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THE IRRATIONALE OF SPEECH.*

By a Minute Philosopher.

TO the minute philosopher, who holds that things are strange in proportion to their commonness; that the fit attitude for the human mind is that of habitual wonder; and that true science, so far from explaining phenomena, only shows that they are inexplicable, or likely to be so, not merely as to their final but as to their proximate causes;—to him, I say, few things seem more miraculous than human speech. He has not time to ascend to the higher question of the metaphysics of language; not even to that first question—How did the human race ever make the surprising discovery that objects might be denoted by symbols, by names?—and how did they communicate that discovery to each other? Puzzling as that question is, he is stopt short of it in wonder by a puzzle equally great—by the mere physical fact of articulation, which man has in common with the parrot and the daw. He watches in mute astonishment his own baby's first attempts at speech; and asking wise men the cause thereof, is told that it is done by 'the faculty of imitation.' But though quite enough of a Lockite to believe that the child can pronounce no words but what it hears, he is aware that to state a fact is not to explain it; and that 'man possesses the faculty of imitation,' leads him no farther forward than 'man can copy,' unless three long Latin words contain by their own nature more wisdom than two English ones. He turns to books which treat of the philosophy of voice, like Mr. Hunt's (of which more hereafter), and reads there how one vowel is produced by a certain position of the lips, and another consonant by another position of the tongue, and so forth; and he is interested and instructed, but gets no light whatsoever thrown on his hourly puzzle of *Why* and *How?* Why does little Tommy imitate? What puts it into his small brains? And how does he imitate? By conscious reflection, by experiment, by what?

Desperate, he determines to begin at the beginning, and goes to see the Talking Fish. There, at least, he will find articulation in its most rudimentary, and perhaps unconscious state. And on the whole he is not disappointed. He sees—what is always worth seeing—an animal new to him; a seal ten feet long, beautiful and graceful; he submits to its ancient and fish-like smell, having submitted to that of its English cousins many a time. He learns that its generic name is Stenorynchus, and accepts the same as denoting the narrow oblong nostril, wherein at the first glance it is seen to differ from the common seal. He sees without surprise that it is most docile, affectionate, and playful; and recollects as he watches it, pleasant days on a certain mill-head, when 'Peter' used to come to the whistle, surging along like a great black swan, with head erect, cooing and grunting to be carried, like a great bolster, under his master's arm down to the clear

* *The Unspeakable; or, The Life and Adventures of a Stammerer.* London: Longman and Co.

A Manual of the Philosophy of Voice and Speech. By James Hunt, Ph.D. London: Longman and Co.

mill pool, there to shoot about in the transparent chalk-water after the hapless chub, with the grace of a very Naiad.

Then he begins to examine into the question of its articulating powers; and soon wishes that able editors and correspondents possessed a little more of that minute philosophy which consists in using their own eyes and ears accurately and patiently for five minutes. He hears the beast, when told to say mamma, give a double bark, which sounds very like that word; and when told to say papa, give exactly the same bark. Whereon, being corrected, he repeats it, beginning, as was to be expected, with that mother of all consonants, which may be, according as the imagination chooses to lead the ear, m, b, p, or v. He remarks also that the seal, when excited, begins to repeat the same bark on his own account, and is silenced by a rap on the head, and a 'Don't talk, sir!' from his showman, who of course has a natural dislike that the public should fancy the talking to be a product of nature and not of education. After which he departs, having gained at least one fact—that the primary consonant, in mammals at least, is produced by suddenly opening the just closed lips, and driving the breath out forcibly; easy and natural to a seal, whose lips are very thick, and can join very tightly, to keep out the water. But whether the consonant be b or m, he can tell no more than in the case of the sheep, who says ma—a and ba—a alternately and accidentally; or of the dog, who says bow if he begins his bark with lips closed, and wow if with the lips open in the centre. After which deep cogitations he begins to see more clearly why mamma, papa, and baba, are the first words which all children pronounce; and to consign to the kingdom of Galimatias Herodotus' story of the goat-fed children, who astonished the king of Egypt (searcher for the primæval language), by crying 'Beccos,' 'which in Syrian means bread.' That they began with a 'b,' he doubts not; that they proceeded to a 'k,' and finished with an 's,' unless by overmuch sucking of their poor goat-nurse they had made their dear little tongues too large for their mouths, he doubts much.

But all this helps him not one step toward the question, How does my child get beyond ma—ma, and pa—pa? How does he learn to form those endless combinations of lips, teeth, and tongue, which produce the various consonants? How to modulate the chords and pipe of that most wonderful of all instruments, the human throat (in which all instruments which have been made by clumsy man are at once combined and excelled), so as to produce the endless variety of tones by which he expresses each and every passing emotion? He reads the admirable chapters in Mr. Hunt's book, v., vi., and vii. He reads all other books which one can find; and confesses with David, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made, oh Lord; and that my soul knoweth right well.' That—but beyond that, nothing. Is the child conscious of the different motions of his lips, and does he make them deliberately, as causes intended to produce certain effects? Impossible. I am not conscious of them in myself. Only very slowly, and by careful self-inspection, do I become aware of the motions of my mouth in forming some few of the simpler consonants. As for the compound ones—str, for instance—full consciousness about them is impossible.

It would take hours of careful labour before a looking-glass to determine the respective motions which produce p, b, and m. When has the child had either time or intellect to perform such a process for himself? He is not like the pianist, in whom from long practice the conscious use of the fingers has past into unconsciousness. He is a musician playing the most difficult of all music at sight—and on an instrument, strange to say, which he has never seen. For that he learns, as some deaf and dumb people do, by watching the motion of his parents' lips, I can hardly believe. He watches their eyes, and not their mouths; and if he did watch, all that he could see would be the vowels and the labials; dentals and linguals would be hidden from him. Add to this the curious fact (known

ages ago to the cunning old Brahmins), that most of the consonants can be (and are by most people) formed in two different ways at different times—viz., sometimes on the lips, and sometimes on the teeth. Add again the fact that very few people except the most highly bred women or practised public speakers, use their lips freely, fully, and correctly; and the hypothesis of a conscious imitation, by successive acts of will, becomes impossible; and one is forced to confess the whole process of speech to be utterly transcendental and inexplicable, lying in that region below consciousness—in which, after all, lie all the noblest and most precious powers of our humanity.

And so the minute philosopher leaves the whole question, with fresh respect for the little boy who once posed a certain lord mayor.

For the lord mayor having asked him from his throne of office, 'My boy, are you aware of the nature of an oath?' and the little boy having answered, 'Is that anything good to eat?' his lordship thought proper to examine him in his knowledge of the principles of religion; and first, of course, in his notions concerning that flaming Tartarus which is held by some to be the first principle of religion, limiting and conditioning all others, even to our conceptions of Deity itself.

So the lord mayor asked, with a solemn and even pious countenance, 'My little boy, do you know where bad people go when they die?'

To which that little boy answered with a knowing wink (whether by special instigation of the devil or of another spirit)—

'No, I don't know; nor you don't know. Nobody don't know that.'

After which the lord mayor said no more.

That little boy's answer I have occasion to give to most matters, the more I consider them; and especially to this present one of how Master Tommy speaks.

Now, if there be, as far as the child's consciousness is concerned, no rationale of speech, there may be all the more easily an irrationale thereof—in plain English, a stammer; so easily, indeed, that one wonders, after examining the process of articulation, why all the world does not stammer, sooner or later, more or less; and confesses that Nature takes better care of us than we can of ourselves, and that

> There's a Divinity doth shape our 'words,'
> Rough-hew them as we will.

For the child, when speaking (if we will consider), is like a man walking along the right road; but in the dark. Or like, again, a man managing a delicate machine, of whose construction he knows nothing, save that, to keep it going, he must move a certain handle. But let the man get out of his road, even by a single yard, he can probably never find it again; and all his wanderings to and fro lead him only further from the right path. Or let the machine get out of order in the least, the man who works it by rote becomes helpless. The more he turns his handle, the greater the disturbance becomes; and if he attempts ignorantly to set the machinery right, he breaks or confuses it utterly.

Even so, let the child's vocal organs once lose the habit of pronouncing certain syllables, and they are utterly 'at sea' thenceforth. They have been doing right they knew not how, and the child knew not; and they have no more knowledge of how to do right again than the man in the dark has of getting back into the path. They must struggle and try, they know not what methods, in aimless agitation and contortion. The child's will and reflection cannot help them, for he simply knows nothing about the matter. They used to imitate others of their own accord, and now they have forgotten—what he never remembered. Nay, his will and reflection, when he tries consciously to pronounce the t or b, which has become suddenly impossible, only make the matter worse; for as he becomes agitated and terrified with the sudden sense of impotence, his own horror (for he does feel a real and most painful horror) confuses alike mind and body, and he is as incapable of commanding his thoughts or actions, as a drunkard or a madman. He has lost the road which he never knew. Poor wretch, how shall he find it again?

And how does he lose it?

A puzzling question, when we know that in three cases out of four, stammering may be traced to imitation, conscious or unconscious. That the children and brothers of stammerers are more liable than other people, is well known; and many a sad case may be traced to intentional mimicry. I knew of a young man who used, for his little brothers and sisters' amusement, to act some stammering relation. One day he found that his acting had become grim earnest. He had set up a bad habit, and he was enslaved by it. He was utterly terrified; he looked on his sudden stammers (by a not absurd moral sequence) as a judgment from God for mocking an afflicted person; and suffered great misery of mind, till he was cured by a friend of mine, to whom I shall have occasion to refer hereafter.

Often, again, the imitation is quite unconscious, and the child learns to stammer as he does to speak. If it be asked why the example of the thousand (or rather 2500, for that is about the average in England) who speak plain does not counteract that of the one who does not, the answer is, that it does counteract it, except in those very rare cases where there is some occult predisposition. One of the most frightful stammers I ever knew began at seven years old, and could only be traced to the child's having watched the contortions of a stammering lawyer in a court of justice. But the child had a brain at once excited and weakened by a brain fever, and was of a painfully nervous temperament. And yet—and here is another puzzle—that fact did not make it necessary, or even probable, that he should stammer. One may see every day persons who by all rules ought to stammer, with weak jaws, upper teeth lapping over the under, flaccid diaphragms, the habit of talking with closed teeth, of pouring out their words rapidly, of breathing irregularly, speaking with empty lung, even (what seemingly would make a stammer certain) of speaking during inspiration as well as during expiration, who do not even hesitate. Verily, Nature is kind.

A clever little book, called *The Unspeakable; or, the Adventures of a Stammerer* (a book, by the bye, which should be in the hands of every parent who has a stammering child), sets forth a normal case of this kind.

A lonely, motherless, excitable boy is thrown into circumstances which excite and terrify him, and then packed off to school in company with a man whom he has every reason to fear and hate, and whose face and manner have been in the last four days painfully impressed on his imagination. This man is a frightful stammerer. On the journey he insults and strikes the poor boy, who revenges himself by mimicking his contortions. Arrived at school, he suddenly finds himself unable to pronounce his own name, and begins to be a stammerer. The schoolmaster, a brutal man, who has been prejudiced against him, accuses him of doing it on purpose. 'If you hesitate, sir,' says he, with such a pun as that stamp of man loves, 'I shall not;' and the poor boy is half cut in two with a cane on the spot. The habit is irremediably confirmed thenceforth.

And here I say boldly, that the stupidity and cruelty with which stammering children are too often treated, is enough to rouse one's indignation. They are told 'you can help it if you like.' As if they knew how to help it—as if the very people who speak thus could tell them how to help it. They are asked, 'why cannot you speak like other people?' As if it were not torture enough to them already to see other people speaking as they cannot; to see the rest of the world walking smoothly along a road which they cannot find, and are laughed at for not finding; while those who walk so proudly along it cannot tell them how they keep on it. They are even told 'you do it on purpose.' As if any one was dumb on purpose. 'You think it fine.' As if they were not writhing with shame every time they open their mouths. All this begets in the stammerer a habit of secresy, of feeling himself cut off from his kindred; of brooding over his own thoughts, of fancying himself under a mysterious curse, which sometimes (as I have known it do) tempts

him to actual suicide; sometimes (as I have known it do) seems the possession of a demon. If it proceeded from an organic defect, a deformity, he could be patient. If he had a club-foot, he would know that he could not dance. If he was blind, he would not expect to see. But when he knows that there is no deformity, that his organs are just as perfect as other people's, the very seeming causelessness of the malady makes it utterly intolerable.

And when to this is added, not merely the mockery of his wanton schoolfellows, for in that there is no malice, and if it become too severe the stammerer can generally stop it by licking the offender (and stammerers, from the half maddened state in which they live, are swift and furious strikers, and, failing the first, will have recourse to other weapons, and effectually silence, as I have seen them, a big bully by the threat of putting a knife into his ribs), not merely, I say, the mockery of schoolfellows, but the stupid and unmanly cruelty of schoolmasters, they are indeed most miserable and hopeless, and will be so till the better method of education which the great Arnold inaugurated shall have expelled the last remnants of that brutal mediæval one, unknown to free Greece and Rome, but invented by monks cut off from all the softening influences of family, who looked on self-respect as a sin and on human nature as a foul and savage brute; and therefore, accustomed to self-torture and to self-contempt, thought it no sin to degrade and scourge other people's innocent children. Let all parents and masters, therefore, bear in mind (unless they wish to confirm an incipient stammer) that the patient must be treated with especial kindness. He is almost certain to be of a sensitive and imaginative temperament; if so, he must not be excited or terrified. Otherwise (but these are the rarer cases) he is simply stupid: therefore he will require all the more patient attention. But he must not at the outset be made painfully conscious of his own stammer. To do that is to fix it on his imagination, and therefore, by some strange inner reaction, on his nerves of volition. The more he expects to stammer the more he will do so; aye, he will foresee a long way off the very word which he will not be able to pronounce this time, though the next time, perhaps, he will pronounce it easily; and till he has been taught how to speak (which not one in ten thousand can teach him), it is better to draw his attention away from the whole matter, keep him quiet, make him speak slowly, and see if the evil habit will not die away naturally of itself by mere converse with those who speak aright, as do a hundred temporary tricks of voice and gesture in boys and girls. But if after a year or two the malady remains (and it will hardly remain without becoming worse), the only remedy is a scientific cure. Meanwhile, anything like fear of bodily punishment, or even capriciousness in his teacher's temper and rules, will surely confirm the bad habit. If he is uncertain of the consequences of his own acts; if he is tempted to concealment or falsehood by dread of pain; if he is by any means kept in a state of terror, shame, or even anxiety—then his stammer will grow worse and worse as he grows older, and whatever may have been the physical causes which produced it at first, there will be moral causes enough to extend misuse to every vocal organ in succession.

Of these primary physical causes, as might be expected, very little is known. Imitation cannot be the source of all stammering: some one must have stammered first for others to imitate; but why he did so, and what the causes are which make certain lads more prone to imitate him than others, are quite obscure as yet. Excessive eagerness may be the primary cause of a breath-stammer, and often is so in little children, who speak perfectly plain at other times; but what makes the abuse of the breath set up abuses of the jaw, tongue, and lips, and the stammer become confirmed, we know not. Colombat distinguishes well between the 'begaiement labio-choréique,' or *stuttering*, which makes a man repeat helplessly his 'b' or 't,' and is analogous to St. Vitus's dance in other organs, and the 'begaiement gutturo-tetanique' or *stammering*, which silences and

chokes a man utterly, setting the jaw, contracting his glottis, and (Colombat says, but I altogether doubt it) rendering the tongue also immovable. This frightful lockjaw he traces, as he does the chorea of the lips, to 'a want of harmony between the nervous influence and the muscles'—in fact to some physical weakness of the nerves. Rullier (*Dict. des Sciences Médicales*) goes further, and considers that the cause of the whole evil must be sought for in the brain; and there is much to be said on his side. All which weakens the brain increases a stammer on the spot, especially sexual excesses, and, most of all, that dark vice which is so fearfully common in schools. Wine, too, and anger, as all the world knows, cause a stammer, or at least a stutter, by creating a pressure of blood on the brain; and so in certain cases does paralysis. I know at this moment an old bedridden keeper, in whom a paralytic stroke is producing gradually as true a stammer of the lips and tongue as can be seen in any lad of ten. The clot formed at the base of the brain is, I suppose, pressing and crippling the nerves which supply the jaw and mouth. But beyond these few vague facts I fear we know nothing, and perhaps need not know. Weakness of some portion of the brain is not the cause of stammering, for it can be cured perfectly without meddling with the brain; except where the brain is so generally debilitated (and I have known it so), whether congenitally or by excesses, that the patient cannot give average attention or use average determination. Where there is (as one has had reason to fear in some cases) incipient softening of the base of the brain, nothing beyond alleviation is possible; but such cases, I believe, are all but unknown in children.

I have said that stammering can be cured; I say now that it must be cured. If the stammerer is worth calling a man; if he be anything better than *terræ filius*, an ox on an ass, his life will be one of great trial, even (if he be a clever, sensitive, ambitious person) of acute misery. If any one doubt this assertion, let them read and perpend that book, *The Unspeakable*, which I just mentioned, and their eyes will be opened to a whole wilderness of mental troubles of which they never before dreamed. I have my own reasons for not entering into details; they are at once too painful and too ludicrous—and all the more painful often because they are so ludicrous—to talk over with every one and any one. But this I say, that parents who now-a-days, when a certain and rational cure for stammering is known, let their children grow up uncured, are guilty of the most wanton cruelty. A stammerer's life is (unless he be a very clod) a life of misery, growing with his growth and deepening as his knowledge of life and his aspirations deepen. One comfort he has, truly—that the said life is not likely to be a long one.

Some readers may smile at this assertion: let them think for themselves. How many old people have they ever heard stammer? I have known but two. One is a very slight case; the other a very severe one. He, a man of fortune, dragged on a painful and pitiable existence—nervous, decrepit, effeminate, asthmatic—kept alive by continual nursing. Had he been a labouring man, he would have died thirty years sooner than he did.

The cause is simple enough. Continual depression of spirits wears out body as well as mind. The lungs never acting rightly, never oxygenate the blood sufficiently. The vital energy (whatever that may be) continually directed to the organs of speech, and used up there in the miserable spasms of misarticulation, cannot feed the rest of the body; and the man too often becomes pale, thin, flaccid, with contracted chest and loose ribs and bad digestion. I have seen a stammering boy of twelve stunted, thin as a ghost, and with every sign of approaching consumption. I have seen that boy, a few months after being cured, upright, ruddy, stout, eating heartily, and beginning to grow faster than he had ever grown in his life. I never knew a single case of cure in which the health did not begin to improve there and then.

There were, however, till very

lately, great excuses for parents who left their children to grow up stammerers. The chances of cure were literally worse than none. So mysterious an affliction offered, of course, a noble harvest to quacks of all kinds—almost as great an harvest, indeed, as hysteria itself; and one half wonders why priestly exorcism, or at least mesmerism, has not ere now been offered as a cure. Perhaps our modern spirit-rappers may tell the world yet a secret on the point from the other world; and the Emperor Napoleon or Sir E. B. Lytton set up as rivals to Mr. James Hunt.

Be that as it may, quackery enough, and to spare, has been brought to bear on stammering, proceeding in each case on the quack's method of partial induction—of catching at one phenomenon, and legislating exclusively for that, careless whether it was a symptom or an exciting cause.

