter time, for the departed life of their leafage, till the resurrection of the spring should come. And the ground—even the churchyard—was covered with pure, newly fallen snow.

The air was quite still, so that it seemed as if, with the hushed earth

beneath and the silent heavens above,

" Over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost."

Lost, but not for ever; the snow that lay so softly on the grave was as the white garment that clothes the saints in heaven. So when they returned home in the evening, Isabel seemed in some manner again with them; and their talk, still about the dead, was no longer wholly mournful, but full of sweet hope and patient assurance, though mixed with longing for the time when they should again behold her face to face.

XIII.

" I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing or insect's eye;
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore,
That tumbled in the Godless deep,

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt.'"

TENNYSON.

ABOUT this time Cavalay received a letter from his adopted sister, Mary, so full of pity, of sympathy, of love, so fearful of opening afresh the wounds of his sorrow, yet yearning so tenderly to heal or relieve them, that the tears streamed down his cheeks as he read, and his withered heart felt some of its former freshness, watered by the "gentle rain" of kindness. In a little while he went down to her father's, where he found Wilton; but she spared time from her own happiness to comfort the grief which had so suddenly supplanted a happiness that had been even more intense than her own. How changed he was from the time of his first visit, though little more than a year ago! A year ago? It seemed ages. But how shall we reckon by time the growth of a spirit? or how measure by days and years the working of Love, the infinite?

Wilton and Mary went back with Cavalay to Mr. Carlwood's, and the next morning the adopted brother and sister stood together, hand in hand, by Isabel's grave. Mary shed tears fast, but Cavalay's eyes were again dry. Indeed he seemed not so much sad as thoughtful: it was no new thing to him to stand by the grave; since Christmas day he had visited it daily many times. Little was spoken: what could words tell of the sympathy that filled the heart of the one, or the sorrow and hope that divided the heart of the other? Their speech was purposely feeble; neither made any attempt to utter in their depth and fulness the feelings which no mortal language can declare.

" James, here is a snowdrop growing in the grass," Mary said, in a soft, hushed voice.

" I have been looking at it," he answered, in a tone as low as hers. " The snowdrop has come early this year."

" You come here often, they tell me."

" Every day, and many times in the day. Once I should have dreaded this place, but now I love it.—Do you know the meaning of 'Cemetery?'"

" No; tell me."

" It means 'Sleeping-place.' You remember the German God's Acre. I

think the 'Sleeping-place' is quite as beautiful."

He went on in a still lower tone:

"Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet;
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep, full of rest from head to feet."

"Full of rest—full of rest," he murmured over to himself.

"You must feel very lonely now, James," Mary said, after a rather long pause.

"Not very, now, Mary—that is usually. I have many friends still on earth; and besides, I feel now so fully that Isabel is gone only for a short time—yes, it *is* a short time—and when I am here, or in the garden, or any other place where we have been together, she still seems, somehow—not exactly with me—but near me—watching over me. But I must not let you stay here longer now, it is too cold; in the afternoon we will come again, and perhaps Wilton will come with us. I should have asked him this morning, but I wished to come alone with you the first time."

Wilton and Mary stayed three days at Mr. Carlwood's, and every day they went with Cavalay to the grave where Isabel slept "full of peace."

So now Cavalay stood in the world, again not alone, but with these at least to love and be loved by, the Carlwoods, (Isabel still infinitely beyond all others,) Mary, and May, and Clarence Hartle; and upon his love for them, as upon a sure foundation, may he build love for all mankind. For he felt that it was a mere delusion, sometimes mere hypocrisy, to profess to love all, yet to have no strong personal affection for any. He had said long ago, and now still more surely felt it to be true, "there is no such thing as "unimpassioned benevolence." He was much more ready, also, than he had been to profess regard and make demonstration of affection; for he saw that this is as real a part of love as the performance of great services; often a more important part; for great services can be rendered very rarely, but kind words and kind looks can be given every hour. And side by side with this increased love had been springing up in his mind, growing, though slowly, stronger day by day, a principle which he had never before taken for his guide, or even set steadily before him, however much unconsciously, or rather in the manner of instinct, he might have been influenced by it. This principle was Duty, which rose upon his soul, like the sun upon the earth, giving light and life to it. He now, for the first time, began really to feel security, now when he was no longer aiming at it, but sternly and uncompromisingly resolved to follow his guide, into whatever danger it might lead it. While he worshipped beauty, he was continually shocked by deformity. He seemed grasping at a phantom, perhaps a reality once, but now no longer existent in this ruined world. While he sought for pleasure, he was in continual fear lest a morrow should dawn in which it should be said to his heart, "thou "shalt never rejoice more." And so he had been a moral coward. Yes, with all his physical courage, his high spirits, his practical philosophy—even the love of right, which, however blind and imperfect, really was in him, he had yet been a coward; he had been afraid of pain, of disgrace; he had shrunk from labour and hardship; he had been deterred from attempting to live a noble life by the fear of failure. In a word, he had feared to live. He had looked forward with undefined dread, at times almost with despair, to the years which seemed to stretch out before him, dimly longing for death, thinking of it sometimes as the gate to a better life, but usually as a rest, a sleep. Fear! what meaning lies in that word! the shadow which darkens our brightest hopes, the "sad, monotonous under-tone" which runs through all the music of our happiness; worse still, too often the canker of truthful-

ness and love. But to Cavalay how was all this changed, or rather changing. Pain, he began to see, is nothing but that which shall perfect us: disgrace is not possible to him who in all cases resolutely holds to the right: labour is a delight to them that "see "the end and know the good."

What liberty too, what real liberty, this new principle brought him! There is a service which is perfect freedom. Our wills are ours only that we may make them Another's. Following in fancied liberty, Pleasure, Ambition, Beauty, Cavalay had been a slave; a slave to circumstances which he could not alter, to his own passions, which he could not control. Free to walk wheresoever he would, he had found all paths dreary: whichsoever he chose, how often soever he changed them, all alike wearied him. But now the path he was trying to walk in was so narrow he could not turn aside to the right hand or to the left; nowhither, but straightforward. Yet in it alone was liberty. This strait way, this rigorous confinement, was his own free choice. To the good man there is no constraint in goodness; those absolute moral laws are the laws of his own nature. Evil alone is coercive to him; he then begins to be a slave when he begins to sin.

Lastly, what happiness, even, Cavalay soon began to find in this new life. To be happy is not the end of man in this world; it is not his end, in a strict sense, even in the world to come. But together with his proper end, it is granted him almost always in a greater or less degree to be happy. For to attain the end of our life requires that we live according to our nature, that we use those faculties, the right use of which we find has been made pleasant to us. The path of duty is often overgrown with thorns; at any rate has few flowers and a dull prospect, only springs of water to refresh and herbs to heal. But even on such a journey, green oases cheer us in the desert; and, at least, beyond lie the glorious city and the happy plains.

It was by now some months after the death of Isabel, and Cavalay could look back upon the past calmly, and judge of it truly. As he looked and judged thus, did his love seem lost? I do not mean had he lost remembrance of Isabel? Nor yet, were the effects of his love passed away? those were needless questions indeed. But was Isabel herself lost to him? Did she not still seem to live to him; not wholly taken from him, though removed so far? Did he not still communicate with her, in some manner, though no longer "in dear words of human speech?" Ah, do not mistake me: do not think I wish to underrate his loss; she was dead; her body was in the grave, and her spirit was far away, drawn up to the blue skies; eyes and hands could meet no more, voice could no more reply to voice. It was a grievous, a fearful loss still, that left a void in his heart which seemed as if it could never be filled till death, which, perhaps, till then, never will be filled: a loss that still often made the world for the time a blank wilderness to him. But these seasons became continually more rare and transient, while ever more and more he really felt her still with him, near him, —consoling him, strengthening him, with the hope of meeting her again face to face growing ever more sure and patient.

And ah! that joy of meeting again in heaven! I have often tried to realize it. After the weary years of separation, weary and long, borne with what patience soever,—the loneliness and continual aching of the one left on earth; all faith at times worn out, all hope broken down by the delay that maketh the heart sick—the incompleteness of bliss—how can it be otherwise?—of the one taken up to heaven—to meet again, face to face, with a long close embrace that cannot unlock itself, with showers of burning

kisses that cannot come fast enough; no word spoken, save the name which for so long has been so seldom on the lips, but ever in the heart. Ye that mourn those whom ye loved and love, will ye not be comforted and be patient? It is but a little while, and these desolate years shall seem a speck in the infinite space of the blue heavens—a weary dream of the darkness which the happy morning light hath driven away.

Do any think the picture I have drawn too sensuous, too earthly? Are not heavenly things the pattern of things on earth? And shall not the body, no less than the spirit, live again at the great day, when the trumpet shall send forth its summons throughout the sepulchres of the nations, and Death and Nature shall be astonished with a great astonishment, because man shall rise again from the dust to which his body had turned, and in his flesh shall see God, or be cast into the lake that burneth with fire for ever?

And here I must end. I have undertaken, not to write a life, but a chapter of a life. That chapter is now closed. My hero has passed through a sore trial, and has come forth purified and strengthened. It cannot but be that many trials more await him, some, it may be, as fiery as this through which he has just passed. But the conquest over this is the earnest of victory over all, if only he be true to himself. In all, he will have the remembrance of this to comfort and uphold him, and to teach him that virtue which, in this world of changes and chances, seems often the highest and holiest, Patience.

"The voices of the past say, wait."

THE DRUID AND THE MAIDEN.

IT is a wild corner of "earth, this Brittany. "It lies like a dead "branch on a green "elm, or a burial-"ground in the middle of a huge city, "the great fossil of the past in the "very lap of the civilized world. "And how is it that Brittany seems "scarcely to have altered since the "days of Cæsar? how is it that it has "defied canals and railroads, that the "vulgar slang of the nineteenth cen-"tury—that paragon of progress!—"has not polluted its hills and vales, "that it is useless, manufactureless, "unheeded in your exhibitions and "annual reports, uncared for by the "speculator, and spurned by the hack "traveller? Is it not that the Present "with all its achievements, its men "turned to machines, and its machine-"turned men—with all its powers of "motion and creation, this newspaper "present that sings its own praises till "hoarse in the throat—blushes before "the long-forgotten, unknown Past, "which in one thing at least has out-"done it? Is it not ashamed to bring "its patent-leather boots over the "ground, where a wondrous race once "trod,—a race which possessed a "mighty secret we cannot solve, un-"less forsooth it was a race of giants, "of Anakim—and has left its mighty "works to stand, not for ages only, "but as long as Earth shall last? "Thank Heaven, there is at least one "spot of Earth left, and that, too, no "distant desert, but within a day's "journey, where this vile, fresh-paint "odour of the new age cannot reach "us!"

Thus I mused, as with knapsack on my back, and a railing misanthropy in my heart, I wandered over the wild hills of Brittany. I had just left Carnac—wonderful Carnac!—that petrified army—those rows of a thousand stones, brought no one knows whence,

no one knows how, no one now knows why, and set upright in long, straight ranks, by a people who flourished some two thousand years gone, of whose existence and glory nought now remains but a few wild legends and these huge unmeaning stones.

I had caught my first view of the Atlantic, that eternity of waves, the boundary of the ancient, the highway of the modern, world,—and stretching far away into it I had seen the long, bleak spit of Quiberon, where a little faithful band of Royalists had once landed, full of hope, full of courage, full of confidence in English protection, and little dreaming of English mismanagement, to be cut to pieces by a band of ruthless revolutionists. I passed on to Locmariaquer.

From the hill above the little desolate village, I looked down on the bright inland sea of Morbihan, rushing fiercely in from the Atlantic through a gate of rocks, and studded with a hundred islands. Nay, the fishermen declare that there are as many rocky isles within it as the days of the year. It was a bright sunset. The cloudlets circled golden around the sinking day-god, like angels round a dying man, and the last red beams purpled the cliffs of the foremost islands, with the breakers of the Atlantic dashing at their feet.

In a few minutes I rushed down the hill into the village of fishermen's huts, and ere long had hired a sailing-boat to take me over to Gavr Inis, or the beautiful island.

Two honest Breton sailors were all the crew of the little bark.

"We must make the best of our time," said one of them to me; "for, fair as it is now, there will be a breeze up before the sun is down. We can run over in half an hour, for the wind is with us, but when you have seen the cave, we shall have barely time to weather back again."

I leapt into the boat, the broad sail was hoisted, and away we went, heaving and dashing through the blue waves. The men sat down and pulled out their pipes. I did the same, and offered them some English tobacco, which was much finer than their own, and thus paved the way to a lively conversation.

"It's a good country, is England, sir," said one of them in a large tarpaulin hat. "I spent a long time at Southampton, in the last war. I was on board a French corvette that was cruising in the Channel, and we all got taken prisoners. But I never spent a better time in my life. They treated me wondrous well, and I like your beer a deal better than our cider here."

He was a weather-beaten man of about sixty. The other, who was younger, listened to him with respect.

"Tell the gentleman," said he, "how it was you made friends over there."

"Ay, ay, that was a curious business. I was only a boy then, and we were being marched up to Southampton, and there were a couple of others from these parts with me. We were laughing and talking a good deal together in Gallic, and making a pretty good noise, when up comes the sergeant of the escort and calls out something to the soldiers who were with us, meaning to keep us quiet. 'Agh,' cried I in Breton, 'it's a shame that we should not be allowed the freedom of tongue, when every other kind of freedom is taken from us.' The sergeant turned round, and looked quite astonished: 'Arragh,' cries he, in my own language, 'you're not from Ireland, my lads, are ye?' 'That we're not, indeed, God be praised,' answered I; 'but it seems you're from Brittany, for you speak the same as we do.' And sure enough he turned in and had a long chat with us, and that's the first time I found out that the Irish people talked Gallic."

"But surely," said I, "there is a

great difference between Breton and Irish."

"Not so much tho', sir. They have many words that we could not understand, and some of our words they pronounce differently, but we could understand each other well enough; and the sergeant, who was the only Irishman in the company, and was glad to talk a bit in his own tongue, was our friend ever afterwards, and many a good turn he served us."

"And what kind of a cave is this on Gavr Inis?" I asked.

"Well, sir, it's a wonderful place. It was cut, so they say, many a hundred year ago by our forefathers, who, I've heard tell, were once kings of France, and England too,—right into the living rock. You go in by a little hole, that a fox might make, and climb down into a long passage quite in the middle of the hill, where you could not see your hand before you without a light."

"Then you have brought lights with you, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, sir, a candle a-piece. You'll see a hole cut out in the stone of one of the sides, where they say they used to tie a man's hands behind his back, and sacrifice him to some of their gods, sir; for it seems they were not Christians at that time."

There was a short silence. I was thinking whether any reliance could be placed on this local legend, whether the nature-worship of the Druid had ever descended to human sacrifice, as their enemies indeed have averred, but which we have so little reliable authority for believing.

My train of thought was suddenly interrupted by a loud cry in Breton, and the next moment the sail swung round, the beam struck me on the back of the head and threw me into the bottom of the boat. When I had scrambled up again, I saw the two men anxiously labouring to manage the sail. We were in a whirlwind; the waves were rising higher and higher, and a huge cloud, which five minutes before had been scarcely noticed in the distance, was driving rapidly towards us, and covering the whole heavens with its black wings.

"We shall have a bit of a squall," cried one of the men to me. "But it will not last. Will you take the rudder, sir, a moment or two, while we manage to tack about?"

"Don't you think we could run back again to Locmariaquer?" I replied, going to the stern. "We can give up the attempt to reach the island to-night, and try again to-morrow morning."

"It's impossible, sir," answered the sailor. "We should only be running into the thick of the storm, and we can reach the island in five minutes, if we can only manage the wind. You see it there, sir? well, steer right at that white point, and ——"

Whatever he might have said, was lost in the hurricane that came down upon us. The rain rushed pelting down; the whole air was black around us; in another minute the sail was down, and the two men were working lustily at the oars against wave and wind.

I could just see the white speck through the darkness, and I steered straight ahead towards it. We were making some way, and the white rock, for such it seemed to be, was nearer and nearer. But the waves broke in upon the boat, heavy tub though it was, and completed the wetting that the rain had already given me.

"Steer out, steer out, sir, a bit, not too much. Out, out, sir, quick. There are hidden rocks here: ah! ——."

At this instant a huge wave broke right upon us. For a moment I was blinded by the water, and when I recovered my sight I saw that we were close in upon a shore, girt with a bed of low rocks, just peeping above the retiring waves. The next moment there was a crack, and the handle of

the rudder was torn from my hand, while the boat nearly capsized. I got on my knees with the speed of lightning to try and recover my hold of the rudder, when to my utter discomfiture I saw it a yard or two behind us dashed about in the foam of a huge breaker.

"The rudder is gone," I cried, turning round, and saw the younger of the men leap from the boat upon the rocks with the painter in his hand, while the other was endeavouring to keep the boat clear with an oar.

The young man leapt fearlessly from rock to rock in the surge. He must have known the spot well, for it was quite dark, and by dragging the boat along, he at last brought us to a steep bank of shingle. The elder man put the two oars into the water, and with one strong pull brought the boat's head on to the bank. Two or three rapidly succeeding waves drove us with violent shocks up the stones. The old man leapt out into the shallow surge; I followed his example, and in a few minutes our united efforts had dragged the skiff high and dry up the shingle.

"Well, now," said I, when the boat was secured, "we must look out for a place of shelter, for this rain will last several hours yet, in spite of the wind. Which is the way up to the cave?"

The old man, to whom I put this question, looked confused.

"Monsieur does not wish to see the cave to-night?"

"Why not? I intend to sleep there for an hour or two, so as to be out of the wet."

The two men looked at one another oddly.

"Monsieur will not sleep much, I am thinking," said the younger one.

"Not sleep? what do you mean? I am sure I am tired enough."

The old man scratched his head and looked perplexed.

"There was never anybody slept in that cave yet," he resumed.

"Ah! I see, you have some stories about it, eh?"

The old fellow looked down obliquely.

"Well," I continued, "we shall be three together. We can't come to much harm. Come, a stout old fellow like you!"

The old man only looked foolish.

"No, sir," said the younger one, "I don't mind showing you the way up there, but I and my partner here will sleep outside, if you please. We shall get shelter enough under the shrubs about there."

"Move on, then," I said, internally grumbling at their obstinate superstitions, and rather gloating over the prospect of doing what they said nobody had ever done before, and so proving to them that they were wrong.

We had to climb a long way in the dark, up a steep, winding path, where my hands came into as frequent use as my feet. We were nearly half an hour getting up, and I was not a little torn and bruised, when we reached a kind of landing-place some yards below the top of the rocky hill.

Short, thick shrubs surrounded this place on every side. The sailors advanced slowly together towards a place where the gorse and the shrubs were thickest, and beckoned to me to follow them.

"Here, sir," said the old man, "put these in your pocket: you may want them." So saying, he gave me a short piece of a tallow candle, and a small iron box full of lucifers.

I crept in on hands and knees through the opening which they made by holding the shrubs back, and soon found I was able to stand upright on a hard pavement of stone.

I struck one of my lucifers and lit the candle. The light was dim and illumined a space of about a yard round me, not more. Beyond this, the darkness seemed even thicker than before. I was in a kind of pas-

sage, about six feet high and seven broad. The walls consisted of large flat stones, and as I passed the candle along them, I saw to my astonishment a series of the most elegant serpentine designs, graven in single lines over the whole surface. On each stone the pattern was different, but still in each there was a certain resemblance to the twisted form of the snake, which I remembered was an animal of deep symbolical import among the old Druids.

I sang out "*Bon soir*," before I passed on, imagining that the sailors would hear me. But my voice rang like a bell from wall to wall with a hollow ding-dong noise, and I waited in vain for an answer.

I confess that this feeling of loneliness, and the terror of the two Bretons, had an effect on me as I groped along, and this increased when, after some yards of the passage, I found myself within a loftier hall. It was not large, it is true. There was room perhaps for some dozen people to stand, but the strange devices on the walls seemed to call up the Past to people it with shades.

I groped round it. The cave ended here, and the only thing that broke the monotony of the graven stones above, below, and around me, was a curious double niche cut out on one side. It was so managed as to leave a strong stone bar in the middle.

Here then was the place to which the sailor had referred. Here it was, to this stone bar, that the human victim was tied, and between those stones in the floor his blood must have flowed away.

I set my candle in this niche, took off my cloak, laid it upon the ground, and prepared to make myself as cozy as possible, by divesting my shivering limbs of their dripping nether garments. I kept the rest of my clothes on to guard against the cold, and lying down, covered my legs with my cloak.

The candle was already burning low, for there was not much of it, and the darkness grew closer and closer about me, as I thought dreamily on all the old tales I had ever heard of the Druids and the Celts in general. I was rather excited by the events of the evening, and it was evident that I could not sleep soundly.

From time to time I dozed a little, while the light still burned, and was annoyed with those funny dreams one has now and then, of being at a large party in my actual costume, and not discovering till I had waltzed once or twice, that my lower limbs were bereft of the garments which society requires to be worn. I would wake up at the moment of a desperate attempt to put on my trowsers, which always proved futile.

At length the last flicker of the candle blazed up, and the next moment I was left to doze in utter darkness. Whether I was awake or not I knew not, but my ears, at least, were not shut, and the sound of a wild distant song came up the passage. It seemed to be the mingled voices of men and women. It grew nearer and nearer, and at last resounded in the passage itself. I remembered turning on my side, and then I felt cold drops of sweat rise at the roots of my hair, my flesh crept, my arm clung powerless to my side, and my legs bent up under me.

Two tapers were dimly glittering at the bottom of the passage, and behind them two shadowy figures, clothed in long white robes, slowly and solemnly moved towards me.

My heart stopped beating; my breath hovered in my throat. The figures moved on, and behind them I could see some dozen others, all in long white robes.

They came and came, nearer and nearer, and at last filled the chamber where I lay. Then the low wild music ceased, and one of the two foremost raised his lank arms and fell flat on

his face before me. My eyes closed, and again all was dark.

When I opened them again the forms were gone.

For some minutes I scarcely dared to move. I am one of those strong-minded people who will never believe in "humbugs" of this kind. I had been accustomed to run down everything in which imagination seemed to play any prominent part. But this was the first trial my principles had received, and I must confess it converted me for the moment even in spite of myself. I knew not what to believe, but I perfectly knew what I felt. And yet surely, I thought, it must be a dream, or an hallucination—of course it must. So I rubbed my eyes to see whether I was awake or not, and certainly believed that I was wide awake.

At last I summoned courage to turn my eyes round in their sockets, (for hitherto they had remained paralyzed with an undefined fear,) and as I did so I started to see almost close to my side something long and white upon the floor. This time I was less frightened, for I had got accustomed to unwonted sights.

But whatever the prostrate mass might be, it was not content to remain prostrate. It rose slowly and stood at last before me, by my side, almost over me. It was the form of a man in his thirtieth year, tall, majestic, handsome. A loose dress of white linen fell from his neck to his feet, and was girt at the waist with a band of twisted tender oak sprigs. The robe was sleeveless, and his bare arms were muscular, though white. His face was handsome, with high intellectual, almost noble, features; but there was an expression about his eyes of cunning foiled and shamed, ambition disappointed, and selfish intrigue worked up to the crisis of crime.

The reader will be wondering—though, for my part, I had no wonder to spare on such a trifle *then*—how in the thick darkness of the cave I could manage to see all these details. This question would pose me. Gentle reader, have you ever seen a ghost? Have you ever passed a night with the shade of a reanimated Druid priest? No? well then, I cannot help it. I must wait till your turn comes, when you will perfectly appreciate the kind of invisible halo that surrounds an incorporeal being, and fully understand what I cannot, for the life of me, explain.

I have described the phantom's expression, that is, the expression which his character had imprinted on his features; but I have not added, that at this moment he wore one of intense melancholy besides.

He was turned towards me, and was looking at me. This did not now disquiet me; but still my tongue refused to move and demand, as I longed to do, who it was that I spoke to. He saved me the trouble, however, by quietly sitting down beside me, which sent a new thrill of agitation through my body.

"Does he sleep?" he muttered low, though in what language I cannot say. I only know that I understood him very well, so that it must have been either French or English.

"And who," he continued, "is brave enough to break upon my solitude, to seek the Druid in his den, and bring the vulgar Present to the shadows of the Past? Is not the temple which my own father built, the shrine I hallowed with HIS blood"—here he buried his face in his hands, and was silent a moment—"is not this of right our own? Why then does the stranger, rather than our own descendants, who speak our tongue, seek our haunts to lay his head in? Stranger!"

I muttered a trembling "Yes."

"So you are come to see the famous Gavr Inis, the beautiful island? Well, you do well to come by night, for its glory is departed."

"Ichabod, Ichabod," I murmured instinctively.

"But," he continued, not heeding my little remark, "it once merited its name. It once *was* the beautiful island indeed, the loveliest of three hundred and sixty-five that spring within this inland sea. Here the oak forest was thicker, here the mistletoe more luxurious—"

"So that you might have had Christmas twice a year," I thought, with a little chuckle, but said nothing.

"—The wood-flowers bore a fresher bloom, the shepherd warriors were stouter and more terrible, and the shepherd maidens fairer to look upon than in all the land of the Celts. But now, alas! how changed!—"

By this time I had become quite myself again. But it was with a frightful effort that I brought my voice to my lips.

"May I ask"—again I paused—"are you—a—a Druid?"

"I was a Druid. I am now what you see me."

"And that is?—"

"A Spirit of the Past."

There was such a solemnity in the voice with which he uttered these words that a strong desire to laugh, which my "common sense" roused in me, was nipped in the bud.

I looked at the strange being with respect and awe.

"What brings you here to-night?" I asked, timidly.

"A crime committed on this day nineteen centuries ago. For twenty centuries I was condemned to revisit the spot where I had shed innocent blood, once a year, and to pass my night in the torture of memory. Every circumstance of my life on earth is now recalled; its neglected opportunities, its happiness too soon blighted, its—its—crimes—"

I raised myself on my elbow. I felt an interest in, almost a sympathy for, the man of so strange a fate.

"It might perhaps soften this pain of recollection, to tell your tale to an interested listener."

His eyes turned obliquely towards me, with a slight look of suspicion. Then he smiled a melancholy smile.

"There was a time," he said, "when I should have suspected some latent motive in your suggestion. Now, how can you, how can any mortal harm me? What are my confidences now—known as they are in heaven? It would relieve my sorrow. I will tell you my tale.

"My father was the Arch-Druid of the province. Carnac, even then, had passed into a mystery. The Dolar Marchant, as you now call it, was the great resort of the members of the college, because the great menhir—alas! alas! thrown down and shivered now into three huge pieces—was close to it. My father lived at yonder village, Cœr-Bhelen, we called it, and now 'tis named Locmariaquer. Yes, Bhelen, the great, the noble, had given place to a woman!

"At my birth, a wandering bard came from the south. He struck his lyre of the triple chord and sang:

"Woe to the child when the Eagle's wings
Shall darken the skies of the north;
Woe to the child when Venetan kings
To battle shall march forth.
An eaglet's blood shall stain his hand,
A woman lead the host,
A maiden's death-shriek fill the land,
And the Druid's rule be lost."

"My father loved me none the less for the evil omen. I was his only child, and at an early age he taught me all the awful legends of the truth. I was a silent wondering boy, and I grasped eagerly after knowledge. The science of the stars, the science of the world, the science of the great invisible soul of nature,—such were my early studies.

"He sent me, at fifteen, to Alesia. At the Sacred College I was marked as the student who knew most, and learned most; and when I left it,

proud in my honours, I stood before the whole college of Druids, and swore by Esus, by Bhelen and by Thiutath—what oath could have been greater?—that I would never forsake its cause, and that day and night I would strive to preserve the great religion.

"I returned home with the oak-wreath on my brows—a priest. I took ship at Wenedh (Venetum), to cross to Cœr-Bhelen. A storm arose, and we put in at this very island. From a child I knew it well. I had often sought it in my father's boat with its red sails of hide.

"The next day I learnt that the gathering of the Vervain was to take place on the island. I felt a natural pride to show the inhabitants my newly-won oak-wreath, and I stayed for it. For this ceremony a company of virgins is chosen, and the youngest maiden culls the little herb.

"Beneath the spreading oaks they came. A lovelier band was never gathered on green sward, and yet she who led them was lovelier than all the rest. She was a girl of fifteen summers, and still looked a child in form and bearing. She came on, timid as a young fawn, and blushing at every step. It was a lovely sight, such as I may never see again—alas! Each maiden wore a robe of flowing white linen, girt below the breast, and sweeping, not clinging, around her form. In their long locks were woven bands of spring flowers, and their hair, each one's silkier than the other's, each one's of another hue, flowed down their young shoulders, and courted the sunbeams with their gloss. Their white arms were bare, and a gold bracelet, pliable, and simple, clasped the tender flesh above the elbow.

"But she—ah! Dona!—she, lovelier in her childish form, lovelier in her modest face, lovelier in her timid gait—with the young knowledge struggling with the child's innocence in her tender bosom—than all the rest, came on through the thick wood, with the sunbeams gilding one leaf and forsaking another, brightening one lock of hair, and deepening the shade of the next, and chequering the briary ground beneath her bare feet, small and tender as young rosebuds—and looked from right to left to find the sacred herb. A young Druid, whom I knew well, bore the basket before the troop, and on either side the islanders accompanied them.

"Suddenly, she started from the path, and darting with the fire of heaven in her soul among the briars and brambles which tore her white feet, she burst out with the first note of the holy hymn. All the voices took it up. An old bard stepped from the crowd and struck his lyre to the air.

"Then, as they sang, she stooped. With her left hand she put back the long brown locks that fell across her shoulders, and curving the little finger of the right hand, she culled the sacred herb with it alone. No other finger touched it, as she rose and dropped it into the basket of the young Druid.

"The ceremony was over, and we returned to the village. As we went, I asked the Druid, my friend, who the maiden was."

"You," he answered, "you, newly come, pride-laden from Alesia, know all that the Roman is doing in the South. I need not tell you that Cæsar is driving all before him, northwards. Well, this maid, who is indeed a gem of beauty, has fled from the neighbourhood of Bibracte with her aged mother. She tells how her life—her honour even—was saved by a Roman knight, and how she staid not till they reached these hills, whither the southron will find it hard to penetrate."

"Need I tell you that I fell enamoured of this damsel? Need I say how often I spread the red hide-sail to the northern breeze, and sought Gavr Inis and the smile of the lovely Dona?

"But I found her cold. My honours seemed little in her sight—my-

self nothing. Still I hoped. She was young, and I had nought but a student's glory to recommend me. I was fired with the ambition of love. I resolved to win a name in the province, for I saw that she loved the great and noble.

"A year passed, and the Roman Eagle again darkened the land with his huge wings. Julius Cæsar was a name which all had heard, and heard with horror. I became popular by my working. I laboured hard among the people. I kept up the falling faith. I incited them to prepare for war. I collected the priests and the chieftains, and we trained the people to the bow and the axe. Everywhere I exclaimed proudly, 'the Celt shall never be a slave.'

"But the sky was dark. Another year and Vercingetorix was the name which resounded louder than that of Cæsar in our hills. The news came that Alesia was besieged. All trusted to the noble band of Vercingetorix. But how was it that a melancholy silence fell on Dona when she heard the tidings? What was she meditating in that maiden breast? These two years had altered her. She was no longer the timid girl, she was rising to ambitious womanhood; she was reserved and pensive.

"At last my ambition called me to Wenedh, and I was parted for many a month from Dona.

"One day a man rode headlong into Wenedh, covered from heel to head with dirt and dust. His horse dropped dead beneath him.

"The townsmen crowded round him, and then, with sad voice, he declared that Alesia was fallen, and Vercingetorix was lost.

"The news flew like wildfire. My father came among the first from Locmariaquer. In every quarter we sent for every bowman that could still fix an arrow. Wenedh was crowded. The capital of our hill country, it was always the trysting place in times of danger. And now the whole country poured into it; some to see their friends depart for the war, some from curiosity, some to hear the news, and some even to offer their arms in their country's cause.

"A motley crowd assembled in the little market-place. The wild woodcutters from the hills, with their axes across their swarthy arms; the peasant from the plains, with nought but a hide to cover him; the priest and the Druid in his long flowing garment of white linen; and the herdsman from the island, in his rough breeks of sheep-skin. Some from the neighbourhood still held a yôke of oxen by the horns, in such haste had they come; and others from hunting the wolf, had rushed hurriedly in with the heavy hang-jawed hounds still prancing on before them. All were asking, all stupidly waiting to see what would happen, all thinking that, because the capital was taken, the Roman must of course be on their threshold. Poor things, they knew not whether Alesia were one or ten days' journey from them.

"But the market-place was thronged the day after the news had come. The noise of oxen, horses, dogs and men was terrific. A large body of Druids had assembled, and my father had consulted with them what was to be done, and had agreed to harangue the people.

"We formed in procession and walked slowly, and with the sound of the mournful lyre, to the market-place. The crowd opened and knelt as we passed, and my father passed his thin white hands to and fro to bless them.

"He was very old, and his white hair danced about his temples like flakes of snow. Mounting a large stone in the middle of the place, he called on the folk to pray with him to Bhelen.

"He rose to address them, when the prayer was done, but, whether from age, or the excitement, his voice faltered and clung to his jaws. The

people murmured, and looked down, and I was just going to come forward and lend the old man my voice, when I saw the farthermost of the crowd turning round, and looking up the road. The next moment I heard the hard rattle of hoof and stone. All the crowd turned to the quarter whence the noise came. A moment more, and the women were shrieking, and pulling back their children; the crowd opened and three horsemen dashed madly up to the stone where we stood.

"There was a moment's silence. Each man was straining his ears. Then the foremost of the three horsemen standing up in his stirrups, took his lance in his hand and brandished it furiously over his head.

"'Men of Wenedh,' he cried in a voice of thunder, 'the Roman is coming. A Roman legion has crossed the Sechen. Their van is even now only five days hence. The chieftains have fallen back on the hills, and they call on you in the name of Thiutath, of Bhelen, of Esus to march out to their aid—ye and all the land. Men of Wenedh, arise!'

"A deathlike silence hung upon these words; they had taken the breath of all away. It lasted a minute, and then one wild shriek, one bitter wail from all the women, one mass of shouting, and loud defiant talking from the men filled the whole air.

"'The Roman coming here? Cæsar? the Eagle? the black Eagle with its talons and jaws streaming already with our blood? oh! terrible! terrible!'

"A panic had fallen on all. Alesia was gone, the country had lost its corner-stone. Still they had hoped to stand. They had thought that the Roman would have been sated with the pillage of the capital, and the autumn was coming on. Another month, and the careful Romans would have been gathering into winter-quarters. 'But, oh! oh! they are coming hither; death, slavery, pillage; our wives, our children slain or dishonoured before our eyes, our hearths polluted, our homes destroyed, ourselves in bondage!'

"Such was the thought of each, the thought that overpowered them, for they knew how terrible the Roman was, and shrank from the awful vision of Death.

"I saw that now was my moment. I rose upon the broad stone, flung my hands forward, and summoning all my voice, I cried, 'Celts, are ye ready to defend the land?'

"A murmur,—I had expected a loud reply of 'Yes,'—but only a murmur, low, grumbling, and wretched, followed my words. Then I know not what I said. I conjured them by all that was most holy, most dear, by their very name of Celt, to rise and strike for home, for life. But, oh! when fear possesses a whole crowd, there is no rousing them. I called them cowards. There was a low murmur, but nothing more. Just then my eyes fell on a distant corner, whither they had not wandered before.

"I saw a lovely face with blue eyes strained in anxious stare, the dark brown locks low hanging on the back, the slender neck stretching forward, the curved nostril of the high nose dilating with passion,—one hand resting on the stone on which she sat, the other seeming each moment to clutch at some visionary thing at her side, the little bosom heaving, throbbing, swelling quick and warm,—and this was Dona.

"Her eyes were on me, and seemed to call me. I gathered up my whole force and cried, 'Once more I call you, brothers—once more, and then your blood, your children's, wives' and mothers' blood be on your own heads,' and sank down, filled with the gaze of Dona. Oh! her eyes bright with ambition, glittering with her people's love, wild with suppressed indignation, called me, inspired me, pleaded to me —to *me*, whom she had almost scorned. I was drowning in my reverie, when

I heard the deep vibration of the harp beside me. I turned, and Cervorix, the bard who had chanted the evil omen at my birth, was spreading his broad hand and branching fingers over the chords.

" ' Celt, is the war-axe whetted,
Celt, is the arrow bright,
To pierce the Southern Eagle's heart?
Rise, Celt, march on and fight.
Fight for thy land, thy home, thy wife;
Wield strong the glittering glaive;
Shed the warm blood, fling down the life;
But scorn to be a slave!
What! shall the Roman triumph,
And trample on the name
Which echoed once from sea to sea,
The Gallic warrior's fame?
Shall your sons curse the cowards
That dared not meet the foe?
And bondsmen, rattling chains, mock out,
' They fear'd to brace the bow?'
No! Celts, it never shall be, no!
The Gaul shall turn the day;
Gird on the quiver, brace the bow;
Up! Celts, strike home and slay.'"

" The chords were strong and wild as the flight of the sea-gull, and the voice deep and rolling as the blue waves it skims o'er; but oh! for the coward heart of man, these shepherds and woodcutters, even the armed men we had trained, were moved a moment, murmured a faint applause—one or two shouting for the bard, and crying ' to arms,'— and then sank back into their old fears.

" ' What can we do against the Romans?' cried one.

" ' We have no arms, no provisions,' shouted another.

" ' No discipline,' sneered a third.

" ' We shall go out to be cut to pieces,' murmured a shepherd.

" ' Like calves in the shambles,' cried a cowardly cowherd.

" ' And our hills are better defences than our arms.'

" So they went on, while we were quiet. I was trembling in every limb. The people were before me, still obstinate, still immoveable, and if they held out, if they still refused, then not our glory, and honour only were gone, but our land, our freedom, all that we loved. I trembled, for the will of a whole people is a dire antagonist for one man. But I felt power in myself. I despised the illiterate mob. All I feared was the stubbornness of the mass, in which each clown supported his brother blockhead. Should I speak to them again, and in a tone of authority? should I, if it were necessary, even invent some message from Heaven, some divine inspiration of Bhelen? I looked instinctively towards those blue eyes of Dona for an answer. But they were no longer turned towards me. She was looking indignantly, almost angrily around her. I could see her bosom heaving yet more rapidly, her eyes gliding continually from one to another, her hand nervously drawing the long brown tresses from her brow.

" For a moment there was another awful stillness. The crowd seemed still to hesitate; still to look for somebody to reassure them. I should have sprung up then, I should have caught them in the nick of time, but all my thought, all my soul was riveted on that lovely face, working with all the passion of indignant shame.

" Suddenly I saw her stretch her arm beside her, still looking forward, and grasp a battle-axe that lay neglected by her side. One second I saw her rise, proud, furious, carried away,—the next and she had mounted beside me, and was flourishing the glittering axe above her head, with all the strength of her woman's arm.

" ' Cowards,' she cried, throwing back her fine head, and gasping with emotion. ' Cowards, for I cannot call you men: a woman shall put you to shame, a woman shall do what no warrior amongst you dares. Cowards to-day, you were not so once. What shall your fathers say in the Heaven of Bhelen? Shall your dead mothers own that they have suckled dastards? Shame, shame. I have seen the Roman, and I fear him not. I will march on to meet him; with this axe, this

woman's hand, I will strike the first blow for my country, and let him follow who dares.'

"She flung the axe once more round her head, and as she did so a thousand voices leapt up, 'We will, we will! lead us on!'

"Her beauty had done what all my eloquence had not done. Her weakness, her woman's courage had shamed the young men. The older ones followed in the wake. She leapt down from the stone, and walked stately as a queen through the opening crowd. The young men clutched their weapons, and pushed forward after her. Shouting and shouting, they formed in rank. I pressed my father's hand, I called on the other Druids to follow me, and rushing on one with another, we closed behind her, and with one voice raised the war-chant of Bhelen.

"'On! on!' she cried, in shrill accents, that rang above our hundred voices. The impulse was given. With one accord all closed behind her. Children and wives were greeted with hurried kisses; we turned with one accord, and with one voice bade adieu to the old and the feeble, and our own loved homes, and then marched rapidly from the town. The women followed us for a long way. Dona still marched at our head, waving us forward with her white arm, and her dark tresses floating in the air. On, on, with tears and cries and hopes all mingled around us, on, on, for half-an-hour across the hills, and then all again was silent. We marched steadily to death or victory.

* * * * * *

"Three days we travelled onwards to meet the awful foe. Three nights we camped beneath the starry heaven, gathering our food from the villages we passed, and joined at every step by fresher hearts and stouter arms. Three days Dona still marched at our head, adored by all, our woman-general, stronger in her will and her ambition than any of us.

"The third night we camped behind a range of low hills, with the Roman, unconscious, in fancied security, in the valley on the other side.

"None slept. All knew that ere morning the fatal hour would come. All thought of their wives, their children, their sisters, their fathers, and their homes, that they had left. And amid all that throng, Dona was the only woman.

"Three hours after midnight the word passed in silence to prepare.

"Then there was a slight noise in the camp, if camp it could be called, with nought but bushes for our tents. The bowman was seeing to his lock and the buckle of his quiver; the woodcutter felt the edge of his axe, and sharpened it stealthily on the nearest stone; the trained warrior girded on his glaive, and took his buckler of hide on the left arm. And amid the stealthy business a light footstep woke me from thought, and Dona stood by my side.

"'Friend,' she said to me, more warmly than she had ever spoken, 'friend, *you* are to win the fight. To you the honour of rousing the Roman.'

"I looked in wonder at her. I, a Druid, to wield the sword?

"'Yes,' she answered to my look. 'The frighted eagle soars not straight towards the sun, but flutters his huge pinions till the huntsman's aim is taken. Up, friend, take a Druid band with you, climb yon ridge, and wait in long line till the first beams of morning gild the hill-tops. Then with one throat pour out the war-hymn. I will do the rest.'

"I would have seized her hand, I would have fallen and worshipped her as a heroine worthy of Nehallenia's court,—but she was gone, and in silence I led my band up the heather.

"We had scarcely formed, when the first grey light twinkled in the east. In a minute or two we could see the sleeping camp beneath us, and

hear the heavy footfalls of the night-watch.

"Clothed all in white, and stretched along the ridge of the dark hill, we were a strange sight in that early morning.

"Then a long, low cry from behind was the signal. I raised my hand, and a hundred hill-trained throats poured out the wild hymn, while Cervorix, the bard, struck the ringing chords.

"A clatter in the valley; the night-guards moving rapidly, a trumpet-call, a rush to arms, and the next moment the glitter of a brandished axe on a distant hill-top, the white robe of a maiden fluttering in the chill morning breeze, dark bands closing rapidly after it, and then, still in doubtful silence, a downward rush upon the foe.

"For one second we heard nothing but the clatter of arms down the distant hill, the next, a huge, wild shout that rent the air, the next, the din of close, bloody strife. We saw nothing but a huge black mass, moving unsteadily in the dark valley, but we heard the terrible cries, the axe shivering the helmet, the arrows rattling like hail upon the armour, the shouts of vengeance, hatred, wounds, death, all mingled.

"I understood it all. We had been placed there to divert attention, and our warriors had thus secured the flank attack.

"Wild with excitement, I could not endure our stillness. I bounded almost headlong from rock to rock, and rushed shouting and throwing up my arms into the fight. Everywhere the Roman, utterly surprised, was yielding ground, crying quarter, or being struck to the earth. Everywhere the axe of the Briton glittered above the invader, and everywhere I thought I saw the white robe of the warrior-maiden.

"That was my real lure. I thought fearfully of her danger, and dreamed wildly of saving her, and I rushed madly to where the white robe glittered. I saw her—saw her turn, followed her. A band of some twenty of my countrymen had surrounded three or four Southrons, who were fighting desperately with the sword. The tallest of them was cutting down his assailants right and left. I saw Dona pass her hand across her brow. I saw her waver a moment, and in that moment I saw an axe gleam above the head of the Roman knight. The next, and Dona had struck its bearer to the ground.

"The Roman stepped back at the sight of his deliverer. She swung her axe wildly round and cleared the space about him.

"'Away, away!' she cried furiously. 'Go, Celts, and drive your foes down elsewhere. This man is my prisoner.'

"The assailants shrank back amazed, and Dona turned to the Roman and stretched her white hand to his arm.

"'You saved me once,' she said, 'and now I save your life in quittance of my debt. That done, I am still your foe, and I claim you as my prisoner.'

"The Roman stooped. I bounded forward in my agony, and caught his words, 'Lady, your captive would I ever be.'

* * * * * *

"Cæsar recalled his forces into winter quarters. The war had ended that summer with his defeat, and the Roman soldier blushed to hear that a woman had been the general in his rout. Half the legion had been cut to pieces; the other half had either fled or been taken.

"The Roman warrior lay wounded and captive in the home of Dona's mother, and I,—I, who had hoped against hope itself, roamed, more deeply wounded in my love, pierced to the heart, and fostering yellow jealousy in my bosom.

"To Dona I never went—how could I?

"To the gods, to the temple, I went as a sneak. I felt that my heart was not with them. I shunned the mild gaze of my old father, I hated the honours that the people poured upon me. I was the most popular Druid in all the country. They coupled my name with Dona's as their deliverer. All said that the song of the Druids had saved the land. But I felt like a fiend at their praises, and when they praised Dona I rejoiced with a bitter joy.

"Over the wild hills of heather, through the thick, dark forests, I roamed half-mad. The image of my beloved one grew brighter and brighter, as I dwelt upon it. She was far more beautiful, far more a heroine—nay, she was scarcely a woman, she must be some goddess. And that *her* heart, her's, the deliverer of her race, should be given to its direst foe! Oh! it was terrible.

"But the dark night of the forest blackened my darkening soul. First came the thought of ambition. I was already a great man. I would be the greatest in the kingdom. I was a Druid—I could be a warrior too. I would take the sword and the field against the Roman, and rival Vercingetorix himself. She loved honour and glory. These would I gain. But the winter came apace. There was no fighting the Roman then; and in the frozen glades, and the deep snow, my jealous love was all that burned.

"Then it was that in despair I bethought me of slaying the southern knight. If he were once away, she might sorrow awhile, but her love would die with its object.

"Through the long, cold winter I cherished this thought. Scheme after scheme passed through my heated brain. I tutored myself to cruelty. I grew exacting and harsh to the people, who yet seemed to love me all the more. It was the business of the Arch-Druid to decide all the difficult points of quarrel between the people. He was the chief magistrate, and held the appeal from the petty chieftains.

"I became my father's adviser, and privily urged him to punishments of intense cruelty, which the old man abhorred in his soul, but in which he yielded to my stronger will. Thus I became a tyrant.

"Meanwhile my father was building this temple in which you lie. He had been about it for a year. The stones were graven with the mystic signs; the cave was dug out slowly. It was nearing its completion, and when the first spring sun turned the frosts to water, the work was recommenced.

"One day he begged me to go and see the first stones placed against the walls. I came to Gavr Inis, and when my work was done I strolled down the island, drawn by an irresistible impulse towards the cottage of Dona.

"As I trod the wet rotting leaves of the oak forest, I caught the sound of coming footsteps. Instinctively I hid myself in the hollow of an oak. On they came, and then from my lurking place I saw the Roman Knight circling his stout arm round Dona's gentle form. I felt my brows meet, I felt my breath choking me, I felt the hot blood rush into my head, as they passed. I longed to dart out and strangle him with these hands, but a spirit within me muttered, 'Wait.'

"They came, each pouring love into the other's lips; and Dona, she I loved and longed for, gazing into his eyes with burning passion. And thus they passed, and I held back my vengeance.

"The spring came, and again the land was roused. The Roman was alive again, and again his dreaded arms were turning to the west. All were mad with fear. They sought Dona, and implored her to lead them on again, and she only shook her head, and said nought. They sought me, and I assembled the people.

"My dreadful purpose was made up.

"'Celts,' I cried to the assembly,

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"'Celts,' I cried to the assembly,

'the gods are wroth with us. Our faith is tottering, our temples are deserted, our sacrifices are not what they once were, and for this Bhelen sends the Roman upon our land. If you would be saved you must make one grand propitiation.'

"'Speak, speak,' cried a hundred voices, 'we are ready to do anything. Our cattle, our flocks, are Bhelen's. Let the god command.'

"'No,' I answered, smiling bitterly, 'the blood of oxen and the blood of sheep are stale to the offended god. Think you a common offering can appease him? No. Last night I stood beneath Bhelen's holy oak, and whispered my prayer in the bark. The leaves fluttered, and they answered me. 'A man, a man,' was the oracle. 'One man must die for the many.'

"The people and the chieftains, and the Druids, all stood aghast. How long had it been since a man had been slain in sacrifice? Never since the days of their grandsires.

"'Yes,' I cried again, 'ye are fostering in your very bosom an enemy of our land and our gods. A Roman dwells among us in safety, and a Roman is an insult to the Holy Bhelen.'

"The assembly breathed again. All knew who was meant, and now none feared for himself.

"'It is good,' they cried, 'the offering shall be made.'

"I turned to my father, who stood pale and trembling—not with age, but horror—at my side.

"'Father,' I said, 'your new temple is all but finished. This will be fine blood to hallow it, better than that of bulls and goats.'

"'Horrible, horrible,' muttered the old man, turning from me in disgust, 'and that Bhelen should have asked for human blood!'

"'And yet,' I answered humbly, 'it is Bhelen's will, father; it must be done.'

"He said nothing, but hurried away.

"I passed a horrible night. My father's disgust at me—he, always so fond, so proud of his son,—had struck me deeply, and now set me thinking. I now saw that my last friend had been undeceived in me. One by one my links to life had dropped away. There seemed to be no hope of Dona's love, which had once been the constant companion of my mind. Though I dreamed at times of such a hope, though that was the excuse I made to my own conscience for the deed I was preparing to do, I knew well that there was really none. Then the people too had found me out. I had tyrannised, I had become brutal, and though they respected my talents, and the divine communications which I pretended were made to me, there was not one who loved me—not one. And now even my father seemed to loathe my cruelty, for this last act was dreadful.

"I confess that for a moment I was weak, when these thoughts oppressed me; for a moment I wavered. I said to myself, 'What right hast thou to this man's blood? Why shouldst thou hate him for an accident. He does not even dream that he has a rival. Thou hast no right even to be his rival, for thou hast never told thy love. What! wilt thou make these two wretched that are now so happy? Thou yearnest thyself for Love, for something on which to lean thy soul, as a head on the pillow. Thou yearnest for some soft beauty to rest thy cheek on her warm breast, that thou mayest gaze up into her eyes for sympathy, and feel her bosom heaving in her love. Thou longest for all this, and thou knowest that they have found it. Canst thou be so cruel, so remorseless as to tear them from this joy?'

"But then as I raised to myself this picture of perfect Love, that other picture which I had seen from the hollow of the oak flashed back upon me. It was a demon's doing, and I writhed with hatred, with wounded self-love.

"'I will not only have his blood,' I cried, 'but I will make her—yes *her*,

take it. He shall die by the white hand that fondles him.'

"The resolution was grand, and I spent a night of heat and fury, tossing on my bed of hide and straw, and planning the affair.

"I rose a little before the sun, and bent my steps in the direction of a distant village, called Cœr-Brachd. Once arrived there, I marched straight to the house of a Druid whom I knew.

"'Friend,' I said, when the ordinary greetings were over, 'you have two Roman prisoners among your slaves; you find them troublesome, I hear, and difficult to bring to work. Say what value you put upon them and I will give it you.'

"The Druid clasped my hand.

"'Last night,' he said hurriedly, 'the news came here from Cœr-Bhelen, that some Roman prisoner was to be sacrificed. These men heard it, and fearful lest the lot should fall on them, they attempted to escape for the ninth time this winter, but my trusty Britons again foiled their essay. But you see how I am troubled with them. Besides, they refuse to draw water or hew wood. I would far sooner have some dozen sheep, or a new set of arms for my men.'

"'You shall have both,' I said.

"He called a witness, who brought a javelin, which I broke on my knee, as a sign of a firm contract.

"An hour after my Romans were receiving their lesson from me. I told them that the people had demanded the blood of the Roman Knight, and that I, for my own reasons, and for friendship's sake, was willing to save him; that I had bought them up for the purpose of aiding me, and that if they did my bidding their liberty was secure, but not otherwise.

"The night before had been very stormy, and the wind was still blowing furiously. It was very early too, and so I felt certain that the news of my assembly had not yet reached Gavr Inis. I therefore took my own boat, spread the red sail, and carried the two Romans privily over.

"I fixed a trysting place for them in the forest near Wenedh, and sent them to Dona herself. They were to tell her that the people had resolved to slay her lover in sacrifice, but that *I*—I whom she had always respected, who was ever her friend, had thus schemed to save the Knight and the man she was affianced to. I could not doubt that Dona would at once relinquish her prisoner.

"I landed them at Gavr Inis, and sped back in my bark to Cœr-Bhelen. Here I rushed madly along the street, calling loudly for help. The people poured from their houses in sad alarm.

"'This morn,' I cried, 'I went to Cœr-Brachd, and bought two Roman slaves of the Druid Grosna. I wished that they too should be led in triumph to the sacrifice of propitiation, and be humbled by the sight of their Knight's slaughter. It seems that they had learnt our intention, and as we came along by the water's edge they saw my boat. Suddenly one of them seized me by the neck, threw me down, and held me there by the throat, while the other jumped into the skiff and spread the sail; then the first leapt up and jumped into the boat after his companion, before I could prevent it, and I saw them steer their way to the forest of Wenedh. Up friends and after them, seek them in the forest and bring them back, for if they escape they will reveal all to the Romans, and we are lost. Meanwhile I will go and secure the other on Gavr Inis.'

"A score of stout forms sprang into their boats, and some five or six sails were soon wafting them across the sea.

"I stretched my hide towards Gavr Inis, for I knew that they would take much longer to reach the forest than I should to gain the island. Like a wild horse, I bounded through the oaken groves on he island, and when I reached Dona's hut the two Romans

were just preparing the boat, and Dona and the Knight were standing on the shore.

"'No,' I heard her cry from my hiding-place, 'no, I will not weep. It is better that you should go alone, without me, and yet I seem to fear some mishap. But what matter? you are fleeing from a frightful death here, and in the forest and across the hills you will have to meet, at worst, a foe that you can combat. Now I will bind on your sword, and for my sake use it nobly.'

She stooped, took up his sword, which was lying beside him, and girt it round his hips.

"Yes," she continued, "I shall follow you. You will await me in the forest, and ere sundown I shall see you again—and then no longer a captive, but a free citizen of hateful Rome. Yes, for I do hate Rome—and love it too—for your sake. But you will remember your vow—you will turn the Roman from our land. You will tell them how barren, how wretched it is. But ah! I shall be with you then—and yet—"

"She threw her arms around his neck, and hung upon his lips, and I exulted in my awful secret, for I knew that that embrace was the last.

"He tore himself away, and leapt into the boat. And she stood with clasped hands upon the beach, and I could see that she was pressing down her tears.

"The boat dashed wildly over the foam, and was borne away farther and farther. Still she stood and watched it, till the red sail was but a speck between heaven and the ocean. Then she fell upon her knees, and threw her hands to heaven, and the hot tears rolled in a torrent down her pale, pale cheeks.

"She rose again, and looked in vain for the distant boat. Then, dashing her hand across her eyes, she turned into the hut, slowly and sorrowfully. At that moment my heart smote me. I longed to spring to her side, to tell her all—to bid her despise me—to rescue her lover, and to undo my wretched deed. But this time, the demon within me was stronger still, and I nestled in my own hatred.

"She came out again, with a large grey woollen cloak over her shoulders. I watched her set the sail of her little skiff; and then, bounding back through the forest, I steered my own towards the wood of Wenedh.

"I followed her at some distance for a time, and then turning the helm, reached another part of the mainland, and made for the trysting-place. I saw that she had steered round an island which was in the way, and that she could not reach the shore till some time after me.

"The forest of Wenedh was cut about with paths and ox-tracks in different directions, but all met at one spot. It was there that I had appointed the trysting-place. I mounted the wooded steeps rapidly, and turning, after a time, I saw, through an open glen, the distant sea, and the five sails of the pursuers spread towards Cœr-Bhelen. Was he among them?

"I sped on, and reached the trysting-place. I saw the marks of a skirmish. I traced them over the rotting leaves, and presently came upon the body of one of the Romans, lying dead in a pool of blood. A little farther on the other was pinioned to a tree by a javelin.

"In a moment my plans were formed. I carried both the bodies to a distance, and covered them with brushwood and dry leaves.

"Then I returned to the trysting-place and sat down.

"In a few minutes I heard a rustling behind me. Though I knew it was Dona, I started like a guilty thief. She was coming on quickly and hopefully. The moment she saw me, she rushed towards me.

"'Where is he?" she cried, 'Oh! tell me where he is.'"

"I looked up with a face of well-feigned grief. I exulted in this moment of triumph.

"'Dona,' I said, 'sit down, while I tell you all.'

"'Is he alive? is he safe? Tell me, tell me.'

"'Patience,' I answered, 'Listen to me, and you shall hear where he is. You know my hopes of saving him. You know that I brought the two Romans to Gavr Inis—'

"'Yes, yes, but tell me all.'

"'I will. But listen. I sailed back when I had landed them. I found Cœr-Bhelen in an uproar. I was surrounded, threatened—'

"'And you betrayed him?' She looked at me with eyes of hate.

"'No, no, never. They had seen me leave the shore with the Romans. They accused me of a plot to release the knight. I denied all—everything. I told them that the two Romans had gone straight to Wenedh, for I thought to put them off the track, and I sailed hastily back to Gavr Inis, to stop the —the—your lover—Dona' —

"'Yes, yes—my beloved—'

"'From going to the forest. But they must have discovered all. I sailed once more from Gavr Inis to the forest, still hoping to warn the fugitives, and as I touched the shore I met their pursuers coming back with three bodies borne among them, which they threw into the sea. The knight was one of them.'

"Her expression had changed, as I spoke, from anxiety to a fearful calm. She looked me sternly in the face, as a lioness might look, and I could not meet her eyes.'

"'You lie,' she said, calmly and firmly. 'You lie, he cannot be dead.'

"'Would to heaven I lied,' I answered, with tears in my voice—sham tears. 'Follow me and I will show you.'

"I broke through the brushwood, and she followed to the spot where I had found the first body.

"'That is his blood,' I said, pointing to the red pool.

"'*His* blood?'

"She gathered herself together, her eyes turned up, then closed, and with a long loud shriek, she threw herself into the pool of gore.

"I stood above her, laughing in my sleeve at her credulity, laughing at the pangs, which I had power to inflict, and did inflict. It was better this—than bullying peasants, or wringing the innocent with tortures. It was a keener, more intellectual pleasure. But still I feared I felt what did not amount to trembling, but had all the pain of a guilty horror.

"Then I sat down on a ledge of stone, and coolly watched her. The grey cloak had half slipt off, and left her white shoulders bare. I saw that their whiteness now was not that of healthful beauty, but a bloodless pallor. Once or twice I saw the flesh quiver, as she lay with her face on the ground, and seemed to kiss what she believed was his blood.

"I sat for at least half-an-hour, while she remained motionless.

"I did not care now to go after my other captive. This enjoyment was enough for the day, and I revelled in the imagination of what her thoughts must be as she lay there; if, at least, she did think, but perhaps she had swooned. I cared not, but I watched her till the setting sun reminded me of the evening chill, which I had not felt till then.

"Beyond her form the hill shelved rapidly down, and the pines, those sombre giants, who alone seemed to favour this gloomy spot, stretched up in tall, thin ranks, with leaves and brushwood crowding round their feet. Far, far behind them, I could catch a glimpse of the ocean, and the slant rays were gilding the alternate leaves, and now played fitfully on my victim at my feet.

"But dark clouds gathered round the sun, and the shadows seemed to close me in behind. I felt frightened

at my own wickedness, I shuddered, got up, and touched Dona's arm.

"'Dona.' I spoke in a tone of well-feigned sympathy.

"She did not move, nor answer. I circled her waist with my arm, and raised her up. The drops of blood fell off her face and bosom, and she stood up before me—changed—utterly changed; and yet she had not shed a single tear. Gently, almost imperceptibly, she glided from my grasp,—a grasp in which there was no guilty longing—and turning her pale face, covered with the cold blood, from me, stretched me her hand.

"'Thank you, thank you,' she said, in a hoarse low whisper. 'Thank you for all you have done, or wished to do. Now, leave me.'

"'No, Dona,' I answered, still in a voice full of false tears, 'I may not leave you here. You know the Briton well. You know his vengeance, and his thirst of blood. Now, that they have slain the knight—'

"She trembled visibly.

"'They will seek you. You must not return to Gavr Inis. They will devour you.'

"'And what matter, if they do?' she said, calmly, and drew her hand across her brow.

"'It must not be. You would not tempt these dogs to another murder.' She was silent, and again trembled slightly.

"'I know your heart too well. Besides, remember your mother.' She uttered a bitter 'Ah!'

"'I will secure her. I will secure you too. There is a hut at the border of the forest, far from Wenedh, far from Gavr Inis, where you must remain a day or two, till all is calm again, till these blood-lappers have forgotten the murder of your lover.'

"How I delighted to remind her of that! But this time she betrayed no feeling of it.

"'I will lead you there now, and to-morrow I will come to you, give you news of your mother, and hopes for the future. There is an old woman at the hut, who will take good care of you. Come.'

"Still she did not move. She was looking down at the blood on the ground.

"'Come,' I repeated, taking her arm in my hand, 'the sun is down. Ere long the night will come on, and the wolf will steal from his lair. Come, Dona.'

"She walked passively beside me, but still she turned her face away. Presently we passed a running stream. She stopped, and thought a moment. Then stooping down, she washed the blood from her face and robe, looked silently up to heaven, and then followed me.

"The old woman was a hag, who lived alone and watched the stars. I drew her aside, promised her two sheep, and told her to be kind to her charge, but never leave her side for a moment.

"'Three days hence,' I said to her, 'a woodcutter will come to the house and ask for food. Give him some, and talk to him. He will tell you that the Romans have had a battle with some of the chieftains. That they are marching this way. That two or three prisoners have been taken and brought to Cœr-Bhelen, and that all the folk are in terror. It will be a lie, mother, but you must believe it, and take care that the maiden hears it.

"I left them, and returned across the sea to Cœr-Bhelen.

"I found the people in high glee. They had had a fight for their prisoner, killed the two Romans and captured the knight.

"'Good,' I said, 'in seven days he shall be offered to Bhelen.'

"I visited my prisoner, but only once. There was so deep a reproach to me in his quiet, contemptuous smile, that I could not triumph over him, if indeed my mind had been vulgar enough to do so. But it was not. My triumph

was in my own heart. I exulted in causing misery where I could not myself enjoy. Besides these cruelties were grown a habit, at least in mind.

"The knight did not thank me. Probably he suspected me, knowing more of man's villany than poor Dona did. On my side I took no trouble to explain anything. I came there simply to tell him that he was destined to replace the ox and the ram at the sacrifice, and to enjoy his horror at the news.

"He turned very pale for a moment, and then I noticed a kind of swallowing in his throat, as he said, 'Sir, a Roman citizen can always die.'

"I left him in his chains, and sailed again across to the opposite shore. Dona had lain upon the straw, so the hag told me, but had not seemed to sleep. In the morning she had refused all food, and sat at the door, looking at the forest near at hand.

"I was very kind to her in my mockery. I talked to her about becoming a Druidess, about dedicating her virgin form to Nehallenia. She seemed to listen, but said nothing.

"Day after day I went. I persuaded a wood-cutter to play the part I had arranged, and the same day I rushed breathless into the hut, to confirm the false news. I added that some prisoners had been taken, and that the people had decided on a human sacrifice.

"She only shuddered.

"The next day I came to tell her that the people were calling for her. That they protested she alone was fit to strike the blow; that Bhelen had revealed to me in the quivering of the oak-leaves that no sacrifice would be accepted, unless a warrior maiden slew the victim.

"Her fixed eyes turned to me for the first time, and looked through me, till I trembled beneath them. But I made a grand effort. I rose, still answering her gaze, and said, 'What Bhelen bids us, no one dare refuse.'

"Then for the first time she spoke.

"'Will Bhelen save the Land if this is done?'

"'He will.'

"'Then I will do it. I am ready.'

"I was myself again. The next two days I passed in preparing the procession.

"On the night of the third day, a mighty crowd was brought together on Gavr Inis. The stars were bright and numberless. The sky was moonless and doubly blue.

"A wild air thrilled along the branches of the oaks; and three bards, with Cervorix at their head, trod slowly up towards this temple.

"They were followed by a band of maidens, and Dona led them, holding in her falling arm a bright, sharp dagger. The music thrilled again wild and melancholy, and voices caught it up behind. A hundred white-clad Druids, their brows wreathed with oak-leaves, and branches of the ash in their hands, chanted the hymn of penitence. Then came two figures. Over one was thrown a long white cloth, that covered his head, and hid his naked body. This was the victim, and I led him by the hand.

"My father followed, with his silvery locks bent down as if in shame. And last, a band of Druidesses bore the glittering torches, streaming in the light breeze, and glaring on the ghost-like trunks of the huge oaks. The warriors and the people followed in a motley crowd.

"At the foot of the hill the long train stopped and turned. All were at last assembled, and as I came up, I saw Dona, calm, white as death, but yet with a look of quiet contentment on her sunken face. I saw her turn a glance full of pity at my victim, but it was clear she suspected nothing, and I had so arranged that she arrived only at the moment of the procession setting off; and as it was forbidden to speak when once it had begun, she could scarcely have discovered who the

victim really was. She seemed to be happy again for a moment in the hope of saving her people, for in this strange being the love of her country seemed stronger than even that other love.

"The whole mass knelt at the foot of the hill. Here at least was true grief; the Roman was coming, and they knelt in real fear, real prayer for their hearths and homes. The bards mounted to midway up the hill, and Cervorix, strange bard, sang again,

"'An Eaglet's blood shall stain his hand,
A woman lead the host,
A maiden's death-shriek fill the land,
And the Druid's rule be lost.'

"I trembled as the words swam down clear and ringing into my very brain. I had counted for all this, but still I trembled.

"Then regaining my firmness in the strength of my hatred, I led the victim up the hill. Dona followed near, but now alone. Behind her came my father, stooping, sinking more than ever. One Druid bore the vase to catch his blood, another bore a torch, and that was all.

"My father turned midway and blessed the kneeling people. At last we entered the low mouth of the temple. The two Druids marched first, and I thanked the darkness that covered at last my guilty pallor. I passed behind the smoking torch, still holding the prisoner's hand. Dona was next, and my tottering father came slowly, last.

"In the temple all knelt, but my victim and I. I took a cord from the hand of one of the Druids, turned the knights back to this hole that you see, and taking his hands, bound them firmly to this shaft. Then I drew the ends of the white cloth over his shoulders, laying bare his hairy chest, but not his head.

"I looked at Dona, as I did so. She was bowed in fervent prayer.

"Then my father rose, and in a smothered voice, and raising his hands to heaven, he murmured:—'Oh! wrathful God, Oh! mighty formless Bhelen, will this appease thee? Oh! wash our sins out with this Roman blood.'

"The knight was motionless still. Then the torch-bearer drew near. The other Druid came to the left of the victim, and held his vase beneath the heart. I stood at the right, holding with my hands the ends of the white cloth that covered him.

"Then I motioned to Dona to draw near. She rose, she sighed slightly, and stood before the victim. She raised the dagger, with the point to his heart. Again I motioned with my head. She cried,

"'I strike for my people.'

"I felt the victim start, I heard him cry bitterly 'Dona,' as he caught her voice. I quivered, for I thought all was lost, but the same instant I saw the blood spurt from his heart, and jerked the cloth from his head.

"Dona had started back. She had seized the torch from the Druid's hand, she had passed it before the dead man's face, her eyes starting from their sockets, her hair streaming wildly behind. She had thrown the torch down again, she glared fearfully into the victim's face, she passed her thin hands across his brow, parted his hair asunder, and even while I looked at her with bitter exultation, snatched the dagger from his heart, and with a fierce, long, awful shriek that shook the very stones, plunged it reeking into her own. I fled.

* * * * * * *

"'And what did you do?' I asked, when the terrible scene was over. 'Whither did you flee?'

"'To the Romans,' he muttered. 'I became their spy, and led them to devour my own father's house. Stay, ——'

He laid his heavy hand on my shoulder. I started, for I knew it was a murderer's. I jumped up, and as I did so, a bluff harsh voice at my side,

cried: "Monsieur must get up. This wind won't last, and we had better be off before it changes."

I rubbed my eyes. The old sailor of last night was before me. The daylight was struggling dimly into the cave, and I saw clearly that he was not a Druid. I also noticed that my nether garments lay just in the place where the Druid had thrown himself on his face, and that they now caught the stray beam of day, and looked white.

I rubbed my eyes again and looked round the temple.

"Come, sir," said the sailor, in a hurry, "my wife will be tired of waiting for me. Have you had a good night?"

"Pretty well," I answered, as I gazed round the strange place. "I must have dreamed a good deal."

"Perhaps it was not all dreaming, sir," replied the other, doubtfully.

"By the way," I said as we were getting into the boat, "I heard some strange music last night. Were you singing?"

The two sailors looked blank at one another. "We heard it too," said the younger one, rather pale, "and thought it was Monsieur."

The boat dashed over the waves, and I lay in the bottom, thinking of Dona and the Druid. At last the keel grated on the shingle.

"Already at Caer-Bhelen?" I cried, jumping up.

"Caer-Bhelen!" answered the sailors, staring at one another in amazement. "This is Locmariaquer." "Ah," rejoined the elder one, "Monsieur *has* seen the man in white, then."

CARLYLE.

Chapter IV. *Carlyle as a Writer.*

THE consideration of this part of my subject should of right perhaps follow rather than precede an examination of the substance which Carlyle has written concerning modern English affairs; but it may stand here. For in truth it belongs to the whole subject: the manner of a man is part of the man himself. The manner in which a man speaks that which he has to speak to us tells us much of his character; shows us what force, what moderation, what clearness and sincerity are in him, especially what tendencies: the very tones of his voice are not without meaning. And if in reading written words we lose that directness of impression which comes from personal presence, and its quick deep influences on eye and ear, yet we lose not all; for it was a Man that wrote the words; nay we gain as well as lose; in that we have no longer thoughts uttered in haste to consider, but a work deliberately fashioned, and can study it as completely and narrowly as we care to do: we have a Book, or better still, we have Books.