The first thing, of course, that quacks perceived, was that stammerers used the tongue in some wrong way or other; and hence all manner of tricks were played with the poor tongue, even by men like Itard, who were no quacks. He put a little metal bridge under the tongue, seemingly to steady it—which cost money, and was a complete failure, as it must have been. Intoning was tried, sometimes with success; and even, so ignorant were some of these empirics, talking with the teeth closed. A New York lady, Mrs. Leigh, advised them to put their tongues against the top of their palates—a secret which both the Prussian and the Dutch governments rewarded by making its owners government professors. Apparently a nasal twang is not considered a defect in those countries. Mrs. Leigh, as a down-easter, would of course look on it as a national elegance. But her secret was known and practised in England years ago, and not without success at times, by an old man down south (who shall be nameless, as he is dead and buried). His method, as I have heard it described, was simple and original. He took his pupil home, demanded secrecy and fifty pounds, entertained him (or otherwise) for a couple of days with filthy stories, and at last initiated him by a poke in the ribs, and 'Stick your tongue against the roof of your mouth, and breathe through your nose. That's the ticket.' By which advice, continued with reading in a chanting drawl, the pupil sometimes profited, and sometimes, again, did not. I knew certainly one case in which he was very successful, but he was helped in it by two circumstances; first, the stammer was never severe, or accompanied with spasm and contortion; and secondly, the patient was a man of extraordinary physical power, who spent, and spends, at least nine months of the year in the open air, hallooing to keepers, dogs, and horses. His tongue, and not his lung, was at fault: had he been a narrow-chested lad, condemned to a high stool and ledgers, a flaccid diaphragm, and bad digestion, the fate of his stammering might have been a very different one. Beside, this old worthy's plan of pinning the tongue to the roof of the mouth, like Mrs. Leigh's, is only to expel vice by vice. The tongue ought not to be pinned there, or anywhere else. It ought to float free, but quiet, on a level with the lower teeth; as it may be seen to do in any one whose articulation is clear and high-bred; and one ought not to be satisfied with—one ought not to believe in the general permanence of—any cure which does not restore fully the right use of the organs, and make the stammerer, who has a mouth (as ninety-nine out of a hundred have) like other people, speak as other people do.

Another trick, advocated by Dr. Arnott, was to open the glottis by prefixing E or A to every word, and drawl the words out as if in singing—successful enough, at times, in slight stammers; as was, in a case I knew, a dodge which sounded equally ludicrous and miraculous. The stammerer—stutterer, rather—who was an unwise, hasty person, had been taught when he stuck at a word, to pull up, and say 'say' before it—whereon out came the long tortured word, alive and well, to the amusement of the offender, in whom 'Sir! your abominable kick-kick-kick—say conduct!' moved anything but indignation or contrition.

But in the great majority of cases all attempts at cure were failures. One bad habit had been temporarily expelled by another; and the consequence was this. As long as the fresh trick which had been taught compelled the patient to speak slowly and with attention to his words, so long was he benefited: as soon as he began to speak freely and with ease, all his old bad habits returned, in spite of the new one.

The strongest proof that all such empirical methods failed, is this—that stammerers, some twenty years ago threw themselves in despair on the tender mercies of the regular surgeon, and submitted to be far worse treated by him than by the quacks.

The doctors had an excuse. They were quite disgusted with the quacks. Stammering, they said, was a disease; and as such came under their jurisdiction. Unfortunately, they forgot to examine first whether stammering was a disease. If they had done so fairly, they would have found that it was no more part of their business to cure it, than to teach fencing, or dancing, or singing, or any other conscious and scientific use of bodily organs. But stammering was a disease—a disease of the tongue; and twenty years ago the knife was the cure for most of the ills which flesh is heir to. So on the strange hypothesis that the way to make an organ work healthily, is to hack, scar, and maim the same, they tried a series of experiments (not always in *corpore vili*), dividing muscles, cutting out triangular wedges from the root of the tongue, and what not. Dieffenbach wrote a book on this last operation, invented curious instruments for performing it, and being a skilful man, performed it again and again—somewhat to his own surprise, it seems—without killing his victim. Mr. Yearsley, in England, had his methods of hacking and hewing at that unruly member, such as even St. James, however severely he may have judged it, would scarcely have wished to see carried on in flesh and blood. Mr. Braid scrambled with Yearsley and Dieffenbach for the honour of the discovery: and the net result was this. As long as the wretched creatures were stiff from their wounds, they spoke somewhat more plainly. As soon as the tongue was healed, it began to fly about in the mouth once more, and with rapid speaking the stammering returned.

The great Liston, to his honour, lifted up his voice against these stupid brutalities (one can use no milder term when one thinks of the useless torture to which people were put, because medical men would meddle with matters beyond their province, and having meddled, would not take the trouble carefully to investigate the matter). Harvey, Vincent, and others, protested likewise against the equally rash plan of cutting out the tonsils and uvula; and gradually the knife fell into merited disrepute: but not till after a man or two had died from mutilation of the tongue.

Meanwhile the true method of cure, or at least its elements, had suggested itself to a hard-headed gentleman of Dorsetshire, a Mr. Hunt, the father of a man to whom this writer is under deep obligations, which he here most publicly confesses—who, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, set himself to cure a stammering friend, and by dint of minute philosophy—in plain English, using his eyes and his common sense—succeeded. Delighted with his first attempt, he went on with his plan, and left college to set up as a doctor of stammering—not without angry barks from the medical profession.

He found, however, among them two valuable friends, Sir John Forbes and the great Liston, who were true to him throughout his life. One letter of Liston's to him is so valuable, as a testimonial, that I shall insert it entire:—

> I have with much pleasure witnessed Mr. Hunt's process for the removal of stammering. It is founded on correct physiological principles, is simple, efficacious, and unattended by pain or inconvenience. Several young persons have in my presence been brought to him for the first time; some of them could not utter a sentence, however short, without hesitation and frightful contortions of the features. In less than half an hour, after following Mr. Hunt's instructions, they have been able to speak and to read continuously, long

passages without difficulty. Some of these persons had previously been subjected to painful and unwarrantable incisions, and had been left, with their palates horribly mutilated, hesitating in their speech, and stuttering as before.

When to two such names as Liston and Forbes are added those of Robert Chambers and John Forster, the reader has authority enough before him to make him at least read patiently what this writer has to say on a subject which most approach with distrust and prejudice; and not unjustly, considering the amount of unwisdom which has been spoken and acted over it.

The Elder Hunt's 'System' as he called it, is a very pretty instance of sound inductive method hit on by simple patience and common sense.

He first tried to find out how people stammered; and for this purpose had to find out how people spoke plain — to compare the normal with the abnormal use of the organs. But this involved finding out what the organs used were, a matter little understood thirty years ago by scientific men, still less by Hunt, who had only a Cambridge education and mother wit to help him. However, he found out; and therewith found out, by patient comparing of health with unhealth, a fact which seems to have escaped all before him—that the abuse neither of the tongue nor of any other single organ, is the cause of stammering — that the whole malady is so complicated that it is very difficult to perceive what organs are abused at any given moment—quite impossible to discover what organ first went wrong, and set the rest wrong. For nature, in the perpetual struggle to return to a goal to which she knows not the path, is ever trying to correct one morbid action by another; and to expel vice by vice; ever trying fresh experiments of mis-speaking, and failing, alas! in all: so that the stammer may take very different forms from year to year; and the boy who began to stammer with the lip, may go on to stammer with the tongue, then with the jaw, and last and worst of all, with the breath; and in after-life, try to rid himself of one abuse by trying in alternation all the other three.

To these four abuses—of the lips, of the tongue, of the jaw, and of the breath—old Mr. Hunt reduced his puzzling mass of morbid phenomena; and I for one believe his division to be sound and exhaustive.

He saw, too, soon, that stammering was no organic disease, but simply the loss of a habit (always unconscious) of articulation; and his notion of his work was naturally, and without dodge or trick, to teach the patient to speak consciously, as other men spoke unconsciously.

He was somewhat hindered in his judgment as to what right articulation might be, by the want of that anatomical knowledge which ought to have revealed his method to the regular medical man. Too old to supply the defect in himself, he supplied it in his son by giving him a surgeon's education; the fruit of which, and of much curious thought and wide reading on the whole matter, may be found in his *Philosophy of Voice and Speech*, just published—a book which should be in the hands, not only of surgeons, but of public singers, public speakers, schoolmasters, and above all, of preachers.

It may be seen from all this that there is no secret in Mr. Hunt's 'system,' except in as far as all natural processes are a secret to those who do not care to find them out. Any one who will examine for himself how he speaks plain, and how his stammering neighbour does not, may cure him, as Mr. Hunt did, and 'conquer nature by obeying her.' But he will not do it. He must give a lifetime to the work, as he must to any work which he wishes to do well. And he had far better leave the work to the few (when I say few, I know none but my friend Dr. James Hunt) who have made it their ergon and differential energy throughout life. Still less will those succeed who, having got hold of a few of old Mr. Hunt's rules, fancy that they know his secret. Old Mr. Hunt's secret was, a shrewd English brain, backed by bulldog English determination, to

judge from a remarkable bust of him which exists, and which would have made him do many other things, had he chosen, besides curing stammering. And the man who tries to trade on his conclusions, without possessing his faculty, or having worked through his experiments, will be like him who should try to operate in the hospital theatre after cramming up a book on anatomy; or throw himself into a pond after hearing a lecture on swimming. He will apply his rules in the wrong order, and to the wrong cases; he will be puzzled by a set of unexpected and unclassified symptoms, and be infallibly wrong in his diagnosis.

For instance. Put two men before a second-hand pretender of this kind, one of whom (to give a common instance) stammers from a full lung, the other from an empty one. Each requires to be started on a different method, and he will most probably (unconscious of the difference between them) try the same method for both; while if the empty-lunged man have a hard round chest, and the full-lunged man a soft and flat one, he will never find out which is which. The matter is a study by itself; and had Dr. James Hunt in his book told all he knew of the methods of cure, he would not have injured himself one whit—except in as far as he might have raised up a set of quacks, whether medical or other, trading on his name, and bringing him into disrepute by their failures.

Therefore perhaps he was wise to hold his tongue. Certainly, had his father held his tongue it would have been better; for on his death a host of pretenders sprang up, all, of course, professing his system; and all, as far as I have ever heard (and Heaven knows I have had cause to hear enough), failing, and ducking under again into their native mud.

One man, a Wesleyan deacon, or some such functionary, used old Mr. Hunt's testimonials, boldly announced himself his successor, and received without a word of explanation, inquirers and pupils who came to seek him.

This was a 'pretty sharp state of business,' as our transatlantic brethren say; and one is puzzled to guess whether (and if so, in what terms) he related his 'experiences and exercises' on the subject to his class-leaders or other father-confessors. But probably he had arrived at that state of sinless perfection boasted of by some of his sect, in which such legal and carnal distinctions as honesty and dishonesty vanish before the spiritual illumination of the utterly renewed man. Whether he practises now or not, I neither know nor care. I suppose he has gone the way of other pretenders.

And now one word as to Dr. Hunt, son of the worthy old Dorsetshire gentleman, and author of the book mentioned at the head of this article. I could say very much in his praise which he would not care to have said, or the readers of *Fraser* perhaps to hear. But as to his power of curing the average of stammerers, I can and do say this—that I never have yet seen him fail where as much attention was given as a schoolboy gives to his lessons. Of course the very condition of the cure—the conscious use of the organs of speech—makes it depend on the power of self-observation, on the attention, on the determination, on the general intellectual power, in fact, of the patient; and a stupid or volatile lad will give weary work. Yet I never have seen even such go away unrelieved. For nature, plastic and kind, slips willingly into the new and yet original groove, and becomes what she was meant all along to be; and though to be conscious of the cause of every articulate sound which is made, even in a short sentence, is a physical impossibility, yet a general watchfulness and attention to certain broad rules enable her, as she always is inclined to do, to do right on the whole. For after all, right is pleasanter than wrong, and health more natural than disease; and the proper use of any organ, when once the habit is established, being in harmony with that of all other organs, and with the whole universe itself, slips on noiselessly and easily, it knows not how, and the old bad habit of years dies out in a month, like the tricks which a

child learns one day to forget the next.

But, over and above what Mr. Hunt or any other man can teach; stammerers, and those who have been stammerers need above all men to keep up that *mentem sanam in corpore sano*, which is now-a-days called, somewhat offensively, muscular Christianity—a term worthy of a puling and enervated generation of thinkers, who prove their own unhealthiness by their contemptuous surprise at any praise of that health which ought to be the normal condition of the whole human race.

But whosoever can afford an enervated body and an abject character, the stammerer cannot. With him it is a question of life and death. He must make a man of himself, or be liable to his tormentor to the last.

Let him therefore eschew all base perturbations of mind; all cowardice, servility, meanness, vanity, and hankering after admiration; for these all will make many a man, by a just judgment, stammer on the spot. Let him, for the same reason, eschew all anger, peevishness, haste, even pardonable eagerness. In a word, let him eschew the root of all evil, selfishness and self-seeking; for he will surely find that whensoever he begins thinking about himself, then is the dumb devil of stammering close at his elbow. Let him eschew, too, all superstition, whether of that abject kind which fancies that it can please God by a starved body and a hang-dog visage, which pretends to be afraid to look mankind in the face, or of that more openly self-conceited kind which upsets the balance of the reason by hysterical raptures and self-glorifying assumptions. Let him eschew, lastly, all which can weaken either nerves or digestion; all sexual excesses, all intemperance in drink or in food, whether gross or effeminate, remembering that it is as easy to be unwholesomely gluttonous over hot slops and cold ices as over beef and beer.

Let him avoid those same hot slops (to go on with the *corpus sanum*), and all else which will injure his wind and his digestion, and let him betake himself to all manly exercises which will put him into wind, and keep him in it. Let him, if he can, ride, and ride hard, remembering that (so does horse exercise expand the lungs and oxygenate the blood) there has been at least one frightful stammerer ere now who spoke perfectly plainly as long as he was in the saddle. Let him play rackets and fives, row, and box; for all these amusements strengthen those muscles of the chest and abdomen which are certain to be in his case weak. Above all, let him box; for so will 'the noble art of self-defence' become to him over and above a healing art. If he doubt this assertion, let him (or indeed any narrow-chested porer over desks) hit out right and left for five minutes at a point on the wall as high as his own face (hitting, of course, not from the elbow, like a woman, but from the loin, like a man, and keeping his breath during the exercise as long as he can), and he will soon become aware of his weak point by a severe pain in the epigastric region, in the same spot which pains him after a convulsion of stammering. Then let him try boxing regularly, daily; and he will find that it teaches him to look a man not merely in the face, but in the very eye's core; to keep his chest expanded, his lungs full of air; to be calm and steady under excitement; and lastly, to use all those muscles of the torso on which deep and healthy respiration depends. And let him, now in these very days, join a rifle-club, and learn in it to carry himself with the erect and noble port which is all but peculiar to the soldier, but ought to be the common habit of every man; let him learn to march; and more, to trot under arms without losing breath; and by such means make himself an active, healthy, and valiant man.

Meanwhile, let him learn again the art of speaking; and having learnt, think before he speaks, and say his say calmly, with self-respect, as a man who does not talk at random, and has a right to a courteous answer. Let him fix in his mind that there is nothing on earth to be ashamed of, save doing wrong, and no being to be feared save Almighty God; and so go on

making the best of the body and the soul which Heaven has given him, and I will warrant that in a few months his old misery of stammering will lie behind him, as an ugly and all but impossible dream when one awakes in the morning.

One word more and I have done. I said that this book of Dr. Hunt's should be in the hands of all clergymen. I say it again. From it they will get some hints at least as to the strange mechanism and the right employment of those organs of voice which they so sadly abuse every Sunday. Abuse—yes. No milder word can be employed. There is no class of men who, on an average, neglect more those organs which God has given them, so they hold, for the most momentous of purposes. It raises strange thoughts in more men than *Habitans in Sicco*, the listening to an average sermon; aye, to nine sermons out of ten. That a large class of men should believe that they have the power of saving human beings from endless torture by the use of their tongues, and then not only employ for that purpose the dull talk which is to be heard in average pulpits, but also deliver the same with a voice and manner which sets a whole congregation asleep, and which would destroy the custom of a barrister, an auctioneer, and even of a penny pieman, or a cheap Jack at a country fair.—This does seem to some one of the most astounding facts of an enlightened age; one which might move tears, had some people not secret reasons for merely smiling at the poor man's vast assumptions, and his futile method of carrying them out.

It is a question, no doubt, whether the average preacher ought to be taught how to preach. For if his matter be not worth hearing, still more if it be in some respects false and pernicious, it is undoubtedly a boon to society that he delivers himself so badly that he touches no hearts, and so does no harm. Many a preacher has one heard utter words at which one has looked anxiously round the church, in hopes of finding as many as possible asleep—and not, thank Heaven, in vain. But supposing that a man has (as very many have) something to say worth saying, why will he take no trouble whatsoever to learn the right method of saying it? Look at an average Low-Church clergyman in an average country pulpit. Why, when he is uttering words which if true—and a great deal of them is but too true—should make angels weep and devils tremble, are his eyes fixed on his book, his chin bent down on his breast, his jaw fixed as by paralysis, his lips hanging motionless and apart, and his voice droning forth in a monotone as of a bee in a bottle? Not so did Henry Martyn and Simeon, not so did Wesley or Whitfield, strike barbed arrows to the hearts of living men. But they believed what they said, and perhaps the poor man does not. Not that he is a conscious hypocrite: Heaven forbid! But he does not believe: he only believes in believing. He has got his doctrine by rote, at second-hand, out of a book. It is not life of his life, and thought of his thought; if you translated it for him out of its conventional school phraseology into plain everyday English he would not know it again; if, instead of talking of 'sanctification,' you spoke of 'being made good,' he would stare at you, and suspect Arminianism, Pantheism, Pottheism, or the last found heresy of which he has read in his religious paper. No. He does not believe, in the sense in which Wesley believed; and he is half conscious of that fact at moments, for every now and then he wakes himself up with a half-impatient jerk, and tries to lay a little emphasis on a proposition or an article—as who should say in his heart, 'No! I AM in earnest after all, and I'll show it. I say, Christian brethren, don't you see I am in earnest?' Poor man! He cannot do it. He knows not the trick of art: and the trick of nature—the self-taught eloquence which comes from intense and passionate conviction, from clear imaginative vision, he has it not, and never will have. That eloquence of belief we cannot give him; but in default of that shall we send him to Mr. Hunt, and subscribe for a few elocution lessons for him? Shall we awaken him to the ugly fact

that he knows simply nothing about the trade which he professes? that having the most momentous of all duties to do, he has never learnt or tried to learn how to do that same, from the day he entered orders till now? Perhaps we may, if he will promise us one thing —not to use his faculty, when he acquires it, for the purpose of reviling and insulting his congregation. The smallest child knows how to scold, and so may that man if once he finds his tongue.