Perhaps it is in this minor capacity of Writer rather than of Teacher that Carlyle has received most notice, as is most natural; the outward aspect of a man is known before his inward character, more especially if he does not carry his heart pinned upon his sleeve. Thoughtful readers have learnt much from his peculiar methods of speech, as is visible in almost all recent books of superior worth, which treat of History and practical Politics; on the other hand, readers that run or promenade have stared at the writer called Carlyle very considerably as a wild grotesque phenomenon in literature,

very much as they would if they met any strange figure in Regent Street; stared and passed on, vacantly wondering, as if thinking, "Who the d—l is this?" For indeed the dress which his thoughts wear is very curious, and in many little particulars has been cut out and stitched together by himself; it is different from any preceding fashion in English prose, and a wide departure, almost one may say, a revolution from the literary fashion lately and still very prevalent, which like modern bodily raiment, is if not uncomfortable through long use, colourless, uninteresting, and mere tailor's-work. Curious as this style of his is, it is however by no means, as many say, adopted out of affectation of singularity or mere wilful caprice; on the contrary, when examined, it will prove to be singular, chiefly—almost entirely—because it is very truthful to the motions of a most singular mind within; to be full of studied practical purpose in details, and as a whole inspired with a remarkable sympathy for the subjects to which it is applied, subjects as many-sided almost as Life itself.

Two leading habits of Carlyle's mind are: Observation of the aspect of facts in human activity and strife, and meditation on their inward meaning, by which I mean the laws which determine their nature and prescribe man's relation to them.—Commerce with earth, commerce with heaven! These must belong in greater or less degree to every writer on human conduct; but the common sort will look chiefly to secondary truths, to maxims of practice rather than principles of belief, and are apt to repeat them second-hand without bestowing real thought on them; and in the department of facts they show but a feeble grasp of things, and incline to hurry to single conclusions and immediate results (often drawing on some narrow theory), rather than ponder the facts themselves in their reality and fulness. Carlyle is very different from these, as different as the free royal eagle is from the caged magpie. The eagle soars high, can poise aloft as fixed as a twinkling star, or if he will, fly his hundred miles in the hour; he scans a vast range of country, yet can swoop with a sure aim on his prey beneath him; the magpie patrols up and down his single perch, chatters not without self-complacency, and eats nothing but what is given to it. That these eagle-like properties of breadth and keenness of vision, lofty flight and resolute purpose do belong to Carlyle, I here assume, having pointed them out in former chapters, and intending to do so further in the one that follows this: here it is to be shown, how like a true man he makes them serviceable to others.

For as to discern the secret laws of things, and especially of many things taken together, requires close, patient, and devout thinking, so the truths which result demand affirmation in compact and faithful words, for these give unity, strength, authority: they demand this, and from Carlyle they procure it. None strives to say, none can say a thing in fewer words than he. He knows how to lay down a law; in simple words and strong. As for instance this: "I tell you again and "again; he or she that will not work, "and cannot be compelled to work, "shall die." Due zeal, is not wanting; he will tell us, if need be, "again and again." Elsewhere he will take the truth for granted, (as every day we assume that the sun is in the sky,) and then he will break forth into passionate imperative, as of a Captain at the breach-foot; or may be with a dear familiar "Thou" whisper quiet words of exhortation to the inmost heart of the reader. Like Moses in the camp of Israel, he pronounces blessings and curses; like Elijah on Mount Carmel he knows how to mock the false idols of his countrymen. Often too while trudging along in homely prose among the outward shows of things, with one

penetrating word, perhaps a mere epithet, he will pierce into the very heaven and hell which lie concealed beneath them, — beneath them, but surely there. And it is very noticeable how this tone of Commander, of Authoritative Teacher, was characteristic of him almost from the very first. No matter whether writing from the wild far away moorlands of Dumfries an unknown man, or from London a well known man, in a great book, or a Magazine article, he speaks as Master. It is pleasant to think how the readers of the Edinburgh review must have started to find great imperative moods even there! They positively abound in his histories;—where from experience of other historians one would not expect to find them at all. English literature has felt the influence of this spirit and manner; especially since they have proceeded from an author writing on secular subjects and in prose. To Carlyle (amongst others) we owe that growing seriousness of tone, which has now won a place even in novels, and from kindred minds (for example Kingsley's) receives an expression only less ardent than his own. But in whom shall we find a foundation like *his* deep reflection, and comprehension of Fact?

For on the other hand, Carlyle has the manly instinct to love Facts, small and great, he rejoices in them, cleaves to them, will wheresoever possible, express himself by them. Abstractions are terms often ill-fitting, too large or too small for the meaning intended; and they receive life only from the effort of thought which refers them to the original facts—that effort ceasing they become lifeless phrases: Carlyle dislikes and avoids them, as also he does nouns of multitude. He resorts to Nature; to the individual facts, which whether old or new can tell the living truth, to him who knows how to read them; "the concrete smacks of the "perennial." Hence his feeling for history as a record not of fact only, but of truth, and the noble use he makes of it in his political writings; hence too his perpetual appeal to the visible realities of modern experience. Great events and small, heroic and unheroic, all bear their part in supporting the utterance of his belief; the French Revolution, the story of Abbot Samson the ancient Monk, the boast of Ramdass, the Hindoo fanatic, that "he "had that in his belly which could burn "up the sins of the whole world," the advertising Hat seven feet high, which in 1844 traversed the streets of London, Hudson's statue; these and a profusion of others. And more than this, his general statements seem in their very outward structure to be built of solid tangible facts, so closely and skilfully are facts wrought into the body of them. His eloquence is like the prismatic light which sparkles in the diamond; every spark shoots forth from a surface of adamantine rock.

As thus, in his conclusion respecting fears of Over-Population. "True, thou "Gold, Hofrath," cries the Professor elsewhere: "too crowded indeed! "Meanwhile what portion of this in- "considerable terraqueous Globe have "ye actually tilled and delved, till it "will grow no more? How thick stands "your Population in the Pampas and "Savannas of America; round ancient "Carthage, and in the interior of "Africa; on both slopes of the Altaic "Chain, in the central Platform of "Asia; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, "Crim Tartary, the Curragh of Kil- "dare? One man, in one year, as I "have understood it, if you lend him "Earth, will feed himself and nine "others. Alas, where now are the "Hengists and Alarics of our still "glowing, still expanding Europe; "who, when their home is grown too "narrow, will enlist, and like Fire-pil- "lars guide onwards those superfluous "masses of indomitable living Valour; "equipped, not now with the battle- "axe and war-chariot, but with the "steam engine and ploughshare!

"Where are they?—Preserving their "Game."

With his words we are in perpetual company with facts. We recognise them with joy, we feel their inevitable strength. Nor is it a single impression only, but a conviction gains root in our minds that he who speaks to us has already confronted his beliefs with Life, and is ever willing to confront them. This loyal adhesion to facts, this masterly understanding of them is the source of Carlyle's power, literary as well as practical. Surely also in this he is spiritually leagued with all the greatest men of our modern time, our poets, our painters, our men of science, our novelists, their characteristic tendency being a return to the faithful study of Nature.

These qualities of Meditation and Observation, are they not, when granted in full measure, inspired with passion, and directed to Life, precisely those which mark the Poet? And now add to these a third quality, which is the product of these two, and though scarcely essential, is nevertheless the unfailing property of the Poet —that power of perceiving harmony in things of diverse aspect, which finds its expression in abounding imagery. Looking out upon the wide and varied world of Existence, the poet feels the brotherhood of things, sees all beneath his ken as one family, animated by one spirit and obeying one law, and he is irresistibly constrained to bring the near and the far-away together, that their lineaments may set off and explain one another. This is most true of Carlyle; he has infused this poetical element into prose with a fulness and freedom that our English literature has never witnessed before: he is for ever typifying, comparing, illustrating. His imagery, though in one sense far-fetched, as from a wide panorama, is in another sense near at hand: it is gathered from the field in which he labours. As he writes of men toiling in the crowd, amid the press of social life, so he draws his imagery from just such objects as would meet the eye of these men, or rather which meet his own, as he watches the life and "environment" of these men. From the grand features of Nature which surround them, from sun and stars, ocean and mountains, clouds, trees, beasts, birds: from her simple universal operations of birth, growth, decay, and death (seen always with *his own* eye); and, more frequently than all else, from the works of men, not even rejecting the very homeliest, talking, fighting, bricklaying, carpentering, tailoring, coopering, paving, draining, and what not? As may be at once felt, such an assemblage of figures is a very motley one; some are glorious, solemn, sublime, others sorrowful, others grim and hideous; many are exceedingly grotesque. This, however, is to be noted of all; that they are seriously chosen, and not for ornament's sake or mirth's sake primarily, but for truth's sake; they have no mere accidental resemblance to the thing figured, but an inward, vital one, as may be inferred from the habit Carlyle has of following his figure out, and finding in it continual fresh harmonies with that which it is meant to typify. Thus tempered by a spirit of truth, this disposition to constant imagery plays a most happy and happy-making part.

And now, as the crown of these qualities, and the manifestation of them in their highest associated working, comes this master faculty, the *shaping* spirit of Imagination; the tendency to conceive all facts as part of a living whole, which has been, is, and will be—the History of Man. Accordingly, it is not criticism that Carlyle chiefly likes, nor description (though he is great in both of these), for he feels them to be partial and lifeless; he delights in Narrative, for that asserts progress and action, and joins all things to all. His method, as far as the Past is concerned, is the daring one of con-

ceiving it, so fully as means allow, as once it did exist; then, by a series of pictures exhibiting chosen sections of it. He will have men moving and walking on the earth, their souls throbbing with multitudinous thoughts and passions within wondrously active, wondrously passive bodies, a body and a soul to each man. The sky shall be felt to be above them, the ground to be under their feet, about them other men, and the fruit of past labours, and ten thousand present activities; over all a Great Presence, invisible, eternal, watching and guiding. Was not such, and no less, the real Fact? Carlyle, I say, strives to see and to feel all this; and he employs every art to transport us back into the old time, that we may see and feel it too. He studies the portraits of men,* the places in which they lived, and takes care that if we choose we shall understand what they looked like; far oftener than others, he tells us when the sun was shining, and when rain was falling; we are no longer here but there, nor mewed up in palaces and senate-halls, but in men's houses, in their hearts, in the fields, in the open air of God's creation! He uses the present tense, not the past, to mark events then taking place, the future tense to announce events, hoped for, feared for, or that actually come to pass afterwards. He uses the direct forms "of him," "of it," rather than the possessive pronoun, and the adjective agreeing with the subject, rather than the adverb tacked to the verb, that the reader's eye may continually return from the accessory to the principal fact. He gesticulates on paper with such words as There! Here! Behold! Hark! He calls his men by familiar names, Bozzy, Oliver, Brave old Samuel; he speaks to them, "thou"ing them, whispers words of courage or warning, like a Pallas to her Greek heroes: sometimes, nay most constantly, in the fervour of his sympathy, he will not suffer himself or us to remain cold spectators, he identifies us with the men doing and suffering; so that not they, but "we," we ourselves, ride in the Dunbar Charge, parade as revolutionists in the streets of Paris, and do many wondrous things. This is the true magic of his history, that it has the sense of life. And then *what* life! Life which sets forth the fulness of that sublime, that tragic mystery, the struggle between good and evil, the progress of God's will in the world. Most of all do we rejoice, even to tears, when following his divine ecstasy, we are carried up in spirit, transfigured as it were, and given to see the ancient servants of God face to face, the Prophet and the Leader of victorious men, and to feel conscious of *His* benign presence overshadowing them and us; then it is that we most love and

* And we are told *lives* among them when he is writing history, a screen surrounding him, placarded all over with them. In a letter to some Edinburgh Society respecting an Historical portrait gallery, he has written thus: "First of all, then, I have to tell you as a fact of personal experience, that in all my poor historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after—a good portrait if such exists; failing that, even an indifferent, if sincere one. In short, any representation made by a faithful human creature of that face and figure which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all. This, which is my own deep experience, I believe to be in a deeper or less deep degree the universal one, and that every student and reader of history who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of fact and man this or the other vague historical name can have been, will, as the first and directest indication of all, search eagerly for a portrait—for all the reasonable portraits there are; and will never rest till he have made out, if possible, what the man's natural face was like. Often have I found a portrait superior in real instruction to half-a-dozen written biographies, as biographies are written; or, rather let me say, I have found that the portrait was as a small lighted candle, by which the biographies could for the first time be read, and some human interpretation

honour our Teacher. But again he descends to earth, where commoner men move, and the confused strife of mortality renews itself from day to day. Here also he is at home, in a friendly, cheery, brotherly way; like a true son of earth, he can enter into all that is going on, little purposes, little theories, little doings, little hopes and fears, little joys and sorrows, knowing that they once were great in the sight of those whose they were. He does not act the judge, or rather does not seem to do so (is not the company of a censorious man a bore everywhere?), does not quarrel with what he sees, either on this side or that, only desires to see it clearly, finds it interesting, and makes it interesting. His manner can throw itself with true sympathy with this heterogeneous element that he has to deal with; it is full of brisk life, angular and knotty with hard fact, charged with vivid colour and sharp contrast. Each page is full of movement, of sights and sounds: has in it the look and roar of some Fleet Street. Yet withal none knows better than he where his Fleet Street leads to, and whither those men are walking. Aye, and lower still. Where need calls, his brave pure eye can look upon evil men and evil things unblenched; and we are privileged to look with him; nor with paroxysms of rage, rather in a spirit of settled thoughtful composure. This too was part of human existence, and *only* part! And it is past now, and anger is in vain; our present need is to know and understand it. And so he can fearlessly exhibit even that foulest, vilest element which festers subterraneously under the surface, which good men now-a-days flinch from approaching, except by the most distant terms. Who else but he could have so written that life of Cagliostro, "the biography of the most perfect "scoundrel that in these latter days "has marked the world's history?"

Here, however, and indeed everywhere, comes to his aid his all-daring humour, to us perhaps the most characteristic and wonderful of all his gifts. It can compass the whole of this panorama of human existence, from Divinity down to Devil, and finds some good to do everywhere to mortals, for whose special benefit it certainly was ordained. With all its grotesqueness it is most serious humour, for it springs from love; it is like "sunshine on the "deep sea." It elevates and endears the lowly to us, it renders us familiar with the very highest; with one bound it springs from one to the other, like a merry-footed Mercury, the interpreter between gods and men; it helps us to look on the most tragic sights with grim composure, upon the saddest with a cheerful smile, upon the round of common life with a sense of wonder; everywhere it reveals the mysterious law by which things and thoughts the most opposite lie in juxta-position, nay exist and blend together. In this way it exhibits the many-sidedness, the unity of Nature, and so disciplines our minds to form large and charitable judgments. Except perhaps to Jean Paul Richter the like faculty was never bestowed in such measure upon man; it is found in Shakespeare and Goethe, but rarely; it is the favourite key of Carlyle. It is a most glorious gift.

One branch of this humour is a certain earnest and sarcastic irony, very common; this also is founded, strange as it may sound, on a true sympathy. It consists not merely in a catching of the words of any fool or knave, or little man fancying himself and his projects great, or good man deluded, but a reading of the thoughts by which he tries to impose upon himself and others—a task which requires the effort of real, which must be affectionate study. Echoed in another's voice they show their hollowness, their true littleness. This irony is a most effective resource, for it assumes a friendly not an antagonistic position, and relieves the strain which prolonged directness of speech cannot but produce. It is a setting fire to the enemy's magazine

battering his walls with moral cannon-balls.

In the works of a didactic political kind the dramatic imagination and humour appear likewise. The first necessarily much seldomer; chiefly in the thought so constantly enforced, directly and indirectly, that it is Men who are acting here; who are doing or not doing their prescribed duty: but the dramatic impulse peeps out more plainly in the creation of fictitious personages (Bobus, the mammon-seeking sausage-maker!), to serve as types of classes; and the device, so often employed by the author to hide his own personality, of speaking under the mask of some other name. He loves to play this trick most when he has deeply-considered thoughts to deliver himself of, in which case, out of gratitude to his German friends, he for the most part adopts the cap and gown and title of a German Professor. Instances of this are very numerous; all the utterances of Herr Teufelsdrock are of this kind; and most especially ingenious and pleasant is the skill with which he interweaves his own words with those of the learned friend he pretends to quote. A very happy example occurs in the little piece entitled "Goethe's Portrait."

In these works also his humour is exuberant, accompanying him, wheresoever his thoughts wander, tempering his joy, his rage, his enthusiasm (for there is always a tone of mighty passion in him), making them all human and credible, keeping the key of pure seriousness as a master force in reserve. Surely also it effects another not unimportant object, that of making the books entertaining. We all like amusement! and here we find it. As we read, and read on and on, a continual smile hovers upon our lips—presently comes an audible chuckle of pleasure; and now an outright peal of laughter, such as does a human soul good! Most true is it that

> "A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires in a mile-a."

Nevertheless it must be mentioned, that here the humour is not always so loving as might be wished; it is apt sometimes to degenerate into coarse and unworthy banter, such as is never to be found in his histories. This is painfully felt in the Latter Day Pamphlets and the discourse on the Nigger Question. And the irony, no less, seems to me often misplaced; it is not the knave only or fool, or pure delusionist that is exposed to mockery, but the well-meaning and even well-doing man, who pushes his principles too far; a kind of man who deserves more kindly and respectful treatment.

My readers will by this time (if not long before) have recognised Carlyle as entitled to the name of Poet, or Artist; but it is no less true that he is an excellent workman; well versed in the mysteries of his craft of authorship, and able to inspire his very mechanism with poetic force. Genius as he is, he has a genius for practice. Any book that proceeds from his hand, what an admirable piece of work it is, considered as mere work! A solid book, you may depend upon it, produced not only by good thinking powers, but by much honest diligence, sometimes (as in histories) by no less than prodigious diligence; carefully written also from the title-page to the end; the meaning clearly, forcibly expressed, the whole orderly, without cumbrous notes or appendices; and finally, very carefully printed. Everywhere, moreover, may be felt the presence of a keen practical judgment. Thus, was it not wise to write in small chapters to pacify our modern shortness of patience? This is a small thing: but his judgment can do great things; among others this continually, it knows where to begin and where to end. Who is there that does not feel this in the history of the French Revolution?—its beginning, the death-bed of Louis XV., its close, "a whiff of grapeshot;"—Napoleon! This is judgment of the highest kind. And on the whole I reckon that a sure proof of Carlyle's varied merits is this fact,

(which is the experience certainly of one, and probably of many,) that he can be always read; always read again and again; and for the most part read aloud.

Two methods of workmanship in very favourite use with Carlyle are Contrast and Repetition. Of his contrasts I will only say, that they do not consist of mere verbal antitheses, the framing of which is at best only a skilful mechanism, and one offering constant temptation to be dishonestly applied; they are contrasts of Thought, of wide fields of thought, supplementary rather than purely antagonistic to one another, and are not only elaborated by exposition, but often suggested through the imaginative or humorous power by the naming of one little fact. One instance of its magic influence will make this plain. In his description of the assault of the Bastille, in the chapter called "Storm and "Victory," occurs this remark: "How "the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudi- "ble) in its Inner Court there, at its "ease, hour after hour, as if nothing "special for it, or the world, were "passing!" Order and Strife, Time and Eternity, Man's fretful life and God's restful one, seem brought together in this single sentence.—Repetition, on the other hand, Carlyle uses to fix in the reader's mind whatsoever he thinks most worthy to be remembered. Is it a Law, say the Law of Obedience, the Law of Labour; a law which is calling for fulfilment every day in every place? It will bear repeating; it shall be repeated. So like a herald, he publishes the King's Proclamation at Exeter 'Change, at Charing Cross, and wherever he is like to gain a hearing. And yet not altogether like a herald, who is for the most part only a superior trumpet; rather as a trusty messenger, who knows only the purport of what he has to deliver. There will be found enough variety, enough life in his language, to show that he is a thinking, a believing Man. Or again, is it a name, or descriptive title of man or thing? If it be well chosen, characteristic, and close fitting, this too will bear repeating. Carlyle recurs to his names with evident faith and pleasure, in this respect (as in many others) resembling Homer, who we know does not mind calling Achilles "swift of foot," twice in the same page. The reader, too, will welcome them, for he feels that he thus perpetually renews his acquaintance with old valuable thoughts and finds them unchanged; he becomes familiar with them, makes them part of his knowledge and belief, perhaps of his affections. Undoubtedly this is one secret of that power to win a place in our memory, which all who have read Carlyle's works in anywise carefully must have felt to be his.

It seems, at first, a mere trick, this Repetition; but it is quite otherwise: its whole efficacy depends on the right choice of the thing to be repeated; and for this a Homer or Carlyle is necessary. A great grasp is wanted; to compass things in their entireness, to know what is supreme and characteristic, and cleave with iron grip to that. It is thus that Homer works; thus also that Carlyle works, as is evinced not in their repetition only, but their whole method of treatment. They paint men and the environment of their lives; but they chiefly regard men, not the "environment," and of men they speak most of heroes. They both love detail too, none more so, but detail of a peculiar kind—detail that meets the eye at once, proclaiming its existence by its marked character, not that which is discovered by minute and subtle study. And ever they return to the first look of things, dwelling affectionately on that. This style of art is not the highest, and its excellences are very different from the excellences of the best modern art; but it has perfection of its own kind, a manly completeness, a manly breadth and boldness of judgment,

and a joyful energy and simplicity of heart, which are most invigorating, most refreshing. This sort of workmanship will be found even in the critical essays of Carlyle; he always devotes his chief consideration to the man and the general habits and tendencies of his mind. But pre-eminently in his histories. Of the men their aspect inward and outward is always delineated in a few bold and decisive strokes, highly coloured, never realized in subtle detail; and the landscape is given in the same way. Take for instance, the opening lines of his description of Dunbar battle-ground, followed in due time by relation of the battle itself; how "the "musketeer with a wooden arm and "some iron hook at the end of it" conducted himself; and how Lambert and Major Hodgson, the praying cornet, and the Lord General conducted themselves—they are what he most cares for!

"The small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring boats, over its grim old Castle now much honey-combed, on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean . . . . . His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no hope."*

With this compare the treatment which the same subject would have received from Turner. We should have had rocks and sea and clouds and moorland painted with exquisite finish and beauty; tents and confused masses of struggling men just visible in the distance, Oliver himself lost in the crowd, or recognisable only on careful inspection by his peculiar figure. I say not this to disparage Turner, who had his own work to do, and did it nobly; but only to exhibit by contrast the character of Carlyle's pictorial art. It yet remains to be seen how far it is possible, without destroying the central interest of action, to infuse into History, as already has been infused to our great profit and delight into Poetry and figure-painting, our modern knowledge of the loveliness of landscape and the subtler expressions of the human countenance which correspond to the finer motions of the mind. Meanwhile Carlyle, according to the measure of his simpler power, has done much to further the advent of such an achievement, for by precept and example he has restored the old belief that History should be pictorial, and has taught us that it is the historian's duty to conceive all that *must* have been as well as all that is actually recorded,† and to intertwine the two

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* How Homeric this is, judge classical reader, from the following, furnished by a friendly accomplished hand:—

Αἰπεινὸν δὲ μάλ' εστι καὶ ἠνέμοεν πτολίεθρον,
Πολλ' ἐπορῶν σκάφεα γριπέων καὶ πύργον ἀρεῖον,
Δεῖμ' ἀνδρων προτέρων, νῦν πᾶς χειμῶνι τέτρηται,
Προβλῆτι σκοπέλῳ ἐπὶ κείμενον· οἱ δέ τε πολλοὶ
Παντοίαις ἀκραῖς στεινὴν ἅλα δαιδάλλουσιν
Ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθ' ὅσον ἄν τις ἐπ' ὀφθάλμοισιν ὁρῷῃ—
Καλός τοι πόντος, καλὴ ζείδωρος ἄρουρα
Ἀνερι καρπεύειν εὖ γ' εἰδοτι ἔργ ἀρότοιο·
Ὅρμου δὲ προπάροιθε πέτρα τέτατ' ὀκριόεσσα
Χείματος εἶλαρ ἐμὲν ὅτε πορφυροῦσα θαλάσσα
Πρηνὲς κῦμα κυλίνδει ἀπ' εὐρεος Ωκεάνοιο.
* * * * *
Ἔνθ' ἀέκων ἥρως κατερύκετο· αἱ δέ τε νῆες
Τήλοθι ὁρμιοῦσιν νοστὸν καὶ σῖτα φέρουσαι.
Ἄλκαρ δ' ἄλλοθεν οὐδὲν ἔην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἰδεσθαι.

† Carlyle even invents *probable* phenomena (as in the notes to Cromwell's speeches); but he always manages to show that they are inventions.

together; and no less has he enforced the great Law of subordination in treatment (which there were much danger of forgetting), the law which prescribes that Men shall be held principal, supreme, and all else whatsoever only accessory.

It is the fashion to abuse Carlyle's English, and even to deny that it is English; chiefly on account of the privileges he has taken, privileges which shock the common-place critic, who will acknowledge no higher law than Use-and-Wont. But the English is a living language; and the royal man shall have privileges! Carlyle looking with his own eye upon things, as a man newly born into the world, often finds the old stock of words in common circulation not adequate to express the new fact (for it is new to him) that appears before his mind, still less adequate to express the new combinations of facts; so he coins words to his need. This is a royal prerogative, not to be assumed by the many, whose duty and necessity is obedience: but by the original thinker it may, it must be, and it always has been. Shakespeare coined words enough; so did Jeremy Bentham, so do most discoverers, but especially poets, whose business, as Carlyle has elsewhere defined, is that of rightly seeing, rightly naming. This impulse to naming is perpetually working in Carlyle: he names everything he can, his books, his chapters, his persons of the first rank, his persons of the second rank, and many of the leading social phenomena of modern life—like our first Adam among the fowl of the air and beasts of the field.

This coining of words is a new and most efficient power, if the coiner can but command acceptance of his new issue; which will always follow if the metal be true or the bank note issued correspond to value in hand; though it may well be that the aim be not general circulation, but only special. In Carlyle's case, the note is for the most part only specially indorsed; intended for commerce between him and his readers, not between them and the world. But his note of hand will always be found to be true, and so receive prompt payment in fact. His fresh names are remarkable for their pithy, irresistible meaning; they are true *nick*names, only of the highest sort, for they express, not the outward, so much as the inward characteristics of their object. Often in one word is brought before the reader's eye a whole tribe of scattered phenomena, persons, or things, habits of act, or habits of thought, and their secret nature revealed. Even the very form of the name is often expressive of much. Thus those lawless, monstrous, and at first sight most offensive concatenations of words, strung like onions on a string, and without further connection than a hyphen, which occur so frequently in his denunciations of modern society, have in this very lawlessness, monstrosity, and incoherence a special sympathy in his mind with the object described—a lump of Chaos. Over unruly giants shall not Pelion be heaped upon Ossa?

As in these strange names there lies a peculiar strength, so strength is characteristic of all his other specialties in style. His style is not only masculine, it is muscular: the muscles of thought are all "a ripple," each separately swelling with inner force; the living blood seems visibly striving in the blue veins. It is not the fairest and most civilized to look upon; but there is might in it, native barbaric might, grim and stalwart; trained to no mean skill by fighting and earnest sporting; add to this a keen eye, a proud self-confidence, and a most determined purpose. There is the true Norse genius in it. The necessary laws of fighting, the laws of Syntax, Carlyle instinctively obeys; but the conventional rules he discards, finding them hamper his movements, and perceiving that novel tactics are an effective method of surprise: he seeks only how to plant a downright blow by the

speediest, surest method. Hence he omits all needless forms, all needless words—casts aside conjunctions, articles, auxiliary verbs, wherever he can —piles up his epithets without 'and's,' uses the Saxon genitive, applies his negative to the verb in old simple fashion—and delivers his words in the order which seems most impressive. He is particularly fond of placing his predicate in the forefront of his sentence, as it were to win the battle at the first blow. It may be that in some of these manœuvres he has outstepped the modesty of nature, and done violence to his material the English language, but on the other hand he has certainly shown more than any other writer in our tongue what resources of terseness and decisive force lie in it. And for the rest, as to this matter of his language, taking a general view of it, we may say that it is what men prize most, eminently Saxon; homely, hearty, truthful Saxon; full of the dear ancient words, so tried in love and war, in work and in mirth, that have moved many English hearts, and still carry with them a thousand dreamy memories, which utter no voice, but silently move before us in a mist of many blended colours. Carlyle has borne his full share in restoring the English tongue to that pristine strength and capacity, which were withering under the shade of godless thinking, utilitarian philosophy and practice, and their inevitable accompaniment a sickly sentimentalism.

Even in the very stops and the other devices of his written speech there is a life and power, such as cannot elsewhere be matched; the variety of them is remarkable, but no less their significance. They lead his path over hill and dale, a wild glorious road, instead of along macadamised highway, or through dreary stagnant fen. These stops would of course be of no value of themselves, unless they had a corresponding thought underlying and animating them; they would be of less than none — mere lying proclamations. But the thought is there. Carlyle's manner of thinking is full of strange ways, and finds a voice howsoever it can. He employs his stops not merely as the commonplace speaker does his pauses, as necessary breathing spaces, but like a skilful one, with a special aim making them tell; and he has a rise and fall of voice, with tones of startling emphasis. Capital letters serve as symbols of rank to distinguish words in importance. Sometimes a word is printed entirely in capitals to mark the entire supremacy of the thought it names, over the matter in consideration; arrayed as it were in royal (or perhaps sham-royal) robes. Italics serve the same purpose of force, but are symbols, expressive less of dignity than of practical business; accordingly they are in still more frequent use. Then we have abundant points of interrogation and exclamation. The former is chiefly a device of humour, which instead of employing plain statement, which is apt to provoke hostility by its dogmatism, slily chooses to take the fact or truth for granted, and cries "Why not?" or "Don't you remember?" or else ironically, as if half persuaded of the contrary, "Do you really think so?" The latter is a most favourite servant, and does many offices; gives prophetic certainty to "shalls" and "musts;" shrill eagerness to vocative cases; the very tone of authority to lordly imperatives; startling force to the holloas, outcries, and even oaths which the author in his zeal loves to flurt forth; and most frequently, of all emphasises the insulation of some single thought or fact, which we are to reflect upon by itself, with undivided attention.* So also we have ironical parentheses—

* "Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky!"

kings as it were in disguise of page or beggar; dashes most numerous and varied, — sentence-snapping, word-snapping, and even syllable-snapping, intended to leave the reader on the brink of some precipice of thought, or may be at the bottom of one, there to recover himself after his fall: these and combinations of these, many of them very unusual; who for instance has ever seen such an apparition as ——! —— in book before? Even colon and semicolon do no mere drudgery, but a highly intelligent work. They often stay the reader, and invite him to reflect on what has just been said, suspending him as it were, until the writer *chooses* to continue; perhaps mildly, perhaps far otherwise, bringing the sentence to a sudden close with some shock of surprise, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes touching, sometimes terrible. These minor sources of expression have never been turned to such extensive use by any other writer in English, that I am aware of. They are indeed most lively presences, and in their multitude help much to produce this excellent effect, the conviction, namely, that there is a Man in the book—that undoubtedly "this is "a Spirit addressing Spirits:—whoso "hath ears let him hear."* And they have a wider influence. Taken in conjunction with other symptoms of Carlyle's free will, they have helped to emancipate English literature from the despotism of a dull formality, and inspired other writers to go boldly forth and fulfil their own nature, as best they may.

"The Divine Silences:" does the reader remember these? Carlyle is fond of praising them; he also shows in practice what they are. It is good to see what he habitually leaves unsaid. In the loud babble and squabbling strife of Opinions, which fizzes and blusters all around, he fixedly refuses to controvert, he will not controvert on any terms. He leaves the little greedy disputants, the border-ruffians and thieves to worry one another, and himself keeps in the heart of his great kingdom, diligently ploughing, sowing, reaping, continually building up and fortifying Belief; or if he sally forth in war, it is against all border cattle-stealers, to seize their land, and sweep hosts of them before him in one confusion and discomfiture. No provocation will induce him to spend time in single combats. Of this there is a marked illustration in his Essay on Boswell and Johnson, first published in *Frazer's Magazine:* it is in reality an answer to the well-known article by Macaulay, on the same subject in the *Edinburgh Review*, which had appeared just before, and is indeed a most convincing reply to its most unjust judgments: yet it does not appear such; no reference is made to the *Edinburgh Review* at all; and the whole piece reads only as a loving exposition of the Right and the True. Again, though perhaps no one has been so constantly misunderstood and ignorantly reviewed, Carlyle never condescends to make any explanation of his literary conduct, by writing apologetic or angry preface, appendix or notes; never this: taught by the example of Goethe, and the impulse of his own free nature, he keeps resolutely to the path he has deliberately chosen, and says his say, caring little what reviewers may think of it. Nor will he bribe any votes of the public by promises true or false; he will not employ or suffer to be employed for him any unworthy arts to win circulation for his books. In no publisher's flysheet, no advertising column of any newspaper will adulatory extracts from reviews be found tacked to the name of any work of his: the title only of the book is announced, with the desirable information who wrote it, and

* Sartor Resartus, p. 12.

the necessary information where it is to be procured. As custom goes, this is an honourable distinction.*

There are other symptoms of the same self-restraint in Carlyle's writing. Most rarely does he satirize or denounce particular living persons. Two instances only of any importance I can recollect; the Railway King in the pamphlet called Hudson's Statue, and a certain Anti-Corn-Law Duke in "The New Downing Street;" and this, notwithstanding the temptation of the subject, and the far greater temptation of his own natural disposition. These two instances, his many imaginary personages created only to be bullied into better men, and many of his historic ones, show what Carlyle might do in this direction, if he were to try: but he stays his pen and will not try. His encomiums also are sparing; the most remarkable one is the personal appeal in "New Downing Street" to Sir Robert Peel, to take charge of Governmental Reform. In his histories much excellent self-denial is noticeable in his refusal to dwell on subjects of popular declamation, or to break the thread of his narrative by any except necessary digressions. In Cromwell's Life (we may well call it such) John Milton receives no more notice than can be contained in a single page. And generally events pass before us and vanish without loss of time; and persons, even interesting persons, are ushered in and ushered out with little ceremony; may be just "marked down" in the distance, or dismissed with a word of blessing.

But this self-imposed silence goes much further than this: his whole method rests on trustfulness in his reader, whom he assumes to be intelligent, moral, even fairly-read, above all candid; altogether a superior man of the nineteenth century. This being assumed, much of usual preliminary, adjunct, conclusion becomes needless, and being needless is rejected; Carlyle rejoicing to reject it that thereby the special matter he has to say may receive a free and intense expression. If he has a truth to tell he seldom couples with it any of the many modifications which it needs in practice (though, on occasion, none can slip in a modification more neatly); he affirms it absolutely. Elsewhere the counter-truth, or truths, will be found stated in the same simple way. Hence the charge of self-contradiction so often brought against him, as against other great writers, even against the writers of the Scriptures. For this is the very manner of a self-denying truthfulness, and a profoundly practical wisdom. It is thus that all the highest truths have been and must be communicated to men; it is thus that the most intimate bond of union is fashioned between speaker and hearer. It is thus that God speaks to men by His universe: He speaks to the faithful receiving heart and is understood; to the fool also He speaks, but the fool understands Him not. How should he, when the little knowledge he has, if knowledge it can be called, is only a hindrance to him?—So also, in his relation of fact, Carlyle, relying on his reader, tells the story plainly, generally without comment at all, letting the facts sink deeply into the imagination, there to witness not to one, but to many truths, nay, to all Truth; or omitting the direct moral, he suggests the opposite one, which is precisely the one most likely to be forgotten. Most welcome, most inspiring to some is this spirit—the Faith that dares to trust; but like all heroism, it has its dark fortunes, and long striving before it meets its due reward. Carlyle accepts the danger, and takes his pre-

* Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, and other first class writers have abandoned this dishonest practice of puffing, no doubt have forbidden it to their publishers; why do not Maurice, Kingsley, Ruskin? They ought.

sent reward, the heroic one of joy *and* sorrow. Joy he cannot but feel in the reception of discerning sympathy, albeit from a few; neither can he escape sorrow, when he perceives how much that he has written in brave simplicity of heart is by many quite misinterpreted. How many reading that history of the French Revolution (or, as is more likely dipping into it) conceive that the writer sanctions the barbarities he records, just because he does not explicitly and on every opportunity denounce them! Alas! the many, if unguided, are unreasonable. They are like helpless, lazy schoolboys, who want to be told everything. It is not enough for them to be shown, as it were in very life, men thinking and acting; they must have the thoughts, and deeds, and characters, analysed like dead things, and weighed one by one in the puny scales of the morality of the day; and because the master-author will not do this for them, they call him hard names. The master has other and better things to do. Oh, if they only failed to understand him, one could not blame them; nay such are to be pitied and helped by all literary ushers, which reviewers are; but it is the stupidity of them taking airs and making haste to condemn—it knows not what! It would be scarcely less unreasonable to doubt the morality of the Old Testament (as many without avowing it do), because it too records frightful crimes without word of censure; or (citing Galileo as authority) to accuse Coleridge of propagating scientific falsehoods, because he wrote this stanza;

> "The sun came up upon our left,
> Out of the sea came he!
> And he shone bright, and on the right
> Went down into the sea."

It must be again repeated that Carlyle by reason of his very greatness both in matter and manner, must be read with an open mind, or wrong will be done him; his whole purpose will be misjudged; than which scarce any greater wrong can be done by one man to another.

The result which we gather from this lengthened enquiry is, that at every turn of Carlyle's writings, there is to be recognised some sign of prodigious Strength. His resolute speech, his resolute silence, his passionate earnestness, his daring humour, his hammer strokes of repetition, his swift changefulness of tone, all witness to a strength of individual character, always rare among men and writers, and perhaps never more rare than in the present epoch, where though our boast be freedom, there is not wanting a tyrant, a watchful, jealous, many-headed-monster, called Public Opinion. Here therefore in this strength lies the supreme excellence of this great man; and hard by (as must needs be), what excesses and defects belong to him. As in the "Sartor" he says himself, his style (Teufelsdrock's) "glows in the flush of health "and vigorous self-growth—not with-"out an apoplectic tendency." In a sense he is *too* strong: in the intensity of his immediate apprehension, he writes too powerfully in words, in sentences, in paragraphs, in books, to represent always the just relation, which their subject-matter holds to the great Universe, which exists (and keeps going on) without; so that he fails to leave that final impression of repose and harmony, which belongs to a work of the highest art, and makes it a part of Nature—Nature, who busy as she is in every corner, by infinite gradations tones all her loud-warring elements into a great calm. Carlyle is too vehement, too wayward, too abrupt, pays too little consideration to the literary customs of the world, and to the weaknesses of poor mankind for whom he writes.

All which may be traced, I think, to this radical defect in his mind, which circumstances and self-education have not enriched, but rather obdurated;

an insensibility to Beauty of Form both in Nature and Art. No doubt this arises chiefly from his peculiar zeal for practical righteousness and downright honest industry, as opposed to the dreamy pleasures of eye and ear, which so many vain folk affect to care for, more than they really do, to the great damage of their sincerity, and which refined minds are apt to pursue until their life's theory and practice become little better than that of Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters. And if this were all, one could only approve; and as it is, we owe a debt of deep gratitude to him who has warned us against this modern temptation, so subtle and so deadly; and exhibited to us the true nobility of soul which lay housed in the rough shell of the Norse Heroes, Oliver Cromwell, Samuel Johnson, and the worth even of such men as Danton; above all to him who by word and deed commands us to strive with heart-sincerity, as our first and last object, to see and speak the Truth. But now if he go further, and *despise* (were it never so little) this Beauty of Form; holding a love for it to be a frivolity, treacherous and condemnable; what shall we say? Why, that he treats lightly a very precious gift; one that is *meant* to be a crown of joy to all true men; one *meant* to attune their hearts to peace and worship, be a rebuke to their pride, a comfort (as from heaven) to them in distress, nay, to inspire them with a steady strength for the rough tasks of life;—that he does injustice to some of Heaven's most faithful servants in old time and in the present—his own friends and helpers of his cause, did he know it!—and himself rejects for his own work the seal of perfection. Hence, though he sympathizes gloriously with the might and majesty of Nature and of men, and has an unspeakable tenderness for the sorrows of men, he is wanting in that other tenderness which comes from purest joy, and from sympathy with the purest joys of others. And thus, is it not true, that Poet as he is, he lacks that poet's gift, which is the bloom and crown of all others, the gift of Song? Of metrical sweetness he is clearly incapable, as may be observed from his translations of Goethe's verses, and the few published verses of his own; but scarcely less of that feeling for harmonious cadence which cannot but possess the prose writer, when his thoughts are brimming full of joy. In his earlier time, when he looked forth on the world with rejoicing hope, and poured forth his voice of reverent love for the great minds, who had been a light and a blessing to his own; and when with a humility that became his youth, he was content to submit his mighty impulses to the more harmless conventions of literary practice, his words could flow, could not help flowing, with melody; as witness that "Death of Goethe," and the love story in the Sartor called "Romance!" In later times he has chosen wider, sadder, noisier subjects; which have indeed gloriously developed his magnificent faculties; but he cannot so altogether conquer those, or rule these, so as to possess his own soul in patience, in all, and through all; especially for this reason that the consideration of the social evils existing around him haunts him too perpetually and too domineeringly, infecting even his histories with a spirit of antagonism, and his political discourses with excessive bitterness. In the later of these works there is an aspect of Unrest; visible in increased license of mannerism; in mockery unduly prolonged; in intemperate vehemence; in a wilful indulgence in a hubbub of words. Nor least in his choice of imagery, now no longer or very rarely taken from the majestic life of Nature, such as he once rejoiced in, but the revolting objects of her decay;—"dead cats," "dead dogs," "universal slush," "guano mountains," "owl-droppings," and other hideous things; in their way brave and powerful expressions, but in their frequent repetition, unmixed by joyfuller ones,

not a little offensive. He is songless now; like a Bird of Prey he has no song!—only a screech of fierce warfare. Most painfully is this the case in the Latter Day Pamphlets. In these there is far too much bawling, gesticulation, and execration.—They are not in harmony with Nature; Nature does not use her thunder and lightning so: she uses them rarely; leads up to them by gathering clouds, and follows them with a serene clearance and calm. Carlyle carries on in these harangues as some officers do (ah! he is an officer still), by perpetual swearing—a very "d—n your eyes" style; and this to all England; a method of address which experience shows is not the most effectual way of getting work done. The reader feels the difference. There is not the old bond of affection between him and the writer. To be taken, as it were, by the button-hole by a wise man, led into a quiet corner, and be told by him of the noble men and deeds of other days, be shown the like worthy impulses still going on; to be urged to help them, head and heart and hand, nay, to be informed of one's temptations and weaknesses—this is the true method by which a brother man may be inspired, and one which Carlyle once followed to our extreme delight. But this other method, whereby the reader finds himself in a sort of gaol-chapel, surrounded by knaves and poltroons, greedy Bobus, foolish Peter, Pandarus Dogdraught; and there screeched at, howled at, and committed to the Devil's keeping as our proper Master—this is not so pleasant; and they who feel that the world is still lovely to them; that they know good men still living, many good men; and are themselves striving, through many difficulties without and worse treasons within, to become such themselves, shrink from it as unjust. With sorrow they perhaps recall these earlier words of him who now speaks to them so savagely:

"Where thou findest a Lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist there only to be extinguished; they wait and cry earnestly for extinction. Think well, meanwhile, in what spirit thou wilt do it; not with hatred, with headlong selfish violence; but in clearness of heart, with holy zeal, gently, almost with pity. Thou wouldst not *replace* such extinct Lie by a new Lie, which a new Injustice of thy own were the parent of still other Lies? Whereby the latter end of that business were worse than the beginning."*

After making every allowance which our unceasing love and reverence for the writer constrains, we cannot say that the Latter Day Pamphlets are conceived in this spirit; and consequently, with all the might and wisdom that is in them, we cannot altogether love them. No! and our sorrow is the more, when we remember that they are the words of one now waxing in years, of one almost in the evening of his days, "the still hour of "thinking, feeling, loving." Alas! is it a curse of our adulterous generation that in the house of our prophets there shall not be "an old man?"

Mankind will pardon many things, even gross things, in a man; but one thing not so easily, Loss of Temper. They are quick to find that out, and finding it out, give it no mercy—for they hold good humour to be the condition of a man living happily with his friends and acting handsomely (no matter how severely) by his enemies. Carlyle has lost his temper in these later utterances of his; and the world has found it out, and would revenge itself by mockery and neglect.

A foolish world, for all its wisdom! to treat thus a faithful, long, well-tried friend. There is something else besides temper in these his words, as I hope to show in another chapter. Those words are, nevertheless, "A "Lamp for the New Years."

* French Revolution, i. 48.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed Damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes knew more of rest and shade
Than waters still'd at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
And her hair lying down her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seem'd she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To *one*, it is ten years of years.
. . . . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she lean'd o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face . . . . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and blackness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

She scarcely heard her sweet new friends:
Playing at holy games,
Softly they spake among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls, mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bow'd above the vast
Waste sea of worlds that swarm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fix'd place of Heaven, she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke, as when
The stars sung in their spheres.

The sun was gone now. The curl'd moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf. And now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sung together.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not pray'd in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light,
And we will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirr'd continually
With prayers sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree,
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hush'd and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Ah sweet! Just now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there
Fain to be hearken'd? When those bells
Possess'd the midday air,
Was she not stepping to my side
Down all the trembling stair?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abash'd or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the unnumber'd ransom'd heads
Bow'd with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
At peace—only to be
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed, and listen'd, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrill'd past her, fill'd
With angels in strong level lapse.
Her eyes pray'd, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their flight
Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she laid her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

CHILDHOOD.

H FAR and faint and sweet my childish years,
Farther and fainter ever, day by day!
Oh were my manhood wise to frame a spell
To master Time, or charm him, turning back
His onward steps, to take me in his arms
And bear me gently to the gate of life;
Then lead me wondering through remember'd fields!

Or come ye back, come ye, my childish thoughts,
Leaving a little while the Paradise
Whence ye departed, whither ye return'd!
Oh steal my heart with dim half-memories;—
Broken reflections of my infant mind;—
And give me back the heart that beat against
My mother's bosom with instinctive love!

O love! too early lost, my childish friends
Dying or parted! ah, no love like yours!
Quench'd eye, that thou couldst brighten into life!
Hand, clasp'd but for so long, one grasp, though far—
Tender and fast and lingering as of old!
Oh that I rested with you in your grave,
Or wander'd with you, wandering wheresoe'er!

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE.

RECENT POEMS AND PLAYS.*

AKIN to the pride men often take in their conceits and foibles, to the disparagement of their real worth, is the strange fatality by which many of our best writers have longed after achievements most alien to their genius; so that we may say of none more emphatically than of the race of authors, happy are they who at once know their vocation and are enabled to follow it. Sometimes fortunate chance has restricted their performance to that work of which they are truly masters, and we have been saved from Ovid's tragedies, and Pope's "Epic Poem," and Coleridge's "Magnum Opus:" but we are every now and then obliged to forgive and forget much on which the author set his chiefest store. Had not Goethe been better without his theory of light, Dryden and Fielding without their bad plays? Did not Tobias Smollet write a history, and, to name a great man after a small one, have we not had too many "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" from the revered poet of the Lakes himself? But, to come to our application, there is nothing in which the result of such a mistaken tendency is more manifest than in the flood of Dramas we have had poured upon us during the last six years, by writers who, with various shades of wisdom or folly, have shown themselves to be anything rather than dramatists. The conception seems to have taken hold of their minds, that no one now-a-days can be a full-fledged poet until he has written something in the shape of a play; and so, impatient of gradual ascent, our recent rhymers have commonly given us their first efforts in this form. Several of those may be dismissed to a quiet oblivion; but there are others whose luxuriant imagination, broad sympathies, and refined perception have been only cramped by the uncongenial form in which they have endeavoured to unfold them. Those poets are, for the most part, either didactic or lyrical, and the freest and best expressions of their

* "England in time of War." Sydney Dobell. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1856. "Within and Without." A Dramatic Poem. George MacDonald. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

thought are, with few exceptions, as far as possible removed from that which is dramatic. They paint scenery with a pencil dipped in all the hues of nature; they describe feeling, often with exquisite truth; but there is little or no action in the writings of what we may call our last generation of singers. Their works will live rather for the beautiful they contain than as being beautiful or true themselves. So it is with "Festus," that wilderness of philosophy and foam, of wisdom and absurdity—"the Life Drama," with its deep passion, luxuriant colouring, and occasional rant; and so it is pre-eminently with "Balder," where we do not know whether more to admire the exquisite tenderness of some passages, or to recoil from the atrocious bad taste of others. Mr. Bailey combines the descriptive with the lyrical power; witness his picture of Autumn, and the quiet thoughts it suggests; also that little love song, "Like an Island in a River," beautiful and simple enough to redeem even his account of creation. Alexander Smith, with less perhaps of reflective power, more rarely offends against the rules of taste than his compeers of the so-called spasmodic school; he has, of them all, the fullest melody, the most concise expression; in the portraiture of nature and of passion alike he has proved himself, in many notable instances, a wonderful master. Mr. Dobell, with whom we have more especially to do, we are happy to say at length under his real name, is eminently a lyrist. Those of our readers who read "the Roman by Sydney Yendys" when it appeared six years ago, will recollect the happy impression it conveyed, that, after a long period of barrenness, we had a new poet once more springing up amongst us. The book was well received and everywhere lauded. The theme chosen was one which was in all hearts, and we were ready to overlook, in our welcome—in our appreciation of its beauties and harmony, the real defects of the book. These were, however, too considerable long to escape notice; the song was not, after all, felt to be adequate to the subject. Under the name of a drama, it was a long monologue, redeemed from tediousness by the enthusiasm of rhetoric rather than the inspiration of more genuine poetry. The images were strung together too much like beads upon a thread. There was little practical aim, and less positive achievement, in the issue of the book. We remember it now, in connexion with one or two striking descriptions—that of the Coliseum for instance—and a number of melodious chaunts sung by minstrels, dancers, soldiers, and that indefatigable monk, the rather obtrusive hero of the piece. Among those, that which opens the volume, a sweet measure "full of love "notes"—"There went an incense "through the land one night"—"O "Lila, round our early love"—the war chorus of the Milanese, "Who would "drone on in a dull world like this"—and the warbling of the children sporting by the doorway, are fine enough to make the whole book worth reading. But there is nowhere action, variety, or character: where alone there is any effort towards dramatic effect, in the scene between Francisca and the Monk, it is a confessed failure.

Four years passed before the appearance of "Balder," during which time a tide set in, bringing us a whole shoal of verses, good, bad, and indifferent, all marked by a strong subjective tendency. Longfellow had given us his "Golden Legend," Frederick Tennyson his "Days and Hours," and Matthew Arnold his adaptations from the Greek. The whole spasmodic school had sprung into existence; we had had "The Life Drama"—Gerald Massey—"Night and the Soul"—Poems by Quallon—hosts of rhapsodies, as vague as dreams, and not half so natural; plays of the new order, where some one talked about his feelings and

fate, through scores of dreary pages, with "a pause," "a long pause," and "a very long pause;" or held parley with the most patient of beauties, in most interminable dialogues, broken up by most unmeaning ditties. And, lowest depth of all, we had another volume of Mr. Gilfillan's critiques! No wonder then that we begun to cry enough, and were in no very favourable mood to receive a new edition of Hamlet, *with all the other parts omitted.* Strong prepossession in his favour at once gave a certain currency to Mr. Dobell's new volume, but it soon received a very general sentence of condemnation. Many, following the guidance of the author's friends, or led by that malicious chance which invariably directs a stray reader to the very worst passages, got hold of the abominable pictures of war and pestilence, and, naturally enough, shut the book; others fell asleep in the middle of some speech, and forgot where to begin again; many more valiantly read and read, and "found no end in wondering mazes "lost." Yet, with all its want of taste, nay more, of common sense, "Balder" is a poem of a far higher order than "The Roman;" it contains thoughts and feelings which belong to a mind more matured, and are the result of a clearer insight. If its defects are glaring, its beauties are often most subtle. We cannot now enlarge on either; suffice it to say, that in some passages he has touched with a master hand upon some of the deepest chords of human nature. We can never forget the suggestive description of the village bride, pp. 13, 14; or of England and her mighty dead, pp. 92, 93. Part of the sketch of Chamouny and the long glorious summer day remain fresh in our memories. That picture of Amy too, in scene xxviii, is very lovely, and we recur again and again to her dirges, and feel glad, as we listen to their weary yet winning melody, that we have a poet among us who can express so tenderly the mourning of a woman's heart. We read: "The years they come and the "years they go," "If thou wouldst "sleep, my babe," "That I might die "and be at rest, O God!" "In the "spring twilight," with many others; and cannot deny the imagination of true genius to the author of "Balder." But, as a drama, it *is* nothing, and means nothing other than has been told, far more plainly and therefore far better, long ago. The idea from which the plot takes its rise—the desire to witness death in order to paint it,

> "I cannot stamp
> The face of Death till he hath graven the seal,"

is hideously unnatural, and almost justifies "Firmilian." That dread angel, in one shape or other, is surely revealed to each one of us soon enough! The end indeed rises into action, and one scene of intense emotion leaves us bewildered on dangerous ground; still to attain this there is much of wilderness to wade through. We turn page after page of fine figures and fair sounding lines and, at the end of each, conclude with the royal Dane, "Words, Words, Words!" so true is it in tragedy,

> "Grown men want thought.
> Thought's what they mean by verse and seek in verse,
> Boys seek for images and melody."

Much of the meditation here is fantastic rather than profound: even the most passionate parts are often mere spasms. Balder rages like the red sparkling iron; he has no idea of the white heat that glows in silence. We close the book with a feeling of fatigue, and think we would rather have some "lilt" of Robert Burns, or the "Patriot" or the "Evelyn Hope" of Robert Browning, than the whole mass of it. We wish so much that is beautiful and true were disentangled from so awkward a setting, and therefore the more gladly welcome this new volume in which Mr. Dobell's genius has been allowed, with fewer fetters, to follow its natural bent.

"England in time of War," is a series of chaunts, descriptive pieces, sonnets and dramatic lyrics, expressing the various hopes and fears which thrilled through the heart of England, during the late terrible struggle of her sons, in that which she fondly believed to be a battle for right and liberty. The theme is well chosen. Here is a legitimate field for the exercise of those faculties in which Mr. Dobell most excels. There is room for his tenderness and his energy, for the eye of the artist and the insight of the man. We find them all well employed in this volume: the vigour of some passages being only surpassed by the pathos of others, while the beauty of his landscape rivals the truth of those more subtle pictures of emotion which it is the special prerogative of the poet to represent. Mr. Dobell is no vague moralist. He has shown himself, in all his works, as one who sympathizes with freedom everywhere, but keeps his warmest heart for the land in which he dwells. He is generously proud of England: we can believe would be glad either to live or die for her; and so is fitted to write patriotic poems. There is little of politics, in a narrow sense, in this volume, or rather,—except, perhaps, in the "Shower in War Time,"—(an effort to lay the eternal peace question,)—none at all. He dismisses Diplomacy, in a sonnet, rather an ugly one we think, with an oath, and prefers to represent the broad feelings and homely thoughts of men and women, poor soldiers and their wives, to discussing the debates of courts and cabinets. And it may be he is right;—he has avoided the rock of declamation. Was not Goethe's warning, "Remember politics is not poetry?" Books like this, and the thoughts they suggest, do us good, when we think too much of wars as games of chess, and the men who fight in them as pawns. They help us to remember that in all their checkered fortune they are indeed our fellows, linked to the earth by the same bonds which connect us, and having an equal stake in their life and death with ourselves. We consider this Mr. Dobell's most successful work, both in the fuller realization of its aim, and the better taste displayed in individual pieces. There is less of that straining after effect, which sometimes approached near to bombast in "The Roman;" and comparatively little of that wild ejaculation, which as it were made a fool of some of the finest passages in Balder. The feeling throughout is chaste, and the expression generally simple. There is much of graphic portraiture, touching delineation, and comprehensive thought. Some of these strains are surpassed in melody by nothing that has issued from our modern Lyre. It must not however be supposed that the volume is uniform in its excellence; while there are some passages of surpassing beauty on the one hand, there are defects on the other, which indicate the need of yet further culture and discipline. Let us get over those and have done with them. And first, though Scotch ourselves, we decidedly object to the use of the Scottish dialect. None perhaps, wielded by one to whom it is the language of daily life, has more of concentrated power; none is capable of more emphatic pathos; none has more expressive words, or is so full of quaint humour. Our rural districts live in the works of Burns, with vivid reality, as they could in no other language under the sun; hardly one of his songs will endure translation, without losing half its force. Mr. Dobell has felt this, and thought to attain the Doric force of those lyrics, by adopting their language in those of his ballads to which he wished to give a provincial tone. He has been more successful than we should have expected; more so than many natives of our northern towns, who are unused to the country dialect. Some of the pieces thrown into this form, as the "Mother's Lesson," are charac-

terized by an energy and suggestiveness which suit well with their dress; but, here and there, he inevitably falls into snares of false expression and absurd application, which give the whole poem an affected if not a ludicrous air. Fancy such lines as this in the "Market Wife's Song,"

> "And sæ I cry to God—*while the hens cackle a'!*
> And whiddie, whuddie, whaddie gang the auld wheels twa."

What an ill-advised union of the sacred and the ludicrous have we here! Or this in the Gaberlunzie,

> "His slow steps rouse the *blethrin grouse* (!)
> the peewit fas and squeals."

Our author is fond of refrains, and sometimes manages them artistically, and sometimes does not. This applies to his former books, but more especially to the volume before us; where, if there are some beautiful verses that fall upon the ear ever and anon like the cadence of sweet bells, there are instances, too abundant, of repetitions without rhyme or reason, which entirely mar the poems in which they occur. We conceive the true principle of a refrain is, that it be something in itself both emphatic and musical, and which has a definite relation throughout, a mellowing or an arousing influence on the whole poem. Wherever they have been adjudged successful, from the very earliest instances down to Edgar Allen Poe's "Raven," this rule will be found to be preserved. It is so in the choruses of all our best songs, and the recurring strain which winds up each verse of many of our ballads. Witness "I love but you alone," in the "Nut Browne Maid;" Campbell's chaunt in "The Mariners of England;"—the "Toll Slowly," in the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," or the carol of the "May Queen" in Tennyson. All these are prominent in meaning, as well as in position; giving, in themselves, a summary of the piece in which they are set, or a tone to its whole effect. I do not think that a similar plea can be put forward for such iterations as those in "Farewell," or the verses well designated "Wind." They indeed contain little else; the breezes signify nothing.—Besides, there is moderation in all things, and the mere number of "*wolds*" and "*farewells*" is appalling. There are others, which it is unnecessary to particularize, open to the same objection. "How's my boy?" gives one the painful impression of being meant to be particularly fine;—painful, for we confess never to have heard it read without that *αναριθμον γελασμα* which is the fit corrective of whatever is so unnatural and constrained. It is just such a parody as Swift might have penned, in his sourest mood, to make mockery of the most holy affliction. We cannot attribute any such design to Mr. Dobell; but his insight is strangely at fault if he does not know that affection is the first, and not the last, to catch at the approach of evil tidings;—the foremost to realize the full import of calamity. In some instances there is a heaping up of words without adequate purpose, poems in fact which need not have been written. "The Sailor's Return" is rather pointless, and the "Health to the Queen" a mere boisterous huzzah, unrelieved by any of that raciness which redeems from folly his lines about a fiddlestick. Two of the longest pieces, "Rain on the Roof" and a "Prayer of the Understanding," in spite of a great deal that is excellent, remind us too much of the metaphysical reveries of Balder, and the "Gaberlunzie's walk" contains nothing remarkably good to compensate for its mysticism. These blemishes are few, and such as we hope to see the author throw from him yet, if he is not one of those who cherish their defects, to the exclusion of all criticism except their own.—We turn to the agreeable task of indicating some of the more pleasing features of the volume.

In nothing has our recent poetry and romance made a greater advance, as compared with that of the last generation, than in the truer and better light in which it represents all the gentler features of humanity: most especially in the far higher position it assigns to woman and her influence. When we compare Tennyson with Dryden, in this light, or the "Men and Women" of Browning with those of Pope, we feel that we have abundant recompense for the vagueness and want of definition of which the followers of the old school so much complain. There is nothing more happily conspicuous in Mr. Dobell's poetry than the delicacy with which he treats the female nature, the faith he seems to have in its omnipotence to purify and sustain. Hence the accurate sympathy with which he has here sung the joys and sorrows of many a matron and many a maid, as they lament the departed or welcome home the wanderer. There is a tone of true heroic feeling in the "Mother's Lesson," as she tells to her son how "his brave brither fell,"

"Gran gran are a proud mither's tears,
And the gate that she gangs in her wae,"

for she has a comfort, amid them all, in thoughts of his glory and "Auld Lang Syne."

"Tommy's Dead" is among the most pathetic pictures of the desolation of bereavement we have seen. Here is a right use of a refrain; the knell comes in to disturb the simplest duties, and darken all things with the chill of the grave. The "Little Girl's Song" is beautiful. How touching the address to her absent father!

"Papa, papa, if I could but know!
Do you think her voice was always so low?
Did I always see what I seem to see,
When I wake up at night and her pillow
is wet?
You used to say her hair it was gold—
It looks like silver to me.
But still she tells the same tale that she
told,
She sings the same song when I sit on
her knee,
And the house goes on as it went long ago,
When we lived together, all three."

Something in the "Orphan's Song" reminds us of certain verses in "Maud," but it has a sweetness of its own. The image of the lonely child talking to her little bird as she dies, is brought very clearly before us in the mournful melody of those verses. One of the finest poems in the book, that certainly which displays the richest descriptive power, is the sad and oft told tale "He loves and rides away." Listen to this cadence in the address of the deserted one to her infant.

"Small and fair, choice and rare,
Snowy pale with moonlight hair,
My little one blossoms and springs!
Like joy with woe singing to it,
Like love with sorrow to woo it,
So my witty one, so my pretty one sings!
And I see the white hawthorn tree and the
bright summer bird singing through it,
And my heart is prouder than kings."

The luxuriant image of a lady swimming, in another stanza, almost makes us think of Spenser's bathing nymphs. "Lady Constance" and "Home Wounded" are masterpieces, in their way. Nowhere more has the poet shown his art than in this exaltation of a poor cripple soldier into an object almost of our envy, as a hero, with the labour of his life well done, left to wear out its evening in repose, amid the fragrance of the flowers. Here is a landscape, seen through the mist of love, in calm contentedness:

"And she will trip like spring by my side,
And be all the birds to my ear.
And here all three we'll sit in the sun,
And see the Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,
And perhaps too far for mortal eyes,
New springs of fresh primroses,
Springs of earth's primroses,
Springs to be and springs for me,
Of distant dim primroses."

The repetition here never palls, it is the lingering of so beautiful a note. The opening lines of "A Shower in War time" are richly melodious, espe-

cially those about the angel in the cloud; it concludes, with a touch of philosophy not inapplicable at the present day.

" Lov'st thou not Peace? Aye, moralist,
Both peace and thee. Yet well I wist
They who shut Janus did slay Christ."

The " Young Man's Song" and " An Evening Dream" contain much that is admirable; so also " A Hero's Grave" and " Grass from the Battle field;" but is it an utter lack of all sense of the ludicrous, or what, that admits of lines like the following?

" That ancient heaven of brass, so long
unfurl'd,
Falls with a crash of fame that fills the
world."

We are tempted to ejaculate with that classic critic Jeames Yellowplush,

" Igsplane this, men and angels!"

Again what is meant by " haze in haze pervolving as in glad release," or the whole passage about " the dry unjewelled cup" at the commencement of the same poem?—There is nothing that our author needs to bear more in mind than the necessity of plain speaking. It is hyper-criticism to insist on every figure and phrase being self-contained; still, all good general effect comes out of lines in which the ordinary mass of thinking readers can at least see some sort of meaning. But we had done with cavilling. " The German Legion" is a favourite of ours; it has the simple force of a true tale well told. We could wish to quote some of its latter verses, but perhaps the gem of the whole volume is the little ballad with which we must conclude those extracts. Let Mr. Dobell only write such songs as this, and England will not soon let either himself or his works pass from her affectionate memory.

" Oh, happy, happy maid,
In the year of war and death
She wears no sorrow!
By her face so young and fair,
By the happy wreath
That rules her happy hair,
She might be a bride to-morrow!
She sits and sings within her moonlit
bower,
Her moonlit bower in rosy June;
Yet ah, her bridal breath,
Like fragrance from some sweet night-
blowing flower,
Moves from her moving lips in many a
mournful tune!
She sings no song of love's despair,
She sings no lover lowly laid,
No fond peculiar grief
Has ever touch'd or bud or leaf
Of her unblighted spring.
She sings because she needs must sing;
She sings the sorrow of the air
Whereof her voice is made.
That night in Britain howsoe'er
On any chord the fingers stray'd,
They gave the notes of care.
A dim, sad legend old
Long since in some pale shade
Of some far twilight told,
She knows not when or where,
She sings with trembling hand on trembling lute-strings laid;

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine;
' Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!'

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And through the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode through the Monday morn.

His huntsmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine!
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line.

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood,
  Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?
The ancient stile is not alone,
  'Tis not the burn I hear!
She makes her immemorial moan,
  She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
  The sorrows of thy line!"

Though there is much true portraiture in this volume, it partakes largely of the general subjective tendency of modern imagination; i. e., that which directs itself to express the opinions, passions, and perplexities of the writer. Self-relinquishment has become rare in our lyrics: there is no trace of it in those pretended plays of which we have spoken; hence, in their perception of this decay of the Drama, many are apt to doubt of the possibility of its restoration. But it has not yet quite died from amongst us. There are links remaining to connect the last fifty years with more prolific periods. Coleridge and Elliot (in his "Bothwell") have at least done something in this direction. To Savage Landor and the lamented Talfourd we owe several perfect reproductions of epochs long passed from our sight, with the actors in them. If the majesty of Byron's plays is half artificial, Shelley's is life-like enough in its breathing horror. Out of Shakespeare, what creation of English tragedy is there to match with Beatrice Cenci? We have still some writers who can conceive the deeds and thoughts of other men, and bring them before us, not as mere projections of themselves, but as external realities. "Edwin the Fair," the "Saints' Tragedy," and "Gregory VII." recal, with characteristic distinctness, many a half-forgotten feature of the Middle Ages. Ghent and Bruges, the quaint old Flemish cities, with their burgesses and heroes, civil strife and wars, arise, when evoked by the name of "Van Artevelde," from the dimness of bygone centuries. Browning's "Blot on the Scutcheon" and "Pippa Passes" alone would prevent us from despairing of some revival of our Drama, and the literature of those last few years has given us no more hopeful sign of its future than this work of Mr. MacDonald's. Many of our late poems may be called lyrical, although hardly fitted for a music-book. Those we have just been considering are chaunts rather than songs. There are others truly dramatic, which are by no means adapted for actual representation. The causes which regulate this are manifold: custom, national taste, and various circumstances connected with our theatre, which it might be worth while to discuss more fully. Suffice it meanwhile to admit that the prominence given to reflective emotion renders it impossible for such plays as the one before us ever to be so represented. A piece that will act well must have as much as possible outwardly manifest. Even the expression of private schemes, by means of numerous asides, has an unnatural air: when the thought becomes abstract, or dwells on themes we dare hardly evolve in human words, it can no longer be spoken before large audiences. But though we do not claim for "Within and Without" a place among the glories of the stage, we assert its right to be called a dramatic poem, because the characters are essentially real. They stand apart alike from the author and from one another, acting and reacting each on each, and fulfilling a plot, not the less intense because the struggle through which they pass is mainly a mental one. With less perhaps of that "Contemplative Imagination" which transfigures nature in its relation to the poet than some of his compeers, Mr. MacDonald is more richly gifted than they with an insight into the play of mind on mind. That penetrating faculty which, forestalling years of observation, in a moment, discerns the innermost spirit of the character it seeks to know, is one of the most distinctive marks of a real dramatist. Our author has also a large amount of that constructive power, by

which the artist clusters details round one great conception, and elaborates a whole out of harmonious and converging parts. This alone can give effect to any such work, and it is here he is eminently successful where so many have failed. His expression is at once powerful and delicate, but we are more arrested by the thoughts themselves. There are many beauties in the book, but the book itself is more beautiful than any of them. We may read the first two or three pages with pencil in hand to mark passages for commendation or censure, but we presently let it fall, and are carried on by the breathless interest of the tale, till we are left at the end thankful for the good it has done us. It is not a poem to which in any respect justice can be done by extracts; nor is it any test of the value of a work of art, that a bit can be taken out of it and shown to advantage alone. A large class of critics remind us of the simpleton in Hierocles, who, wishing to sell a house, went about with a stone as a specimen; the most general ground plan had surely been more to the purpose. A great poet should be the builder of a temple, not a worker in mosaic. Were poetry to be valued by the number of quotable lines it affords, the essays of Alexander Pope would take rank with the "Paradise Lost," or the "Inferno," or many of Shakespeare's tragedies.

Mr. MacDonald has divided his poem into five parts, having a very distant affinity to the five acts of the drop curtain, but each evolving some new phase, in the outward as in the spiritual history of his hero, and each prefaced by a sonnet, which is meant to serve as a sort of prelude or overture, giving as it were the moral of the successive chapters of life. There is a fine repose about them all; the first and third especially are wise and beautiful, but their connection with the main body of the work is hardly close enough.