Let us go to another church, from the pulpit whereof proceeds noise enough, which may betoken, and as it happens really does betoken, earnestness. There raves and screams a young curate of the opposite school. *Heu quantum mutatus ab illo!* For twenty years ago, when there were giants in the earth, among Tractarians as among others, stood in that pulpit a great genius and a great orator, who knew how to use his voice. Perfectly still he stood, disdaining the slightest show of passion, trusting to eye and voice alone—to the eye, which looked through and through every soul with the fascination of a serpent; to the voice, most sweet and yet most dreadful, which was monotonous indeed: but monotonous with full intent and meaning, carrying home to the heart, with its delicate and deliberate articulation, every syllable of words which one would have too gladly escaped; words which laid bare the inmost fibres of the heart, and showed to each his basest and his weakest spot, and with their passionless and yet not untender cynicism, made the cheeks of strong men flame, whom all the thunders of a Spurgeon would only have roused to manly scorn.

Oh, thou great and terrible—sophist, shall I call thee? or prophet? Why art thou worse than dead to Englishmen? Why is thy once sweet voice all jarred, thy once pure taste all fouled, by bitter spite and insult to thy native land? Why hast thou taken thyself in the net of thine own words, and bewildered thy subtle brain with thy more subtle tongue? I know not, and perhaps I need not know; but this I know, and gaze astounded as I see it, that raw lads are dreaming that they can stand forsooth, painfully posturing and balancing, where thou didst fall perforce; and that they can carry out the ideal which, after devoting thy life to it, thou hadst to relinquish with bitter grief as impossible. And this I know, that they are trying now, as a last despairing effort, to 'rouse the masses' by screaming.

Truly does the whirligig of time bring round its revenges. Twenty years ago—so that great orator taught us—we were to leave passion and excitement to Dissenters, and preach as Anglican priests, who spoke not of themselves, but, calm and motionless, delivered the oracular and changeless fiat of the Church. But those were days in which the great man could write a book, exposing bitterly enough the quaint likeness between 'Romanism and popular Protestantism.' Now all tides are changed. The great man is—we know where too well; the little man his disciple, who dare not follow him into the reality, can stay at home content, and play with the Sham; and having discovered that Romish priests use, and always have used, those very impassioned appeals to the emotions which were once so shocking in Dissenters, copies gladly, of course not the dissenter, but the priest.

With this difference—that the Romish priest has learnt how to do it, and he has not. He is trying at this moment certainly to use his lips like that most admirable of preachers, the Bishop of Oxford; but the result is curiously different. Where the Bishop pours a noble stream of sound, round as a bell, from the bottom of a full lung, the curate is forcing a stream as flat as a ribbon from the top of an empty one. He has not wind enough to fill the vowel-sounds; and the over-action of his lips, which is meant for earnestness, caricatures the consonants; so that one hears but half of his pitiful story, save when his voice cracks into a falsetto, and symbolizes with its howlings the cries of those lost souls upon whose torments he is expatiating. Alas! alas! If a really well-meaning young man will think that the business of an

English clergyman is to frighten women, at least let him learn how to fulfil his mission without ruining his own lungs and throat. Shall we subscribe to send him too to Mr. Hunt? At least, let him go for an hour to any good Romish chapel, to hear how the burly preacher there contrives, by use of his jaw as free and strong as when he is masticating his dinner (which, to judge from his complexion, is not a bad one), to make the Irishwomen forget their fleas, and listen. Or let him go for an hour into the Old Bailey, and watch any distinguished member of the bar. I have one now before my mind's eye, but I will mention no names, where all know their work, and can do it. He has to live by his lips, like a Dissenting preacher; and therefore, like him, he has taken the trouble to learn how to do so. Watch him, how he sets up his chest defiantly, stoutly, and calls a full-toned word up out of its depths, and catches it in the great unctuous cup of that loose lower lip, and rolls it about there genially, lovingly, till every atom of every consonant has told upon your ear. Watch the light of his eye, the real humour playing round his nostril and his cheek, the sham pathos, so perfectly sham that it does as well as real; the racy English, the practised power and ease of the whole man; and then ask yourself, is it not worth while to take as much trouble about doing God's work, as that man takes that he may simply earn his bread?

As for the great Mr. Spurgeon—who, after all, though the curate knows it not, is his model—he must not enter unhallowed walls that he may hear him. So he must be content to learn from those who can tell him by ear and eye-sight that he owes his extraordinary success chiefly to the two physical facts, that he has a very large chest, and that he keeps himself upright; and so contrives to do the duty which lies nearest him—of making himself at least heard. We will add to this that inestimable gift of nature, which Aristotle (in those wise Ethics which the curate read at Oxford) calls Banausia; a gift of which it is written—

Mit der Dummheit kämpfen die Götter selbst vergebens.

And again—

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

But that gift, to do the curate justice, he does not possess by nature; nor will he, I am sure, wish to acquire it. Wherefore, as he will never equal Mr. Spurgeon, he had better give up imitating him, and learn how to speak in the pulpit—as he can very well when he is out of it—like a Christian gentleman. And if he fancies that the strain of making five hundred persons listen to him, instead of one, precludes that possibility, let him study Mr. Hunt's book, and he will find himself mistaken.

C. K.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

In Memoriam.

THE recent death of this distinguished and venerable philosopher has been acknowledged in every part of Europe and of the world where the physical sciences are cultivated or valued, as a loss not easily to be supplied, and as creating a blank in the science of the age not readily to be filled up. In any isolated departments of science many men of equal, or superior, qualifications might be named to sustain the honour of those branches; but no one who, like Humboldt, was gifted to advance and adorn them all together.

Of many a confessedly *great* man it is often asked, and not very easily answered, what has he *done?* An individual, in fact, often attains a high reputation, built up as it were out of a vast number of minor claims, each in itself but small, yet in the aggregate rising to a large amount; while, perhaps, it is more the general character of high ability pervading them all, and not unfrequently even that high *ability* alone, evinced less in actual great *results* than in undeniable manifestation of *power* to achieve them, which constitutes the basis of a high reputation.

But with the subject of this brief memoir the case was very different. Humboldt affords an instance of a man singularly and strongly marked in his whole life and character by earnest and entire devotion to one single great object—the vision and aspiration of his earliest years—worked out in untiring detail through his middle life, and carried on to its completion and fulfilment in the unusual vigour of his long-protracted age. In one word, the study of universal nature in all her variety, in all her minuteness, and all her vastness, and the final bringing together of the assemblage and accumulation of these treasures of knowledge in the display of their connexion and unity in one grand whole, laying an enduring groundwork for the loftiest contemplations of which the human soul is susceptible.

Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt, the younger son of Major von Humboldt (who had been in the service of Frederic the Great), was born in 1769, September 14th, at Berlin. After some early instruction at home under a tutor, accompanied by his elder brother Wilhelm, he entered the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where his preference led him to the studies of natural science and political economy, while his brother followed those literary and philological pursuits in which he afterwards became so eminent. Thence, in 1788, he removed to the more celebrated University of Göttingen, where he pursued an extended course of the same studies. It was here that in the son-in-law of the celebrated scholar Heyne, he found a friend, George Forster, who had been the companion of Captain Cook in his second voyage, and whose adventurous spirit as well as his skill in botany and natural history, tended greatly to awaken Humboldt's desire for travelling, and to give it a scientific direction.

From his earliest youth, Humboldt informs us, it had been his earnest wish to explore untrodden regions of the earth. In the first instance, the mere desire of adventure, the spirit of enterprise, all the more intensely stimulated when not devoid of a degree of danger, were perhaps his only motives. To these were added, as his mind expanded, the increasing desire of knowledge; and on more close and accurate study, a perception of existing deficiencies and an estimate of those special quarters and regions in which the blank most imperatively demanded filling up. He was particularly impressed with the great extent of the earth's surface of which little or nothing was known, and much remained to be explored even in better-known regions.

Thus, at the age of eighteen, he tells us, he had fully conceived the idea of those labours to which the main part of his after life was devoted, and the acquaintance which he formed with the kindred spirit of George Forster, stimulated and

animated to the utmost the ideas he had already so vividly conceived, besides materially aiding their accomplishment by advice and information on points connected with natural history and the collection of specimens. In company with this friend, he made excursions through several parts of Europe, studied the volcanic phenomena of Italy and Sicily, the Alps and the banks of the Rhine, and in 1790 visited Holland and England. His first publication was a dissertation, the result of these excursions, *On certain Basaltic Formations on the Rhine*, 1790.

His destined profession was that of official employment in the mines under the Prussian Government, with a view to which he pursued the study of mineralogy at Freiburg, under the celebrated Werner; and in 1792 was subsequently appointed superintendent of mines at Beyreuth. During his continuance there, he contributed various minor publications to natural and mineralogical science. But his ardent desire for travelling overcame every consideration of professional advancement; and, in consequence, he resigned his employment in the mines in 1795.

Disappointed in his hope of joining in two proposed expeditions under the French Government—one to Egypt and Syria, the other to the South Pacific—which were frustrated by the convulsed state of Europe at that period, four years elapsed before he was able to put his project in execution. The time, however, was not lost; he diligently employed it in prosecuting those preparatory studies which enabled him to apprehend in their due relations all the varied and important points of science which would claim attention, and open new fields of research; while the study and practice of methods of observation, and the use of physical and astronomical instruments and apparatus, were essential preparatives for the course of investigation he had planned.

In 1797 he remained for some time at Vienna, preparing for botanical excursions by studying the collections of exotic plants in that city; after which he had the advantage of travelling through Salzburg and Styria in company with the great geologist Von Buch, and was about crossing the Tyrolean Alps, when the breaking out of war in Italy forced them to abandon an excursion into that country. During the two next years he resided temporarily in various parts of Europe, but especially at Jena, where he formed the acquaintance of Göthe and Schiller. He published *Researches into the Structure of Muscular and Nervous Fibre*, and *The Chemical Processes of Life* (1797), as well as *Investigations on Various Gases*, then imperfectly known (1799), evincing the very varied as well as accurate nature of his studies.

Having, as we have seen, been disappointed in obtaining any opening in connexion with Government expeditions, he now determined to rely on his own resources. His friendship with M. Bonpland enabled them jointly to concert plans of exploration. With that eminent botanist he spent some time in France, with the intention of making an excursion into Africa and the East; but here again various difficulties interposed; and finally, the continent of South America appeared to offer in many respects the most eligible field for their operations, and for which they made their preparations accordingly; and in 1799, after traversing a considerable part of Spain, they finally embarked at Corunna for the Azores. The voyage, so far from being wearisome, or lost time, was to Humboldt a source of ever-new interest. The aspects and productions of the ocean, the phenomena of the atmosphere, the views of the heavens under a tropical sky, were all topics of fresh research and deeply instructive study, of which he knew how to avail himself to the utmost.

In a sketch like the present, we of course make no pretension of following the travellers through the varied scenes of their explorations: from the shores of Spain to the Canary Islands, and the Peak of Teneriffe; whence crossing the Atlantic, the more arduous task of exploring the South American Continent occupied them nearly four years;—commencing from the northern coast, and investigating successively the mountainous regions

of those parts, the Llanos and Pampas, the rivers and marshes; studying earthquake phenomena in the Carraccas; and comparing the volcanic phenomena of the Andes with those of Mexico; investigating the physical aspects of the West Indian Islands. We can only observe, in general, throughout every part of these wanderings, how rich a field—then almost entirely new to scientific research—was opened to their inquiries. These vast regions, as to their physical structure and conditions, as well as their animal and vegetable productions, hitherto for the most part very little examined, were more fully disclosed to their research; and no opportunity was lost of examining and registering all the variety of interesting physical phenomena and diversified forms of animated nature, which in such endless profusion presented themselves for examination.

During these lengthened explorations the masses of collected specimens, geological, botanical, zoological, and miscellaneous, became by degrees enormous. The difficulties of packing and conveying them were great, and the fear of losing them still more a source of anxiety to the indefatigable collectors. Triplicate sets were prepared and packed; one set sent, as opportunity offered, to the United States, for shipment to England; another to France or Spain; while the third continually accompanied the travellers on a long train of mules, and was anxiously kept under their own eyes. Of the two former sets, in the state of warfare in which the European Powers were then involved, it was not surprising that many failed in reaching their destination, or that few, in fact, were preserved or recovered; but it is satisfactory to know that a valuable portion (chiefly those collected from the shores of the Pacific) were secured to science owing to the generous exertions of Sir Joseph Banks with the British Government; to whom Humboldt pays the graceful acknowledgment, that 'amidst the political agitations of Europe he unceasingly laboured to strengthen the bonds of union between scientific men of all nations.'

Gifted with a constitution and bodily powers of unusual vigour, he encountered not only without inconvenience, but with pleasure, the difficulties and privations which beset a life of wandering in regions for the most part untrodden by civilized visitants; and even in the more frequented parts having to make his way among persons of very different pursuits and ideas, to whom the objects of his mission could not but appear strange, even if they did not excite prejudice and hostility. Yet we are surprised in many parts of the narrative at the apparent ease and familiarity with which he seems to have conciliated the goodwill of the various grades and classes of persons with whom he was brought in contact. The vivid and glowing language in which he dilates on the surpassing richness and variety of objects presented to his observation in the new scenes thus opened, and the diversified forms of animal and vegetable life with which every part of nature in those regions teems, cannot be effaced, even at this distance of time, from the memory of those who perused his descriptions with that eager curiosity which they excited at the time of their publication, when those countries were so little known, and when vast varieties of plants and animals now familiar to us in our zoological collections and botanical conservatories, were new to European science.

Few writers have combined in a higher degree powers of scientific investigation with those of graphic and forcible description.

In the perusal we seem actually present at the scenes of his toilsome struggle through the tropical forests, and his strange bivouacs under their shelter. Thus, to recall a single scene:—We seem to belong to the party on the banks of one of the tributaries to the Orinoco—to see the crocodiles and other aquatic neighbours attracted to the banks by the light of their fires—where the hammocks are slung on oars; we follow with all their anxiety the footmarks of a tigress and her young ones left in the sand when going to the river to drink—we hear the terrific howlings of the jaguars and pumas responded to by the fearful cries of alarm from the peccaris, the monkeys, and the

sloths—the screams of the curassao, the parakka, and other birds; and we observe the dog ceasing his bark and cowering under the hammock as, amid the din, he distinguishes the growl of the distant tiger.

Yet animate dand encouraged by the fearlessness of the native guides, they snatch a brief repose. On the return of day all these alarms are effaced by the contemplation of the marvellous scene of matchless beauty which the tangled depths of the tropical forests present; when, as Humboldt expresses it, 'the explorer can hardly define the varied emotions which crowd upon his mind'—the deep silence of the solitude—the beauty and contrast of the forms—the gaudy plumage of innumerable varieties of birds—the unceasing vigour and freshness which ever clothe tropical vegetation amid the humid heat which fosters it; and where it 'might be said that the earth, overloaded with vegetable productions, cannot allow them space to unfold themselves; the trunks of the trees everywhere covered and concealed by a thick clothing of parasitic verdure;' the lianas which creep on the ground also climbing to the tops of the highest trees, and hanging in festoons from one to another at the height of a hundred feet. These and various other plants so interlaced together that the botanist may often be misled to confound the flowers belonging to one with those of another; while through the dense and compact mass of foliage no solar ray is able to penetrate; and the whole journey is performed in a kind of dim twilight under trees of stupendous height and size, of which no European forests convey any idea; streaming with continual vapour, and the humid air scented with the delicious perfumes of flowers and odoriferous resins.

Amid his graphic descriptions on the one hand, the eye seems fatigued in the endeavour to stretch to the extreme and immeasurable extent of the level llanos and pampas; on the other, the breathing seems oppressed under the dense canopy of vegetation in the forests, where the heated and confined air is loaded with steaming exhalations from swamps and pools swarming with aquatic life, and tangled jungle through which the vast boas, and more fearful venomous snakes, twine their noiseless but deadly path; while air and vegetation are equally alive with every variety of insect existence.

Such are some few of the ideas so vividly conjured up, and the recollection of which may serve to convey a more distinct impression of the arduous labours of the explorer, now in traversing these depths of primeval forest, now on the bleak ridges of the Cordilleras, and amid the more dangerous and marvellous conformations of the seats of volcanic action, pursuing with unwearied perseverance, indomitable courage, and enlightened intelligence those objects of scientific inquiry which were not left to chance discovery, but sought out on a deliberate and well-arranged plan.

Devoted as he was to the study of nature, it would be an entire mistake to regard Humboldt as less interested in questions regarding the condition of men and nations; on the contrary, he clearly viewed those subjects in the comprehensive light of his philosophy as among the essential parts and even highest departments of the study of universal nature. Not to dwell on the volumes devoted to those topics which form part of the series of his results, even in the *Personal Narrative* he in many places discusses with deep interest and emphasis the condition, and speculates on the origin and prospects, of the various tribes of the human family with whom he was brought into contact, and for whom he always expresses the most kindly interest.

To cite a single instance, we cannot find this spirit better exemplified than in his reflections on the distinctions between the free and independent Indians of South America, whom he will not call savages, and the '*reduced*' Indians in the missions, and nominally Christians. The former he represents as living under chieftains peacefully united in villages, and cultivating the soil which, in the exuberance of a tropical climate, produces abundance of food with little or no labour. He contends that very false ideas are dif-

fused by calling the one 'Christian,' 'reduced,' or 'civilized,' and the other 'pagan,' 'savage,' and barbarous. He observes:—

> The reduced Indian is often as little of a Christian as the independent Indian is of an idolator. Both alike occupied by the wants of the moment betray a marked indifference for religious sentiments, and a secret tendency to the worship of nature and her powers which belongs to the earliest infancy of nations.*

In 1804 the travellers returned to Europe, and Humboldt, conjointly with Bonpland, in different departments, engaged themselves in the arduous task of reducing into order their varied collections, and drawing up the accounts of their researches for publication. The strictly scientific portion of their results was embodied in several series of voluminous works, which, commencing in 1807, occupied several years in publication, and have amply sustained the scientific reputation of their authors. A brief glance at their contents may be taken as follows:

The 1st series comprises astronomical, geodetical, and hypsometrical observations, determining the geography of numerous points, besides many phenomena of interest to terrestrial physics throughout the tropical region of America.

The 2nd and 3rd are botanical, chiefly by M. Bonpland, including the descriptions of plants collected in Mexico, Cuba, the northern provinces of South America, with monographs of some important genera.

The 4th, on the geography of plants in the same regions, includes the whole account of their distribution, in connexion with the atmospheric and meteorological investigations determining the conditions of the climate on which they depend, as well as the geological structure of the regions.

The 5th series consists of the zoology and comparative anatomy, including some elucidations by Cuvier referring both to all classes of animals and to varieties of human races.

The 6th embraces the political state of the South American provinces, including a variety of statistical and topographical details.

The 7th is the most generally interesting and descriptive portion of the whole, including the pictorial illustrations, the representations of antiquities and monuments, of mountains and cities, of scenery and natural objects.

If this be only a meagre and dry enumeration of a few of the leading heads of the discussions and descriptions of which these elaborate volumes are composed, they will suffice to give some slight idea of the immense extent as well as variety of the labours of the traveller.

These valuable researches soon became known through translations to all European cultivators of science, and have been duly appreciated; but by far the most interesting portion to the public at large has been the *Personal Narrative*, which in five volumes appeared at successive intervals from 1814 to 1821 (since reprinted in Bohn's Standard Library); a work which, besides the detail of all the adventures encountered, contains many of the most highly interesting descriptions of natural scenery and phenomena, conveying those vivid and living pictures of scenes witnessed to which we have already referred.

Many lesser publications of Humboldt, partly arising out of the subjects suggested by the travels, appeared in subsequent years, the most noted of which perhaps is the *Essay on the Superposition of Rocks*, in both hemispheres, 1823. In 1818 he spent some time in England. On his return to the Continent in 1826, he fixed his residence permanently at Berlin, and received the highest honours and marks of royal esteem from both King Frederic William III. and his successor, besides being invested with decorations and orders of knighthood by nearly all the sovereigns of Europe. In 1829, at the pressing invitation of the Emperor of Russia, he joined a scientific expedition into Siberia with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg, in which they explored the whole of Northern Asia, penetrating even to the borders of China.

* *Personal Narrative*. Bohn's Edition. Vol. i. p. 296.

Besides numerous memoirs scattered through various scientific journals, he published his *Critical History of Geography and the Progress of Astronomy in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries* (1836-9).

We have spoken almost entirely of Humboldt's public and acknowledged services to science and the known features of his life and character; but of his more private history much remains unknown to the world, and to be collected only from the recollections of those with whom he was brought into contact. To gather up such reminiscences will be the worthy task of his biographer. We are, however, able to mention one characteristic trait of his private life—his always ready and generous encouragement of rising merit in younger cultivators of science, and (as an instance) we have been informed, on good authority, that the first living chemist in Europe, Liebig, freely acknowledges that his whole success has been due to the early notice and encouragement thus extended to him.

Among the honours and attentions which Humboldt received from the highest quarters few were more signal or gratifying than the respect and esteem evinced during his visit to England in 1842, when in the suite of his sovereign he was present at the baptism of the Prince of Wales. His reception in the scientific circles, it need hardly be added, was not less marked.

At this period he was known to be engaged in preparing the publication of his great and final work, the appearance of which, in 1845, was recognised both by scientific and general readers as constituting a kind of epoch in this class of philosophical writing.

In tracing the preceding faint outline of Humboldt's earlier labours, we have seen them divided among a vast multiplicity of subjects, including every department of physical science and natural history. But all these varied and multifarious researches were not carried on without a unity of purpose and a connected design correspondent to the enlarged views with which they were undertaken, and the comprehensive spirit in which his philosophic mind was so amply prepared, by previous study, to contemplate the diversified yet intimately connected series of phenomena and assemblage of laws which nature everywhere presents to the study of a mind duly prepared to comprehend it.

In this point of view, the leading idea of his last and greatest work appears to have been all along present to his conceptions, and to have supplied the guiding principle and stimulus to his researches. And it is by a natural and obvious transition that we trace the course of his studies and compositions, in continuous procession from the diversified experiences of his travels to the collected and condensed generalizations of his later meditations —from the details supplied by his journals and memorials of active research into nature in her own haunts, to the conception and arrangement of the matured results of those profound thoughts in the composition of *Cosmos*.

'In the evening of a long and active life,' Humboldt declares in his preface, 'I present the public with a work, the indefinite outlines of which have floated in my mind for almost half a century.' On the mass of materials brought together by unprecedented toil, skill, and perseverance in the labours of his earlier life, he still exerted the same unwearied powers of arrangement, classification, and generalization to rear the edifice of a comprehensive system—designed to include, as he says, 'the phenomena of corporeal things in their general connexion —to embrace nature as a whole, actuated and animated by internal forces.'

He traces with admirable clearness the way in which each branch of science reacts upon, and unites itself to, others. For example, Botany, taken in its widest extent, leads the observer to visit distant lands and ascend lofty mountains, and thus to determine the laws of distribution of species over different regions, whether characterized by difference of climate from geographical position, or from difference of elevation in the same region. But then to understand the causes of this distribution, the laws of

climate, of temperature, of meteorology, connecting the phenomena of earth with those of ocean, and especially of air, must be equally taken into account. But climatology, again, is intimately connected with solar influence, with the rotation and revolution of the earth; and thus with astronomy. Terrestrial magnetism evinces a wonderful connexion with the whole range of magnetic and electric science, as well as with the mineral structure of the earth. Geology lends her aid to the determinations of the geodetical measurer, whose calculations, aided by astronomical observation, react on astronomy, in which the magnitude and figure of the earth are such important elements.

These are but isolated examples; yet they serve to illustrate the turn of thought which pervades the researches of Humboldt, and gives the clue to the whole design, and stamps the value of his labours.

The substance of the *Cosmos*, in the first instance, was given to the world in the form of a course of public lectures, both at Paris and Berlin (1827-28), but they were delivered wholly without notes; and the work, as it stands, was entirely composed in the course of the years 1843 and 1844.

The production of a man of such European celebrity of course attracted immediate notice in other countries; and within a year of its publication on the Continent, one English translation (though extending only to the first volume) had appeared (1845), followed in 1847 by the more complete one of General Sabine, which received the advantage of the author's revision; and more recently by that in Bohn's *Standard Library*—including the passages which, from whatever motive, had been suppressed in the former.

Some supplementary additions, carrying up the statements of the work to the level of the most recent discoveries, have been since annexed by the author, on which it is believed he was engaged up to the period of his death.

On the sensation caused by that event (though from his great age it was naturally not unexpected), we need not enlarge; nor on the funereal honours of the solemn procession, and service at the Dom Church in Berlin—attended by all the academic, civic, and clerical dignitaries, and even by royalty—which preceded the final deposit of his remains in the family vault at Tegel (May 10, 1859), to which those of his elder brother Wilhelm had been some years before consigned.

In devoting a few concluding remarks to the subject of his latest and most masterly production, the *Cosmos*, we may briefly refer to the progress of the idea, as the author has himself in some degree indicated it. Its development in his own mind was clearly the legitimate crowning inference from the accumulated convictions of the enlarged study of nature under so many phases and aspects. But the original conception to which he has so appropriately affixed the designation (and which has now become a standard term in our philosophical language), has been traced up to its rudimentary origin in the ancient philosophy. The physical science of the ancients, even where it attained its highest development, was still but partial and desultory. It possessed but little of comprehensiveness or unity; nor could the nature of the methods then pursued lead to those higher generalizations, at once exact and extended, at once founded on precise data and embracing the widest enlargement of ideas, which the modern inductive philosophy has been enabled to reach. The best physical ideas broached by some of the ancient philosophers were purely conjectural, evincing the power of their individual minds to foresee truths afterwards to be demonstratively established, which to them were purely ideal.

The first use of the term 'Cosmos,' in the sense of 'the order of the world,' has been attributed to Pythagoras, but was certainly adopted by Plato and Aristotle; the former conceiving the whole universe as a living being, animated by a soul:—*κόσμος ζῶον ἔμψυχον*. (*Timæus*, 30.) While in a yet more precise and positive form, the author of the treatise, *De Mundo*, long ascribed

to Aristotle (c. ii. p. 391), defines Cosmos to be 'the connected system of all things; the order and arrangement of the whole universe, preserved under the gods and by the gods.' But among the ancients the ideas of arrangement, order, and design in the material world, so far as any positive estimation of evidence went, were necessarily of the most limited description; yet it is very remarkable that when they launched on the wide sea of pure speculation, apart from mere details, they did in some few instances strike out views of so grand and comprehensive a character, that even Humboldt became, as it were, a disciple of their school, and adopted the brief expression of that conception as the title of his great and crowning work — the term ΚΟΣΜΟΣ — the principle of universal and perpetual order, law, harmony, and reason pervading the material universe. Such conceptions broached by the ancients were in truth but philosophical dreams, which, nevertheless, like other dreams, sometimes chanced to be true.

But in the mind and under the hands of Humboldt the idea thus pregnantly expressed became fixed on the basis of demonstrative and inductive evidence, and assumed the rank and position of a distinct philosophical conclusion; a real and tangible result as definitively determined from the progress of high generalization, as any of the subordinate laws regulating the various portions of nature of which it is the paramount principle and aggregate expression.

The view which he took cannot be better or more comprehensively expressed than in the author's own eloquent words:—

> It is the idea, stamped with the same image as that which in times of remote antiquity presented itself to the inward sense in the guise of an harmoniously ordered whole, Cosmos, which meets us at last as the prize of long and carefully accumulated experience.
>
> To acknowledge unity in multiplicity; from the individual to embrace the whole; amid the discoveries of later ages to prove and separate the individual truths, yet not to be overwhelmed with the mass; to keep the high destinies of man continually in view, and to comprehend the spirit of nature, which lies hid beneath the covering of phenomena; in this way our aspirations rise beyond the narrow confines of the world of sense.—(*Introd.* p. 5, 1st transl.)

When, towards the close of his life and labours, Humboldt received the highest scientific honour which our country can bestow—the award of the medal of the Royal Society—it was this crowning effort of his genius which, it was acknowledged, stamped such peculiar value on his other labours: a view of the case which was emphatically enlarged upon at the time by a fellow-countryman well qualified to do full justice to the views of his great cotemporary — the Baron Bunsen, who represented the venerable philosopher on that occasion, and who in his reply to the address of the President, emphatically observed—

> Humboldt thought he could show why and how this world and the universe itself is a Kosmos—a divine whole of life and intellect; namely, by its all-pervading eternal laws. Law is the supreme rule of the universe; and that law is wisdom, is intellect, is reason, whether viewed in the formation of planetary systems or in the organization of the worm.—*Proceedings of the Royal Society: Anniversary, Nov. 30th*, 1852.

It is clearly to be remarked—and the remark has been dwelt on by some in a tone of hostile insinuation, —that Humboldt in this great work does not specifically introduce any discussion of the bearing of his views on final causes, or those higher contemplations which ought to arise out of such speculations. This is to a great extent true; but it must be considered that the less such specific conclusions are directly pressed upon the reader, the more forcible and irresistible is the conclusion which he cannot fail himself to draw, and which is rather involved in, and almost synonymous with, the assertion of universal law and order, and the immutable and endlessly ramified and profoundly adjusted chain of physical causation.

It is a common but mistaken practice, especially with English writers, to be so continually obtruding considerations of a theological kind into philosophical discussion, as to go far to vitiate the force of their own argument, by depriving the scientific evidence

of that entire *independence* in virtue of which it acquires all its force. From this fault the Continental writers are much more free. And especially in reference to some branches of science which in this country have been unhappily mixed up with theological dogmas in a most pernicious manner, Humboldt has justly made it his boast that these branches are, 'on the Continent at least, withdrawn from Semitic influences.' But as to the general influence of the study of natural phenomena in promoting these more sublime reflections, we can cite more than one passage in which our author indicates very clearly his sense of the tendency of such study. Thus, for example, he ably traces the elementary rudiments of these elevated sentiments as they arise even in the most untutored minds from the contemplation of the natural world:—

> An indefinite and fearful sense of the unity of the powers of nature, and of the mysterious bond which connects the sensuous with the super-sensuous, is common even among savage communities; my own travels have satisfied me that this is so. . . .
>
> Out of the depth and activity of blind feeling is also elicited the first impulse to adoration: the sanctification of the preserving, as of the destroying, powers of nature.—*Introd.* p. 17. Trans. 1845.

But to the more enlarged view of the scientific inquirer—

> Everything that is earnest and solemn within us arises out of the almost unconscious feeling of the exalted order and sublime regularity of nature, from the perception of *unity of plan* amidst eternally recurring variety of form.—*Ib.* p. 7.

No one who reads Humboldt's glowing language in referring to the elevated tone of the descriptions of nature and the visible universe exhibited in many passages in the writings of the Old Testament, especially in the Psalms and the Prophets, can doubt how fully he himself participated in the sublime contemplations and devout sentiments thus raised and expressed; and it is with an equal sense of the grandeur and impressiveness of such religious conceptions associated with natural objects, and the consideration of *Cosmos*, that he dilates on the eloquent testimony borne to their force by the early Christian Fathers, and its conformity to the entire spirit of Christianity.*

It is beyond the purpose of these remarks to go into theological dissertation. But it is in close and immediate connexion with the subject before us to observe the tendency and spirit of cosmical contemplation. When fairly embraced and understood in its full extent, the grand conception of universal Cosmos—apart from all minor or subordinate arguments of *design* in nature, however valuable in themselves—involves as its consequence, almost as its synonym, the idea of Universal Mind and of Supreme Intelligence. But strict philosophic deduction, while in establishing this conclusion it subverts atheism, yet, on the other hand, ignores as beyond its province or powers any speculative theories of a more distinctly spiritual theism, and consigns them altogether to a *higher order* of contemplations, beyond the limits or function of science or reason. But the evidence of mind in nature points to the opening by which religion may enter, and invest such conceptions with the more heavenly colouring supplied by its teaching, and rise to its more peculiar doctrines and loftier aspirations.

Thus the advance of inductive philosophy at once assures the grand evidence of universal and supreme Intelligence, and tends to dispel superstitious dogmas, by which it is obscured and degraded. If it unhesitatingly disown contradictions to physical truth in matters properly amenable to science, however they may have been associated with religious belief, yet wholly apart from the region of science, it freely acknowledges the vast blank which can only be filled up by the revelations of faith. If it exclude violations of physical order in the material universe, it fully recognises the admission of spiritual mysteries in the invisible world; adopting the maxim, equally in accordance with the teaching of St. Paul and of Bacon, 'Give unto faith the things which are of faith.'

B. P.

* Vol. ii. pp. 25, 44. Sabine's translation.

HOLMBY HOUSE:

A Tale of Old Northamptonshire.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

'THE NEWS THAT FLIES APACE.'

DEEPER and deeper still, Mary Cave found herself engulphed in the whirlpool of political intrigue. Almost the only courtier of the Queen's party who united activity of brain to uncompromising resolution, who was capable of strong effort and sound reflection, unwarped and unfettered by the promptings of self-interest, she had insensibly become the principal link that connected the policy of Merton College with the wiser counsels of the King's honest advisers. It was no womanly office she thus found herself compelled to undertake. False as is the position of a mediator between parties neither of whom are essentially quite sincere, it becomes doubly so when that mediator is one of the softer sex. She must guide the helm with so skilful a hand, she must trim the boat with so careful an eye; she must seize her opportunities so deftly, or make them so skilfully; and through it all she must exercise so jealous a vigilance over her own weaknesses, and even her own reputation, distinguishing so nicely between public duty and private feeling—doing such constant violence to her own affections and her own prejudices—that it is not too much to say nothing *but* a woman is capable of reconciling all these conflicting necessities into one harmonious whole. Yet it is not womanly to encourage admirers up to a certain point, in order to obtain their secrets, and then make use of them for a political purpose; it is not womanly to promote likings and dislikings between individuals of opposite sexes, or otherwise, for the furtherance of a State intrigue; it is not womanly to be in correspondence with half a dozen ambitious and unprincipled men, some of them profligates whose very names in connexion with a lady were sufficient to blast her fair fame for ever; and it is not womanly to have but one object in life, to which duty, inclination, happiness must be sacrificed, and that object a political one.

Mary sat reading her letters on the very sofa that Bosville had occupied during his convalescence in Sir Giles Allonby's house at Oxford. It was a day off duty with the Queen, and she had come to spend it with her kind old kinsman and his daughter. The two ladies were alone; and contrary to their wont, an unbroken silence, varied only by the pattering of a dismal winter rain against the window, was preserved between them. Grace sat musing over her work, and seemed buried in thought. She looked paler and thinner than usual, and her eye had lost the merry sparkle that used so to gladden Sir Giles. It was less like her mother's now, so thought the old knight; and his heart bounded after all those years to reflect how that mother had never known sorrow, and had told him on her death-bed that 'she was sure she was only taken away because her lot in this world had been too happy.' Aye! you may well laugh on, Sir Giles, and troll out your loyal old songs, and drink and ride and strike for the King! Roystering, careless, war-worn veteran as you seem to be, there are depths in that stout old heart of yours that few have sounded; and when 'little Gracey' is settled and provided for, you care not how soon you go to join that gentle, loving lady, whom you still see many and many a night in your dreams, walking in her white dress in the golden summer evenings under the lime-trees at home; whom your simple faith persuades you you shall look on again with the same angel-face, to part from nevermore. And where is the Sadducee that shall say you nay?

Meantime, Sir Giles is drilling a newly raised levy of cavalry on

Bullingdon Common, notwithstanding the wet; and Grace sits pensive over her work; and Mary reads her letters with a flushed cheek and a contracted brow, and a restless unquiet look in her deep blue eye that has got there very often of late, and that denotes anything but repose of mind. Suddenly she starts and turns pale as she peruses one elaborately written missive, scented and silk-bound, and inscribed 'These for Mistress Mary Cave. Ride, ride, ride!' according to the polite manner of the time. A look of consummate scorn passes over her features as she reads it through once more, but her face is still white; and she drops it from her hand upon the carpet, unmarked by her preoccupied companion. Here it is:—

'*These for Mistress Mary Cave.*

'Gentle Mistress Mary—

'Deign to accept the heartfelt good wishes, none the less sincere for that the heart hath been pierced and mangled by the glances of your bright eyes, of the humblest of your slaves; and scorn not at the same time to vouchsafe your favour and interest to one who, languishing to be parted from so much beauty as he hath left at Oxford, and specially at Merton College, where Mistress Mary reigns second to none, still endeavoureth to fulfil his duty religiously to the King and to her Majesty, as Mistress Mary esteems to be the *devoir* of a knight who hath placed himself under her very feet. The good cause in which it is my pride that we are fellow-labourers, languisheth somewhat here in Gloucestershire, more from want of unity in counsel than from any lack of men and munitions of war in the field. Would his blessed Majesty but vouchsafe to confer upon your knight and slave a separate and independent command, it is not too much to say that it would be in my power to make short work and a speedy account of Waller, who lieth with a goodly force of cavalry within ten miles of me. It was but last Monday that a small body of my "lambs," taking their orders directly from myself, beat up his quarters within a mile of Gloucester, and drove off seventeen of his horses, besides considerable spoil, of which I thought the less as compared with that which might be done but for the impracticable nature of the Commander-in-Chief. Gentle Mistress Mary! it would not be unbecoming in you to implore our gracious and passionately-adored Queen to hint to his blessed Majesty that I do indeed but desire to receive my orders under his own hand, as I should in this wise have more authority to guide the council of the army thereby to obedience; and as my requests are mostly denied out-of-hand by Prince Rupert, at whose disposal nevertheless I remain for life and death, as his Majesty's nephew and loving kinsman, I would humbly beg a positive order from his Majesty for my undertakings, to dispose the officers more cheerfully to conduct them, and to assure his Majesty that the least intimation of his pleasure is sufficient to make me run through all manner of difficulties and hazard to perform my duty, and to prove myself entirely and faithfully devoted to his sacred service. As Mistress Mary hath the key to the heart of our beauteous and beloved Sovereign, whose will must ever be law with all who come within the sphere of her enchantments, methinks that a word spoken in season under the roof of Merton College will more than fulfil all my most ardent desires, and leave me nothing to grieve for save that which must ever cause me to languish in hopeless sorrow—the adoration which it is alike my pride and grief to entertain for the fairest and proudest dame that adorns our English Court.

'From intelligence I receive at sure and friendly hands, I learn that Wilmot is wavering; and some speech is even abroad of a treasonable correspondence with Essex, and an intercepted letter from Fairfax, which is to be laid before the Council.

'Such treachery would merit a summary dismissal from his office, and clemency in this case could scarcely be extended to an officer of so high a rank.