The story is soon told. Julian, an Italian Count, loves Lilia, the daughter of a rich merchant, near his castle: some misunderstanding thwarts their love, and, with his natural gloom deepened, he recoils for a while from earthly things to seek repose and a closer communion with the Eternal within the walls of a monastery. In vain! for he finds there, least of all, any sympathy for his daring thoughts, or fellowship in his searching reverence. He feels impelled again to seek a wider sphere for worship, in the strife of the world, and suddenly abandons the disappointed monks. During his absence the Count Nembroni has contrived to ruin Lilia's father, and has laid a plot to become possessed of herself. Julian, arriving in time to frustrate this, inflicts summary justice on the aggressor. He discloses himself to Lilia, relieves her father, and induces her to accompany him to England as his wife. Five years afterwards they are represented as living in quiet retirement in London. His estates have become forfeit to the Church. She is obliged to assist their income by teaching, and in this way gets introduced to Lord Seaford. Meanwhile an estrangement has grown up between her and her husband—each believing that the other's love has faded. She is misled into listening with too much complacence to the flatteries of the English nobleman, till at length, on a full declaration of his love, she is startled into a horror at herself, and flies at once from his presence and from her own home. Lord Seaford too leaves the country, and Julian, left alone with his child, mistakes the cause of his abandonment. Love at length conquers indignation, and he resolves to seek her through the world, but he must first guard his little Lily. Presently she dies, and, after a few months more wandering, the shades of night gather around him too. Meanwhile Lilia has resolved to return, and Seaford, who has heard of the terrible error, hastens to repair it; her letter and his message reach him in his last hours, but, in the midst of

delirium, he hears and understands that she is innocent. There is here material for a drama, which might be wrought into very various forms. It is in his artistic and profound management of those elements that our author shows his high power. The character of Julian is throughout the most prominent one, his thoughts and inward struggle occupy so large a space of the volume that a severe critic might be disposed to complain of the preponderance of monologue. Still the monologue is very magnificent, nor are there many of those thoughts which in their clear majesty and reverence we would wish to lose, the less so because Julian's soliloquy is no mere egotistic chaunt, but is elicited, in ample variety, by the vicissitudes of an eventful life. We can only trace a few of its most marked features. His picture, as given by one of his brother monks, is suggestive:

" A tall dark man,
Moody and silent, with a little stoop,
As if his eyes did pull his shoulders down,
And a strange look of mingled youth and age."

Just such an one as would coil his thoughts too closely round his heart—a riddle hard to read; whose "Within and Without" would be apt to run far apart, only to find their reconcilement, at length, in the blue zenith where contradiction is solved and romance and reality meet. So, in this first part, he lives with the monks, but apart from them; their ways are not as his ways, nor is their religion, of symbols and formula, a thing to which he can square his dim majestic striving after communion with the Inscrutable.

" Not having seen him yet,
The light rests on me with a heaviness;
All beauty seems to wear a doubtful look;
A voice is in the wind I do not know;
A meaning on the face of the high hills,
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A something is behind them: that is God."

This was not a confession that could well adapt itself to "our Holy Faith;"—it transcends the comprehension of the friendly monk who visits his cell.

" A good man," says Julian,
" But he has not waked,
And seen the sphinx's stony eye fixed on him."

How many are there who pass through life unconscious of that " stony eye," thinking they have solved the secrets of the universe because they have never approached to an understanding of their perplexity. The mass, *ut semper*, are wroth that he takes airs to himself and despises them—he is an Atheist at least, he hath a Devil surely.

" Music tortures him:
I saw him once, during the Gloria Patri,
Rise slowly as in ecstacy of pain."

His own account of this is rather different:

" I bless you, sweet sounds, for your visiting,
Stealing my soul with faint deliciousness."

Visions of the past and future, beckonings of the outer world, come daily more and more to summon him away; he feels that cloisters " are not God's " nurseries for his children."

" It boots not staying here. Thirsting desire
Wakens within me, like a new child heart,
To be abroad on the mysterious Earth,
Out with the moon in all the blowing winds."

His friend Robert, with sore misgiving, connives at his escape; he goes " on into the dark," companioned with his own glorious aspirations, that wondrous

" Love of Knowledge and of Mystery,
Striving for ever in the heart of Man,"

as he seeks the God, who retires before him from peak to peak of inaccessibility. It is pleasant, in a play of so serious a cast, to find a description so graphic as that given here of the old monks and their life. The picture of Stephen and his charitable delight in what he believes to be an unpardonable sin—" Well, one comfort is, it's damna-" tion and no reprieve"—shows that the author is not altogether devoid of humour. The good brothers are of the comfortable sort. The monastery is evidently one of those which, if we can trust Mr. Froude, would have stood but

a poor chance in Henry the Eighth's time.

Leaving that "house of foolishness," Julian is shaken from his imperial dream by the cry of wrong; for he is to find that unfolding of the ideal he longs for, as we all must, by contact with the real. There is not much in the rescue from "Nembroni," except the flash of native ferocity that it calls forth. The action is vivid, perhaps too much so. There is an abruptness, in some passages here, followed by over refinement in others: as Lilia's dream of heaven, too serene for the hours following such intense agitation, which indicates a slight want of art; but this soon passes, and we are interested in the scruples she feels regarding the violation of his monkish vows. The appeal of events rather than argument settles the difficulty. Stephen has raised a hue-and-cry against them, and they escape together from a sudden pursuit. They row down a river with muffled oars, while Julian murmurs:

"Dear wind, dear stream—dear stars,—
dear heart of all,
White angel lying in my little boat!
Strange that my boyhood's skill with sail
and helm,
Oft steering safely 'twixt the winding
banks,
Should make me rich with womanhood
and life!"

And then the part ends with three verses, rivalling in their tuneful sweetness, the Bugle song. Here are two of them:

"O wind of strife! to us a wedding wind!
Oh cover me with kisses of her mouth.
Blow thou our souls together, heart and
mind;
To narrowing northern lines, blow from
the south.
Out to the ocean, fleet and float,
Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat.

Thou hast been blowing many a drifting
thing
From circling cove down to the unsheltered sea:
Thou blowest to the sea my blue sail's
wing,
Us to a new love-lit futurity.
Out to the ocean, fleet and float,
Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat."

It is, however, in the succeeding portion of the volume that the art of the dramatist is most eminent. The conception on which the whole action is grounded is that of two natures, each with a greatness of its own, drawn towards each other by real sympathy, and yet estranged by a certain outward contrast. Hence doubt and jealousy, and its throng of cares; for the graceful ardent Lilia cannot understand the love hidden far in Julian's deep heart, while he grows daily more mistrustful of her confidence, and retires ever farther, in his communings, alone. This is a subtle plot, which might have been mismanaged in a hundred ways. Mr. MacDonald has steered on the difficult course with the fidelity of the true poet's instinct. Grant such a strange union of dispositions, and, with one exception to be noticed, there is nothing unnatural in the evolution of the issue. Julian is hard to convince from the first:

"But do you really love me, Lilia?
Why do you make me say it so often,
Julian?"

Suspicion is the disease of self-consciousness, and again and again, with memories of the cloister, the old doubt comes up before him:

"I am afraid the thought arises still,
Within her heart that she is not my wife."

Foundation enough for a world of unhappiness, even if the calamities and privation of their mutual lot did not point the sting:

"It is not strange that thou art glad to go
From this dull place, and be for some short
hours
As if thy girlhood were restored to thee;
For thou art very young for a hard life,
Such as a poor man's wife must undergo."
. . . . . .
Then I am older much than she."

And again,

"I have grown common to her."

But he is wrong: Lilia thinks little of this, her complaint is only that his affection has become a duty; that he has grown cold as the glacier on the moun-

tains he loves, that she is not enough for him:

" He needs
Some high entranced maiden, ever pure,
And throng'd with burning thoughts of God and him."

The lines in which, shortly after, she contrasts their natures, exhibit at once the apparent disparity between them, and two sorts of beauty for which the poem is distinguished.

" Yet I have thoughts
Fit to be women to his mighty men;
And he would love them, did he lead them out.
Ah! there they come, the visions of my land!
The long sweep of a bay, white sands, and cliffs
Purple above the blue waves at their feet.
Down the full river comes a light blue sail;
And down the near hill-side come country girls,
Brown, rosy, with their loads of glowing fruits;
Down to the sands come ladies, young, and clad
For holiday; in whose hearts wonderment
At manhood is the upmost, deepest thought;
And to their sides come stately, youthful forms,
Italy's youth, with burning eyes and hearts—
Triumphant Love is King of the bright day.
Yet one heart, 'neath that little sail, would look
With pity on their poor contentedness;
For he sits at the helm, I at his feet.
He sung a song, and I replied to him.
His song was of the wind that blew us down
From sheltering hills to the unshelter'd sea.
Ah! little thought my heart that the wide sea,
Where I should cry for comforting in vain,
Was the expanse of his wide awful soul,
To which that wind was helpless drifting me.
I would he were less great and loved me more."

Thus can two minds live on, looking daily into each other's eyes for years, and yet, with a mysterious bar, more powerful than leagues of distance, compelling them to live unknown, while the inner and the outer life remain irreconcilable. So Julian broods and suffers, with his majestic thoughts and his devout worship, whatever he reads or does, or meditates bringing his heart home to the same sorrow.

" I would die for her;
A little thing, but all a man can do.
O my beloved, where the answering love?"

So Lilia, still more wearily, toils on, looking at his deepening gloom, and seeing less and less beyond it,

" He grows more moody, still more self withdrawn;
Were it not better that I went away,
And left him with the child?"

"Lily" is one of the finest creations in the book. It augurs a pure and lofty mind to present a picture of childhood—so true, so simple, and so touching as Mr. MacDonald has given us here. To her Julian unbends from all his reserve, and she clings to him, in return, with the full confidence of infancy. From her first cry, as she starts from her little bed, " Oh take me, take " me," to the last, " Kiss me harder, " father, I am better now," she looks to him for shelter and guidance. The whole intercourse between them is full of beauties. Among these, Julian's version of the parable, and her prattle about it, is especially natural. His song about the " little white Lily" is a rare treasure for any child. The ramble by the graveyard too reminds us of those questions so early asked, which it takes the searching of a lifetime to answer dimly.

" 'Tis where they lay them when the story's done.
What, lay the boys and girls? Yes, dearest child,
To keep them warm till it begin again."

There is perhaps something of a pretty conceit in the notion of the church growing out of the tombs, but this other allegory has a sense which stretches far. Lily has got a book of verses in her hand, and cannot make out what it means. She peeps into it, holds it to her ear, rubs her hand over it, then puts her tongue on it—it is all of no use: but Julian, in his deserted lone-

liness, sees here an emblem of his own vain efforts to read the inscrutable, and cries bitterly,

" Father, I am thy child. Forgive me this:
Thy poetry is very hard to read."

The author has shown considerable art in his management of the character of Lord Seaford. His words and thoughts—his songs, containing some of the most musical lines in the volume, and, above all, the energy of his remorse, at the end, indicate a nature in which luxury has fostered much of self-indulgence, without removing the germs of higher things. He appreciates Lilia's spiritual as well as her actual beauty, and extends to all her tastes and interests the fulness of his sympathy. No wonder if, in the loneliness of her real and fancied exile, she finds a growing pleasure in his society, and, if in answer to his love, so different in the warmth of its expression from the outward coldness of her own poor home, signs of a new fondness begin to appear. She feels herself strangely confused, and does not know the heart-homage by which she is guarded till it is suddenly aroused, at the very crisis of danger, by one of those chances which sway the mind aright. It were out of place in a drama founded professedly on a perplexing contradiction to press the rules of ordinary probability, but we confess that the flight of Lilia, which so suddenly intervenes, is hardly explained by our previous knowledge. The lines quoted above, intimating some such thought, are evidently thrown in to facilitate the issue: but this is not enough. Revulsion, however strong, from her own momentary faithlessness, would hardly have induced her to abandon the two she loved most to certain perplexity, and the possibility of so dread a misunderstanding. After this the rest follows naturally, and our interest throughout the remainder of the sad tragedy is concentrated on the various phases of Julian's anguish. There is something terrible in the intensity of passion with which he first receives the announcement that his worship of purity had been a delusion. Storms of fierce wrath come over him in gusts now and then throughout, and he would find another use for the dagger with which he killed Nembroni, when the winds mockingly " howl Lilia in his ear." But the beauty is to see how this gradually subsides, in the triumph of an all-reconciling love, and his longing, by day and night, is to search her out and bring her back to his forgiveness. The child left with him is chief among the influences which soften his anger and console his grief. Valiantly he goes on, fighting the good fight, till at last the great work is complete, in the triumph of humility and faith, and love. *He* is to blame, he says, he should have descended from his heights and walked in the valley with her long ago:

" Now, now I see that often it was pride
That drove me from her, would not let me speak;
I could not rid me of myself —"

and when Lily too leaves him, weak and weary, and alone, his one thought is, " I'll seek for her, my wife, until I die." She meanwhile yearns to return, as the prodigal of old:

" I think he will receive me: for he reads
One chapter in St. Luke oftener than any."

But when the late letter comes it is only that it may rest in the grave in which the mighty outworn spirit has taken up its rest. It is time for him to be gone, and he departs in the hope of a nobler journey than this earth's one, though not before his face, in its last smile, has been transfigured by a knowledge of her stainlessness.

Such is a bare outline of a Drama which, for loftiness of thought and intensity of purpose, we have not often seen surpassed. Faint though this sketch be, we have left ourselves little opportunity for illustrating the minor features of the poem. Best viewed as

a whole, it has eminent individual beauties, in no small number. Again and again, in Julian's soliloquies, we meet with passages of pathos, sublimity, and passion which are enough in themselves to stamp the writer with the reputation of high genius. There are few pages in which something does not occur which any one might have been proud to write. Here are one or two of those gems taken nearly at random.

DUMB LOVE.

" On she came—and then
I was bewilder'd. Something I remember
Of thoughts that choked the passages of sound,
Hurrying forth without their pilot-words;
Of agony, as when a spirit seeks
In vain to hold communion with a man;
A hand that would and would not stay in mine;
A gleaming of her garments far away."

SUPPLICATION.

" Go thou into thy closet; shut thy door;
And pray to Him in secret: He will hear.
But think not thou by one wild bound to clear
The infinite ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the Father's likeness near."

THE OLD LAW AND THE NEW.

" Which is likest
God's voice? The one is gentle, loving, kind,
Like Mary singing to her manger'd Child;
The other like a self-restrained tempest;
Like—ah, alas!—the trumpet on Mount Sinai."

BEAUTY SURVIVING.

" Thy heart must have its autumn, its pale skies,
Leading, mayhap, to winter's cold dismay.
Yet doubt not. Beauty doth not pass away;
Her form departs not though her body dies.

. . . . . .

Do thou thy work—be willing to be old:
Thy sorrow is the husk that doth unfold
A gorgeous June, for which thou needst not strive."

SEAFORD SINGS.

" For now I have no soul; a sea
Fills up my cavern'd brain,
Heaving in silent waves to thee,
The mistress of the main.

O Angel! take my hand in thine;
Unfold thy shining silvery wings;
Spread them around thy face and mine,
Close curtain'd in their murmurings.
O what is God to me? He sits apart
Amidst the clear stars, passionless and cold;
Divine! thou art enough to fill my heart;
O fold me in thy heaven, sweet love, enfold."

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

" Shady woods and grass,
With clear streams running 'twixt the sloping banks,
And glimmering daylight in the cloven east;
And sunbeams in the morning, building up
A vapoury column, midst the near-by trees;
And spokes of the sun-wheel, that, breaking through
The split arch of the clouds, fall on the earth
And travel round, as the wind blows the clouds;
The distant meadows and the gloomy river
Shine as the bright ray pencil sweepeth over."

LIVE WELL.

" Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
To feel than write; but better far than both
To be on earth a poem of God's making;
To have one's soul a leaf, on which God's pen
In various words, as of triumphant music,
That mingleth joy and sorrow, setteth forth
That out of darkness he hath brought the light.
To such perchance the poet's voice is given
To tell the mighty tale to other worlds.

But the grandest passages are those in which the magnificence of thought and imagery runs on continuously. Let any one, who wishes to have a better guarantee for the inspiration of the writer than we have given him, read the lines which open with p. 71; Julian's meditations in his counting-house, p. 92, where he finds a gladness in his daily toil; or his hopes for Lilia, p. 142. The parable which opens part iii. bears a moral that ought to be borne in mind. The poem in p. 109 is all full of melody. Nothing is more after our own heart than the description of the glories of the past. The pages from 97-100 glow with beauty; nor is there anywhere loftier imagination

than in the dream of fair women, 147; but, as we are viewing the poem mainly in its dramatic aspect, we prefer to give the account of Julian's visit to Lord Seaford, than which a finer subject was never presented to a painter.

" Just as I cross'd the hall, I heard a voice—
' The Countess Lamballa—is she here to-day ? '
And looking towards the door I caught a glimpse
Of a tall figure, gaunt and stooping, drest
In a blue shabby frock down to his knees,
And on his left arm sat a little child.
The porter gave short answer, with the door
For period to the same; when, like a flash,
It flew wide open, and the serving man
Went reeling, staggering backwards to the stairs,
'Gainst which he fell, and then roll'd down and lay.
In walk'd the visitor: but in the moment
Just measured by the closing of the door,
Heavens! what a change! He walk'd erect, as if
Heading a column; with an eye and face
As if a fountain-shaft of blood had shot
Up suddenly within his wasted frame.
The child sat on his arm quite still and pale,
But with a look of triumph in her eyes.
Of me he took no notice; came right on;
Look'd in each room that open'd from the hall;
In every motion calm as frozen waves,
Save, now and then, a movement, sudden, quick,
Of his hand towards his side, unconsciously:
'Twas plain he had been used to carry arms.

3rd G. Did no one stop him ?
Bern. Stop him ? I'd as soon
Have faced a tiger with bare hands. 'Tis easy
In passion to meet passion; but it is
A daunting thing to look on, when the blood
Is going its wonted pace through your own veins.
Besides this man had something in his face,
With its live eyes, close lips, nostrils distended,
A self-reliance, and a self-command,
That would go right up to its goal, in spite
Of any *no* from any man. I would
As soon have stopp'd a cannon-ball as him.
Over the porter, whom the fall had stunn'd,
And up the stairs he went. I heard him go—
Listening as it had been a ghost that walk'd
With pallid spectre-child upon its arm—
Along the corridors, and round the halls,
Opening and shutting doors; until at last
A sudden fear lest he should find the lady,
And mischief should ensue, shot me up stairs.
I met him half-way down, quiet as before;
The fire had faded from his eyes; the child
Held in her tiny hand a lady's glove
Of delicate primrose. When he reach'd the hall,
He turn'd him to the porter, who had scarce
Lifted him from the floor, and saying thus:
' The Count Lamballa waited on Lord Seaford,'
Turn'd him again, and strode into the street."

We cannot leave this book without recording our personal admiration of the exalted and pure theology which pervades it. The whole is a grand sermon on the abundantly sustaining power of confidence in one Omnipotent. Listen once more to Julian's summary of life:

" This the first act
Of one of God's great dramas. Is it so ?
Sweep not dim dreamy thoughts across my soul
Of something that I knew and know not now ?
Of something differing from all this earth ?
. . . . . .
Can this be death ? for I am lifted up
Large-eyed into the night. All I see now
Is that which *is*, the living awful Truth."

We have not said that this is a perfect poem; it is the high promise of one who has apparently not yet reached the fulness of his powers, from whom we hope for future dramas, as exalted and yet more real; with less of monologue and more of action. There is an over refinement in the images here and there, which sometimes approaches to a conceit; see page 1, for instance, or p. 130, about the rains and breezes. The stage directions are not well managed; adjectives are sometimes misapplied, as *pearly* and *opal* to

the night; and there is a good deal said here and there which should be left to the reader's imagination. These are small matters, which indeed we thought little of when raised above them by the interest of the book, and which we have fortunately little room to dwell on now. A more serious question remains as to the wisdom of the concluding scene, where the author has attempted to raise the dread curtain which bounds the vision of mortals, and imagined a glimpse into the realms of "a world not realized." This is a daring effort, one no power could render adequate, and which can only be vindicated by some great gain. Of what passes on the arena of earth the insight of the poet may see more than other men, but as regards the unfathomable space beyond the guesses of us all are dim. There "we cannot "order speech by reason of darkness," as we utter our inarticulate hopes—each groping like a child:

> "An infant crying in the night,
> And with no language but a cry."

Such dealing with the transcendent may indeed be defended by precedent of the two greatest names of two great nations. Dante, however, as yet stands alone in that dream which so grandly sums up the theology of those chaotic middle ages, and the latter part of the Faust, which will live to see the end of all its imitators, is no picture of actual life, but a succession of marvellous and magnificent phantasies. It is the transition from the real to the ideal, from the seen to the unseen, about which we hesitate. It is a transition on which our greatest dramatist never ventured, and in which we do not think Mr. MacDonald has been sufficiently successful to justify so far a flight. Ought not the Drama to have at least concluded with that vision of the guardian angel and Julian's rapt seraphic hymn?

> "Come away! above the storm
> Ever shines the blue;
> Come away! beyond the form
> Ever lies the True."

The more of the sustaining spirit of the Eternal we can realize, in the affairs of common life, the better. The more the dramatist can show how the men and women who daily walk the earth, live and move and have their being in the midst of immensity, the worthier is he of his high calling. But, be it as reverent as it may, the attempt to describe the inscrutable has ever an air of presumption whether in painter or poet. Then it is that words seem feeble, in the impotency to express the feeling of infinity in the hearts of the lowliest. These are "things too won-"derful for us, which we know not," to be limned neither by mortal pencil nor mortal pen, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard; for which we must labour on, and wait till the awful veil is rent in twain, and in the hour of revelation

> "We awake and remember, and understand."

GOLDEN WINGS.

"Lyf lythes to nee,
Twa wordes or three,
Of one who was fair and free,
And fele in his fight."
Sir Percival.

I SUPPOSE my birth was somewhat after the birth of Sir Percival of Galles, for I never saw my father, and my mother brought me up quaintly; not like a poor man's son, though, indeed, we had little money, and lived in a lone place: it was on a bit of waste land near a river; moist, and without trees; on the drier parts of it folks had built cottages—see, I can count them on my fingers—six cottages, of which ours was one.

Likewise, there was a little chapel, with a yew tree and graves in the church-yard—graves—yes, a great many graves, more than in the yards of many Minsters I have seen, because people fought a battle once near us, and buried many bodies in deep pits, to the east of the chapel; but this was before I was born.

I have talked to old knights since who fought in that battle, and who told me that it was all about an old lady that they fought; indeed, this lady, who was a queen, was afterwards, by her own wish, buried in the aforesaid chapel in a most fair tomb; her image was of latoun gilt, and with a colour on it; her hands and face were of silver, and her hair, gilded and most curiously wrought, flowed down from her head over the marble.

It was a strange thing to see that gold and brass and marble inside that rough chapel which stood on the marshy common, near the river.

Now, every St. Peter's day, when the sun was at its hottest, in the midsummer noontide, my mother (though at other times she only wore such clothes as the folk about us) would dress herself most richly, and shut the shutters against all the windows, and light great candles, and sit as though she were a queen, till the evening: sitting and working at a frame, and singing as she worked.

And what she worked at was two wings, wrought in gold, on a blue ground.

And as for what she sung, I could never understand it, though I know now it was not in Latin.

And she used to charge me straightly never to let any man into the house on St. Peter's day; therefore, I and our dog, which was a great old bloodhound, always kept the door together.

But one St. Peter's day, when I was nearly twenty, I sat in the house watching the door with the bloodhound, and I was sleepy, because of the shut-up heat and my mother's singing, so I began to nod, and at last, though the dog often shook me by the hair to keep me awake, went fast asleep, and began to dream a foolish dream without hearing, as men sometimes do: for I thought that my mother and I were walking to mass through the snow on a Christmas day, but my mother carried a live goose in her hand, holding it by the neck, instead of her rosary, and that I went along by her side, not walking, but turning somersaults like a mountebank, my head never touching the ground; when we got to the chapel-door, the old priest met us, and said to my mother, "Why dame alive, your head is turned green! Ah! never mind, I

will go and say mass, but don't let little Mary there go," and he pointed to the goose, and went.

Then mass begun, but in the midst of it, the priest said out loud, "Oh I forgot," and turning round to us began to wag his grey head and white beard, throwing his head right back, and sinking his chin on his breast alternately; and when we saw him do this, we presently began also to knock our heads against the wall, keeping time with him and with each other, till the priest said, "Peter! it's dragon-time now," whereat the roof flew off, and a great yellow dragon came down on the chapel-floor with a flop, and danced about clumsily, wriggling his fat tail, and saying to a sort of tune, "O the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, O the Devil," so I went up to him, and put my hand on his breast, meaning to slay him, and so awoke, and found myself standing up with my hand on the breast of an armed knight; the door lay flat on the ground, and under it lay Hector, our dog, whining and dying.

For eight hours I had been asleep; on awaking, the blood rushed up into my face, I heard my mother's low mysterious song behind me, and knew not what harm might happen to her and me, if that knight's coming made her cease in it; so I struck him with my left hand, where his face was bare under his mail-coif, and getting my sword in my right, drove its point under his hawberk, so that it came out behind, and he fell, turned over on his face, and died.

Then, because my mother still went on working and singing, I said no word, but let him lie there, and put the door up again, and found Hector dead.

I then sat down again and polished my sword with a piece of leather after I had wiped the blood from it; and in an hour my mother arose from her work, and raising me from where I was sitting, kissed my brow, saying, "Well done, Lionel, you have slain your greatest foe, and now the people will know you for what you are before you die—Ah God! though not before *I* die."

So I said, "Who is he, mother? he seems to be some Lord; am I a Lord then?"

"A King, if the people will but know it," she said.

Then she knelt down by the dead body, turned it round again, so that it lay face uppermost, as before, then said:

"And so it has all come to this, has it? To think that you should run on my son's sword-point at last, after all the wrong you have done me and mine; now must I work carefully, least when you are dead you should still do me harm, for that you are a King—Lionel!"

"Yea, Mother."

"Come here and see; this is what I have wrought these many Peter's days by day, and often other times by night."

"It is a surcoat, Mother; for me?"

"Yea, but take a spade, and come into the wood."

So we went, and my mother gazed about her for a while as if she were looking for something, but then suddenly went forward with her eyes on the ground, and she said to me:

"Is it not strange, that I who know the very place I am going to take you to, as well as our own garden, should have a sudden fear come over me that I should not find it after all; though for these nineteen years I have watched the trees change and change all about it—ah! here, stop now."

We stopped before a great oak; a beech tree was behind us—she said, "Dig, Lionel, hereabouts."

So I dug and for an hour found nothing but beech roots, while my mother seemed as if she were going mad, sometimes running about muttering to herself, sometimes stooping into the

hole and howling, sometimes throwing herself on the grass and twisting her hands together above her head; she went once down the hill to a pool that had filled an old gravel pit, and came back dripping and with wild eyes; "I am too hot," she said, "far too hot this St. Peter's day."

Clink just then from my spade against iron; my mother screamed, and I dug with all my might for another hour, and then beheld a chest of heavy wood bound with iron ready to be heaved out of the hole; "Now Lionel weigh it out—hard for your life!"

And with some trouble I got the chest out; she gave me a key, I unlocked the chest, and took out another wrapped in lead, which also I unlocked with a silver key that my mother gave me, and behold therein lay armour—mail for the whole body, made of very small rings wrought most wonderfully, for every ring was fashioned like a serpent, and though they were so small yet could you see their scales and their eyes, and of some even the forked tongue was on it, and lay on the rivet, and the rings were gilded here and there into patterns and flowers so that the gleam of it was most glorious.—And the mail coif was all gilded and had red and blue stones at the rivets; and the tilting helms (inside which the mail lay when I saw it first) was gilded also, and had flowers pricked out on it; and the chain of it was silver, and the crest was two gold wings. And there was a shield of blue set with red stones, which had two gold wings for a cognizance; and the hilt of the sword was gold, with angels wrought in green and blue all up it, and the eyes in their wings were of pearls and red stones, and the sheath was of silver with green flowers on it.

Now when I saw this armour and understood that my mother would have me put it on, and ride out without fear, leaving her alone, I cast myself down on the grass so that I might not see its beauty (for it made me mad), and strove to think; but what thoughts soever came to me were only of the things that would be, glory in the midst of ladies, battle-joy among knights, honour from all kings and princes and people—these things.

But my mother wept softly above me, till I arose with a great shudder of delight and drew the edges of the hawberk over my cheek, I liked so to feel the rings slipping, slipping, till they fell off altogether; then I said:

"O Lord God that made the world, if I might only die in this armour!"

Then my mother helped me to put it on, and I felt strange and new in it, and yet I had neither lance nor horse.

So when we reached the cottage again she said: "See now, Lionel, you must take this knight's horse and his lance, and ride away, or else the people will come here to kill another king; and when you are gone, you will never see me any more in life."

I wept thereat, but she said:

"Nay, but see here,"

And taking the dead knight's lance from among the garden lilies, she rent from it the pennon (which had a sword on a red ground for bearing), and cast it carelessly on the ground, then she bound about it a pennon with my bearing, gold wings on a blue ground; she bid me bear the Knight's body, all armed as he was, to put on him his helm and lay him on the floor at her bed's foot, also to break his sword and cast it on our hearth-stone; all which things I did.

Afterwards she put the surcoat on me, and then lying down in her gorgeous raiment on her bed, she spread her arms out in the form of a cross, shut her eyes, and said:

"Kiss me, Lionel, for I am tired."

And after I had kissed her she died.

And I mounted my dead foe's horse and rode away; neither did I ever know what wrong that was which he had done me, not while I was in the body at least.

And do not blame me for not burying my mother; I left her there because, though she did not say so to me, yet I knew the thoughts of her heart, and that the thing she had wished so earnestly for these years, and years, and years, had been but to lie dead with him lying dead close to her.

So I rode all that night for I could not stop, because of the thoughts that were in me, and, stopping at this place and that, in three days came to the city.

And there the King held his court with great pomp.

And so I went to the palace, and asked to see the King; whereupon they brought me into the great hall where he was with all his knights, and my heart swelled within me to think that I too was a King.

So I prayed him to make me a knight, and he spake graciously and asked me my name; so when I had told it him, and said that I was a king's son, he pondered, not knowing what to do, for I could not tell him whose son I was.

Whereupon one of the knights came near me and shaded his eyes with his hand as one does in a bright sun, meaning to mock at me for my shining armour, and he drew nearer and nearer till his long stiff beard just touched me, and then I smote him on the face, and he fell on the floor.

So the king being in a rage, roared out from the door, "Slay him!" but I put my shield before me and drew my sword, and the old women drew together aside and whispered fearfully, and while some of the knights took spears and stood about me, others got their armour on.

And as we stood thus we heard a horn blow, and then an armed knight came into the hall and drew near to the King; and one of the maidens behind me, came and laid her hand on my shoulder; so I turned and saw that she was very fair, and then I was glad, but she whispered to me:

"Sir Squire for a love I have for your face and gold armour, I will give you good counsel; go presently to the King and say to him: 'in the name of Alys des roses and Sir Guy le bon amant I pray you three boons,'—do this, and you will be alive, and a knight by to-morrow, otherwise I think hardly the one or the other."

"The Lord reward you damoyzel," I said. Then I saw that the King had left talking with that knight and was just going to stand up and say something out loud, so I went quickly and called out with a loud voice:

"O King Gilbert of the rose-land, I, Lionel of the golden wings, pray of you three boons in the name of Alys des roses and Sir Guy le bon amant."

Then the King gnashed his teeth because he had promised if ever his daughter Alys des roses came back safe again, he would on that day grant any three boons to the first man who asked them, even if he were his greatest foe. He said, "Well, then, take them, what are they?"

"First, my life; then, that you should make me a knight; and thirdly, that you should take me into your service."

He said, "I will do this, and moreover, I forgive you freely if you will be my true man."

Then we heard shouting arise through all the city because they were bringing the Lady Alys from the ship up to the palace, and the people came to the windows, and the houses were hung with cloths and banners of silk and gold, that swung down right from the eaves to the ground; likewise the bells all rang: and within a while they entered the palace, and the trumpets rang and men shouted, so that my head whirled; and they entered the hall, and the King went down from the dais to meet them.

Now a band of knights and of damoyzels went before and behind, and in the midst Sir Guy led the Lady

Alys by the hand, and he was a most stately knight, strong and fair.

And I indeed noted the first band of knights and damoyzels well, and wondered at the noble presence of the knights, and was filled with joy when I beheld the maids, because of their great beauty; the second band I did not see, for when they passed I was leaning back against the wall, wishing to die with my hands before my face.

But when I could see, she was hanging about her father's neck, weeping, and she never left him all that night, but held his hand in feast and dance, and even when I was made knight, while the king with his right hand laid his sword over my shoulder, she held his left hand and was close to me.

And the next day they held a grand tourney, that I might be proven; and I had never fought with knights before, yet I did not doubt. And Alys sat under a green canopy, that she might give the degree to the best knight, and by her sat the good knight Sir Guy, in a long robe, for he did not mean to joust that day; and indeed at first none but young knights jousted, for they thought that I should not do much.

But I, looking up to the green canopy, overthrew so many of them, that the elder knights began to arm, and I grew most joyful as I met them, and no man unhorsed me; and always I broke my spear fairly, or else overthrew my adversary.

Now that maiden who counselled me in the hall, told me afterwards that as I fought, the Lady Alys held fast to the rail before her, and leaned forward and was most pale, never answering any word that any one might say to her, till the Knight Guy said to her in anger: "Alys! what ails you? you would have been glad enough to speak to me when King Wadrayns carried you off shrieking, or that other time when the chain went round about you, and the faggots began to smoke in the Brown City: do you not love me any longer? O Alys, Alys! just think a little, and do not break your faith with me; God hates nothing so much as this. Sweet, try to love me, even for your own sake! See, am I not kind to you?"

That maiden said that she turned round to him wonderingly, as if she had not caught his meaning, and that just for one second, then stretched out over the lists again.

Now till about this time I had made no cry as I jousted. But there came against me a very tall knight, on a great horse, and when we met our spears both shivered, and he howled with vexation, for he wished to slay me, being the brother of that knight I had struck down in the hall the day before.

And they say that when Alys heard his howl sounding faintly through the bars of his great helm, she trembled; but I know not, for I was stronger than that knight, and when we fought with swords, I struck him right out of his saddle, and near slew him with that stroke.

Whereupon I shouted "Alys," out loud, and she blushed red for pleasure, and Sir Guy took note of it, and rose up in a rage and ran down and armed.

Then presently I saw a great knight come riding in with three black chevrons on a gold shield: and so he began to ride at me, and at first we only broke both our spears, but then he drew his sword, and fought quite in another way to what the other knights had, so that I saw at once that I had no chance against him: nevertheless, for a long time he availed nothing, though he wounded me here and there, but at last drove his sword right through mine, through my shield and my helm, and I fell, and lay like one dead.

And thereat the King cried out to cease, and the degree was given to Sir Guy, because I had overthrown

forty knights and he had overthrown me.

Then they told me, I was carried out of the lists and laid in a hostelry near the palace, and Guy went up to the pavilion where Alys was and she crowned him, both of them being very pale, for she doubted if I were slain, and he knew that she did not love him, thinking before that she did; for he was good and true, and had saved her life and honour, and she (poor maid!) wished to please her father, and strove to think that all was right.

But I was by no means slain, for the sword had only cleft my helm, and when I came to myself again I felt despair of all things, because I knew not that she loved me, for how should she, knowing nothing of me? likewise dust had been cast on my gold wings, and she saw it done.

Then I heard a great crying in the street, that sounded strangely in the quiet night, so I sent to ask what it might be: and there came presently into my chamber a man in gilded armour; he was an old man, and his hair and beard were gray, and behind him came six men armed, who carried a dead body of a young man between them, and I said, "What is it? who is he?" Then the old man, whose head was heavy for grief, said: "Oh, sir! this is my son; for as we went yesterday with our merchandize some twenty miles from this fair town, we passed by a certain hold, and therefrom came a knight and men at arms, who when my son would have fought with them, overthrew him and bound him, and me and all our men they said they would slay if we did ought; so then they cut out my son's eyes, and cut off his hands, and then said, 'The Knight of High Gard takes these for tribute.' Therewithal they departed, taking with them my son's eyes and his hands on a platter; and when they were gone I would have followed them, and slain some of them at least, but my own people would not suffer me, and for grief and pain my son's heart burst, and he died, and behold I am here."