'Digby, too, is far from being unsuspected; and should these two commands become vacant, it would be a fertile opportunity for the uniting of his Majesty's whole body

of horse under one independent head, acting conjointly with Prince Rupert, who would still remain Commander-in-Chief, but deriving his authority direct from the hand of his blessed Majesty himself.

'Should events work in this direction, I can safely confide in your discretion to select a proper time at which to whisper in the Queen's ear the humble name of, sweet Mistress Mary,

'Your most passionately-devoted and faithful knight and humble slave,

'GEORGE GORING.

'*Post scriptum.*—The despatches alluded to in 106 Cipher have arrived. They are duplicate, and were delivered to me yesterday by an honest serving-man, who narrowly escaped with his life and his letters from a party of Waller's horse.

'His master, it seems, was sorely wounded, and led off prisoner into Gloucester. This is of less account as his despatches are in cipher, and the duplicates are safe. He is one Master Bosville, with whom I am personally well acquainted, and whom Mistress Mary may deign to remember when lying wounded by the weapon of her own true knight and slave.

'He is a good officer, and a mettlesome lad too. I would fain have him back with us, but have nothing to exchange against him but a couple of scriveners and a canting Puritan divine; the latter I shall probably hang. Once more —Fare thee well!'

It was the *post scriptum*, written in her correspondent's own natural off-hand style, and very different from the stilted and exaggerated form of compliment and innuendo contained in the body of the letter, which drove the blood from Mary's cheek, and caused her bosom to heave so restlessly beneath her bodice, her slender foot to beat so impatiently upon the floor. Wounded and a prisoner!—and this so soon after his illness, when weak and scarcely recovered from the consequences of his duel. And it was her doing—hers! whom he loved so madly, the foolish boy!—who counted his life as nothing at the mere wave of her hand. Why was she so eager to get him this majority, for which she had so implored her unwilling and bantering mistress? Why had she sent him off in such a hurry, before he was half recovered, and hardly strong enough to sit upon his horse? And then of course he had fought—so like him! when his servant wisely ran away. And the stern Puritans had struck his weakened frame to the earth! Ah! he was a strong bold horseman when he was well, and a match for the best of them; but now his arm was powerless, though his courage was as high as ever. And perhaps they had slashed his handsome face —how handsome it was! and what kind eyes those were that used to meet hers so timidly and gently—and he was a prisoner—wounded, perhaps dying. And she shut her eyes and fancied she saw him, pale and faint, in his cell—alone, too, all alone. No, that should never be! She picked the letter up, and once more she read it through from beginning to end, scarcely noting the fulsome compliments, the strain of selfish intrigue, and only dwelling on the ill-omened and distressing *post scriptum* which Goring had written so lightly; but in which, to do him justice, the reckless General showed more feeling than he generally did; and even as she read she would fain have given utterance to her grief, and wrung her hands and wept aloud.

Self-command, however, we need not now observe, was a salient point in Mary Cave's character. Whatever she may have known, or whatever she may have suspected, she looked at Grace's pale face and dejected attitude and held her tongue. There was a sisterly feeling between these two far stronger than was warranted by their actual relationship. Ever since their late intimacy, which had grown closer and closer in the quiet shades of Boughton, Mary had seemed to take care of her gentle friend, Grace in return looking up to her protectress with confiding attachment; and yet there was a secret between them—a secret at which neither ventured to hint, yet with which each could not but suspect the other was acquainted. But they never came to an explanation, notwith-

standing. We believe women never do. We believe that, however unreservedly they may confide in a brother, a lover, or a husband, they never lay their hearts completely bare before one of their own sex. Perhaps they are right; perhaps they know each other too well.

There was yet another difficulty in Mary's path, for to succour Bosville at all hazards we need hardly say she had resolved, even on her first perusal of the letter. In whom was she to confide? to whom could she entrust the secret of his failure and capture without letting the bad news reach Grace's ears? Sir Giles?—the stout old Cavalier never could keep a secret in his life; his child would worm it all out of him the first time she sat on his knee for two minutes after supper. The Queen?—that volatile lady would not only put the very worst construction upon her motives, but would detail the whole of the confidence reposed in her to each of her household separately, under strict promises of secresy, no doubt, which would be tantamount to a general proclamation by the herald king-at-arms.

Of the courtiers she could scarcely bethink herself of one who was not so busily engaged in some personal and selfish intrigue as to have no room for any other consideration whatsoever, who would not scruple to sacrifice honour and mercy and good feeling merely to score up, so to speak, another point in the game. What to do for Bosville and how to do it—this was the problem Mary had to solve; and resolute as she generally was, full of expedients and fertile in resources, she was now obliged to confess herself fairly at her wit's end.

It so fell out, however, that the blind deity whom men call Chance and gods Destiny, who never helps us till we are at the very utmost extremity, befriended Mary through the medium of the very last person about the Court in whom she would have dreamt of confiding—an individual who perhaps was more selfish, intriguing, and reckless than all the rest of the royal circle put together, but who, being a woman, and consequently *born* an angel, had still retained a scarce perceptible leavening of the celestial nature from which she had fallen.

As Mary sat that evening, pensive and graver than her wont, in the Queen's withdrawing-room, Lady Carlisle crossed the apartment with her calm brow and decorous step, and placed herself by her side. She liked Mary Cave, as far as it was in her nature to like one of her own sex. Perhaps she recognised in Mary somewhat of her own positive character — the uncompromising force of will that, for good or for evil, marches directly on towards its purpose steadfast and unwavering, not to be moved from the path by any consideration of danger or of pity, and like the volume of a mighty river forcing its way through every obstacle with silent energy.

She sat quietly down by Mary's side and heaved a deep sigh, with a sympathizing and plaintive expression of countenance, like a consummate actress as she was.

'It is bad news I have to break to you, Mistress Cave,' she whispered, bending her graceful head over the other's work, 'if indeed you know it not already. That handsome Captain Bosville who was stabbed by Goring has fallen into the hands of the rebels! Jermyn only heard it this evening; I think he is telling the Queen now. They have got him in prison at Gloucester, as far as we can learn. He must be saved by some means. Heaven forefend he should be sacrificed by those villains!'

Mary's heart was full: she could only falter out the word 'exchanged.'

'*Exchanged!*' repeated Lady Carlisle, now thoroughly in earnest. 'Do you not know—have you not heard? Since they hanged our Irish officers in the north the Council has ordered reprisals. Fairfax, Ireton, Cromwell—all of them are furious. They will hang every Royalist prisoner they take now! It was but last week Prince Rupert strung thirteen Roundheads upon one oak tree: they must have heard of it by this time. Poor Bosville is in the utmost danger. We talked of it but now in the presence-chamber. Even Jermyn is in despair. Alas! 'tis a sad business.'

Mary turned sick and white. Was

it even so? The room seemed to spin round with her, and Lady Carlisle's voice was as the rush of many waters in her ear.

'It is hopeless to talk of exchanges,' proceeded her ladyship in a tone of real pity for the too obvious distress of her listener. She had once had a soft place in that corrupted heart, aye, long before she was dazzled with Strafford's fame, or lured by Pym's political influence; before she had sold her lovely womanhood for a coronet, and bartered the peace she could never know again for empty splendour. 'Interest must be made with the Parliament. Some of the rising rebels must be cajoled. Essex is in disgrace with them now, and Essex is of no use, or I had brought the prisoner safe off with my own hand in a week from this day. But they are all alike, my dear, Courtiers and Puritans, generals and statesmen, Cavaliers and Roundheads, all are *men*, weak and vain, all are alike fools, and all are alike to be won. An effort must be made, and we can save him.'

'What would you do?' gasped poor Mary, her self-command now completely deserting her.

'Do!' repeated her ladyship, with her soft lisping voice and dimpled smile; 'I would beg him a free pardon if I dragged Cromwell round the room on my bare knees for it, or die with him,' she added beneath her breath, 'if I really cared one snap of the fingers about the man!'

She was no coward, my Lady Carlisle, and there was more of the tigress about her than the mere beauty of her skin.

Chapter XX.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

In an open space, long since built over by an increasing population, but forming at the time of which we write alternately a play and drill-ground for the godly inhabitants of Gloucester, is drawn up a regiment of heavy cavalry, singularly well appointed as to all the details of harness and horseflesh which constitute the efficiency of dragoons. The troopers exhibit strength, symmetry, and action, bone to carry the stalwart weight of their riders, and blood to execute the forced marches and rapid evolutions which are the very essence of cavalry tactics. The men themselves are worthy of a close inspection. Picked from the flower of England's yeomanry, from the middle class of farmers and petty squires of the northern and eastern counties, their fine stature and broad shoulders denote that physical strength which independent agricultural labour so surely produces, whilst their stern brows, grave faces, and manly upright bearing, distinguish them from such of their fellows as have not yet experienced the inspiration derived from military confidence mingled with religious zeal. These are the men who are firmly persuaded that on their weapons depends the government of earth and heaven; that they are predestined to win dominion here and glory hereafter with their own strong arms; that their paradise, like that of the Moslem enthusiast, is to be won sword-in-hand, and that a violent death is the surest passport to eternal life. Fanatics are they, and of the wildest class, but they are also stern disciplinarians. Enthusiasm is a glorious quality, no doubt, but it has seldom turned the tide of a general action when unsupported by discipline: it is the combination of the two that is *invincible*. Thus did the swarms of the great Arab Impostor overrun the fairest portion of Europe, and the chivalrous knights of the Cross charge home with their lances in rest at Jerusalem. Thus in later times were the high-couraged Royalists broken and scattered at Marston Moor, and the tide of victory at Naseby turned to a shameful and irrevocable defeat. Deep as is the influence of religious zeal, doubly as is that man armed who fights under the banner of righteousness, it is over life and not death that it exercises its peculiar sway. A high sense of honour, a reckless spirit of ambition, the romantic enthusiasm of glory, will face shot and steel as fearlessly as the devout confidence of faith; and the drinking, swaggering, unprincipled troopers of Goring, Lunsford, and such as they, for a long time proved a match, and more than a

match, for the godly soldiers of the Parliament. It was the 'Threes Right!'—the steady confidence inspired by drill, that turned the scale at last: that confidence and that drill the grim Puritan dragoons are now acquiring on the parade-ground at Gloucester.

They sit their horses as only Englishmen can, the only seat, moreover, that is at all adapted to the propulsive powers of an English horse, a very different animal from that of any other country. They are armed with long straight cut-and-thrust swords, two-edged and basket-hilted, glittering and sharp as razors, with large horse-pistols of the best locks and workmanship, with the short handy musquetoon, deadly for outpost duty, and hanging readily at the hip. Breastplates and backpieces of steel enhance the confidence inspired by faith, and the men ride to and fro in their armour with the very look and air of invincibles. Yes, these are the Ironsides — the famous Ironsides that turned the destinies of England!

They are drawn up in open column, waiting for the word of command. Their squadrons are dressed with mathematical precision; their distances correct to an inch—woe be to the culprit, officer or soldier, who fails in the most trifling of such *minutiæ*. The eye of the commander would discover him in a twinkling—that commander sitting there so square and erect on his good horse. Like all great men, he is not above detail: he would detect a button awry as readily as the rout of a division.

He scans his favourite regiment with a quick, bold, satisfied glance—the glance of a practised workman at his tools. There is no peculiarity in his dress or appointments to distinguish him from a simple trooper, his horse is perhaps the most powerful and the speediest on the ground, and he sits in the saddle with a rare combination of strength and ease; in every other respect his exterior is simple and unremarkable. He even seems to affect a plainness of attire not far removed from sloth, and in regard to cleanliness of linen and brightness of accoutrements presents a striking contrast to Fairfax, Harrison, and other of the Parliamentary officers, who vie with their Cavalier antagonists in the splendour of their apparel.

It is the man's voice which arrests immediate attention. Harsh and deep, there is yet something so confident and impressive in its tones, that the listener feels at once its natural element is command, aye, command, too, when the emergency is imminent, the storm at its greatest violence. It forces him to scan the features and person of the speaker, and he beholds a square, powerful man of middle stature, loosely and awkwardly made, but in the liberal mould that promises great physical strength, with coarse hands and feet, such as the patrician pretends are never seen in his own race, and with a depth of chest which readily accounts for the powerful tones of that authoritative voice. This vigorous frame is surmounted by a countenance that, without the slightest pretensions to comeliness, cannot but make a deep impression on the beholder. The scoffing Cavaliers may jeer at 'red-nosed Noll,' but Cromwell's face is the face of a great man. The sanguine temperament, which expresses, if we may so speak, the *material* strength of the mind, is denoted by the deep ruddy colouring of the skin. The strong broad jaw belongs to the decided and immovable will of a man of action, capable of carrying out the thoughts that are matured beneath those prominent temples, from which the thin hair is already worn away; and although the nose is somewhat large and full, the mouth somewhat coarse and wide, these distinguishing characteristics seem less the brand of indulgence and sensuality than the adjuncts of a ripe, manly nature almost always the accompaniment of great physical power. Though the eyes are small and deep-set, they glow like coals of fire; when excited or angered (for the General's temper is none of the sweetest, and he has more difficulty in commanding it than in enforcing the obedience of an army), they seem to flash out sparks from beneath his heavy head-piece. A winning smile is on his countenance now. The

Ironsides have executed an 'advance in line' that brings them up even and regular as a wall of steel to his very horse's head, and the reflection steals pleasantly across his mind, that the tools are fit for service at last, that the tedious process of discipline will ere long bring him to the glorious moment of gratified ambition.

A new officer has this morning been appointed to the regiment. He seems thoroughly acquainted with his duty, and manœuvres his squadron with the ready skill of a veteran. Already George Effingham has caught the Puritan look and tone. Already he has made no little progress in Cromwell's good graces. That keen observing eye has discovered a tool calculated to do good service in extremity. A desperate man, bankrupt in earthly hopes, and whose piety is far exceeded by his fanaticism, is no contemptible recruit for the ranks of the Ironsides, when he brings with him a frame of adamant, a heart of steel, and a thorough knowledge of the duties of a cavalry officer. Pale, gaunt, and worn, looking ten years older than when he last saw these same troopers at Newbury, Effingham still works with the eager, restless zeal of a man who would fain stifle remembrance and drive reflection from his mind.

The line breaks into column once more—the squadrons wheel rapidly, the rays of a winter sun flashing from their steel head-pieces and breastplates—the horses snort and ring their bridles cheerily—the word of command flies sonorous from line to line—the General gallops to and fro, pleased with the progress of the mimic war—the drill is going on most satisfactorily, when a small escort of cavalry is seen to approach the parade-ground, and remains at a cautious distance from the manœuvres. An officer flaunting in scarf and feathers singles himself out, gallops up to the General, and salutes with his drawn sword as he makes his report. Cromwell thunders out a 'Halt!' that brings every charger upon his haunches. The men are permitted to dismount; the officers gather round their chief, and Harrison—for it is Harrison—who has just arrived, sits immovable upon his horse, with his sword-point lowered, waiting to learn the General's pleasure as to the disposal of his prisoner, whose sex makes it a somewhat puzzling matter to decide.

'They have made reprisals upon *us*,' said Cromwell, in his deep, harsh tones, patting and making much of the good horse under him. 'Man or woman, let the prisoner be placed in secure ward. Verily, we are more merciful than just in that we spare the weaker sex. The Malignants deal more harshly with the saints. Their blood be on their own head!' he added, solemnly.

Harrison turned his horse's head to depart. Little cared he, that reckless soldier, how they disposed of the lady he had taken prisoner; he was thinking how he should billet the men and horses he had brought in, not of the fate of his unhappy captive.

'Stay,' said Cromwell, 'dismiss the soldiers, and bring the Malignant woman hither. I will myself question her ere she be placed in ward.'

As he spoke he dismounted, and entered a large stone building converted into a barrack, attended by a few of his officers, amongst whom was Effingham, and followed by the prisoner under escort of two stalwart troopers, who 'advanced' their musquetoons with a ludicrous disinclination thus to guard an enemy of the softer sex.

The prisoner was a fair, handsome woman in the prime of her beauty. She was dressed in a lady's riding-gear of her time, which, notwithstanding its masculine character, was powerless to diminish her feminine attractions; and looked thoroughly exhausted and worn out by physical fatigue. Yet was there a haughty turn about her head, an impatient gesture of her gloved hand, that denoted the spirit within was dauntless and indomitable as ever.

The instant that the short cloak she wore was removed, and the beaver hitherto slouched over her face taken off by Cromwell's orders, an operation which allowed a profusion of rich brown hair to fall nearly to her waist, Effingham

started as if he had been shot. He would have spoken, but an imperious glance from the prisoner seemed to freeze the words upon his lips. He held his peace, and stood there, deadly pale, and trembling like a child.

Harrison's report was soon made, and amounted to this:—

That in his duty of patrolling the open country lying nearest to Goring's outposts, and visiting his videttes, he had espied a lady mounted on a good horse, who had ridden boldly into the centre of his escort, and demanded to be conducted at once to Gloucester and brought before Cromwell—that she avowed she belonged to the Royalist party, but had abandoned their cause, and was the bearer of important papers, which were to be laid before Cromwell alone—that on his proposition that she should be searched for these papers, and a corporal's attempting to do so, she had snapped a pistol in the sub-officer's face, which providentially flashing in the pan, only singed his beard and eyebrows—that out of respect to Cromwell he had brought her on without further violence, 'though that she has not some evil intentions I never can believe,' concluded Harrison, 'for she is the very first woman I ever came across yet that could ride nearly a dozen miles and never open her lips to speak a word, good or bad.'

The General scanned his prisoner carefully. His usual tact and discernment were here at fault. 'Woman!' he said, rudely and sternly, 'what want you here—whence came you—and why venture you thus amongst the people of the Lord?'

'I would see Cromwell alone,' replied Mary Cave (for Mary Cave it was, as Effingham too surely knew), and she no longer looked exhausted and fatigued, but the blood came back to her cheek, the haughty turn to her head and neck, the indomitable curve to her lip, as she felt the crisis had come, and her spirit mounted with the occasion. 'I have ridden far and fast to see you, General,' she added, with a certain tone of irony in her voice; 'you will not refuse to grant an interview when a lady asks it.'

Effingham felt a strange thrill to hear her voice. How it took him back to that which seemed now some other stage of existence, albeit so short a time ago. How associated she was in his mind with that *other* one. To him, though 'she was not the Rose, she had been near the Rose,' and he would willingly at that moment have given a year of his life to ask tidings of her whose name was still nestling at his heart.

Cromwell hesitated. Bold schemer, undaunted soldier as he was, he entertained a morbid dread of assassination, a dread that in later days, when in the full flush of his prosperity and seated on the throne, caused him to wear proof-armour on all public occasions under his clothes.

He had read, too, of women who would not scruple to sacrifice their lives in a political cause; his own enterprising spirit told him how readily it was possible to encounter certain death for a great object; and this lady did not look as if she was likely to shrink from any desperate deed because of its danger. And yet to fear a woman! Psha! it seemed absurd. He would grant her the interview she desired; though, according to Harrison's report, she had been so ready with her pistol, she was now obviously disarmed; besides, he was well guarded, surrounded by his troopers and his friends. He looked upon his officers for the most part trustworthy, fearless veterans, whose courage and fidelity he had already tried on many a well-fought field. Effingham alone was a new acquaintance, and his quick eye caught the expression of George's countenance watching the prisoner's face.

'Do you know anything of the lady?' said he, in short, imperious tones, and turning sharply round upon his new officer, with a frown of displeasure gathering on his thick brows.

'You may speak the truth, Captain Effingham!' said Mary, with a look of quiet contempt.

Thus adjured, Effingham hesitated no longer to acknowledge his acquaintance with the beautiful 'Malignant.'

'Mistress Mary Cave is too well known at the Court not to have won

the respect and confidence of all who have ever breathed that polluted atmosphere. I will answer for her faith and honesty with my head. If she fail you, my life shall be for the life of her.'

Mary thanked him with a grateful glance.

'I have a boon to ask of you, General; a bargain to drive, if you will. Grant me the interview I require, and bid me go in peace.'

Cromwell signed to her to follow him into a smaller apartment, in which a fire was burning, and which contained a chair, a writing-table, and a few articles of rough comfort.

'Captain Effingham,' he said, in his short, stern tones, 'place two sentries at the door. Remain yourself within call. Madam, I am now at your service. Speak on; we are alone.'

He doffed his heavy head-piece, placed it on the writing-table, and was about to throw himself into the chair. The General was no polished courtier—above all, no woman-worshipper—but there was that in Mary Cave's bearing which checked his first impulse, and bade him stand up respectfully before his prisoner.

Never in all her life before had Mary such need to call up the presence of mind and resolution that formed so important a part of her character. Here she stood, a gentle, soft-nurtured lady, brought up in all the exaggerated refinement of a court, before her bitterest enemy, the most uncompromising as he was the most powerful champion of her adversaries' party. Completely in his power, dependent on his generosity for immunity from exposure, insult—nay, death itself (for, alas! the exasperated feelings aroused by the cruelties practised on both sides were not always restrained by consideration for age or sex); and, save for her accidental meeting with Effingham, whom she had little expected to see here, utterly friendless in the rebel camp. This was the interview that she had been looking forward to for days, that she had so prayed and hoped might be accomplished; that, seeming tolerably easy when seen from a distance, had been the goal to which all her schemes and wishes tended; and now that she was actually face to face with Cromwell, she shook from head to foot as she had never trembled in her life before—but once.

His manner, though reserved, became less stern than at first. Show us the man of any profession, soldier, statesman, Puritan, or archbishop, from eighteen to eighty (a fair margin), on whom beauty, real womanly beauty, makes no impression, and we will show you the eighth wonder of the world.

'Reassure yourself, madam,' said Cromwell, with a tone of kindness in his harsh voice; 'I do not today hear the name of Mistress Mary Cave for the first time. I can safely affirm I would long ago have given much to obtain possession of the lady who thus voluntarily surrenders herself as a prisoner. I have yet to learn what brings her into the very stronghold of the enemy. Had she been a man, there had been a price on her head.'

These words were alarming; but the smile that stole over the General's face was softer and kindlier than his wont.

Mary began her answer with a degree of composure far too obvious not to be affected.

'I am come,' said she, 'to negotiate the exchange of a prisoner. A messenger might have lingered, letters been intercepted, even a white flag outraged, so, General—so—I came myself. Major Bosville is languishing, perhaps dying, in Gloucester gaol. May he not be ransomed, can he not be exchanged? Any sum of money, any number of prisoners—aye, ten for one.'

Cromwell's brow grew dark. 'You ask too much, madam,' he replied, shaking his head sternly. 'That officer lies even now under sentence of death. He has refused to give any information concerning the strength or movements of the enemy. A confirmed Malignant, he shall die the death! Hath not Rupert slain in cold blood thirteen godly warriors taken with arms in their hands? The blood of the Lord's anointed cries aloud for vengeance! God do so to me, and more also, if I smite not root and branch, till the Amalekite is destroyed out of the land!'

He was chafing now—angry and restless, like some noble beast of prey.

Mary fitted the last arrow to her bowstring. 'You know me, General,' she said, with something of her old proud air. 'You know my power, my influence, my information. Listen; I will buy Bosville's life of you. You shall make your own terms.'

Cromwell smiled. Perhaps he had his private opinion of these lady-politicians, these fair intriguers with the Queen at their head, who hampered the counsels of their friends far more effectually than they anticipated the designs of their enemies. He was perfectly courteous but somewhat ironical in his reply.

'You cannot bribe me, madam,' said he, 'valuable as I doubt not is the price you offer. Your information may or may not be far superior to my own—your talent for intrigue doubtless many degrees finer. I am a simple soldier; my duty lies plain before me. I will have blood for blood, and I have the warrant of Scripture for my determination.'

Poor Mary! she broke down altogether now. The bold warrior-spirit, the craft of statesmanship, the artificial pride of rank and station, all gave way before the overwhelming flood of womanly pity and womanly fear. She seized the General's rough coarse hand in both her own, so white and soft by the contrast. Ere he could prevent her, she pressed it to her lips: she bent over it, and clung to it, and folded it to her bosom. Down on her knees she implored him, she besought him, she *prayed* to him, with tears and sobs, to spare the prisoner's life. Her pride was fallen altogether now, her humiliation complete. It was no longer the stately Mary Cave, the Queen's minion, the adviser of statesmen, the ornament of a Court, but a broken-hearted woman pleading for life and death.

'Save him, General,' she gasped, gazing wildly up in his face; 'save him, for mercy's sake, as you hope to be saved yourself at the last day! What is it to you a life the more or less? What is your authority worth if you can hesitate to exercise it for so trifling a matter? Is Cromwell so completely under the orders of Fairfax, so subservient to Ireton, such a sworn slave of the Parliament, that in his own camp he cannot extend mercy to whom he will?'

Her woman's instinct told her through all her distress and all her confusion where lay the weak point in the fortress she assailed; bid her attack him through his pride, his self-respect, his jealousy of command; and dimmed as were her eyes with tears, she saw she had shot her arrow home.

Cromwell flushed a deeper red up to his very temples, the scowl upon his bent brows, and the conspicuous wart over his right eye, lending an ominous and sinister expression to his whole countenance. He spoke not, but the hand she grasped was rudely withdrawn, and the high-born, gently nurtured lady was fain to clasp him round the knees, cased in those wide, soiled riding-boots, with their heavy spurs, that rang and jingled as he stamped twice in his passion against the floor.

'Save him, General!' she repeated. 'Is there no consideration you will listen to, no appeal you will respect? Hear me; I sent him on his errand. I got him his appointment. I bade him go forth wounded and helpless into the very jaws of your troopers, and now if he is to die his blood is on *my* head. Oh! think of your own mother! think of your own child! think of any one that you have ever loved! Would you see her kneeling as I do now? would you see her, lonely, helpless amongst strangers and enemies, pleading for dear life, and bear to know that she was refused? Think better of it, for the love of mercy, General, think better of it. Grant me this one boon, and I will pray for you, enemy though you be, night and morning, on my bended knees, till my dying day.'

His voice sounded hoarser than usual, and he loosened the plain linen band around his throat as he muttered the word—'Reprisals!'

She sprang fiercely from her knees, flung his hand, which she had again taken, away from her in scorn, and flashed at him such a

glance as made even Cromwell quail.

'Reprisals!' she repeated. 'It is the Puritan's English for murder. You have refused me — refused Mary Cave on her bended knees, who never knelt before to mortal man—beware of my revenge! Oh! I meant it not—forgive me!' she added, her whole manner changing once more to one of the softest, the most imploring entreaty, as the impotence and impolicy of her anger struck chill and sickening to her heart; 'forgive my hasty words, my pride that has never yet learnt to stoop. You talk of reprisals, General; one life is worth another —take mine instead of his. Lead me out now—this minute—I am ready, and let *him* go free.'

She had touched the keystone now; the sympathy for courage and devotion which every brave man feels. He turned his face away that she might not see his emotion, for there were tears in Cromwell's eyes. She took the gesture for one of refusal, and it was in sad, plaintive tones she proffered her last despairing request.

'At least grant me the one last boon I have ridden so far to ask. It is not a little thing that will tempt a woman to the step I have taken. You cannot refuse me this —if I cannot save him, at least I can die with him. Shot, steel, or hempen noose, whatever penalty is exacted from Humphrey Bosville shall be shared by her who sent him here to die. I ask you no more favours—I claim it as a right—he shall not suffer for my sake alone. Do not think I shall flinch at the last moment. See! there is not a trooper of all your Ironsides that fears death less than Mary Cave!'

She had conquered triumphantly at last. The brave spirit could not but recognise its kindred nature. He had made up his mind now, and not a hair of Humphrey's head should have fallen had the whole Parliament of England voted his death to a man. Kindly, courteously, nay, almost tenderly, the rough Puritan soldier raised the kneeling lady to her feet. With a consideration she little expected, he placed her carefully in the chair, sent an orderly trooper for food and wine, and even bestirred himself to ascertain where she might be most safely lodged till her departure with a safe-conduct under his own hand.

'I grant your request, Mistress Mary Cave, and I attach to my concession but two conditions. The one, it is needless to state, is that Major Bosville passes his *parole* never again to bear arms against the Parliament, and the other'—his glance softened more and more as he proceeded—'that you will not quite forget plain Oliver Cromwell, and that hereafter when you hear his harshness censured, and his rustic breeding derided, you will not be ashamed to say you have known him to show the courtesy of a gentleman and the feeling of a man!'

With an obeisance, the respectful deference of which could not have been outdone by any plumed hat that ever swept the floors of Whitehall, Cromwell took his leave of his fair suppliant, consigning her to the care of George Effingham for the present, and promising her a written pardon in his own hand, and safe conduct through his outposts for herself and Humphrey Bosville, by the morrow's dawn.

Her spirit had kept her up hitherto, but fatigue, watching, and anxiety were too much for her woman's strength; and as Cromwell's massive figure disappeared through the doorway, she laid her head upon the coarse deal table and gave way to a passion of tears.

Chapter XXI.

'under sentence.'

Condemned to die! Reader, have you ever realized to yourself all that is contained in those three words? Have you ever considered how large a share of your daily life is comprised in what we may term the immediate future, in the cares, so to speak, of 'what you shall eat, and what you shall drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed?' Have you ever reflected how your own petty schemes and intrigues — equally petty when viewed at the supreme moment, whether you be a politician on the cross benches, or a

grocer behind your counter—fill up the measure of your hopes and wishes? how your own financial budget, whether it affect the revenues of a kingdom or the contents of a till, is the subject that occupies most of your thoughts? and how, when sagacity and foresight upon such matters become superfluous, there is a blank in your whole being, which you feel, perhaps for the first time, ought to have been filled up long ago with something that would not have deserted you at your need, that would have accompanied you into that *terra incognita* which the most material of us feel at some moments is really our home?

And yet at the crisis, it seems as though the spirit-wings were weaker than ever, and instead of soaring aloft into the blue heaven, can but flap heavily and wearily along the surface of earth, as though the mind were incapable of projecting itself into the future, and must needs dwell mistily and inconclusively on the Past; and there is no proverb truer than that 'the ruling passion is strong in death,' as all will readily admit whose lot it has ever been to look the King of Terrors in the face.

Humphrey Bosville lay condemned to death in Gloucester gaol. His examination, after a short imprisonment, had been conducted by Cromwell himself, with the few rude formalities extended to the trial of a prisoner-of-war. He had been questioned as to the strength of the King's army, and the deliberation of his councillors; like a soldier and a man of honour, he had steadfastly declined to divulge even the little he knew. The court that tried him was composed simply enough, consisting, besides Cromwell, of Harrison and another. The former of these two vainly endeavoured to persuade his prisoner, for whom he had taken a great liking, to turn traitor, and save his own life. Humphrey, however, was immovable, and Harrison liked him all the better. The proceedings were short, and not at all complicated.

'You refuse, then, to answer the questions put to you by the court?' said Cromwell, folding a sheet of paper in his hands with an ominous frown.

'I do, distinctly,' replied the prisoner, regardless of a meaning look from Harrison, and a strenuous nudge from that stout soldier's elbow.

'Sentence of death recorded. His blood be on his own head!' commented Cromwell; adding, with a look that lent a fearful interest to the simple words, 'to-morrow morning, at gun-fire.'

'God and the King!' exclaimed Humphrey, in a loud, fearless voice, placing his plumed hat jauntily on his head, and marching off between his gaolers, humming cheerfully the Royalist air of 'Cuckolds, come, dig!'

So the court broke up. Cromwell went to drill his Ironsides; Harrison to visit his outposts, with what result we have already learned; and another Cavalier was to die.

They placed food and wine in his cell; the grim troopers who guarded him looked on him no longer as an enemy. Already he was invested with the fearful interest of the departing traveller; he who ere twenty-four hours have elapsed will be in that land of which all of us have thought, and which none of us have seen. They were soldiers, too, and they liked his *pluck*, his gallant bearing, his cheerful good humour, his considerate courtesy even to his escort; for Humphrey was a gentleman at heart, and one essential peculiarity of the breed is, that it never shows its purity so much as when *in extremis*. Not a rough dragoon in the guard-room, including Ebenezer the Gideonite, who was still black and blue from shoulder to hip, but would have shared his ration willingly, 'Malignant' though he was, with the Cavalier officer.

He ate his portion of food with a good appetite, and drank off his wine to the King's health. The winter sun streamed in at the grating of his cell, the heavy tramp of the sentry at his door rung through the silence of the long stone corridor. It was all over now. It was come at last, and Humphrey sat him down to think.

Yes, he had looked upon Death as a near neighbour for years; he

had fronted him pretty often in Flanders before this unhappy civil war, and had improved his acquaintance with him since at Edge-Hill, Roundway-Down, Newbury, and elsewhere; nay, he had felt the grasp of his icy hand but very lately, when he failed to parry that delicate thrust of Goring's. What an awkward thrust it was! and should he not have met it in carte, rather than tierce, and so gone round his adversary's blade? Pshaw! how his mind wandered. And what was the use of thinking of such matters now?—now that he had not twenty-four hours to live—now that he should fix his thoughts on the next world, and pray ardently for the welfare of his soul. Ay, 'twas well that he had not neglected this duty, and put it off till to-day; do what he would, he could not control his mind, and bid it obey his will. Thoughts after thoughts came surging in, like ocean-waves, and bore him on and swamped him, so to speak, in their resistless tide. Might he but have chosen, he would not have died quite like this. No! he had hoped to go down in some victorious onset, stirrup to stirrup with hot Prince Rupert, the best blood in England, charging madly behind him to the old war-cry that made his blood boil even now — the stirring battle-word of 'God and the King!'—sword in hand, and the sorrel pulling hard!—the poor sorrel. Harrison had promised his prisoner to take care of the good horse; there was some comfort in that, and Harrison was a soldier, though a Roundhead. Ay, that had been a glorious death; or, better still, to have dragged his wounded frame to Mary's feet and laid his head upon her knee, and died there *so* peaceful, *so* happy, like a child hushing off to its sleep. Mary would think of him—mourn him, surely—and never forget him now. How would she look when they told her of it in the Queen's chamber? He tried to fancy her, pale and wobegone, bending to hide her face over the embroidery he knew so well—the embroidery he had told her playfully was to be finished ere he came back again. He would never come back to her now; and the large tears that his own fate had failed to draw from him, gathered in his eyes as he thought of that glorious lady's desolation, and fell unheeded on his clasped hands. Well, he had promised her, if need were, to give his life ungrudgingly for the Cause—and he had redeemed his word. Perhaps in another world he might meet her again, and be proud to show her the stainless purity of his shield. He thought over his past life—he was no casuist, no theologian; his simple faith, like that of his knightly ancestors, was comprised in a few words—'*Für Gott und für ihr*,' might have been engraved on his blade, as it was emblazoned on the banner of the chivalrous Lord Craven—he whose romantic attachment to the Queen of Bohemia was never outdone in the imagination of a Troubadour, who worshipped his royal ladye-love as purely and unselfishly as he risked life and fortune ungrudgingly in her cause. So was it with Humphrey—'For God and for her' was the sentiment that had ruled his every action of late—that consoled him and bore him up now, when he was about to die. It was not wisdom, it was not philosophy, it was not perhaps true religion; but it served him well enough—it stood him in the stead of all these—it carried him forward into the spirit life where, it may be, that some things we wot not of in our worldly forethought, are the true reality, and others that we have worshipped here faithfully and to our own benefit—such as prudential considerations, external respectability, and 'good common sense'—are found to be the myths and the delusions, the bubbles that the cold air of Death has dispelled for evermore.

At least, Humphrey knew he had but another night to live; and when he had prayed, hopefully and resignedly, with but one small grain of discontent, one faint repining that he might not see her just *once* again, he drew his pallet from the corner of his cell, and with folded arms and calm placid brow laid him down peacefully to sleep.

So sound were his slumbers, that they were not disturbed by the armed tread of the captain of the ward, a fierce old Puritan, who ushered up the corridor the cloaked and hooded figure of a woman, accompanied by an officer of the Ironsides, who had shown him an order, signed by Cromwell's own hand, which he dared not disobey. The grim warder, however, influenced by the prisoner's gallant and gentle demeanour, would fain have dissuaded the visitors from disturbing his repose.

'If you be friends of the Major's,' said he, in the gruff tones peculiar to all such custodians, 'you would act more kindly to let him be; they mostly gets their little snooze about this time of night; and if he's not roused, he'll sleep right on till to-morrow morning; and the nearer he wakes to gun-fire, the better for him. You'll excuse my making so free, madam; the Major's got to be shot at daybreak. But if you're come to examine of him, or to get anything more out of him than what he told the Court, I tell ye it's no use, and a burning shame into the bargain. I can't keep ye out, seeing it's the General's order—and Cromwell's a man who *will* be obeyed; but I can't bear to see the Major put upon neither, and he such a nice well-spoken gentleman, and the last night as he's to be with us and all.' So grumbling, the old gaoler, who was not without a sort of rough coarse kindness of his own, opened the cell door, and admitting the visitors, set his lamp down on the floor for their service; after which civility he returned to cough and grumble by himself in the passage.

Mary looked on the face of the sleeper, and for the first time since she had known him realized the unassuming courage of that honest heart. Could this be the man who ere twelve hours should elapse was doomed to die? this calm and placid sleeper, breathing so heavily and regularly, with a smile on his lips and his fair brow smooth and unruffled as a child's. She turned proudly to Effingham. 'Is he not worthy of the Cause?' was all she said; and Effingham, looking there upon his comrade and his rival, wiped the dew from his forehead, for the conflict of his feelings was more than he could bear.

Mary bent over him till her long hair swept across his face.

'Humphrey,' she whispered, in the sweetest of her soft caressing tones, 'Humphrey, wake up; do you not know me?—wake up.'

The sleeper stirred and turned. The well-known voice must have called up some association of ideas in his mind; perhaps he was dreaming of her even then and there. He muttered something. In the deep silence of the cell both his listeners caught it at once. Mary blushed crimson for very shame; and Effingham felt his heart leap as it had never leapt before.

The sleeper had but whispered three words — 'Mary, Loyalty, Mary,' was all he said; and then he woke, and stared wildly upon his visitors.

In another instant he had seized Mary's hand, and was folding it to his heart in a transport of affection and delight. He knew not that his life had been spared — he still thought he was to die; but he believed his prayers had been answered — that, whether in the body or out of the body, he was permitted to look on her once again—and that was enough for him.