Then I thought I could win glory, and I was much rejoiced thereat, and said to the old man,

"Would you love to be revenged?"

But he set his teeth, and pulled at the skirt of his surcoat, as hardly for his passion he said, "Yes."

"Then," I said, "I will go and try to slay this knight, if you will show me the way to La Haute Garde."

And he, taking my hand, said, "O glorious knight, let us go now!" And he did not ask who I was, or whether I was a good knight, but began to go down the stairs at once, so I put on my armour and followed him.

And we two set forth alone to La Haute Garde, for no man else dared follow us, and I rejoiced in thinking that while Guy was sitting at the King's table feasting, I was riding out to slay the King's enemies, for it never once seemed possible to me that I should be worsted.

It was getting light again by then we came in sight of High Gard; we wound up the hill on foot, for it was very steep; I blew at the gates a great blast which was even as though the stag should blow his own mort, or like the blast that Balen heard.

For in a very short while the gates opened and a great band of armed men, more than thirty I think, and a knight on horseback among them, who was armed in red, stood before us, and on one side of him was a serving man with a silver dish, on the other, one with a butcher's cleaver, a knife, and pincers.

So when the knight saw us he said, "What, are you come to pay tribute in person, old man, and is this another fair son? Good sir, how is your lady?"

So I said grimly, being in a rage, "I have a will to slay you."

But I could scarce say so before the old merchant rushed at the red knight

with a yell, who without moving slew his horse with an axe, and then the men at arms speared the old man, slaying him as one would an otter or a rat.

Afterwards they were going to set on me, but the red knight held them back, saying: "Nay, I am enough," and we spurred our horses.

As we met, I felt just as if some one had thrown a dull brown cloth over my eyes, and I felt the wretched spear-point slip off his helm; then I felt a great pain somewhere, that did not seem to be in my body, but in the world, or the sky, or something of that sort.

And I know not how long that pain seemed to last now, but I think years, though really I grew well and sane again in a few weeks.

And when I woke, scarce knowing whether I was in the world or heaven or hell, I heard some one singing.

I tried to listen but could not, because I did not know where I was, and was thinking of that; I missed verse after verse of the song, this song, till at last I saw I must be in the King's palace.

There was a window by my bed, I looked out at it, and saw that I was high up; down in the street the people were going to and fro, and there was a knot of folks gathered about a minstrel, who sat on the edge of a fountain, with his head laid sideways on his shoulder, and nursing one leg on the other; he was singing only, having no instrument, and he sang the song I had tried to listen to, I heard some of it now:

"He was fair and free,
At every tourney
He wan the degree,
Sir Guy the good knight.

"He wan Alys the fair,
The King's own daughtere,
With all her gold hair,
That shone well bright.

"He saved a good knight,
Who also was wight,
And had winges bright
On a blue shield.

"And he slew the Knight,
Of the High Gard in fight,
In red weed that was dight
In the open field."

I fell back in my bed and wept, for I was weak with my illness; to think of this! truly this man was a perfect knight, and deserved to win Alys. Ah! well! but was this the glory I was to have, and no one believed that I was a King's son.

And so I passed days and nights, thinking of my dishonour and misery, and my utter loneliness; no one cared for me; verily, I think, if any one had spoken to me lovingly, I should have fallen on his neck and died, while I was so weak.

But I grew strong at last, and began to walk about, and in the Palace Pleasaunce, one day, I met Sir Guy walking by himself.

So I told him how that I thanked him with all my heart for my life, but he said it was only what a good knight ought to do; for that hearing the mad enterprise I had ridden on, he had followed me swiftly with a few knights, and so saved me.

He looked stately and grand as he spoke, yet I did not love him, nay, rather hated him, though I tried hard not to do so, for there was some air of pitiless triumph and coldness of heart in him that froze me; so scornfully, too, he said that about "my mad enterprise," as though I *must* be wrong in everything I did. Yet afterwards, as I came to know more, I pitied him instead of hating; but at that time I thought his life was without a shadow, for I did not know that the Lady Alys loved him not.

And now I turned from him, and walked slowly up and down the garden-paths, not exactly thinking, but with some ghosts of former thoughts passing through my mind. The day, too, was most lovely, as it grew towards evening, and I had all the joy of a man lately sick in the flowers and all things; if any bells at that time had begun to

chime, I think I should have lain down on the grass and wept; but now there was but the noise of the bees in the yellow musk, and that had not music enough to bring me sorrow.

And as I walked I stooped and picked a great orange lily, and held it in my hand, and lo! down the garden-walk, the same fair damozel that had before this given me good counsel in the hall.

Thereat I was very glad, and walked to meet her smiling, but she was very grave, and said:

"Fair sir, the Lady Alys des roses wishes to see you in her chamber."

I could not answer a word, but turned, and went with her while she walked slowly beside me, thinking deeply, and picking a rose to pieces as she went; and I, too, thought much, what could she want me for? surely, but for one thing; and yet—and yet.

But when we came to the lady's chamber, behold! before the door, stood a tall knight, fair and strong, and in armour, save his head, who seemed to be guarding the door, though not so as to seem so to all men.

He kissed the damozel eagerly, and then she said to me, "This is Sir William de la Fosse, my true knight;" so the knight took my hand and seemed to have such joy of me, that all the blood came up to my face for pure delight.

But then the damozel Blanche opened the door and bade me go in while she abode still without; so I entered, when I had put aside the heavy silken hanging that filled the doorway.

And there sat Alys; she arose when she saw me, and stood pale, and with her lips apart, and her hands hanging loose by her side.

And then all doubt and sorrow went quite away from me; I did not even feel drunk with joy, but rather felt that I could take it all in, lose no least fragment of it; then at once I felt that I was beautiful, and brave and true; I had no doubt as to what I should do now.

I went up to her, and first kissed her on the forehead, and then on the feet, and then drew her to me, and with my arms round about her, and her arms hanging loose, and her lips dropped, we held our lips together so long that my eyes failed me, and I could not see her, till I looked at her green raiment.

And she had never spoken to me yet; she seemed just then as if she were going to, for she lifted her eyes to mine, and opened her mouth; but she only said, "Dear Lionel," and fell forward as though she were faint; and again I held her, and kissed her all over; and then she loosed her hair that it fell to her feet, and when I clipped her next, she threw it over me, that it fell all over my scarlet robes like trickling of some golden well in Paradise.

Then, within a while, we called in the Lady Blanche and Sir William de la Fosse, and while they talked about what we should do, we sat together and kissed; and what they said, I know not.

But I remember, that that night, quite late, Alys and I rode out side by side from the good city in the midst of a great band of knights and men-at-arms, and other bands drew to us as we went, and in three days we reached Sir William's castle, which was called "La Garde des Chevaliers."

And straightway he caused toll the great bell, and to hang out from the highest tower a great banner of red and gold, cut into so many points that it seemed as if it were tattered; for this was the custom of his house when they wanted their vassals together.

And Alys and I stood up in the tower by the great bell as they tolled it; I remember now that I had passed my hand underneath her hair, so that the fingers of it folded over and just lay on her cheek; she gazed down on the bell, and at every deafening stroke she drew in her breath and opened her eyes to a wide stare downwards.

But on the very day that we came,

they arrayed her in gold and flowers (and there were angels and knights and ladies wrought on her gold raiment), and I waited for an hour in the chapel till she came, listening to the swallows outside, and gazing with parted lips at the pictures on the golden walls; but when she came, I knelt down before the altar, and she knelt down and kissed my lips; and then the priest came in, and the singers and the censer-boys; and that chapel was soon confusedly full of golden raiment, and incense, and ladies and singing; in the midst of which I wedded Alys.

And men came into knights' gard till we had two thousand men in it, and great store of munitions of war and provisions.

But Alys and I lived happily together in the painted hall and in the fair water-meadows, and as yet no one came against us.

And still her talk was, of deeds of arms, and she was never tired of letting the serpent rings of my mail slip off her wrist and long hand, and she would kiss my shield and helm and the gold wings on my surcoat, my mother's work, and would talk of the ineffable joy that would be when we had fought through all the evil that was coming on us.

Also she would take my sword and lay it on her knees and talk to it, telling it how much she loved me.

Yea in all things, O Lord God, Thou knowest that my love was a very child, like thy angels. Oh! my wise soft-handed love! endless passion! endless longing always satisfied!

Think you that the shouting curses of the trumpet broke off our love, or in any ways lessened it? no, most certainly, but from the time the siege began, her cheeks grew thinner, and her passionate face seemed more and more a part of me; now too, whenever I happened to see her between the grim fighting she would do nothing but kiss me all the time, or wring my hands, or take my head on her breast, being so eagerly passionate that sometimes a pang shot through me that she might die.

Till one day they made a breach in the wall, and when I heard of it for the first time, I sickened, and could not call on God; but Alys cut me a tress of her yellow hair and tied it in my helm, and armed me, and saying no word, led me down to the breach by the hand, and then went back most ghastly pale.

So there on the one side of the breach were the spears of William de la Fosse and Lionel of the gold wings, and on the other the spears of King Gilbert and Sir Guy le bon amant, but the King himself was not there; Sir Guy was.

Well,—what would you have? in this world never yet could two thousand men stand against twenty thousand; we were almost pushed back with their spear-points, they were so close together:—slay six of them and the spears were as thick as ever; but if two of our men fell there was straightway a hole.

Yet just at the end of this we drove them back in one charge two yards beyond the breach, and behold in the front rank, Sir Guy, utterly fearless, cool, and collected; nevertheless, with one stroke I broke his helm, and he fell to the ground before the two armies, even as I fell that day in the lists; and we drove them twenty feet farther, yet they saved Sir Guy.

Well, again,—what would you have? They drove us back again, and they drove us into our inner castle-walls. And I was the last to go in, and just as I was entering, the boldest and nearest of the enemy clutched at my love's hair in my helm, shouting out quite loud, "Whore's hair for John the goldsmith!"

At the hearing of which blasphemy, the Lord gave me such strength, that I turned and caught him by the ribs with my left hand, and with my right, by sheer strength, I tore off his helm

and part of his nose with it, and then swinging him round about, dashed his brains out against the castle-walls.

Yet thereby was I nearly slain, for they surrounded me, only Sir William and the others charged out and rescued me, but hardly.

May the Lord help all true men! In an hour we were all fighting pell mell on the walls of the castle itself, and some were slain outright, and some were wounded, and some yielded themselves and received mercy; but I had scarce the heart to fight any more, because I thought of Alys lying with her face upon the floor and her agonized hands outspread, trying to clutch something, trying to hold to the cracks of the boarding. So when I had seen William de la Fosse slain by many men, I cast my shield and helm over the battlements, and gazed about for a second, and lo! on one of the flanking towers, my gold wings still floated by the side of William's white lion, and in the other one I knew my poor Love, whom they had left quite alone, was lying.

So then I turned into a dark passage and ran till I reached the tower stairs, up that too I sprang as though a ghost were after me, I did so long to kiss her again before I died, to soothe her too, so that she should not feel this day, when in the aftertimes she thought of it as wholly miserable to her. For I knew they would neither slay her nor treat her cruelly, for in sooth all loved her, only they would make her marry Sir Guy le bon amant.

In the topmost room I found her, alas! alas! lying on the floor, as I said; I came to her and kissed her head as she lay, then raised her up; and I took all my armour off and broke my sword over my knee.

And then I led her to the window away from the fighting, from whence we only saw the quiet country, and kissed her lips till she wept and looked no longer sad and wretched; then I said to her:

"Now, O Love, we must part for a little, it is time for me to go and die."

"Why should you go away?" she said, "they will come here quick enough, no doubt, and I shall have you longer with me if you stay; I do not turn sick at the sight of blood."

"O my poor Love!" And I could not go because of her praying face; surely God would grant anything to such a face as that.

"Oh!" she said, "you will let me have you yet a little longer, I see; also let me kiss your feet."

She threw herself down and kissed them, and then did not get up again at once, but lay there holding my feet.

And while she lay there, behold a sudden tramping that she did not hear, and over the green hangings the gleam of helmets that she did not see, and then one pushed aside the hangings with his spear, and there stood the armed men.

"Will not somebody weep for my darling?"

She sprung up from my feet with a low, bitter moan, most terrible to hear, she kissed me once on the lips, and then stood aside, with her dear head thrown back, and holding her lovely loose hair strained over her outspread arms, as though she were wearied of all things that had been or that might be.

Then one thrust me through the breast with a spear, and another with his sword, which was three inches broad, gave me a stroke across the thighs that hit to the bone; and as I fell forward one cleft me to the teeth with his axe.

And then I heard my darling shriek.

CARLYLE.

CHAPTER V.—"*His Lamp for the New Years.*"

Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα, πολύτροπον, ὅς μάλα πολλὰ
Πλάχθη, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἔπερσεν·
Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω·
Πολλὰ δ' ὅγ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν,
Ἀρνύμενος ἥν τε ψυχὴν καὶ νόστον ἑταίρων.
Ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς ἑτάρους ἐρρύσατο, ἱεμενός περ·
Αὐτῶν γὰρ σφετέρῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο·
Νήπιοι, οἳ κατὰ βοῦς Ὑπερίονος Ἠελίοιο
*Ἤσθιον· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσιν ἀφείλετο νόστιμον ἦμαρ.**

"The Man, O Muse, tell to me, the much-tried one who wandered
So many journeys, when he Troy's holy city had conquered:
Many men's cities he saw, and their minds and ways observed he;
Many woes too suffered he in his own heart on the Great Deep,
Striving for his own life, and to win return for his comrades.
Aye, but not even thus saved he them, for all his yearning.
They perished! by their own audacious follies they perished;
Foolish ones, who the kine of the Sun-God that walketh in Heaven
Devoured. So he from them took away the day of returning."

THESE English words translated from ancient Greek ones, nearly three thousand years old, do well symbolise the enterprise which the life of Thomas Carlyle has been devoted to fulfil.

For the most true, the most complete view to take of him is this. A Great Man born in these years in Britain to be a Guide to British Men. Behind him lies the citadel of Unbelief, stormed in his youth—the citadel which wore away the souls of so many heroes with long hopeless strivings: now he heads his fellow-countrymen, and seeks to lead them Home—through many strange cities; over tempestuous seas of thought—to old forgotten Truth, to ancient Worth. Perverse many of them are, faithless, "devouring the Sun-God's kine," making sacred heavenly things mere food for their lusts: many fall by the way: may some yet reach Home! and there, with God-given strength, slaying dastards and idle rioters, make this little Ithaca of ours fruitful in all good works in the coming time!

It is indeed hard to realize even the possibility of such a man being amongst us. He wears no crown, does not "walk abroad in yellow Drury Lane "stage-boots and address us in blank "verse;" has not even a pulpit to speak from, or an office to date from: he is a plain individual, dwelling in a corner of London, and writing books,—apparently for the book-market; to many only a Name, to most not even that. The simple truth is enough to those who know what is the value of wise words. He is a Writer of Books—of Biographies, Histories, Speculative Diatribes on the Philosophy of Life, Discourses on Modern Politics and Social Ethics; in all of some twenty volumes. These are his *Works;* the fruit of thirty years of public service; the work of the man's life. They seem to occupy a wide and multifarious ground, these volumes, their very titles indicate as much; but I find in them all one deep purpose, which asserts itself no matter what weight of facts is piled upon its back, nor what journeys into "the Eternities and Immensities" it makes: which purpose is

* Odyssey, I. 1.

this—to make Englishmen understand their Present Time. For this man is in dire earnest. He cannot forget this fact, to him supreme in importance above all others, that he and we do now exist—as individual men, and likewise members of a National Commonwealth; men and Englishmen—with a work to do! "To know our own time," he has said, "and what it bids us do, is ever the sum of knowledge for all of us."

To "understand;" this is a word of large meaning, its very etymology suggesting much. To *stand under* a thing, to stand upon its foundations, and so look forth into the world through its avenues—does it not demand a firm footing on its past, what we call its *history?* Certainly there is no process of attaining sure knowledge respecting any matter like the historic one; the searching out and ascertaining how the matter "came to pass," from what origin it sprung, through what forces friendly and rude it has passed, and so been fashioned into the shape which now we see. If a man were inquiring only about a tree or stone, he would do best to study the history of that tree or stone: and now how much more if he were inquiring about Men, and Societies of Men! For we, more than all else, are Sons of Time: not a word has been spoken this day, not a thing done, not so much as a thought conceived, but was connected with what has been before, and is already connecting itself with that which will be. Mysterious truth, wide and deep as Human Existence! one well pondered by Carlyle, felt by him to his heart's core; pondered, felt, obeyed. For he has planted all his judgments of modern English facts on their history, especially his judgment of that great and complex fact, the modern English character. And he uses history for a larger purpose than this immediate one; he reads in it, and in turn sets forth by it the Nature of Man, his noble powers and destinies, and the duties which at all times man owes to his fellow-men.

Reader, I would fain have you feel at the outset, what Carlyle's conception of the value of history to the present time is; so different is it from any we are accustomed even to hear of, so profound, so comprehensive, so identified with whatever awe, worship, knowledge, belief, belong to the man. Consider these three sayings of his:

"History is the true Epic Poem, and universal Divine Scripture.

"The History of England is *the Bible* of the Nation; what part of it they have laid to heart, and do practically know for truth, is the available Bible they have.

"The Present is the meeting-place of two Eternities; and contains in it the whole Past and the whole Future."

This last proposition at once affirms the infinite dimensions of History, and its glorious harvest of Counsel and Prophecy ever ready for gathering. But no less does it indicate the puny reach, the tiny grasp of any hand to gather it—the history of only one man, and he the sorriest of mankind, is it not infinite?—unfathomable even to himself, fathomable to the Omniscient alone? This too Carlyle knows well enough, and has confessed again and again, accepting it as a Truth to humble man's pride of knowledge, but to inspire his efforts with a purer and yet more ardent zeal. For to him who will seek, strength shall be given to find. And here, surely strength has been given, and in no common measure For I find that Carlyle, scanning the Past with intent to make it explain the Present, can compass the meaning of whole tracts of history; his eye, as it were inevitably, discerns the essential, fixes on those facts which animated by the spiritual life of men fashioned and governed the old time, and yet live and work, and claim obedience in the new, though now in altered guise. Neither are they strange out of the way facts, brought to light for the first time by rummaging amongst historical lumber-rooms; but

the simple great ones, such as others have heard oftentimes, receiving them into one ear, but dismissing them out of the other: *he* sees them, believes in them, cleaves fast to them, understands their divine significance. What light (for instance) does he throw upon the subject of Education, by showing that in the feudal times it was always a training to be and to do something by a universal system of apprenticeship, to which instruction in the art of speaking and writing formed only the last and crowning process; or upon the functions of Parliament, by reminding us that it was only a Counselling Body, not an Administrative one; and that in these later times we have a free press and Reporters in the gallery! Often and often do I wonder at this his mighty power; some may call it intellectual insight; but it is in truth a moral quality of the highest order, for it arises from his pure single-mindedness for the truth, his deep love and justice towards men, and his perfect submission to the appointments of God who directs the course of events here as elsewhere of old; in short, from his acceptance of the law of "Might is Right," understood in the sense which I explained in my first Chapter.

No less has Carlyle studied the present in itself, as now it meets his eye; and with the same principle for his guide: social arrangements, methods and practices of life, habits of thought, such as come across our path every day, he has examined for himself, and would interpret them to us,—for the most part, very differently from the commonly received notions. A busy curious eye has his been, and a most busy serious mind. Our England of to-day, with the strange teeming activity and many-sided life of its citizens—their institutions, new and old, Church and Crown, Aristocracy and Democracy, Army and Navy; their dealings at home, in the colonies, and with other nations; their public "talking apparatuses," in St. Stephen's, in Exeter Hall, in Printing-house-square; their Prime Ministers, landlords, cotton lords, labouring men; their rich cornfields, Highland grouse, moors, palaces, hovels, populated cellars; their thousand looms, their thousand books, their little spiritual, their huge material faith; their courage, industry, stupidity, knavery,—he has watched all this, and pondered all this.

> "Many men has he seen, and their mind and ways observed he."

Moreover, in a way quite peculiar to himself, he manages to embody his observations in words; he cannot, indeed, as in his histories, follow the history and circumstances of individual men; but in speaking of classes, he always endeavours to conceive a member of the class, the life he would lead, the thoughts he would feel, the things he would see and hear and do, thus recalling to us, at every turn, the facts of the case; and this most of all, that in the midst of all these facts are living Men.

For his thought finds its home and supreme watch-tower (stand-point, as the Germans call it) in the conception of GOD and MAN; God, the Maker of all, the righteous Ruler and Judge of all; Man, his creature and servant. To this let me add his conception of MEN: that they are a spiritual brotherhood; that wherever two men meet together, above all when many men live together and form a Nation, a relation of mutual duty, various in form, one in essence, is appointed to each and all. Accordingly, it will be found that in considering any one of the social problems, Carlyle fixes on the central facts in which dwells the secret of the matter, and practically asks himself this question: "What does God mean by all this? what does He here require of men?" These wondrous powers, resources—man's power of life and death over his brother, his gift of thought and speech—these divinely revealed arts of Writing, Printing; this hand so manifoldly cunning, this fruitful earth, this multiplying of

human kind, this manifestly superior endowment of one man over another—what do they mean? Oh what do they mean? He will have an answer, and finds one; he reads the Law. And next this question—"Such being the Law, how are men fulfilling it?" He is well aware that at best the fulfilment must be an imperfect one; but he rigidly inquires whether the Law is recognized as one to be fulfilled, whether there is any attempt to fulfil it, whether it be a resolute, united, advancing attempt, or otherwise. No outward splendour of result satisfies him. Peace and plenty, cotton and iron by the ton, books by the cartload, and all the external fruits of civilization, are, in his opinion, good, as being the signs of a certain energy; excellent if used as accessory to spiritual worth, poisonous and accursed if held as substitutes for it. For if a poor suffering man, whom we call ignorant, is often more truly blessed than a rich and prosperous one, why not a poor suffering Nation, more than a rich and prosperous Nation? Our English Nation is after all, an assembly of Men, who are not bodies having souls, but souls having bodies; and Carlyle asks, "How fare the souls of men now-a-days; in what spirit do they live their lives? These social arrangements, do they help the just life, constrain the unjust?" And all his recommendations, even the plainly practical ones, have a like spiritual aim.

Now for the general results of his survey of England's Past and Present. He sees, as every one must, that the course of human affairs has been here, as everywhere, one long warfare. Here is the New, striving all it can to supplant the Old; and there, side by side with the New, is the Old, sturdily resisting, for it would fain live for ever, as it is, unchanged. Neither comprehends the whole good; in both there is Might and Right, which shall be accomplished, utterly accomplished. All men, more or less, perceive this struggle, but all do not understand it. The wise befriend both Old and New, and endeavour to make them one by joining truth to truth, and strength to strength (for a true harmony lies in them, opposite as they seem); the wise aim at *uniting* men in a quiet steady progress; they are loth to quarrel even in words, and will not fight, except under extreme pressure; *then* they fight as for life and death. On the other hand, the unwise (if they have their own way) choose a side, and are for fighting at once, if not by blows, then by words, and the unwisest of all do nothing but fight, or rather make show of fighting, they keep at perpetual loggerheads; whereby much time is lost, much well-doing and well-being missed—for a season. In England, what is the Old, what the New, that are striving together? Briefly these, the Feudal Principle, and the Modern Principle. The Feudal principle is the principle of Social Order, old indeed and perpetual as mankind, but then most fully realized in England: it made a Nation of us—gave us a Monarchy, an Aristocracy, a Law, a Church that overlooked all and inspired all; appointed fixed positions, fixed duties to every class, and to each man; established men in authority everywhere, (with power to promote and power to punish,) in every profession, every trade, every household; bound nobleman to king, workman to master, wife to husband, son to father, by permanent and sacred obligations. The world never saw such an organized society as was fashioned under its sway. In those days a man, whatsoever his wrongs and miseries, could feel that he was a man and an Englishman; faith and loyalty were continually required of him, even to the giving away of life; treason was the most detestable of crimes. This then was the gospel truth which old feudal England preached and practised, the gospel of social order; aye, and on the whole with a noble sincerity, a sincerity as of religious duty. On the whole, kings were true kings,

nobles true nobles, priests true priests, subjects true subjects; the methods they chose were fit methods, and they did great things; a brave, devout and manly spirit bore rule; consider what thoughts that one word Chivalry recalls! After historians have indeed failed to portray this; but such was the fact, visible even yet in the works which remain to us, and in the deep hold which the spirit of that early time yet silently keeps in the English people, notwithstanding the outward form which it once wore, lies now so shattered. Carlyle has read that time truly; he has discerned its noble deeds and qualities; speaks of them constantly in his histories, and in his "Past and Present" sets forth their character most clearly to our view, and would have us love and honour it, even as he does himself; is it not part of our English Bible?

But Feudalism was not to last for ever; nothing does last for ever. At all times it had its evils, its shortcomings and grievous abuses, and these not amended in time brought about its ruin. It was an iron system, requiring very wise and brave men to administer; and such were not always forthcoming. The Church closed its eyes to fresh dawning truth, fell into superstition and persecuted true men; Kings and Nobles, too many of them, sought their own pleasure and played the tyrant, whilst the many kept toiling, toiling on, spending life and labour for unworthy masters; neither had they due liberty to think and speak and act, as new truths and capabilities stirred in them. In a word, the Old which has ever to take charge of the New did not take charge of it, and so fell; but not to utter destruction—it did not deserve such fate, neither did it receive it. Much remained, and much even still remains. A first mighty European Rebellion called the Reformation came, followed in England by Cromwell's Rebellion to make the first good; both of them sorrowful, wasteful battle and victory, but most necessary; the issue of them is the Modern Era. The essence of this Modern Era, is it not Individual Liberty? liberty of conscience, speech, action. Let no man undervalue these. No, nor their magnificent results. Englishmen know them well, and are justly proud of them (alas! also unjustly). Without doubt many a new province of truth, many a new province of work has been opened out, and diligently cultivated; and fresh are still opening about us, to be cultivated, even conquered, we hope; we point to our vaster empire, our commerce, our science, our press, to peaceful streets, to royal wealth, to intelligence wider spread, to humaner laws, to milder practice, to our tolerant thought and free life. Who can see these, and not be grateful for them? Carlyle is grateful for them, as others, nay much more so. Consider what he has said of Martin Luther, Oliver Cromwell, of Voltaire, Diderot, Hume, Johnson, even Watt and Arkwright. He shows an intense sympathy with the forward movement of our time; and not the sympathy of pride, but of devout awe—he sees the hand of God in it! Might is Right, now, as of old. Wherever in this most complex national condition of ours, he sees a true National Might, an energy with real life in it, he hails it with joy, as of divine ordainment, and with prophetic desire strives to discover its true office, and the course of its future destiny. Most loyal is he to that definition of Duty, which he gave in the Hero-Worship, "Co-operate with the true "tendency of the world." With the utmost energy of hopefulness and helpfulness he bids the good Strength good speed. No one has said such eloquent truth of Steam-engines as he, not even Tennyson; nor of Literature, nor Education, nor Colonization, nor of Democracy itself. The following passage is but a sample:

"Thus in the middle of that poor calumniated Eighteenth Century, see once more! Long winter again past, the dead-

seeming tree proves to be living, to have been always living; after motionless times, every bough shoots forth on the sudden, very strangely:—it now turns out that this favoured England was not only to have had her Shakespeares, Bacons, Sydneys, but to have her Watts, Arkwrights, Brindleys! We will honour greatness in all kinds. The Prospero evoked the singing of Ariel, and took captive the world with these melodies: the same Prospero can send his Fire-demons panting across all oceans; shooting with the speed of meteors, on cunning highways, from end to end of kingdoms; and make Iron his missionary, preaching *its* evangel to the brute Primeval Powers, which listen and obey: neither is this small. Manchester, with its cotton-fuz, its smoke and dust, its tumult and contentious squalor, is hideous to thee? Think not so: a precious substance, beautiful as magic-dreams, and yet no dream but a reality, lies hidden in that noisome wrappage; a wrappage struggling indeed (look at Chartisms and such like) to cast itself off, and leave the beauty free and visible there! Hast thou heard, with sound ears, the awakening of a Manchester, on Monday morning, at half-past five by the clock; the rushing off of its thousand mills, like the boom of an Atlantic tide, ten thousand times ten thousand spools and spoodles all set humming there—it is perhaps, if thou knew it well, sublime as a Niagara, or more so. Cotton-spinning is the clothing of the naked in its result; the triumph of man over matter in its means. Soot and despair are not the essence of it; they are divisible from it,—at this hour, are they not crying fiercely to be divided?"*

On the other hand, none can accuse Carlyle of being blind to the peculiar evils which mark our time, gathering round our good things, New and Old, battening on them, corrupting and perverting their very life. These he has probed to the very bottom (for the eye that knows and loves good, does it not know evil and hate it?); he has seen them, named them, put his finger upon them, proclaimed them, and denounced them enough, writing whole books against them.

In his opinion the vice of our time is even this; that the Old and the New stand aloof from each other. The New takes not counsel of the Old, but goes its own wayward headlong course, "muck-raking;" and the Old, proud and lazy, folds its hands in despair at the strange course things are taking, eats, drinks and makes mock-merry, like sailors in a wreck. On all hands below the surface, there is division, confusion, anarchy; every man doing what is right in the sight of his own eyes, or the sight of a foolish multitude.

The ancient Shepherds of the people, what are they doing? A Royal Majesty exists, but sits in Buckingham Palace there, treated as a noble prisoner, not looked to as supreme ruler; royal Georges deserved no better! An aristocracy still keeps its titles: Dukes there are, and Earls and Lords, but such are no longer Leaders (Duces) or Strong Men (Yarls) or Law-wards: they live ornamental lives, riding in Rotten Row, shooting grouse, making speeches in Parliament, upholding Corn Laws: bailiffs manage the estates, and collect the rents which *they* spend, "not working, but only receiv-" ing the wages of work." The Church still stands, but how different from what it should be, from what it once was! No longer is it to Englishmen the great home of Truth and truthful men; no longer has it power to guide, boldness to reprove, warmth of heart to inspire; no longer does it teach, does it even wish to teach? What cares your Prime Minister, your Birmingham operative for what is said in the church? most probably he seldom goes there. Meanwhile the Church receives its wages. King, Aristocracy, Church have in great measure abandoned all claim to governing the Nation; they leave that to the Parliament, and the Official Ministry. Here therefore we look for some noble purpose and solid strength; we find what? Still weakness, dilettantism, insincerity. Not the best men in England, here, far from it; men unfit for the places, men who neither can or will do the wo: ; loud talkers most of

them who care for "places," believe in humbug, and Parliamentary majorities gained howsoever. Country interests, town interests, religious interests, squabble and scramble against one another; producing annual volumes of Hansard, unread and unreadable; the work of the Nation is not done. Can any one say that he really reverences the character of the British Parliament in these days?

From these idle incompetent Shepherds Carlyle looks to the Flock, and a sorrowful shameful sight he sees. Behold! England ceasing to be a Nation of Men, threatening to become a horde of beasts that seek to satisfy the wants of the hour. The ancient thought of Duty has given place to Competition, greedy competition for mere lucre and fame, every one shoving his neighbour, huckstering with him, coveting his share of the provender, not loving him, but only keeping truce with him. In the crowd are hidden some of our best and greatest, or refusing to join it, they stand aloof, idle or mutinous. Loyalty and obedience reign no more in men's hearts: they even seem to be disappearing from the language. Rulers are disliked, despised, thought unnecessary bores, to be got rid of at the earliest possible opportunity. Even the plainest teachings of Nature are set at nought; in Birmingham, in Manchester, you will find hundreds of girls, not twenty years of age, living apart from their parents—they earn their own livelihood honestly at the loom, shall they not be free? Then for English honesty, how much of that remains? Reality gives place to show; scarce a thing that you buy, but it is probably adulterated, or got up flimsily for the market, though it is sold to you for good ware, and lauded by all manner of advertisements and shopman's puffing. In all classes except the lowest, who daily come in contact with reality, but most of all in the highest quarters, Cant stares you in the face, cant religious, cant moral, cant economical, cant poetical; strive as you will to avoid it, you yourself catch the infection, and cannot help canting a little.

Silent patience, silent hope, steady joy in steady endeavour, these too are sadly rare: a passion for change seems distracting our whole existence, change of rulers, change of system, change of residence, change of work, change of amusement. Instead of daily duties faithfully performed, we have (unless Hunger compels to work) speculations on the theory of the universe, philanthropic excursions, controversies, benevolent, pragmatical talk. Speech and thought, divorced from action, have become enemies to it; floods of base eloquence block up whole thoroughfares of work; a self-consciousness, morbid and miserable, withers up the will of many young souls. Moreover, the Devil, serpent as he is, lubricates his victims, before he swallows them. So much Evil amongst us calls itself good, even fancies itself good! False gospels are preached abroad, and gain the widest credence: amongst which may be specified these two: the Gospel of Laissez Faire, which would tell men that they want no guidance, and the mother Lie of Equality, which would make out one man to be as good as another. Thus taught, thus willing to believe, Vanity stalks on every highway and byeway, crying, "Look at us, how handsome we are;" then rushes into black despair. For alas, Life is no longer known to be sacred, beautiful, not even believed to have ever been so; a trust in Mechanism has effaced the belief in God and Man. Lastly, beneath all these, and lowest of all, tosses unrestingly, a foul sea of Death,—gin-drinking, brutal sensuality, starvation, and horrors which one need not name.

It is quite impossible to limit these statements properly, it is vain even to attempt to do so. Every reformer (the prophet Isaiah himself) desiring to represent with due energy the ini-

quities of a large society, has to use broad and decisive expressions; leaving to the candour of hearer or reader to apply the modifications proper to each case. Yet I would warn my reader, to look beyond the circle of his own home and life (where I hope he finds much to love and reverence) and judge of England's condition as broadly as he can, considering especially two things, which signify so much, first, the calibre, moral and intellectual, of men in power; secondly, the condition of the inhabitants of our great cities. Or he may ask himself whether the advent of this prophecy (spoken by one of William Shakespeare's wise fools) has not arrived:

"When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailor's tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
And cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion."

Such "great confusion" Carlyle sees; and he knows whither it is tending. Has he not studied the French Revolution? That was the issue of like evils not a hundred years ago. England has not yet come to that pass, one would hope is some way off it, and may yet avert the catastrophe; but England is under the same law of catastrophes.

"Good Heavens!" exclaims Carlyle, "will not one French Revolution and Reign of Terror suffice us, but must there be two? There will be two, if needed; there will be precisely as many as are needed. The Laws of Nature will have themselves fulfilled. That is a thing certain to me."*

Now it is well to be shown these tragic facts, and the tragic fate that awaits them; welcome should he be in this age or in any other who can see the truth, and dares to speak it; for in nought else but the truth can solid hope be found. In this first step therefore Carlyle is nobly practical; so in all others. He tells us our dangers; let us see how he would help us to escape them.

The wise fool's prophecy, quoted above, concludes thus:

"Then come's the time, who lives to see't,
When going shall be used with feet."

"Going shall be used with feet." Even so: progress must be in the simple way appointed from the first, and no other. Such is Carlyle's belief and counsel.

For first and foremost he sets before us this old truth, that there is a God in the midst of us. Those who have at all reflected on the condition of European and English thought, will know that this ancient fact stood and still stands in much need of proclaiming: and Carlyle's service in so proclaiming it will be best understood by considering the history of Belief during the last hundred and fifty years. It is a familiar piece of knowledge how far gone in atheism were all cultivated minds in Europe during the last century; and that a change for the better has since been brought about. It is most interesting to see how the change came to pass. For literature's share, Carlyle says that the impulse came from Goethe, Richter, and other great German writers. Doubtless too the old faith was in part kept continually alive by the impressive scenes of life and death, by the moving influence of household affections, and the echoes left murmuring by the earlier voice of the Christian Church. But it seems to me that Belief was chiefly restored by the heaven-given impulse to look upon outward Nature. Men were sick of the hypocrisies and baseness of their kind; and they turned away from a world, which it seemed God

* "Past and Present," p. 365.

had abandoned, to the calm beauty and orderliness of a world, which man had not sullied with his presence. They turned from the foul city to the pure air of the mountain; they looked upon the clear glistening river, the far-away stars, the majestic clouds, and could not help feeling these to be divine. Their hearts awoke within them with new joy and love. Rousseau saw and felt thus; so did all the poets, Byron, Shelley, Scott, and above all, Wordsworth; so also did the glorious band of landscape painters: and they became Preachers. It was piety this feeling of theirs, true piety, but piety of a feeble and partial sort. So it was; so it still is. God's presence is recognized in the lovely wilderness, in the lives of shepherds dwelling in lonely valleys, but not in the modern city, in among the haunts of living men. Even Alfred Tennyson, one of later growth, and wider powers, can set forth this Presence in the individual soul, and in family life, but not in the working citizen. Now it is just at this point that Carlyle has stept in with his brave faith and filled the void. With words which come from his very heart, and carry inspiring force with them, he has testified to the wondrous nature of all things, to the unspeakably wondrous nature of Man and of Mankind. Verily a God made it all! Every act of man is a miracle, no less; man could not be, could not speak or think, or do or suffer, even do and suffer wrong, but for a God-given power. Eternity, Infinitude, are with us now, and evermore, not shoved into another unknown world. We must acknowledge all this, or we shall never know any but the most superficial truth, or do any but the most superficial good; if we deny it, we can know *no* truth, do *no* good at all. He, Carlyle, carries this Truth of Truths in his heart, and in his right hand: with dauntless courage he has looked upon Real Life with it, public, as well as private, the homeliest work as well as the noblest, nor only upon what is worthy and beautiful, but upon the dismal Abysses of the Past and the Present; and he finds God and His Laws there the same. In Wars, Revolutions, epochs of foul idolatry, ancient and modern, He is still there. But not a God of blessing only, what in our blindness we call "good-nature," but a Consuming Fire, inevitably devouring those who break His Laws, whether men or nations, by the sword and the pestilence, and black misery of heart amid all outward splendour. This element of the *Terrible* in the divine economy of human life, and how man has not only to suffer it, but to *execute* it; suffer it patiently as a solemn right, and execute it resolutely as a solemn duty; Carlyle has made known to England, that had deeply forgotten it. It seems to me that he has in effect spoken the whole book of Deuteronomy over again, applying it to modern affairs. For this (amongst other things) distinguishes him from other preachers: he does apply universal truths to existing men and things. He insists that a Belief in the Divine Government is not to be put on once a week, when a man thinks of his "soul," but to be cherished as the law of his life: it shall be the *working* faith of the Member of Parliament, the Author, the Cotton-Lord, the retail tradesman in their daily business: and he calls on them, not indeed by name, but by class to make it so, telling them plainly some points in which they disregard it. And if he avoid for the most part the purely theological dialect, and speaking in homelier terms, call them fools and blockheads who set at nought the plainest Fact and Facts of their existence (what he terms Laws of Nature), it is not out of irreverence, but rather that he may induce others to consider all real intelligence and knowledge as religious, and for this directly practical reason, that he knows how far theology is removed from our ordinary habits of thought and prac-

tice, insomuch that the language of it sounds to most not only insincere but even incredible. For this, however, he is called Infidel, Destroyer. I would call him Believer, Instructor, a builder up of Faith, "the repairer of the "breach, the restorer of paths to dwell "in." For the "terrible" is part of Christianity too, and was once felt to be so, and notably enforced in practice; the indispensable counterpart of, or rather one and the same with, its joyful message of Love. Neither has Carlyle forgotten this; he insists most on the truth men stand most in need of; but I know not where else in historical or political literature to find such continual proofs of a divine spirit of forgiveness, of love for the humble and the sorrowful, and tender regard for the individual man. A Christian of the dogmatic sort he is not; but in passages scattered here and there in his works may be gathered views of the scope of the Christian Gospel, and the work it has done in the history of men, not large only, and profound, but most heartfelt, and feelingly persuasive.

From this truth that God is our Lawgiver and Judge follow all else; some of the leading corollaries Carlyle has insisted on, exhibiting how they are broken, not occasionally only, but as it were systematically; and adding wise practical suggestions for their restoration to the government of our life. Surely among the first corollaries is this,—that there be Honesty in thought and word and work of every kind. And there is no symptom of Modern Life, which so grieves and so incenses Carlyle as our Dishonesty, our Insincerity. So few try to look to the heart of any matter, and to the whole of it, resolving to speak the truth concerning it, and do the right; all but a few are content to learn the mere hearsays of it, to repeat them and follow them. So much lip-service, so much eye-service! People in every class, even those in the highest offices, seem to think that it is enough to win applause, fame, money; that a little untruth which helps to these things, carries with it no penalty, or no penalty worth minding. It carries with it a frightful penalty! Every untruth does. At the end of every untruth, lies simply Death—death of body and soul; he that believes an untruth and he that practises it, is so far going that way and no other; the Nation that goes after lying is a doomed nation. "A "Corporation," said a Legal Judge, "has no body to be hanged, and no "soul to be damned." Another judge, not a legal one, would say that a Corporation has many bodies and many souls, as many as it contains men; all destructible enough and damnable enough. A Man may lie; a Nation may lie; but the Universe does not lie. The falsehood goes on spreading awhile, but drawing ever nearer and nearer to some Truth, which will one day shiver it to atoms and all that hold by it. The destroying Truth may be a high one, or may be a low one; but it is stronger than any Lie, any insincerity. The earnest faith of a Mahomet extirpated a Syrian Christianity that kept on jangling "Homoousion and Ho-"moiousion;" the earnest faith of mere Sansculottism overthrew in France a Christian Priesthood, and an ancient Nobility. Two facts full of warning to England now. For Carlyle adds, that there is no surer proof and no surer cause of English Insincerity than our Superfluity of Speech, written and spoken. The entire education of the upper classes aims at producing clever Talkers, not faithful Doers; and the general practice of the so-called Educated is to satisfy and be satisfied with Words. Cant seems the inevitable produce of modern society; the dilettantism of the aristocracy, the radicalism of the people, the separation of the literary profession from all practical business, free press, free platforms and universal reporters, all facilitate and encourage cant, and cant is what?

"A double-distilled Lie; the second "power of a Lie." Carlyle under these circumstances recommends Silence, yea, even from good words, Silence and Work. A recommendation which must seem new, and painful to most hearers. Listen to these wise, sad, and touching words.

"Be not a Public Orator, thou brave young British man, thou that art now growing to be something: not a Stump Orator, if thou canst help it. Appeal not to the vulgar, with its long ears and seats in the Cabinet; not by spoken words to the vulgar; hate the profane vulgar and bid it begone. Appeal by silent work, by silent suffering if there be no work, to the gods, who have nobler than seats in the Cabinet for thee! Talent for Literature, thou hast such a talent? Believe it not, be slow to believe it! To speak, or to write, Nature did not peremptorily order thee; but to work she did. And know this: there never was a talent even for real Literature, not to speak of talents lost and damned in doing sham Literature, but was primarily a talent for something infinitely better of the silent kind. Of Literature, in all ways, be shy rather than otherwise, at present! There where thou art, work, work; whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it,—with the hand of a man, not of a phantasm; be that thy unnoticed blessedness and exceeding great reward. Thy words, let them be few and well-ordered. Love silence rather than speech in these tragic days, when, for very speaking, the voice of man has fallen inarticulate to man; and hearts, in this loud babbling, sit dark and dumb towards one another. Witty—above all, oh be not witty: none of us is bound to be witty, under penalties; to be wise and true we all are under the terriblest penalties!

"Brave young friend, dear to me, and *known* too in a sense, though never seen, nor to be seen by me,—you are, what I am not, in the happy case to learn to *be* something and to *do* something, instead of eloquently talking about what has been and was done and may be! The old are what they are, and will not alter; our hope is in you. England's hope, and the world's, is that there may once more be millions such, instead of units as now. *Macte; i fausto pede.* And may future generations, acquainted again with the silences, and once more cognisant of what is noble and faithful and divine, look back on *us* with pity and incredulous astonishment!"*

Next Carlyle sets forth the sacred character of all true Work. The very bulwark of his unfailing hope for England is that England is an Industrial Nation—her sons still "splinters of "the old Harz rock;" and one of his chief efforts has been to make this fact recognized at its due worth, and to inspire all Working Men with a true conception of their calling. "The "Practical labour of England," he says in one place, "is very audibly, "though very inarticulately as yet, "the one God's Voice we have heard "in these two atheistic centuries. "But we, with our gross Atheism, hear "it not to be the Voice of God to us, "but regard it merely as a Voice of "earthly Profit-and-Loss...." All labour is sacred, because it is the will of God that men should work. That it is material labour, mere working with iron and cotton and the like does not alter its essence: the hand is a sacred gift: Laborare est orare; Work is Worship. To all industrial England, and with a divine fervour, he sounds the note, Sursum Corda! bids Manchester and Birmingham, town and country, awake to the knowledge that Work *is* Worship; the poorest day drudge should know it and rejoice! The sublime thought of Duty; the nobleness and blessedness of being "a servant to many;" the strength, sincerity, courage, and peace of mind which faithful work demands, and in its turn imparts, are unweariedly proclaimed by him; while he denounces and laughs at the Gospel of Mammonism as a Midas-eared folly — "a "shabby Gospel; the shabbiest of "gospels." And if he can thus reverence work of the lowest kind, far more so does he reverence work of the higher. He who would guide the bodies and souls of men, is no other than a Priest, let him acknowledge the fact or no; a Priest of Righteousness and Truth; with what solemn thoughts should the

* Latter-Day Pamphlets, conclusion of "Stump-Orator."

Preacher, the Schoolmaster, the man of letters, the Master, the Governor, undertake their offices; with what earnest awe fulfil them! No words of mine can in anywise represent the fulness of the devotion with which Carlyle has delivered this message, nor the brave precision with which he points it home to the various classes of English workers in office and in service; for he feels that which he would impart to others; he knows that to deliver this message is a Work given to him; and he spares no pains to make men understand it. I could quote whole chapters from Past and Present; but let the reader consider the following words from the Sartor:

"Two men I honour, and no third. First the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

"A second man I honour, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this by act or word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

"Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness."*

If labour be thus a Duty, and blessed, what is Idleness? An accursed thing, over which God's judgment is inevitably impending. Again, "the terrible" is not wanting; it exists surely enough, though men forget it, disregard it, deny it—gathering, gathering, drawing nigher and nigher; one day it *comes*. Of the English Aristocracy, the Dukes, and the Lords, the idle Churchmen and the Fine Gentlemen, and the moneyed men, who "do no work, but only take the wages of work," Carlyle can speak no smooth things: they are living on their capital, the reverence won for their order by the heroic work of men gone by—and the capital is running out. Those men were true noblemen, these men are not true noblemen, they are only called noblemen; they are knaves, traitors to their post; not happy even now, for they are dying of ennui,—and in the day of reckoning?

The English Aristocracy get a fair warning in "Past and Present," oftenest "a notice to quit," despite all their parchment titles, but not always, as thus:

"Out of the loud-piping whirlwind, audibly to him who has ears, the Highest is again announcing in these days: 'Idleness shall not be.' God has said it, man cannot gainsay. Ah, how happy were it, if he, this Aristocrat Worker, would see

* "Sartor," p. 246.

his work and do it! It is frightful, seeking another to do it for him. Guillotines, Meudon Tanneries, and half a million men shot dead, have already been expended in that business; and it is yet far from being done. This man too is something; nay, he is a great thing. Look on him there: a man of manful aspect; something of the 'cheerfulness of pride' still lingering in him. A free air of graceful stoicism, of easy silent dignity sits well on him; in his heart, could we reach it, lie elements of generosity, self-sacrificing justice, true human valour. Why should he, with such appliances, stand an incumbrance in the Present; perish disastrously out of the future! From no section of the Future would we lose these noble courtesies, impalpable yet all-controlling; these dignified reticences, these kingly simplicities; —lose aught of what the fruitful Past still gives us token of, memento of, in this man. Can we not save him:—can he not help us to save him! A brave man he too; had not undivine Ignavia, Hearsay, Speech without meaning,—had not Cant, thousand-fold Cant within and around him, enveloping him like choke-damp, like thick Egyptian darkness, thrown his soul into asphyxia, as it were extinguished his soul, so that he sees not, hears not, and Moses and all the Prophets address him in vain."

As an example of another manner, take this from the Miscellanies, spoken under the cognomen of Herr Sauertieg.

"The foul sluggard's comfort: 'It will last my time.' Thou foul sluggard, and even thief (*Faulenzer, ja Dieb*)! For art thou not a thief, to pocket thy day's wages (be they counted in groschen or in gold thousands) for this, if it be for anything, for watching on thy special watch-tower, that God's City (which this His World is, where His children dwell) suffer no damage; and, all the while, to watch only that thy own ease be not invaded,—let otherwise hard come to hard as it will and can? Unhappy! It will last thy time, thy worthless sham of an existence, wherein nothing but the Digestion was real, will have evaporated in the interim; it will last thy time: but will it last thy *Eternity?* Or what if it should *not* last thy time (mark that also, for that also will be the fate of *some* such lying sluggard); but take fire, and explode, and consume thee like the moth!" *

Black men also live under the Law of Labour; is it true that our emancipated Negroes in our Colonies have struck work, preferring to "live on pumpkins?" Here is a terrible prophecy for them.

"If Quashee will not honestly aid in bringing out those sugars, cinnamons, and nobler products of the West Indian Islands, for the benefit of all mankind, then I say neither will the Powers permit Quashee to continue growing pumpkins there for his own lazy benefit; but sheer him out, by and by, like a lazy gourd overshadowing rich ground: him and all that partake with him,—perhaps in a very terrible manner. For, under favour of Exeter Hall, the "terrible manner" is not yet quite extinct with the Destinies in this Universe; nor will it quite cease, I apprehend, for soft sawder or philanthropic stump-oratory now or henceforth. No; the gods wish besides pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown in their West Indies; thus much they have declared in so making the West Indies:—infinitely more they wish, that manful industrious men occupy their West Indies, not indolent two-legged cattle, however 'happy' over their abundant pumpkins. Both these things, we may be assured, the immortal gods have decided upon, passed their eternal Act of Parliament for: and both of them, though all terrestrial Parliaments and entities oppose it to the death, shall be done. Quashee, if he will not help in bringing out the spices, will get himself made a slave again (which state will be a little less ugly than his present one), and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, be compelled to work. Or, alas, let him look across to Haiti, and trace a far sterner prophecy! Let him by his ugliness, idleness, rebellion, banish all White men from the West Indies, and make it all one Haiti,—with little or no sugar growing, black Peter exterminating black Paul, and where a garden of the Hesperides might be, nothing but a tropical dog-kennel and pestiferous jungle, —does he think that will for ever continue pleasant to gods and men? I see men, the rose-pink cant all peeled away from them, land one day on those black coasts; men *sent* by the Laws of the Universe, and inexorable Course of Things; men hungry for gold, fierce as old Buccaneers were;—and a doom for Quashee which I had rather not contemplate! The gods are long-suffering; but the law from the beginning was, He that will not work shall perish from the earth; and the patience of the gods has limits!" †

Of the Wages of Labour Carlyle has

* Misc. III. 295, § Cagliostro. † "Discourse on the Nigger Question," p. 37.

said much, and the subject I shall refer to again in its connection with the larger question of the relation of man to man in a commonwealth: here only I will state that on the one hand he says that "A fair Day's Wage for a "fair Day's Work" is an irresistibly just demand (as against Society), and must be made good: he who works has a right to live! and on the other that no amount of money, small or great, is due recompense for work; a man has a right to demand something higher, a personal (which is also a spiritual) relation between himself and his master. Both these are due to the Working Man of every rank and in all times. In this time, men wanting to live and willing to work, do demand the first loud enough, but with difficulty they attain it; the last they rarely demand, and attain it still more rarely. The true man seeks for the last with his whole heart; neither can he altogether miss it, for one side of the relation he himself will fulfil: but whether the full blessing be given him or not, he shall not complain, for he has another Master than his earthly one, and He is altogether just.

"The Wages of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven or else nowhere ..... Nay, at bottom, dost thou need any reward? Was thy aim and life-purpose to be filled with good things for thy heroism; to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call 'happy' in this world, or in any world? I answer for thee deliberately, No. The whole spiritual secret of the new epoch lies in this, that thou canst answer for thyself, with thy whole clearness of head and heart, deliberately No!

"My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee; —thou dost not expect to *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner? .... Give it like a royal heart; let thy price be Nothing: thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it! The heroic man—and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances."*

"Selfsttödtung," Self-annihilation, as Novalis terms it, is a demand of Carlyle's Morality, as of every other inspiring Morality, which has been or will be preached to men. He will not even allow a man a right to be "happy;" only a right to do and suffer what shall be sent him, and to find his blessedness in that.

Such in the main are the truths which this wise and noble-hearted Teacher has addressed to Englishmen, as the ground-work of a better individual practice: pushing this truth home to this class, that truth home to another class, as the need of each requires. Before we go on to consider his Social Philosophy, and the applications of it, it is well for us to know that this Greatheart can, on opportunity, give a kind wise word to an individual pilgrim. The following letter found its way into Chambers' Edinburgh Magazine, having been addressed to some Scotch student, who had applied for advice about "reading." It will serve also as an example of the admirable sound sense, which marks all Carlyle's thinking and speaking, even in his most enthusiastic moods.

"Dear Sir,

"Some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first half hour I have had since to write you a word of answer. It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honourable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason, namely, that it so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

"As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something,—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel

* "Past and Present," p. 274.

of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable: 'Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read.' The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. 'Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities;' that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope that one which looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You will gradually find, by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones), what *is* for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest—what is your *true* element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here also, you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for; but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not those as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectionaries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

"Another thing, and only one other I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them, what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies *there*. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell. Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement! It is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion I will remind you, it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post: stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without being all that *it* at least required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

"With many good wishes and encouragements,

"I remain,
Yours sincerely,
THOMAS CARLYLE.

"*Chelsea*, 13*th March*, 1843."

Carlyle's Social Philosophy may be summed up in that single strange word Hero-Worship. I would recall the reader's recollection to the true meaning of the term, and to the universal fact on which it is founded. The term implies then (and it is a signal instance of Carlyle's magnificent power of naming) that there *are* Heroes, that is, men sent by God into the world superior in gifts to other men about them; and that such are to be worshipped, that is, treated according to their worth, promoted to rule over others, and be loyally, religiously obeyed by them. Carlyle affirms this to be *the* Law of Human Fellowship, implying all the spiritual truths of Existence, and embracing in its governance (of weal or woe) the whole practical life of Men in all ages. The fate of any Society he would say, lies in the measure of their fulfilment of this Law. So far as it is obeyed, so far will men and their endeavours prosper, and be encouraged in a better obedience of it by blessings high and

low; so far as it is disobeyed it will not be well with them; disasters will come as warnings; in the end, as usual, is destruction of body, soul and all. Accordingly by means of this Law Carlyle explains the wonderful history of the Past, its long dominant movements, and sudden catastrophes; to the disregard of it he traces all that is sorrowful and distracted in the condition of the Present, outward and inward; and in a return to the obedience of it he points out the solution to lie of the leading practical problems, suggested in the words, Government, Labour, Literature, Education, Over-population.

Is not the truth of the Law visible in this one fact, that every Nation became such, by making to itself a Government, and cannot exist as a Nation without maintaining a Government? Carlyle adds, "Kosmos is not "Chaos simply by the fact, That it is "governed." An observation which is strictly to the point, because his principle rests on the fact of the affinity of the human nature to the Divine. If a Nation must be governed, then by whom? Man is a Spirit: the wise, therefore, and the strong, and the brave, must be Rulers; they shall rule, they shall be got to rule; under these shall be others; and under these again others and others, and so downwards to the last man. The Nation shall (if possible) be One. And then what is true Governing? It is directing, and if need be, compelling others to *do their duty*, that is to fulfil to the utmost the powers that belong to them, and the powers that are in other men, and in the rich bounties of the material world. We can admit no lower definition than this; a true reading of experience and circumstance by the light of an earnest purpose will determine the right measure of constraint and the right measure of freedom, and the means to secure such on each occasion. True Obedience is an exact correlative to true Governing: it consists in a right choice of, and a hearty submission to superiors, a thorough performance of their commands, a brave acceptance of punishment due, a large, patient tolerance of wrong; also, if needful, a refusal to obey, and even flat rebellion and revolution. By an approximation to these two, a Society will approximate to its proper aim, the doing of God's Will on earth as it is done in Heaven.

This will do for our statement of the Theory of Government. The reader will notice at once, that it is the theory of Martial Law; it is indeed no other! Men are Men, that is the great fact; wheresoever they are, and whatsoever they do, there is but one system of managing them:—all special modifications in practice are of a quite secondary consideration. Meanwhile let a thought, one deep thought be given, to the absolute meaning, and perpetual use of the word "Duty" in these organized Professions. "On duty," "in discharge of his duty," "do your duty, Sir," are phrases that startle strangely the landsman's ear, when he treads the Quarter-Deck (Her Majesty's) of a Seventy-Four!

The first business of every Government is obviously to punish open wrong-doers, murderers, thieves, swindlers, and the like, to instruct them by grievous pain (as is God's method) to offend no more, and if need be, take their life away, (God's method also,) and so relieve the land of their baneful presence.

England on the whole has done her duty well in this department, and it is well with her accordingly; but Carlyle sees lax notions, and theories set on foot by a godless philosophy and a foolish Philanthropism, threatening to weaken our purpose, and divert our attention from more important matters. He has done his best to oppose all such theories. This is *his* theory of Punishment.

"I take the liberty of asserting that

for either punishing a man or rewarding him in this world; one reason, which ancient piety could well define: That you may do the will and commandment of God with regard to him; that you may do justice to him . . . . . 'Revenge,' my friends! revenge, and the natural hatred of scoundrels, and the ineradicable tendency to *revaucher* oneself upon them, and pay them what they have merited: this is for evermore intrinsically a correct, and even a divine feeling in the mind of every man. Only the excess of it is diabolic; the essence I say is manlike, and even godlike—a monition sent to poor man by the Maker himself . . . . My humane friends, I perceive this same sacred glow of divine wrath, or authentic monition at first-hand from God himself, to be the foundation for all Criminal Law, and Official horse-hair-and-bombazeen procedure against scoundrels in this world. This first-hand gospel from the Eternities, imparted to every mortal, this is still, and will for ever be, your sanction and commission for the punishment of human scoundrels. See well, how you will translate this message from Heaven and the Eternities into a form suitable to this World and its Times. Let not violence, haste, blind impetuous impulse, preside in executing it; the injured man, inevitably liable to fall into these, shall not execute it: the whole world, in person of a Minister appointed for that end, and surrounded with the due solemnities and caveats, with bailiffs, apparitors, advocates, and the hushed expectation of all men, shall do it, as under the eye of God who made all men. How it shall be done? This is ever a vast question, involving immense considerations . . . How the judge will do it? Yes, indeed:—but let him see well that he does do it; for it is a thing that must by no means be left undone!"*

Murderers and robbers are not the only "scoundrels" who deserve punishment. The obstinately idle person deserves punishment; to compel him to work, and to punish him, if he refuses to work, is an absolute kindness to him, an absolute duty towards him; as we say his right. Carlyle applies this with utter rigour and impartiality. He would have the West Indian Negroes, that now stand idle, "eating pumpkins" and letting the sugar-crops rot, forced to work. The State should say to them,

"Not a pumpkin, Quashee, not a square yard of soil, till you agree to do the State so many days of service. Annually that soil will grow you pumpkins; but annually also, without fail, shall you, for the owner thereof, do your appointed days of labour. The State has plenty of waste soil; but the State will religiously give you none of it on other terms. The State wants sugar from these Islands, and means to have it; wants virtuous industry in these Islands, and must have it. The State demands of you such service as will bring these results, this latter result which includes all."†

He would have the idle Irish Peasantry regimented and compelled to work (at making roads, &c.) He congratulates the English Peasantry on the passing of the New Poor Law, which withholds out-door relief to able-bodied persons. No Work, no Recompence, is a just law! Lastly, he would like to see the law applied to—the idle Aristocracy! Daring Man! But since he sees as yet no practical means of enforcing it with them, he is content with insisting that the principle does apply, and must be made good in practice, if possible. The longer the delay to apply it, the worse will be the final issue, for all parties, but especially for the idle Aristocrats.

All *dishonest* persons must be taken charge of by Authority in the same stern way, and compelled to cease from their dishonesty. Those adulterating tradesmen, and false bad workmen, which now populate our great cities, should have the Law in some shape brought to bear upon them, as in better English times, by those excellent institutions the Guilds. Carlyle lauds Dr. Francia, the late dictator in Paraguay, among other things for this, that he erected his "Workman's Gallows."

"Yes, that institution of the country did actually exist in Paraguay; men and workmen saw it with eyes. A most re-

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* Latter-Day Pamphlets, "Model Prisons," pp. 33, 37, 38.

markable, and on the whole, not unbeneficial institution there."*

Shall not other false men, false public Speakers, Teachers, Doers, the whole tribe of Quacks have the Law brought against them? It would be well, if possible; but as yet it is not possible. There is no fit Machinery ready for coping with such a vast, complex, and difficult matter. There is not even any sure general Belief to make a foundation for the Law. As yet we can only restrain by Law such palpable falsity and swindling as the wizard Harrison's. Carlyle sees quite plainly that a Free Press, and a free license of public speaking are at present altogether necessary, and must be for a longer period than he can anticipate; these therefore he would leave quite uninfringed. Moreover he knows that no Law would be enough; and that nothing will be enough except professional organization and the influence and action, private and public, of True Men. To this end, therefore, he exhorts all to discountenance Quacks, of whatsoever rank and dignity, and to help one another by what means they have, to degrade them, especially by the silent mode of scornful neglect, and by faithful adherence to true men in authority and out of authority. It is because all classes bow down the knee to false gods, and sham heroes, that he calls this an Unheroic age. Think of Hudson the Railway King, a bloated gambler, promoted from Company to Company, lauded in newspapers, fêted and banqueted—even subscriptions raised for a Statue to his honour; and at this moment such a man is Member of our Parliament! Carlyle thus distinguishes the Heroic from the Unheroic Age:

"Sure enough in the Heroic Century, as in the Unheroic, knaves and cowards, and cunning greedy persons were not wanting,—were, if you will, extremely abundant. But the question always remains, Did they lie chained, subordinate in this world's business; coerced by steel-whips, or in whatever other effectual way, and sent whimpering into their due subterranean abodes, to beat hemp and repent; a true never-ending attempt going on to hand-cuff, to silence and suppress them? Or did they walk openly abroad, the envy of a general valet-population, and bear sway; professing, without universal anathema, almost with general assent, that they were the Orthodox Party, that they, even they, were such men as you had a right to look for?"†

Summing up, I would say that this conception of the duty of just and true men to wage war against the unjust and the untrue is quite invaluable at the present day. It enlarges and ennobles the whole character of Social life; declaring good men appointed to be fellow-workers with God in all his dealings with mankind, in executing his judgments upon the disobedient no less than in fulfilling his blessings upon the obedient, and thus it imparts to us a Morality complete and manful; in particular it establishes on the most clear and authoritative basis the penal province of Government, showing how even in this lower and sorrowful department Government is no human institution for mere secular ends, but of a truth holy, divine. Moreover it forms a key to unlock the strange secrets of the Past, the Present and the Future. Viewed by the light of this truth Revolutions and Conquests are seen to be under the dominion of divine law; and their real nature becomes plain. Both are strictly punishments. A Revolution is the punishment of the most unjust men in the State, those who have abused or neglected their high trust; a Conquest is the punishment of a Nation unjust to itself or to other Nations. Thus Carlyle defends all successful Revolutions and all successful Conquests; their succeeding (you must judge this word largely) is a clear proof in God's own writing of Fact, that they were in essence a performance of His Will and

righteous. Of the prophetic power which a conception of this truth fully realized gives to a man much might be said. A man thereby receives a power of reading the real meaning of existing facts, and an insight into the terrible or glorious future which awaits a brother Man or a Nation, and the Society of Nations. The just and true man can alone realize the truth; he is at all times a Prophet according to the measure in which he does realize it; he is a Prophet in that he sees and can make known to others the Divine Laws in their relation to one another and to facts. In this sense I call Carlyle a Prophet, and one duly inspired: and no other sense is worth disputing about. All other prophesying is a delusion of the Time-Spirit, and may be given over to Gipsies.

So much for the Penal Department of Human Affairs. A business at all times indispensable and sacred, and yet, what is now to be remarked, the lowest and least portion of *the* business. On the whole, it is wise to have as little as possible to do with what is not good; if it hinders us, we will push it out of our way, make an effort to reclaim it, trample it under foot—but at any rate press on ever and ever to the Good; for *there* our true work lies. In developing the Good, especially the good nearest us, in organizing it and directing it, must our main effort lie, and thence will come our true harvest. This sounds true, and it is true, in all matters, from the self-education of a single man, to the government of a whole nation or commonwealth of nations; a truth to be known and perpetually followed. Any wide departure from it, especially any systematic departure from it, is a mistake, a criminal folly. And thus Carlyle (as he would warn individual minds against morbid consciousness of their own faults, and urge them to direct their better powers to action) warns England against expending her strength in

criminals, Negroes, Turks, Poles, and Heaven knows what other missionary projects, when there are worthy Englishmen at our doors, worthy and the worthiest, needing our utmost care and not receiving it. He says that such a course of proceeding is not only foolish, miserably erroneous and disappointing, but utterly unjust, unjust to those who deserve most at our hands, and who are especially entrusted to our charge. It is for this reason amongst others that he is so fierce against Exeter Hall, and that he was so strenuously opposed from the beginning to the late Russian War, as I gather from a letter of his published in the Examiner about a year ago. England, he thinks, has too much work to do at home in reducing to order all her noble industrial classes to busy herself in foreign affairs; least of all in Continental politics, from whence no good can be expected for a long while—since the worth on either side of the struggle there is so pitiful, —"a struggle between sham kings "and mere ballot-box anarchy."

In these views Carlyle is plainly at utter variance with public opinion. In a voice of most passionate sorrow he urges that England is perishing from want of Government, that with a plethora of wealth and appliances all the noble elements of her new strength are running to anarchic waste and riot, daily worse and worse, her Literature, her Practical Labour, her Commerce, her annual increase of Men; and worst of all the Souls of her children are perishing in blind mistrust of one another, in covetousness, hardness of heart, in savage and miserable isolation. On the other hand Public Opinion sounds a perpetual Pæan: congratulates itself in having got rid of tyrants in Politics and Religion, of mean Patrons in literature, of foolish meddlers in Trade, and in a thousand matters boasts of its Freedom, demanding more and more freedom, less and less Government: Poets and Rhe-

free, so enlightened, so humane, and Science will demonstrate that public opinion, Poets and Rhetoricians are quite right, and that Laissez-Faire and Competition is the Social Gospel that we most want. Carlyle is well aware that in notions so wide spread, and so tenaciously held to, there must be some truth; and this is the interpretation he gives of them. That the present Era has been from the Reformation a prolonged Insurrection against the ancient Feudal and Church system, whose representatives had grown too weak, too narrow, too false, and too idle to govern Englishmen in their affairs, as they used, and still less the new elements of life, thought, and work which time was giving birth to—a most just and necessary Insurrection—but that Insurrection is not and cannot be the final goal and resting-place, which must be Unity and Order, and that the strict meaning of the call for Democracy, Laissez-Faire, Chartism and all that, is simply an outcry against the class of men still in power, to this effect. "*Such* guidance "is worse than none! Leave us alone "of *your* Guidance; take your wages "and sleep! Let all things alone; for "Heaven's sake meddle *ye* with no-"thing!" Further that "across all "democratic turbulence, clattering of "ballot-boxes and infinite sorrowful "jangle, this at bottom is the wish and "prayer of all hearts, here and now, as "everywhere and at all times. Give me "a leader; a true leader, not a false "sham leader; a true leader, that he "may guide me on the true way, that "I may be loyal to him, and follow "him, and feel that it is well with "me." In short that the real, though quite inarticulate demand of the Age is for a strong Government of Wise Men, if possible of the Wisest.

This explanation appears most satisfactory, to be the true one, and the only true one, really reaching the heart of the matter. For observe on what it is founded; on a belief in God and man, and the conviction that man must be united to his fellow man in a spiritual relationship of mutual reverence; moreover that it points to a practical issue, which would be truly blessed. Whereas the English people, so long left without real guidance, has been striving (to use Carlyle's own pithy phrase) in vain efforts to solve this hopeless and insoluble problem, "Given a world of knaves, to educe "an Honesty from their united action" —by complicated machineries of mutual checks.

The sorrowful results of which are beyond all calculation; one of the worst being that the general mind is so imbued with the notion, and so hardened to the results as to fancy that all is going on as it should, even the manifest evils of pauperism, chartism, money worship, quack worship, separation of class from class and man from man, being no other than what we must expect, considering what poor human nature is. Before all things therefore Carlyle would awaken the country to a sense of its true condition; he would say to Englishmen, "Know "that these *are* evils; and resolve to "amend them, every one of you; be-"gin at once, begin *to-day*. By mis-"conduct they have come upon you, "and are growing every hour; by "worthy conduct, by heroic effort they "can be redeemed; they must, they "shall, as God lives."

The Mottoes to his Latter-day Pamphlets exhibit the fulness of his terrible conviction, but no less the burning energy of his faith and exhortation; and they break out afresh in almost every page.

"But as yet struggles the twelfth hour of the Night. Birds of darkness are on the wing; spectres uproar; the dead walk; the living dream. Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt make the Day Dawn! *Jean Paul.*

Then said his Lordship, 'Well, God mend all!'—'Nay, by God, Donald, we must help him to mend it!' said the other."—*Rushworth (Sir David Ramsay and Lord Reg. in 1630).*

"We must help." Every man in the land may help. For those in high station are not the only ones to blame for these national confusions, let no Radical think this: men in all classes are to blame, "Shoe-black as well as Sovereign Lord;"—every unworthy dishonest life has contributed its share, even every unworthy act. Hence Carlyle's perpetual effort to raise the standard of individual morality, and the character of individual practice. We must have a Nation of Heroes, he has said, before we can have a right Hero-Worship again. Is there one who would be a true Patriot? Let him begin by *reforming himself*. Let him fulfil his own post, whether small or great, with faithful single-minded diligence, with true obedience towards his appointed superiors, true reverential care towards his appointed inferiors: already he is a wise Conservative, a wise Reformer, for the very sight of him is an encouragement to all good men. And now, whatsoever he thinks or says or does further will be more likely to be sincere and to be right; and to be recognized as such by other men. For a further duty he has; the duty of helpfulness to others. This too let him fulfil, striving with all his powers to this end, that each man be in the place which God the Maker has fitted him. Here, Reader, you and every one may do good service! Can you not *pray* that this shall be more and more so; nay, in your little circle of home-friends, can you not bear witness to good men and good deeds, and wise methods, and so cultivate a spirit of right reverence around you? Some too have wider influence; votes and patronage.