Effingham did as he would be done by, and left the cell. If 'he jests at scars who never felt a wound,' on the other hand he is wondrously quick-witted and sympathizing who has himself gone through the *peine forte et dure* of real affection.

And Effingham, too, felt a weight taken off his heart. He could rejoice now without a single drawback at his comrade's pardon. To do him justice, he would have given all he had in the world to save him yesterday; but now he felt that though henceforth they would never again fight side by side, Bosville was his friend and brother once more. He felt, too, that there was something to live for still, that Hope was not dead within him, and his arm would henceforth be nerved for the struggle by a nobler motive than despair. His future existed once

more. Yesterday his life was a blank; to-day, simply because a sleeping captive had muttered a proper name, that blank was filled again with colours bright and rosy as the tints of the morning sky. Such are the ups and downs of poor mortality; such is the weakness of what we are pleased to term the godlike mind that rules our mass of clay.

We will follow Effingham's example; we will not rob Humphrey of his *tête-à-tête* with his mistress, nor intrude upon his transports when he learned that the hand he loved so dearly was the one that had saved him from death. It was too delightful—it was almost maddening to reflect on all she had undergone for his sake; how she had pleaded with Cromwell for his pardon, and having obtained it, had taken possession of him, as it were, at once, and passed her word for his *parole* as if he belonged to her, body and soul; and so he *did* belong to her, and so he would. Oh! if she would but accept his devotion! he longed to pour out his very heart's blood at her feet. Poor Humphrey! he was young, you see, and of a bold, honest nature, so he knew no better.

The three left the prison together, with a cordial farewell from the kind old governor, and walked through the dark night to the hostelry in the town. Mary was very silent. Did she regret what she had done? did she grudge her efforts for the prisoner? Far from it! She was thinking of all he deserved at her hands, of how she never could repay him for all his fondness and devotion, of the debtor and creditor account between them, and how she wished he could be a little, ever so little, less infatuated about her.

Again we say, poor Humphrey!

Chapter XXII.

'Father and Child.'

Grace Allonby is very sad and lonely now. Anxiety and distress have told upon her health and spirits, and the girl once so fresh and elastic, goes about her household duties with a pale cheek and a listless step that worry her father to his heart's core. Sir Giles has but little time for speculation on private affairs, his duty to his sovereign keeps him constantly employed, and it requires no astute politician to discover that whatever apprehensions he may have to spare, are due to that sovereign's critical position. The Royal Parliament has been convened at Oxford, and has voted anything and everything except *supplies*. Its sister assemblage at Westminster, bitter in successful rivalry, has refused to treat for peace; Hopton has sustained a conclusive defeat from Waller at Alresford. Oxford is no longer a secure haven, and the King, deprived of the society and counsels of his wife, feels himself more than usually perplexed and disheartened. Sir Giles has enough to do with his own regimental duties, for, come what may, he never neglects for an instant that task of organization and discipline on which the old soldier feels that life and honour must depend. His advice, too, is constantly required, and as constantly neglected by the King; but bitter and unpalatable as it may be, it is always proffered with the same frank honesty and singleness of purpose. He has succeeded in raising and arming no contemptible force of cavalry. With his own stout heart at their head, he thinks they can ride through and through a stand of pikes with a dash that shall win Prince Rupert's grim approval on a stricken field. He cannot foresee that ere long they will prove the speed of their horses, rather than the temper of their blades, on the wide expanse of fatal Marston-Moor. In the mean time they are equipped and ready to march.

An escort is provided to guard 'Gracey' back to her kinswoman's house at Boughton, where she will remain in bodily safety, no doubt, and will fulfil her destiny as a woman, by wasting her own heart in anxiety for the fate of others. Oxford will be emptied soon of all but its loyal professors and stanch war-worn garrison. Grace does not seem to regret her departure, nor

to look forward to her journey with any anticipations of delight, nor to care much whether she goes or stays. Her father's return to active service seems to alarm and depress her, and she wanders about the house with her eyes full of tears, but he has often left her to go campaigning before, and never seen her 'take on,' as he expresses it, like this. What can have come over the girl?

'If she had but a mother now,' thinks Sir Giles, with a half bitter pang to feel that his own honest affection should be insufficient for his daughter. He could almost reproach himself that he has not married a second time; but no, Gracey! not even for you could he consent to sacrifice that dream of the past, which is all the old man has left to him on earth. Why do we persist in cherishing the *little* we have, so much the more the *less* it is? Why is the widow's mite, being her all, so much *more* than the rich man's stores of silver and gold, being *his all* too? Perhaps it is that we must suffer before we can enjoy, must pine in poverty before we can revel in possession; and therefore Lazarus devours his crust with famished eagerness, whilst Dives pushes his plate disdainfully away, and curses fretfully cook and butler, who cannot make him hungry or thirsty, albeit his viands are served on silver, and his wine bubbles in a cup of gold. Sir Giles loves a memory fifteen years old better than all the rest of the world, and Gracey into the bargain.

He sits after supper with a huge goblet of claret untasted at his elbow. Leaning his head on his hand he watches his daughter unobserved. All day she has been busied about little matters for his comfort. He marches to-morrow at dawn, and she too leaves Oxford for Northamptonshire. She was more cheerful, he thinks, this afternoon, and the interest and bustle had brought a colour again to her cheek; but how pale and tired she looks now, bending over that strip of work. The delicate fingers, too, though they fly nimbly as ever in and out, are thinner than they used to be—and she always turns her face away from the lamp. A father's eyes, Grace, are sharper than you think for; he is watching you narrowly from under his shaded brows, and he sees the tears raining down thick upon your work and your wasted hands. In the whole of her married life your mother never wept like that.

He can stand it no longer.

'Gracey,' says he, in his deep, kind tones; 'Gracey! little woman! what's the matter?'

He took her on his knee, as he used to do when she was a little curly-headed thing, and she hid her face on his shoulder, her long dark hair mingling with the old man's white locks and beard.

She clung to him and sobbed wearily, and told him, 'it was nothing—she was tired, and anxious, and nervous, but well—quite well—and, it was nothing.'

He had long lost his place in his daughter's heart, though he knew it not.

He strove to cheer her up gently and warily, with a womanly tact and tenderness you could hardly have expected from the war-worn soldier, leading her insensibly from domestic details to the hopes and proceedings of the Royalists, and she struggled to be calm, and appeared to lend an anxious ear to all his details.

'We shall have a large army in the north, Grace,' said the old Cavalier; 'and when Prince Rupert has relieved York—and relieve it he will, my lass, for hot as he is, there is not a better officer in the three kingdoms, when his hands are loose—he will effect a junction with the King, and we shall then be able to show the Roundheads a front that will keep their ragged Parliament in check once more. What, girl! we have still Langdale, and Lisle, and the Shrewsbury Foot, and gallant Northampton with all his merry-men at his back, not to mention my own knaves, whose rearguard you saw march out this morning. I have taken some trouble with them, you know, and they're the best brigade I've commanded yet by a good deal. Why, what said young Bosville when he lay in this very room?—ay, on the sofa where you always sit at your stitch-

ing—and saw them file past the windows before they were half-drilled. "Sir Giles," said he, "they're the only cavalry we have that can *ride*." And there's no better judge and no better soldier for a young man than Humphrey, whom I love as my own son. They'll win your old father his peerage yet before I've done with 'em. Fill me out the claret, my darling, and we'll drink a health to Lady Grace!'

She did as she was desired, and he could not have accused her of paleness now. Was it the anticipation of her exalted rank that thus brought the blood in a rush to Grace's cheeks?

'Ay! if worst comes to worst,' proceeded the old knight, after a hearty pull at the claret, 'the rebels will be glad to come to terms. I am an old man now, sweetheart, and I want to live at peace with my neighbours. When I've had these new levies in a good rousing fire once and again, and seen the knaves hold their own with Cromwell and his men in iron, I shall be satisfied for my part. Besides, we fight unincumbered now; the Queen's safe enough down in the West. I heard from Mary this morning by Jermyn, who travelled here post with despatches; and the Queen——'

'From Mary!' interrupted Grace, her eyes sparkling and her face flushing once more; 'what says she? Does she talk about herself?—does she give you any news?'

She spoke in a sharp quick tone; and the slender fingers that rested on her father's glass clasped it tight round the stem.

'She writes mostly of the Cause, as is her wont,' replied Sir Giles, not noticing his daughter's eagerness. 'They have hopes of more men and horses down in the West. Ay, there is a talk too of foreign assistance; but for my part I put little faith in that. The Queen's household is much diminished,—that's a good job at least. I read my Bible, Grace, I hope, like a good Christian, and I believe every word in it, but I have never yet *seen* that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Howsoever, there is but little pomp now in the Queen's court at Exeter. Mary only mentions herself and Mrs. Kirke, and Lady Carlisle, whom I never could abide; and Dormer and Bosville as gentlemen of the chamber; and that is all.'

Grace's breath came quick and short. She was still on her father's knee, but in such a posture that he could not see her face. She would have given much to be able to ask one simple question, but she dared not—no, she *dared* not. She held her peace, feeling as if she was stifled.

'The Queen were best on the Continent,' pursued Sir Giles, 'and Mary seems to think she will go ere long, taking her household with her. God be with them! England is well rid of the half of them.'

Grace laughed—such a faint, forced, miserable laugh. Poor Grace! the blow had been long coming, and it had fallen at last. Of course he would accompany his Royal mistress abroad; of course she would never, never see him again; of course he was nothing to her, and amidst all his duties and occupations she could have no place in his thoughts. The pertinacity with which she dwelt upon this consolatory reflection was sufficiently edifying; and of course she ought to have foreseen it all long ago, and it was far better that she should know the worst, and accustom herself to it at once. Oh, far better! A positive relief! And the poor face that she put up to kiss her father when he wished her 'Good-night,' looked whiter and more drawn than ever; the footfall that he listened to so wistfully going up the stairs dwelt wearily and heavily at every step. Sir Giles shook his head, finished his claret at a draught, and betook himself too to his couch; but the old Cavalier was restless and uneasy, his sleep little less unbroken than his daughter's.

Alas, Gracey!—she was his own child no more. He remembered her so well in her white frock, tottering across the room with her merry laugh, and holding his finger tight in the clasp of that warm little hand; he remembered her a slender slip of girlhood, galloping on her pony with a certain graceful

timidity peculiarly her own, her long dark ringlets floating in the breeze, her bright eyes sparkling with the exercise, and always, frightened or confident, trusting and appealing to 'Father' alone. He remembered her, scores and scores of times, sitting on his knee as she had done this evening, nestling her head upon his shoulder, and vowing in her pretty positive way—positive always and only with *him*—that she would never marry and leave him, never trust her old father to any hands but her own; she was sure he couldn't do without her, and if *he* wasn't sure he ought to be!

And now somebody had come and taken away all this affection from him that he considered his by right; and she was no longer his child—his very own—and never would be again. Sir Giles could not have put his thoughts explicitly into words, but he had a dim consciousness of the fact, and it saddened while it almost angered him. Though he slept but little he was up and astir long before daybreak; and the 'God bless thee, Gracey!' which was always his last word at parting with his daughter, was delivered more hoarsely and solemnly than his wont. The pale face with its red eyelids haunted him as he rode; and except once to give a beggar an alms, and once to swear testily at his best horse for a stumble, Sir Giles never uttered a syllable for the first ten miles of his journey.

And Grace, too, in the train of her kinsman, Lord Vaux, travelled wearily back to his house at Boughton, which she considered her home. Faith, riding alongside of her, to cheer her mistress's spirits, forgot her own griefs—for Faith too had lost a lover—in sympathy for the lady's meek uncomplaining sadness.

'It's all along of the Captain!' thought Faith, whose own affairs had not dimmed the natural sharpness of her sight; 'it's all along of the Captain, and he ought to be ashamed of himself, so he ought!'

Faith, like the rest of her class, was not particular as to the amount of blame she laid upon the absent; and with the happy impartiality of her sex, invariably considered and proclaimed *the man* to be in the wrong. In this instance she condemned Humphrey without the slightest hesitation. It was clear he had left her young mistress without distinctly promising marriage, and when she contrasted such lukewarm negligence with the ardent passages of leave-taking that had been reciprocated by Dymocke and herself, she could scarcely contain her indignation. 'If Hugh had used *me* so,' thought Faith, and the colour rose to her cheeks as she dwelt on the possible injustice, 'as sure as I've two hands I'd have scratched his eyes out!'

EGYPTIAN AND SACRED CHRONOLOGY.*

THE advances made during the last fifteen or twenty years in almost every branch of human knowledge have been so great as to occasion serious inconvenience to the writers of extensive works, particularly when their volumes appear at an interval of a year or more. A writer on astronomy, chemistry, or any other scientific subject, must expect to have to modify or even to contradict in his latter volumes many of the statements made in the earlier ones, and may esteem himself fortunate if he is not obliged to recast them entirely. It does not appear that this has been so much the case with those writers who have addressed themselves to modern history; at least we have not heard that either Lord Macaulay or Mr. Prescott (whose death we have had so recently to lament) have in their later researches found reason to recal, or even to alter, any of their former opinions or accounts. Fresh materials are however so rapidly accumulating, State-paper offices and other hitherto neglected repositories of historical documents are now being so carefully ransacked, that it cannot be but many new facts must come to light with important bearing on many received theories and opinions on these subjects.

If there was one subject on which we might have supposed that all further information was denied us, it would be the history of those distant ages of the world, the very record of whose existence has hitherto been preserved only by the incidental allusions of the Sacred volume, and whose events have been till lately only commemorated by shapeless mounds and unintelligible sculptures. We could hardly expect to have the ransacking of a Chaldean State-paper office. A romantic novel of the times of the Pharaoh who exalted Joseph would seem as likely a discovery as that of Hermes Trismegistus himself in *propriâ personâ*. And yet something very like both has been obtained. The mounds of Birs Nimroud are yielding up to Layard, Rawlinson, and other indefatigable inquirers their long buried treasures of Assyrian and Babylonian annals. For the novel we must refer our readers to an interesting and agreeable article in the last number of the *Cambridge Essays*.†

The learned and laborious author of the work at the head of our list, of which the third and penultimate volume has just appeared, seems in his own opinion to have reaped all the benefit without suffering any of the inconveniences of that advance in historical knowledge of which we have been speaking. All recent discoveries and elucidations, and they have been numerous, appear to have confirmed the learned Baron in the hypotheses he had formed and the conclusions he had adopted; or if they have had influence at all, it has been in the way of extending whatever was paradoxical in his views, and causing him to form further hypotheses and come to fresh conclusions of a startling and singular description.

Earlier Egyptian history is an extremely dry subject. The general reader who embarks upon it finds himself immediately involved in a maze of Sothiac cycles, Phœnix years, the great and lesser Panegyries, and other astronomical and chronological terms of a very alarming appearance. About as interesting and agreeable to contemplate as the scaffolding of a modern building, they fulfil the same functions to the historical edifice, and cannot be taken down till the foundations are secure, which is far from the case at present. We will, therefore, pass very cursorily over the subject of Baron Bunsen's two earlier volumes, which comprise what he calls the Old Empire, last-

* *Egypt's Place in Universal History:* an Historical Investigation. In Five Books. By C. C. J. Baron Bunsen, D.Ph., D.C.L., DD.D. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cottrell, M.A. Vol. 3. London: Longman. 1859.

The Genealogies of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, reconciled with each other, and shown to be in harmony with the true chronology of the times. By Lord Arthur Hervey, M.A., Rector of Ickworth. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1853.

† *Hieratic Papyri.* By C. W. Goodwin.

ing between 1076 to 1286 years, and the Middle Period, or shepherd domination, of about 900 years, and come at once to the New Empire, which is treated of in the third volume before us.

We must only remark that this earlier history is founded almost exclusively on certain lists of dynasties obtained at second-hand from Manetho, a writer who lived in Egypt about the third century B.C. To these have been added certain fragmentary lists and notices collected out of Herodotus, Eratosthenes, and Diodorus; and these are supposed to be corroborated in many instances by the rows of royal names deciphered on the monuments. The ingenuity of subsequent writers has been employed in piecing out these, so as to form a connected whole. Thus Manetho having begun his lists with:—

1	Dynasty—Thinites	. . .	8 kings	. .	253 years.
2	,,	,, . . .	9 ,,	. .	308 ,,
3	,,	Memphites . .	9 ,,	. .	214 ,,
4	,,	,, . . .	8 ,,	. .	274 ,,
5	,,	Elephantinites .	8 ,,	. .	248 ,,
6	,,	Memphites . .	6 ,,	. .	203 ,,
7	,,	,, . .	70 ,,	. .	70 days.
8	,,	,, . .	27 ,,	. .	146 years.
9	,,	Heracleopolites .	19 ,,	. .	409 ,,
10	,,	,, .	19 ,,	. .	185 ,,
11	,,	Diospolites . .	17 ,,	. .	59 ,,
12	,,	,, . .	7 ,,	. .	160 ,,
		&c.			&c.

Mr. Poole is of opinion that the 1st dynasty is contemporaneous with the 3rd; the 2nd with the 4th, 5th, 9th, and 11th; and the 6th with the 10th and 12th; a view which is entirely different to that of the Baron, who does not believe in contemporaneous dynasties as a general rule, but believes with Syncellus, that the thirty dynasties of Manetho, from Menes to the Persian conquest, can be formed into an intelligible series, lasting about 3555 years.

Let us pause a moment here, and consider what these materials, with which these investigators have been compelled to work, really amount to. Let us assume that these lists are neither fictitious nor hopelessly corrupted, and taking an analogous instance in modern times, let us try to obtain a criterion of what such information is worth. If we take the case of France, undoubtedly the most homogeneous country of modern times, its annals after this fashion might stand thus. We omit the names of the kings, as unnecessary for the argument:—

1	Dynasty—Merovingians	. .	17 kings,	reigning	299 years.
2	,,	Carlovingians . .	12 ,,	,,	267 ,,
3	,,	Capetian . . .	14 ,,	,,	341 ,,
4	,,	Valois	13 ,,	,,	261 ,,
5	,,	Bourbon . . .	5 ,,	,,	206 ,,
6	,,	Bonaparte . . .	1, 2, or 3	,,	11 ,,
7	,,	Bourbon . . .	3 ,,	,,	33 ,,

So far so good. But suppose him to read on:—

8	Dynasty—Plantagenets	. .	8 kings,	reigning	158 years.
9	,,	Tudor	5 ,,	,,	118 ,,
10	,,	Stuarts	4 ,,	,,	85 ,,
11	,,	Navarrese . . .	27 ,,	,,	606 ,,
12	,,	Burgundians . .	19 ,,	,,	630 ,,
13	,,	,, . . .	24 ,,	,,	600 ,,

For many of these called themselves kings of France. If we, lastly, imagine that almost the only piece of sculpture referring to these epochs which had been preserved should chance to be a bas-relief representing the coronation of Henry VI. of Lancaster at Paris; it may easily be conceived what chance the most painstaking student would have of unravelling such a tangled web.