However it is not by individual efforts alone, but by co-operative efforts duly systematized, that this National Work of getting each man to his proper place, is to be done. Carlyle dwells constantly on the necessity of *Organization*. Not indeed an Administrative Reform Association spouting in Drury Lane, preaching Benthamism and competition; just the reverse of this: what he advocates is that every profession should take practical measures to organize itself, and that the strong hand of the Government should lend the aid of its authority, where needful and practicable. Every Social Work, should in his opinion be organized; that is, every man concerned in it should have his post, as in the Military Services, assigned him, with prescribed *duties* to those above him, and prescribed *duties* to those below him. Who shall be above, who below in this arrangement? That is the vital question, for the answer to it comprehends all else; among others this most important one, the method of promotion. In the French army, it is said, every private carries a Field Marshal's baton in his knapsack. That is as it should be; as it should be always, whether the army be one of fighters or workers. Here is a brave private tried and found faithful and able, make a Sergeant of him!—a brave Sergeant; then make him a Captain; and so on. And observe how this is to be done effectually; in this way and this alone—by having Overseers themselves clear-sighted and able, who know a good man when they see him, and would fain honour him; by having such and trusting *them* with powers of promotion. Make Napoleon your field-marshal, and what an army he will make for you! Competition, Popular Influence; these have their advantages, and they are not excluded from a system based on Sovereignty; they are only rightly limited, rightly directed by it. Men will indeed compete for honours and increase of pay; let them do so, but they shall now look to receive such at the hand of just responsible men, as a reward for public service, not from irresponsible men as the reward of private service. And in due time a better feeling than any desire of pleasant things shall find a place, and even become common, self-

sacrificing Loyalty, true devotion, obedience even to death, if occasion should so call, which in quiet civil affairs will not be likely; still the feeling will be there, and will work blessed results. Neither shall Popular Influence be wanting; it never is wanting; and it shall find its due voice. In military concerns it is not allowed a voice, because the warring is a series of emergencies, requiring prompt united action. Civil affairs admit of more deliberation, and require it, because of their greater complexity. At all times, says Carlyle, it is well that the Executive body know the wants of the people below, and learn this by all manner of public debatings and votings, in Parliaments, Workman's Councils, Newspapers, and the like. By all means let there be such, and let them enjoy full freedom of speech; but they and the Executive and the Nation should know the proper business of them, which is to *advise* not to *command*. "Voting" Carlyle has thoroughly examined, and knows what it is worth. It is an expression of opinion, which may be right, or may be wrong. If wrong, what values it, even if the voting be twenty thousand strong? England has much to learn on this head.

Do not fear, Reader, that all this implies mere Tyranny! It implies due Liberty, and no more than due. If we have right men to command us, they will make right laws, and give us right freedom. You and I, if we commit murder, are liable to be taken and hanged. Is *that* a hardship? It is a blessed protection to you and to me, and to our country. And in all things is it not a privilege to obey those wiser than ourselves, to do what they command, and abstain from what they forbid? In such obedience lies true Freedom, and the best happiness given to man.

Least of all fear that Carlyle or any one is potent enough to revive obsolete unjust restraints in democratic England; and reading what here follows, acknowledge that such a frantic desire is the farthest removed from his thoughts.

For Carlyle, feeling deeply the need of many wide and far reaching changes in Society, and vehemently urging that we lose no time in beginning them, is yet utterly opposed to hasty violent measures. The impatience, the love of change, the self-indulgent frowardness, which so marks the whole modern mind (not the so-called Radical only), finds no favour with him. He calls it the spirit of Nomadism, Nomadism which is inhuman, apelike; sees that it is day by day debasing the character of all our work, from legislation down to house-building, and lower, sapping the strength of individual will, and everywhere loosening the bonds between man and man; it is the very minister of Chaos! He advocates Permanency, persistence, continuity, as the condition, not only of present order, but of all sure progress. Surely England, of all countries, has the least need to begin over again! With all her anarchies, she has yet noble authorities everywhere extant, some of them venerable and beloved for ancient services, some strong in present activity, all more or less powerful; let *them* take charge of the New Work, now all disordered, for it is their duty, their mission: the many look to them to perform it, and will yet rally round them, and help them by loyal obedience. Parliament, Prime Ministers, Landed Aristocracy, Masters of Factories, Masters of Households, Leading men in every Profession, the rich and the educated,—the chief business lies with *them!* Carlyle is for everywhere supporting and extending existing order: taught by study of faithful Governments, terrible Revolutions, and much meditation on the nature of Man and Society, he is a Conservative, because he is a Reformer.

all, and especially upon persons in authority, that new organizations must be founded, and fresh virtue imparted to the old organizations, by effecting more permanent relations among men. Thus only can work be really well done; thus only the manly virtues of patience, constancy, perseverance be cherished; thus only a spiritual fellowship of mutual fidelity and love grow up between human souls. Contrast the feeling you have for the man you pass in the street with your feeling for your daily fellow-workmen, with your feeling for the wife you have married for life! There is a sacred and fruitful power in Habit, which we should employ to the uttermost. Carlyle writes:

"Happy he who has found a master;—and now, farther I will say, having found, let him well keep him. In all human relations *permanency* is what I advocate; *nomadism*, continual change, is what I perceive to be prohibitory of all good whatsoever. Two men that have got to cooperate will do well not to quarrel at the first cause of offence, and throw up the concern in disgust, hoping to suit themselves better elsewhere. For the most part such hope is fallacious; and they will on the average not suit themselves better, but only about as well;—and have to begin again *bare*, which loss often repeated becomes immense, and is finally the loss of everything, and of their joint enterprise itself. For no mutual relation while it continues 'bare,' is yet a human one, or can bring blessedness, but is only waiting to begin such,—mere new-piled crags, which if you leave them, *will* at last 'gather moss,' and yield some verdure and pasture."*

It is evident how this Law of "permanency" prescribes also that all great changes should, if possible, be effected gradually, even changes that carry with them immediate advantage. Most persons, I suppose, would admit this, but the modern practice is directly otherwise. In one of the Latter Day Pamphlets, Carlyle points out the distress and dislocation produced by the greedy haste in which we made our Railways. For himself, he is in no hurry for the Reforms he proposes; cautious, resolute progress is what he counsels; in the Sartor he hazards a guess that our Society may once more become truly orderly in about 200 years!

It remains only to indicate how Carlyle applies these principles to the chief political and social problems now before England. Space forbids me to do more than just suggest them, either in his words or my own.

First as to Supreme Government. Carlyle declares that Parliament is altogether unfitted to perform the work of Governing the country, which it has usurped. A body of six hundred and fifty men, chosen by popular suffrage, debating with open doors and reporters in the gallery, is by the nature of things unfit to elect the Executive Ministry, to dismiss it at will, and determine absolutely what shall, and what shall not be the Law of the Land. Parliament's proper function is to be the Organ of Public Opinion, not of Sovereignty, to inform and advise the Executive, not dictate to it. Within such limits Parliament with its debating is of the greatest use; though even here it has a rival and a superior in the Free Press. What Parliament and the Country wants is the Kingly element, which during the last two hundred years has lost not only its wrongful, but its rightful and beneficent powers. The Prime Minister is now the virtual King; let his hands be strengthened! Carlyle makes the following proposal for a beginning.

"That Secretaries under and upper, that all manner of changeable or permanent servants in the Government offices shall be selected *without* reference to their power of getting into Parliament;—that in short the Queen shall have power of nominating the half-dozen or half-score officers of the Administration, whose presence is thought necessary in Parliament, to official seats there, without reference

* "Discourse on the Nigger Question," p. 37.

to any constituency but her own, which of course will mean her Prime Minister. A very small encroachment on the present constitution of Parliament; offering the minimum of change in present methods, and I almost think a maximum in results to be derived therefrom . . . . . From which project, however wisely it were embodied, there could probably, at first or all at once, no great accession of intellect to the Government offices ensue; though a little might, and a little is always precious; but in its ulterior operation, were that faithfully developed, and wisely presided over, I fancy an immense accession of intellect might ensue; —nay a natural ingress might thereby be opened to all manner of accessions, and the actual flower of whatever intellect the British Nation had might be attracted towards Downing Street, and continue flowing steadily thither!"*

Following in the same direction, Carlyle insists that the Political Reform now wanting is a complete purgation and reconstruction of our Public Offices. Promotion by Seniority, needless formalities, obsolete routines, useless offices, and the whole array of circumlocution and red-tapery must cease; the work really needful to be done must be redefined, and appointed; and above all, an altogether new class of men got enlisted in the public service, if possible, the very best and ablest in all the land, gathered thither from every rank, and section of British men. This great work, Carlyle says, should be undertaken by some "Esoteric" man, some Prime Minister of experience in these departments; though besides experience he must have inflexible courage! Writing in 1851, Carlyle chose Sir Robert Peel as the most honest and brave man we had, and the most fitted by official experience for the task; and to him he made a noble appeal in these Latter Day Pamphlets, assuring him that the whole worth of the country would be at his back. But Sir Robert died that year, and without regaining office.

Army and Navy too must be reformed in like manner; and real Work must be found them. The Army now "a strenuously organized Idleness" (what a mighty phrase!), might be a valuable Industrial Regiment, enclosing, draining, tilling waste lands, doing manifold labour and good service: and the Navy, is it not a floating Bridge made to our hand to carry over our superfluous population to other shores? Further, Carlyle hints that we may ultimately get rid of a standing army. He writes:

"The New Downing Street, I foresee, when once it has got its *Industrial* Regiments organized, will make these do its fighting, what fighting there is; and so save immense sums. Or indeed, all citizens of the Common-wealth, as is the right and the interest of every free man in this world, will have themselves trained to arms; each citizen ready to defend his country with his own body and soul,—he is not worthy to have a country otherwise. In a State grounded on veracities, that would be the rule."†

Turning to Colonial Affairs for a few paragraphs, he illuminates the whole subject. We must *keep* our Colonies, not basely abandon them, as some suggest; they are entrusted to us by God and our ancestors; and may be a bond of strength to the Mother-Country, which no money can measure. But we must govern them better. Choose well your Governors, give them due power, and keep them at their posts; and it will be well with the Colonies and the Mother-Country too.

As for Foreign Affairs, Carlyle recommends a great reduction of business in that direction. The state of the European Continent is such, so bereft of nobleness and real strength, that it is waste to interfere on one side or the other, either in the war of party against party, or nation against nation. England had better avoid all quarrels with such unworthy folk, and concentrate her energies on her own peculiar work which is so pressing to be done.

Her Work lies at home! Government Reformed or Reforming must once more take charge of the People, especially of those lying stranded, idle, ignorant. Foremost comes Education. Thus much Carlyle says, should be done and could be done: A Schoolmaster sent into every village, and every Englishman taught the blessed mystery of reading and writing; Religion meanwhile being cared for (besides by all existing methods) by choosing good and dutiful men for Teachers. Then besides and along with Education, Government must take a direct share in the Organization of Labour. Crowds of idle paupers, attached to no master and to no work, but begging, starving, costermongering, spreading around them pestilence bodily and spiritual, might be gathered together—by fair invitations, and failing that, by stern compulsion, —straightway organized into compact "Industrial Regiments," and set to help the Soldiers in making fruitful the waste plains of England, Scotland and Ireland. Such might become faithful, useful men! Listen to what Carlyle says might follow from this simple, necessary, and most practicable measure:

"Wise obedience and wise command, I foresee that the regimenting of Pauper Banditti into Soldiers of Industry is but the beginning of this blessed process, which will extend to the topmost heights of our Society; and, in the course of generations, make us all once more a Governed Common-wealth, and *Civitas Dei*, if it please God! Waste-land Industrials succeeding, other kinds of Industry, as cloth-making, shoe-making, plough-making, spade-making, house-building,—in the end all kinds of Industry whatsoever, will be found capable of regimenting. Mill-operatives, all manner of free operatives, as yet unregimented, nomadic under private masters, they, seeing such example and its blessedness, will say: 'Masters, you must regiment us a little; make our interests with you permanent a little, instead of temporary, and nomadic; we will enlist with the State otherwise!' This will go on, on the one hand, while the State-operation goes on on the other: thus will all Masters of Workmen, private Captains of Industry, be forced to incessantly co-operate with the State and its public Captains; they regimenting in their way, the State in its way, with ever-widening field; till their fields *meet* (so to speak) and coalesce, and there be no unregimented worker, or such only as are fit to remain unregimented, any more." *

Another task, which the State might undertake with incalculable benefit to all, would be the construction and management of an effective system of Emigration. We think the vastness of our population a curse to us, and so it is, but it might be a blessing.

"Over population? If this small western rim of Europe is over-peopled, does not everywhere else a whole vacant Earth, as it were, call to us, 'Come and till me, come and reap me!' Can it be an evil that in an Earth such as ours there should be new Men? Considered as mercantile commodities, as working machines, is there in Birmingham or out of it a machine of such value? Good Heavens! a white European Man, standing on his two legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth something considerable, one would say! The stupid black African brings money in the market; the much stupider four-footed horse brings money: —it is we that have not yet learned the art of managing our white European man!" †

Since these words were written in 1840, (and Carlyle had preached the same doctrines several years before in *Sartor Resartus*,) we have indeed had an Emigration, but how conducted and with what results! The history of California shows plainly enough the outcome of Laissez-Faire;—foul greedy gambling ending in mutual rapine and murder. In our own Colonies, whither the Emigrants have flocked, there has been and still is, anarchy, and brutal gambling enough; neither can these be altogether checked by any Government at present; but Government need not *encourage* them by turning Emigrants brought out

* "The New Downing Street," p. 48.

† "Chartism," p. 108.

under its own authority adrift into the general mass; why not order them into Industrial Regiments?

These three,—Education, Pauper-Organization, Emigration, are clearly works most pressing to be begun, and manfully prosecuted: behind them are others, an infinite number of others, some known to us, most altogether unknown; speaking generally, we may say that Government must once more look upon itself as the Head of the Nation, and help all the members of the Body Politic (the Professions and Social orders) to do each their share of the work; not indeed doing it for them, but enfranchising, guiding and restraining one and all.

For as Central Action or Supreme Sovereignty is thus so eminently needed, so is Local Action or Deputy Sovereignty: each is necessary to the other, and to the well-being of the Common-Wealth. In the medieval state you had indeed a King for Sovereign Lord, vested with royal powers, but no less had you an Aristocracy, and all manner of authorities, Ecclesiastical, Municipal, Professional, each governing some band of associated men. Whereby, as we may remember, there came to pass a beautiful Theory of universal Loyalty from man to man through all the grades of society, and a practice more or less general of the same. Why should not this be once again, and in a wiser, larger shape, fitted to our own times? Why should there not be a *Chivalry of Labour?* Carlyle says, A Chivalry of Labour must and shall be; and that to begin it and further it and fashion it, is a task laid on the Industrial Classes themselves. Above all, on the Masters of Workmen, the present "Captains of Industry:" these he would teach to follow after Duty instead of Gain; he exhorts them to quit their gross mammon-worship, to recognize their Workmen, not as "hands" only, but as Men, as living human souls, that cannot be satisfied with cash, paid ever so punctually as market wages, but must needs render and receive devotion, attachment, affectionate service. As a practical step he recommends a gradual abandonment of all piece-work payment, "payment by the job," and a gradual extension of weekly or monthly contracts into longer and longer engagements; finally, (and this too might be done by degrees) a taking into partnership of all concerned, thus making the work in every sense a joint enterprise. "The Organization of Labour" on a footing like this is one of the things most dear to Carlyle's hope; the reader will find it nobly treated in the "Past and Present." One extract must suffice us here:

"The main substance of this immense Problem of Organizing Labour, and first of all of Managing the Working Classes, will, it is very clear, have to be solved by those who stand practically in the middle of it; by those who themselves work and preside over work. Of all that can be enacted by any Parliament in regard to it, the germs must already lie potentially extant in those two Classes, who are to obey such enactments. A Human Chaos, *in* which there is no light, you vainly attempt to irradiate by light shed *on* it: order never can arise there.

"But it is my firm conviction that the 'Hell of England' will *cease* to be that of 'not making money;' that we shall get a nobler Hell and a nobler Heaven! I anticipate light *in* the Human Chaos, glimmering, shining more and more; under manifold true signals from without That light shall shine. Our deity being no longer Mammon—O Heavens, each man will then say to himself: 'Why such deadly haste to make money? I shall not go to Hell, even if I do not make money! There is another Hell I am told!' Competition, at railway-speed, in all branches of commerce and work shall then abate:—good felt-hats for the head, in every sense, instead of seven feet lath-and-plaster hats on wheels, will then be discovered! Bubble periods, with their panics and commercial crises, will again become infrequent; steady, modest industry will take the place of gambling speculation. To be a noble Master, amongst noble Workers, will again be the first ambition with some few; to be a rich Master only the second. How the Inventive Genius of England, with the whirr of its bobbins and billy-rollers shoved somewhat into the back-grounds

of the brain, will contrive and devise, not cheaper produce exclusively, but fairer distribution of the produce at its present cheapness! By degrees we shall again have a Society with something of Heroism in it, something of Heaven's Blessing on it; we shall again have, as my German friend asserts, 'instead of Mammon—Feudalism with unsold cotton-shirts and Preservation of the Game, noble just Industrialism and Government by the Wisest!'" *

The same principles are applicable to almost all Professions at the present day: for except the clerical and military, every pursuit is given up to a base tyranny of Competition, wasteful of useful talent, baneful to noble morality. But there is one Profession, which of all others is the most anomalous and anarchic, which is the Literary one. Naturally enough Carlyle has bestowed especial thought upon this, his own Order, if Order it can be called. He can suggest no plan for its organization, but organized in some way, he says it ought to be—a work for several generations, but strictly possible, most desirable to be done. In Literature lies the future Church of England: already it is a virtual Priesthood, it must be made an actual one! The reader will find Carlyle's own remarks on this most interesting subject in the chapter of the Hero-Worship, entitled "The Hero, as a Man of Letters," and in the Latter-Day Pamphlet called "Stump Orator."

One other example and only one I will give of his power of grappling with Social Problems, his solution namely of the Negro Question. It may be gathered from what I have already stated that he regrets the Emancipation Act of 1834 as a hasty measure, and advocates an immediate return to a system of partial compulsion. No man should, in his opinion, be allowed to live an idle life at his own pleasure, least of all the black man, constitutionally prone to indolence; neither should any be driven to work by the necessity of mere competition, which acts only on the meaner part of a man. Hence Carlyle repudiates with scorn the remedy proposed and even partially tried of importing other free Negroes or Indians to eat up the pumpkins, and *so* restore Industry: the end of that would be "a Black Ireland!" What is needed is a just relation of Master and Servant put into effective practice. And clearly the Master must be the Anglo-Saxon and the Servant the Negro; not otherwise at all. Carlyle continues:

"If the Black gentleman is born to be a servant, and, in fact, is useful in God's creation only as a servant, then let him hire not by the month, but by a very much longer term. That he be 'hired for life'—really here is the essence of the position he now holds! Consider that matter. All else is abuse in it, and this only is essence;—and the abuses must be cleared away. They must and shall! Yes; and the thing itself seems to offer (its abuses once cleared away) a possibility of the most precious kind for the Black man and for us."

He gives the same advice to the Americans. Keep Slavery, but make it just. Unnecessary cruelties (all real cruelty), violations of natural ties; all this might and should be firmly suppressed by supreme and local governments; wages (small perhaps but yet wages) should be given the Black men, and true human treatment, including teaching and other things. In fact a whole Code might be formed for the regulation of duties between Masters and Slaves; Carlyle suggests these two provisions as very necessary; 1st. That Slaves be adscripti glebæ as were the Saxon serfs, not removable from their homes against their will. 2nd. That a fair sum be fixed by law, on paying which, any Black man should be entitled to his freedom. He adds a warning to America, that no *un*just Slavery, no unjust thing *can* last.

Reader! I know not whether these

* "Past and Present."

thoughts and counsels of Carlyle appear to you practical or not; to me they appear practical in the highest sense; planted in the very loftiest conception of human duty and destiny, and in a clear discernment of the divine Laws written in the main facts of every Social matter that he examines: temperate as well as brave, loving as well as just, and each most entirely consistent with all the rest. So practical are they, that I often wish that Carlyle had not been one of England's Writers, but one of England's Governors, could that have been managed! With his great truthfulness, courage, wondrous judgment of men and things, and that rare eloquence both of tongue and pen;—what might he not have done in these eventful years in Parliament, in Office? But we will regret nothing; only be grateful for what we have; very, very grateful. Have we not now "A Lamp for the New Years?"

A true Lamp for the New Years! And yet I would warn any reader not to look upon these books, which are levelled at the Present Time (Chartism, Past and Present, Latter-day Pamphlets), as an expression of Carlyle's complete judgment of our age, but only as discourses directed to various prominent topics, and especially against certain wide-spread errors and evils. Carlyle's aim in them is distinctly a practical one; they are therefore one-sided, nor do they pretend to be otherwise. Had he desired to report of the real tendency and ultimate character of the age, he would certainly have directed his attention chiefly to the good that is actively working amongst us, and have chosen a narrative form which should have exhibited the lives and works of our best thinkers and doers: of that we may be quite assured by the example of his historical works. It is very necessary to insist upon this. For it must be confessed that these books give a very imperfect notion of the actual condition and immediate promise of England, because they contain no sufficient declaration of much good lately done and more good doing and stirring. General statements of approval and hope are to be found, such as that mighty one "that the "inarticulate worth of England yet "reaches down to the foundations;" but such are comparatively rare, and too vague to carry persuasive strength with them; so that it requires all the reader's candour (unless, indeed, he remember to what spirit the writer always addresses himself), to infer that Carlyle, as in his earlier writings, still affectionately searches for good, still joyfully sees and esteems its might. Especially since on the other hand his denunciations of evil sweep like huge drag-nets through and over all Society, as if the Spirit of Wrath claimed every man and thing for its lawful prey!

And I must admit that in these political discourses there is some Spiritual Pride. But I would advise the reader to forgive, and if possible forget this, and receive with joyful sympathy the noble hopefulness, which may be gathered from the entire works. Assuredly there is that spirit in them which can send a man forth into the world rejoicing, laughing, pitying, loving, reverent of all good, abhorrent of all evil, ready to do and suffer with a brave heart all that shall be given him.

He would err greatly, utterly, who should infer that Carlyle has turned misanthrope in his latter days. Not so at all. Seek him in narrative, and he is the same generous Carlyle, almost as of old. The "Life of Sterling" is one of his latest works. It is one of the most genial biographies in the language. True there are bitter remarks on Church and State, and some injustice is done to Coleridge both in respect of his general achievements, and his influence on Sterling's mind (for he seems to have won Sterling from a negative and somewhat material Radicalism to a Spiritual Faith, as he did many others); but then what an affectionate portrait is that of his friend, and

yet so faithful and entirely credible; what a kindly judgment of persons and things! Right welcome are those pleasant landscape pictures of Llanblethian, Hampstead, Herstmonceux; and very beautiful the sympathy shown with the character of Sterling's mother, a true gentle woman, with Sterling's wife, with the good Quaker friends at Falmouth, and many others! Even for Sterling's father, the Thunderer of the Times, who must have seemed at first a sworn enemy, an "Organic Quack and Dealer in Hearsays," Carlyle expresses a hearty regard, and thinks him a very honest Captain Whirlwind after all. And of Archdeacon Hare, his rival biographer, he always speaks in terms of the most respectful courtesy. The book is also very valuable as a record of his own affectionate, merry, homely ways, and as a proof that those who have known him best also love him the most. The dying Sterling wrote: "Towards me it is still more true than "towards England, that no man has "been and done like you."

With these solemn words echoing in my own heart, I here bid you, reader, a final farewell.

THE STAFF AND SCRIP.

"How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle-hat and staff
And his sandal-shoon."

WHO owns these lands?" the Pilgrim said.
"Stranger, Queen Blanchelys."
"And who has thus harried them?" he said.
"It was Duke Luke did this:
God's ban be his!"

The Pilgrim said: "Where is your house?
I'll rest there, with your will."
"Ye've but to climb these blacken'd boughs,
And ye'll see it over the hill,
For it burns still."

"Which road, to seek your Queen?" said he.
"Nay, nay, but with some wound
Thou'lt fly back hither, it may be,
And by thy blood i' the ground
My place be found."

"Friend, stay in peace. God keep thy head,
And mine, where I will go;
For He is here and there;" he said.
He pass'd the hillside, slow,
And stood below.

The Queen sat idle by her loom.
She heard the arras stir,
And look'd up sadly. Through the room
The sweetness sicken'd her

Her women, standing two and two,
In silence comb'd the fleece.
The Pilgrim said, "Peace be with you,
Lady;" and bent his knees.
She answer'd, "Peace."

Her eyes were like the wave within;
Like water-reeds the poise
Of her soft body, dainty thin;
And like the water's noise
Her plaintive voice.

For him, the stream had never well'd
In desert tracts malign
So sweet; nor had he ever felt
So faint in the sunshine
Of Palestine.

Right so, he knew that he saw weep
Each night throughout some dream
The Queen's own face, confused in sleep
With visages supreme
Not known to him.

"Lady," he said, "your lands lie burnt
And waste. To meet your foe
All fear. This I have seen and learnt.
Say that it shall be so,
And I will go."

She gazed at him. "Your cause is just,
For I have heard the same:"
He said: "God's strength shall be my trust.
Fall it to good or grame,
'Tis in His Name."

"Sir, you are thank'd. My cause is dead.
Why should you toil to break
A grave, and fall therein?" She said.
He did not pause but spake;
"For my vow's sake."

"Can such vows be, Sir,—to God's ear,
Not to God's will?" "My vow
Remains. God heard me there as here,"
He said with reverent bow,
"Both then and now."

They gazed together, he and she,
The minute while they spoke;
And when he ceased, she suddenly
Look'd round upon her folk
As though she woke.

"Fight, Sir," she said, "my prayers in pain
Shall be your fellowship."
He whisper'd one among her train,
"To-night Thou'lt bid her keep
This staff and scrip."

She sent him a sharp sword, whose belt
About his body there
As sweet as her own arms he felt.
He kiss'd its blade, all bare,
Instead of her.

She sent him a green banner wrought
With one white lily stem
To bind his lance with when he fought.
He writ beneath the same
And kiss'd her name.

She sent him a white shield, whereon
She bade that he should trace
His will. He blent fair hues that shone,
And in a golden space
He kiss'd her face.

So, arming, through his soul there pass'd
Thoughts of all depth and height:
But more than other things at last
Seem'd to the armed knight
The joy to fight.

The skies, by sunset all unseal'd,
Long lands he never knew,
Beyond to-morrow's battle-field
Lay open out of view
To ride into.

Next day till dark the women pray'd:
Nor any might know there
How the fight went. The Queen has bade
That there do come to her
No messenger.

Weak now to them the voice o' the priest
As any trance affords;
And when each anthem fail'd and ceased,
It seem'd that the last chords
Still sang the words.

"Oh what is the light that shines so red?
'Tis long since the sun set;"
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid:
"'Twas dim but now, and yet
The light is great."

Quoth the other: "'Tis our sight is dazed
That we see flame i' the air."
But the Queen held her eyes and gazed,
And said, "It is the glare
Of torches there."

"Oh what are the sounds that rise and spread?
All day it was so still;"
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid;
"Unto the furthest hill
The air they fill."

Quoth the other; "'Tis our sense is blurr'd
With all the chaunts gone by."
But the Queen held her brows and heard,
And said, "It is the cry
Of Victory."

The first of all the rout was sound,
The next were dust and flame,
And then the horses shook the ground:
And in the thick of them
A still band came.

"Oh what do ye bring out of the fight,
Thus hid beneath these boughs?"
"One that shall be thy guest to-night,
And yet shall not carouse,
Queen, in thy house."

"Uncover ye his face," she said.
"O changed in little space!"
She cried, "O pale that was so red!
O God, O God of grace!
Cover his face."

His sword was broken in his hand
Where he had kiss'd the blade.
"O soft steel that could not withstand!
O harder heart unstay'd,
That pray'd and pray'd!"

His bloodied banner cross'd his mouth
Where he had kiss'd her name.
"O East, and West, and North, and South,
Fair flew these folds, for shame,
To guide Death's aim!"

The tints were shredded from his shield
Where he had kiss'd her face.
"Oh of all gifts that I could yield,
Death only keeps its place,
My gift and grace!"

Then stepp'd a damsel to her side,
And spake, and needs must weep;
"For his sake, Lady, if he died
He pray'd of thee to keep
This staff and scrip."

That night they hung above her bed,
Till morning wet with tears.
Year after year above her head
Her bed his token wears,
Five years, ten years.

That night the passion of her grief
Shook them as there they hung.
Each year the wind that shed the leaf
Shook them, and in its tongue

And she would wake with a clear mind
That letters writ to calm
Her soul lay in the scrip; and find
Pink shells, a torpid balm,
And dust of palm.

They shook far off with palace sport
When joust and dance were rife;
And the hunt shook them from the court;
For hers, in peace or strife,
Was a Queen's life.

A Queen's death now: as now they shake
To chaunts in chapel dim;
Hung where she sleeps, not seen to wake,
(Carved lovely white and slim,)
With them, by him.

Stand up to-day, still arm'd, with her,
Good knight, before His brow
Who then as now was here and there,
Who had in mind thy vow
Then even as now.

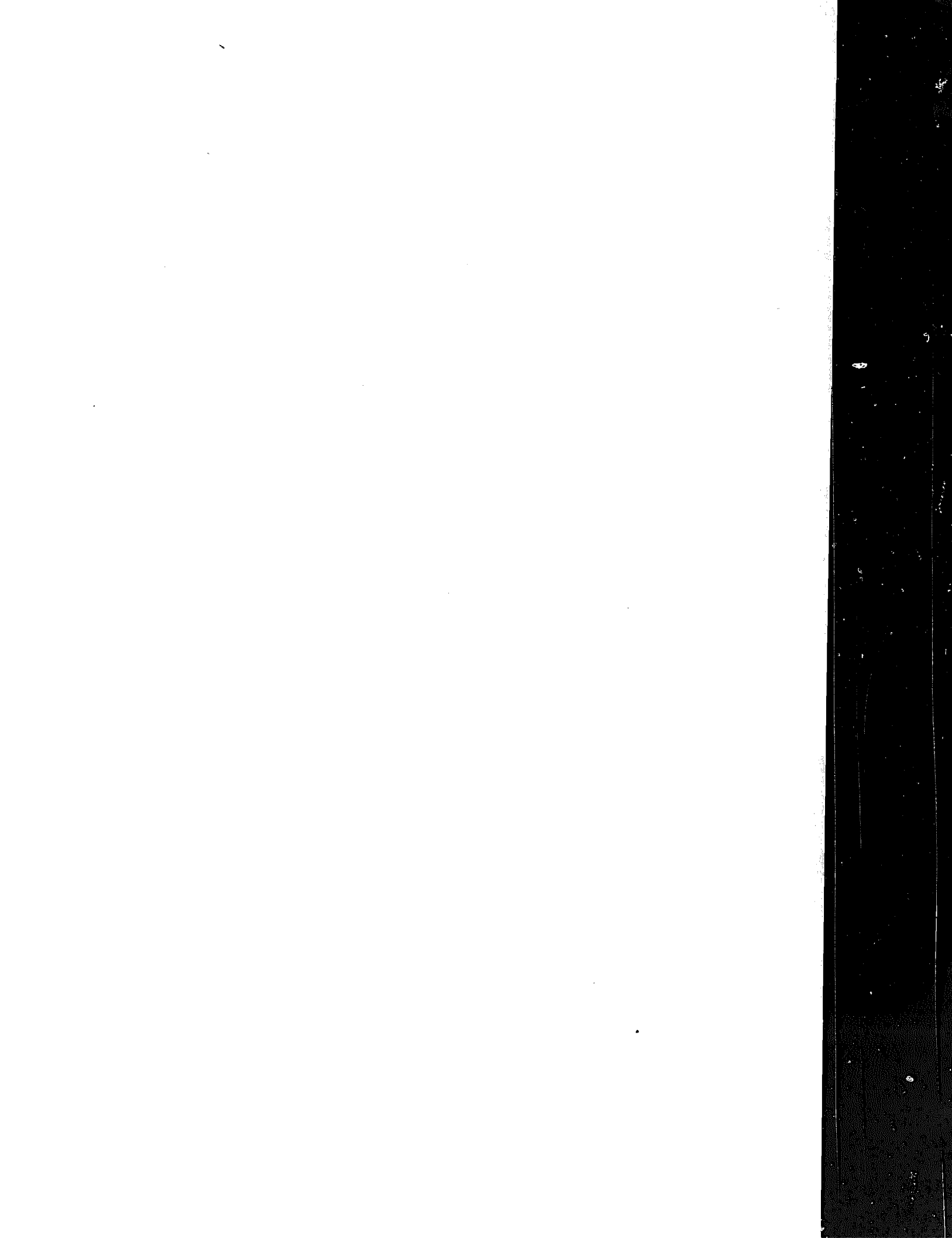
The lists are set in Heaven to-day,
The bright pavilions shine;
Fair hangs thy shield, and none gainsay;
The trumpets sound in sign
That she is thine.

Not tithed with days' and years' decease
He pays thy wage He owed,
But in light stalls of golden peace,
Here in His own abode,
Thy jealous God.

THE PORCH OF LIFE.

WHO does not know the bonny playful child
That looks at him from out the garden shrubs,
Then darts away with timid eagerness
And merry laugh? How fairy-like she seems
And flitting, as the rein-deer of the park!
How willingly she lets herself be sway'd
By every breeze of impulse, following
Whoever gently draws! Though awed by fear,
Repaying love as flowers give out their scent;
Glowing with smiles, as trees burst forth in bud.
Who loves her not? Unwrinkled by life's cares,
Unhurt by all its ills. A happy soul,
Unconscious of herself and wickedness,
Lighthearted as the Church-bell's ringing chimes,

Soft as the passing shadow of a bird.
Few see her happy with her fellow mates,
Or mothering her doll, all neatly dress'd
To satisfy her Mother's honest pride,
Or win a kiss from off her Father's lips,
And doubt not they can sound her simple heart.
And yet who knows these real inhabiters
Of Lilliput—to whom all Nature's new
As the unseen world to us—the singing
Of angel birds, the sweet breath of the flowers,
The changing glories of the coloured sky
Are all most rare? Who knows their inner life,
And sees the folded flower within the bud?
Who feels their beauty is the gift of God,
And, midst their shrinking bashfulness, reveres
(E'en as the distant carols of the lark,
Scarce seen amidst the blue ethereal haze)
Their hidden charm of perfect innocence;
Mourning the sad, though necessary fall
When knowledge shows the child its nakedness?
When first I saw that loveliest sight of all,
A child at prayer, some faint and glimm'ring thought
Of God's great purpose in creating man
Flash'd first across me, as the newborn light
Of distant worlds, the love that He must have
For pure and willing childhood, and for those
His full-arm'd soldiers in a conquer'd town,
Who, in their Captain's absence, had maintain'd
Their early discipline and loyalty of heart.

G. B. M.

THE END.