The case becomes, however, different as soon as not merely names, but events are recorded in the documents referred to, and those which

are sculptured on existing monuments are still better authority. A king may often represent upon the buildings he erects what is historically false: he may carve a glorious victory on the walls of his palace, when he really suffered an ignominious defeat; but still the fact of there being such a representation, is very good evidence of the *existence* of the king whose deeds it celebrates. We may safely take it for granted that monarchs in those days seldom took the trouble of glorifying any one but themselves, and perhaps their own immediate predecessors.

We therefore think that while very little reliance can be placed on the ingenious arrangements which Baron Bunsen and others have made of the earlier Egyptian annals, which rest so much on Manetho's lists alone, and of which the Pyramids are almost the sole historical monuments, somewhat more respect is due to his New Empire, which commences with the eighteenth dynasty. His historical account of it has been very carefully and laboriously compiled; and a short abstract will be interesting.

The New Empire, then, commenced at the period when Egypt emerged from her long night of subjection to the hated race of the Shepherd Kings. The deliverer of his country, and the first king of his line, was Amosis. Under him the seat of the native power seems to have been Thebes, while the intruders were still established at Memphis and Lower Egypt. Their hold, indeed, had lasted too long to be easily shaken off. Amosis was once successful in driving them from their capital, but troubles breaking out in Ethiopia, he was forced to abandon it; and the Shepherds retained it throughout the remainder of his reign, and that of his successor Tuthmosis. Tuthmosis II. finally succeeded in expelling them from Memphis, but the contest was not over, for they retired to the fortified city of Avaris, where they long resisted the utmost efforts of the Egyptians. The reign of Tuthmosis III., the most celebrated of the kings of his race, now succeeded. In his long and glorious reign, he at last drove out the invading Shepherds, and in twelve campaigns carried the terror of his arms over Asia Minor as far as Mesopotamia. The chief of Carchemish, and the Hittites, then in possession of Palestine, were vanquished. This conqueror is supposed by Sir G. Wilkinson to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus; but the Baron considers him the king who eighty years previously commenced the harsh servitude related in Holy Writ. His severities were continued by his successors, Amenophis II., Tuthmosis IV., Amenophis III., and Horus, who all distinguished themselves more by their buildings than their battles.

Great, however, as was the glory of this dynasty, it was exceeded by that of the nineteenth, or the Ramses, which followed it. Sothis, the second king of this line, erected the most magnificent apartment in the world, the great hall at Karnak, upon the walls of which are portrayed in long processions the numerous nations he subdued. Amongst them figure the tribes of Ethiopia and Nubia, the Berbers of North Africa, the Shepherds or Philistines, so lately the conquerors of Egypt; people from Cyprus and Mesopotamia; and many tribes whose local habitation it is impossible to fix. This inference, however, the Baron draws from the multitude of names all from a limited tract of country, bounded in fact by Mesopotamia to the north, and Ethiopia to the south—that no great kingdom had begun to exist in those regions, and that consequently the conquests of Sothis were anterior to the rule of the Israelites in Palestine. There was no nation capable of bringing together a force which could resist these incursions, even Nineveh and Babylon were made tributary without any difficulty; for it was not till one hundred and twenty years later that Ninus laid the foundation of the great Assyrian Empire.

Ramses II., the son of Sothis, is perhaps, after Sesostris, with whom he is sometimes improperly confounded, the most celebrated of Egyptian kings; but in point of fact his renown is owing to his father's exploits, and the prosperous state in which he inherited the kingdom. Indeed, he was far from warlike himself, and his campaigns

all ended in the twenty-first year of his reign, when the Egyptian troops appear to have retired from Syria, leaving the Hittites in successful rebellion behind them. During the remainder of his long reign of sixty-six years, he devoted himself to his magnificent and ostentatious monuments at Karnak and elsewhere, particularly at Aboosimbel, in Nubia. This profusion led, as often happens, to cruelty and oppression; the bondage of the Israelites, which had been severe, was fearfully aggravated. Their murmurs grew loud and deep, and though the storm did not break in Ramses' life, he left the kingdom in a wretched state of dissatisfaction and decay.

The misfortunes of Menophres, his successor, were owing to his father's crimes, but—and here we have surer testimony than Baron Bunsen's—he deserved them for his own. The Israelites revolted and quitted the country. The king escaped the waters of the Red Sea, but an irruption of the Philistines and the discontent of his subjects forced him to flee into Ethiopia, from whence he did not return for thirteen years.

It may perhaps be considered as a corroboration of Holy Writ that he had no son to succeed him, but was the last of his family. Ramses III., the first king of the twentieth dynasty, if a relation at all, was only a distant one. He was a great commander, and for a time restored the fallen glory of the nation. The theatre of his campaigns was Palestine as far as Phœnicia, but they can hardly be considered as more than mere transitory incursions. They, however, served an important purpose in repressing the power of the tribes which inhabited that country. While these events were transacting, the Israelites, under Joshua, numbering six hundred thousand men capable of bearing arms, were encamped beyond Jordan, and did not cross that river till the Egyptians had definitively withdrawn. The list of nations vanquished by this king is a long one. Amongst them may be distinguished the Kheta, the Amar, the Pursata, Rabu, the men of Tira, Tuirsa, and Saintana, and the Gaikrui; who may very probably be identified with the Hittites, the Amorites, the Philistines, and the inhabitants of Tyre, Tarsis, Sodom, and Accho or Acre.

This conqueror was succeeded by a number of insignificant kings, also named Ramses, and then a great revolution took place. The Theban dynasties were overthrown by the sacerdotal caste, and the sceptre was assumed by a priest of Ammon from Zoan, in Lower Egypt. After four kings of little note, Sheshonk, or Shishak, the conqueror of Jerusalem, founded the twenty-second or Bubastic dynasty. His famous expedition to Palestine is commemorated on the walls of Karnak, where the king of Judah (or as Baron Bunsen says, Judah personified as a king) appears as one of a huge row of captives, amongst whom can be recognised the chiefs of Maharaim, Bethhoron, and Megiddo.

Here Baron Bunsen closes his Egyptian history for the present. In the short abstract we have offered we have carefully abstained from doing more than give the results of his laborious investigations, without questioning any more than pledging ourselves to their accuracy. The world owes much gratitude to inquirers like him, even should his conclusions be hereafter questioned or disproved. Where authorities cannot be referred to, as obviously must be the case in the present instance, praise or blame will be of little value; but we cannot but give it as our own opinion, that in this account of the New Empire we see nothing but what is a very fair deduction from the premises.

We fear we cannot say quite the same with respect to the Baron's views on Scripture chronology, contained in this volume. We have not the slightest desire of accusing any one of impiety or infidelity who does not happen to believe that Noah lived nine hundred and fifty years, or because he thinks that the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt lasted fourteen centuries, but still the English mind is hardly prepared for such expressions as the following:—

> The ordinary chronology, then, we declare to be devoid of any scientific foundation; the interpretation indeed

by which it is accompanied, when carefully investigated, makes the Bible a tissue of old women's stories and children's tales which contradict each other. When confronted with authentic chronology, it generally leads to impossible results. It does not harmonize with anything which historical criticism finds elsewhere, and which it is under the necessity of recognising as established fact. It is, as regards the religious views of educated persons, the same thing as the stories in the Vedas about the world-tortoise are to those who are supposed to believe them—a stone of stumbling; and it will become more and more so every ten years. For it contradicts all reality, and necessitates the denial of facts which are as clear as the sun; or if it does not succeed in that, compels them to be passed over altogether as matters of no moment. In countries where research cannot be prohibited by the police, or is not punishable by excommunication, this indeed in the long run becomes exceedingly laughable, but it does not on that account cease to be immoral.—Vol. iii. p. 348.

Though not quite yet, we fear, unprejudiced enough to believe it to be immoral to prefer the literal Bible to Baron Bunsen, we are far, we beg leave to say, from the superstitious reverence for it with which it has been too much regarded. Romanists and Protestants have both erred in this respect. The former treat the sacred volume as some Oriental despots have been treated by their ministers, who, while they issued decrees in his name, would never allow him to be seen by his subjects. The latter have, on the other hand, too often brought it into discredit, by parading it, like a constitutional king, on the most trivial occasions, and citing it as authority when it was never intended for such.

In the outset we must say that we entirely agree in the change the Baron proposes to make in the received computation of the time between the Exodus and the building of the Temple; which, instead of lengthening, as might perhaps have been expected, he shortens from four hundred and eighty or four hundred and forty years to about three hundred and six. We strongly recommend those who are interested in this topic to read the very able work by Lord Arthur Hervey, on *Scripture Genealogies*. The noble and reverend author, who, it need hardly be said, writes in a spirit as far removed as possible from German neologism, has arrived on entirely independent grounds at very nearly the same conclusion as the Baron. He starts from the fact that between Nahshon, Prince of Judah at the time of the Exodus, and David there were only four generations—Salmon, Boaz, Obed, Jesse. It is obviously impossible, he remarks, that there can have been *four* generations averaging more than a hundred years each; still more when we find nearly all the other genealogies of the time to contain about the same number of names. 'Either, then, the genealogies are defective, or the chronology is at fault.' We have not space to give all the minute circumstances which have led Lord A. Hervey to the conclusion that the latter is the case. His manner of treating the historical part of the book of Judges is even bolder than Baron Bunsen's. For instance, he considers that Othniel and Barak may have been cotemporary at one time; and Ehud, Gideon, and Jephthah at another, all engaged as independent chieftains in the war of liberation, and each with his own local historian.

Baron Bunsen proceeds in a slightly different manner. Egypt, according to him, being invaded by the Philistines, was in no condition to molest the Israelites, though they marched through countries formerly subject to it, and the latter accordingly reached the left bank of the Jordan without serious impediment. But there they found the Hittites too powerful to be attacked; nor was it till Ramses III. had broken down their power that Joshua ventured to cross. His war lasted only five years, and he died in the twenty-fifth year of his leadership. The Israelites now enjoyed eighteen years of prosperity and independence, till another foe came down upon them. A vast empire was founded by Ninus in Assyria; and not long afterwards one of its Mesopotamian satraps, Chushan Rishathaim, subjugated the whole of Palestine. His domination did not last more than eight years, but the

rising power of the Israelites received such a check that they thenceforward had to contend on equal terms with the Pagan tribes around them. It is needless to say that the Baron unhesitatingly rejects the terms of forty and eighty years for the various rests under the heroes; and few will doubt that these numbers merely mean an indefinite time, as indeed they do in the East at the present day. He allows about a hundred and forty-five years for the contests and deliverances under Ehud, Deborah, and Abimelech. Tola and the inferior judges in the north-west he considers to have been cotemporary with Jair and Jephthah in the south; and by placing the exploits of Samson entirely within the forty years allotted to Eli and Samuel, he arrives at the before-mentioned term of three hundred and six years between the Exodus and the building of the Temple.

The scheme by which the German writer accounts for the discrepancy of the chronology is so truly characteristic that we must give it at length:—

> I think the best way of meeting this demand, in furtherance of the purpose of this book, is to lay before our readers in a summary manner, the simple idea which, with all its childlike simplicity, is truly sublime and epical. . . . . The aim and purpose of the authors [of the sacred narrative] was not to make a compilation of the dry annalistic entries of ordinary external events. Their object was to bring into notice the guidance of the people of God, from generation to generation. . . . . Hence, as might be expected, there sprung up an Epos which was an intermediate step between Mythos and strict history. It exhibits no trace of the mythological fictions which give historical form to the idea of the relation between the divine and the human. It is this which marks its superiority to every heathen Epos, not excepting even altogether the Hellenic. Its basis is historical, exclusively historical; the shape in which it is composed is exclusively popular epic, by generations of forty years.—p. 300.

No one can doubt the perfect good faith in which this explanation is given, but few readers in this country will, we hope, be disposed to acquiesce in the extremely qualified superiority which is granted to the Hebrew 'Epos' over the Hellenic. After this we fear Lord Arthur Hervey's solution will appear tame and commonplace; it being merely that the different sheets of contemporaneous and independent histories got mixed, and their sequence disordered when collected at a subsequent period.

Having dealt thus leniently with the Book of Judges, the Baron makes amends by the havoc he causes in the earlier history of the Pentateuch. The patriarchs fare extremely badly at his hands; their ages, nay, even the existence of most of them, being dismissed as merely 'childish delusions.'

> None but those who still cling to the infatuation that Noah and Shem lived from six hundred to one thousand years, have any excuse to offer for such purely childish delusions, persistence in which can only be productive of doubt and unbelief.—p. 340.
>
> This solitary heir (Isaac) of the patriarchal emir could not have been at most more than sixteen when the faithful Eliezer was commissioned to seek a wife for him.—p. 340.
>
> There is no country in which it is so improbable that a man of one hundred years old should have a son, as in a land of early development like Syria and Canaan.—p. 341.

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, these are allowed to be real personages; but their ages, instead of 175, 180, and 147, are cut short to 100, 80, and 97. As for the others, they are nearly all allegorized away. The years assigned to Arphaxad, Salah, and Heber being somewhat similar, 438, 453, 464, our author boldly considers them to be in fact the same number, and to refer to the sojourn of the race in the primeval land—Arra-pakhitis, whence Arphaxad. In the same crucible Salah becomes 'the Mission,' Heber 'the Settler,' Peleg 'the Partition,' or names of events turned into names of men. Reu and Serug are changed into Rohi and Sarug, districts, we are informed, near what is at present Edessa. Lastly, the number 600, which our author finds, we don't exactly see how, in the ages of both Noah and Shem, is 'the original Chaldaic equation between lunar and solar time' (p. 368). After this we can only be too thankful to be spared the discovery

that Enoch lived 365 years, and that consequently he is Apollo, Hercules, Baal, and every other sun-god in every heathen Pantheon; but this is perhaps reserved for volume four.

It may possibly be imagined that the Baron, having thus demolished the extraordinary longevity assigned to the Patriarchs, and even got rid of some of them altogether, is disposed to shorten the received chronology, and give a much less duration to the sojourn of man upon the earth than is commonly supposed. Far from it; for instead of the usual term of less than 6000 years, he considers it proved that man has existed at least 13,000, and very probably 20,000. The proofs of this, founded on that very uncertain guide, the 'theory of language,' he promises us in his next volume; but he considers that he has found a remarkable corroboration of his views in Mr. Horner's researches near Cairo. What this authority amounts to may be stated in a few words, and we leave our readers to judge for themselves. There is a certain statue of Ramses the Great lying near Cairo, and from the position in which it lies it is computed that there has been an accumulation of nine feet four inches of Nile mud since that statue was erected. Now, Ramses lived, according to Lepsius, about 1394 B.C., consequently some 3245 years ago. This would give a mean rate of increase of deposited mud of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches a century. Now, close to the statue, Mr. Horner excavated to the depth of 24 feet, and bored 17 more, the two last of which were sand, making 39 feet of mud; which, at the above-mentioned rate, must have taken 13,500 years to collect. But at this depth of 39 feet, his instrument brought up fragments of burnt brick and pottery, one inch square.* These burnt bricks must have been made by man, consequently man existed 13,500 years ago. Q. E. D. (See *Transactions of the Royal Society*, 1855.)

Wonderfully slight data these for so momentous a conclusion. All the annals of circumstantial evidence can produce nothing like this piece of burnt brick one inch square. Indeed it proves a little too much. There are no old buildings of *burnt* brick in Egypt now, because the climate does not require them. Consequently, if used there, the climate must have changed. If the climate has changed, what becomes of the inundation of the Nile mud? But, in fact, the whole argument rests on the assumption that 13,000 years ago the rate of increase of Nile mud was exactly the same as at present, which it is obviously impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to prove.

We must here conclude this short notice of Baron Bunsen's third volume. We have neither space nor time to notice his remarks on Indian, Chinese, and Bactrian chronological systems; all of which will repay perusal by those who are fond of these subjects. We desire to do all honour to his profound learning, his indefatigable industry, and his genuine religious feeling; and can only wish it joined to a little less dogmatism, and somewhat less readiness to believe in any idle conjecture which may appear to militate against the statements of Holy Writ.

E. E.

* It may perhaps be surmised that these pieces of brick, &c. were placed where they were found by the excavators themselves. We, however, entirely disbelieve this. The researches were directed by Hekekyan Sey, one of those remarkable self-taught men who occasionally rise up in the East, and whose attainments and enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge form a remarkable contrast to the ignorance and apathy of those around them. He is well known to many English travellers in Egypt; and none, we think, will believe him capable of any fraud in this matter or any other. He *may* have been imposed upon by his labourers; but we should doubt it ever occurring to an uneducated fellah that pieces of brick would have so much significance.

NOTES ON THE NATIONAL DRAMA OF SPAIN.

BY J. R. CHORLEY.

Chapter II.

OUTLINES.

IT is not requisite for the purpose of these Notes to deduce a pedigree of the Spanish Drama, from the cradle of mimetic art in the Middle Ages. It would occupy too much space to describe the process by which its several elements were gradually evolved and matured, until the time was ripe for the genius who moulded them into form, and animated that form with a life which the nation claimed as its own. Our business here is with the comedy which Lope de Vega planted and brought to maturity on the ground prepared by the endeavours of many previous ages. To trace the rise and progress of those essays down to the period when the genetic *nisus* ended in a new and brilliant creation, is the office of the historian.

That office has been ably fulfilled by Professor Ticknor; in whose *History of Spanish Literature*, chap. 13 to 15, vol. i., and chap. 7 and 8, vol. ii., will be found an account of the antecedents of the national drama, sufficient for general purposes. But those who wish to study them in detail must be referred to the first volume of Von Schack's *History*,* a work to which I owe many obligations. The author, a man of fine taste, and learned as well as diligent, was the first to unveil to modern eyes the full figure of the Spanish drama, and to do justice to its neglected poets. The light he throws on all the material parts of his subject is invaluable to the student; not less so is the genial criticism with which he displays its poetic worth. It is a book, too, the fidelity of which may be trusted. Considering the vast extent of the field, which before him was all but untrodden, and the multiplicity of details which had to be sought for its illustration in remote and obscure places, his general accuracy is surprising; indeed, he will rarely be found in error on any point of consequence. This tribute is offered here, not merely as the acknowledgment which one much indebted to his guidance is bound to pay, but also for the benefit of other students, to whom no better instructor can be recommended.

Referring, therefore, to Ticknor and Von Schack for particulars, I may briefly observe that in the earliest rudiments of a drama in the Middle Ages two distinct elements are visible—the *religious*, fostered by the Church, that turned to the profit of its influence the propensity inherent in mankind to enliven the utterance of their conceptions or feelings by dialogue and gesture; and the *profane*, which whether, as some think, derived by unbroken succession from the *mimes* of the Roman period, or spontaneously produced by natural causes, must have been at least as old as the other. Were there not proof, which there is, of the early use of purely secular shows and mummings, it might be inferred from the recourse of the Church to a principle which it did not create, but must have found among the laity: since this is implied by its effect as an aid to religious offices. It is therefore erroneous to describe the Church mysteries or miracle plays as the sole root of the modern drama. The copious infusion of profane matter, indeed, in those sacred exhibitions, would of itself attest the existence of another, which also contributed to its growth. It was natural that, in times when

* *Geschichte der Dramatischen Kunst und Literatur in Spanien.* Von Adolf Friedrich von Schack. 2te *Ausgabe*. Frankfurt. 1854. I name this second edition, or rather re-issue of the first, because it is enriched by an appendix containing much that is new and important, chiefly obtained from private libraries in Spain, and hitherto unpublished. It is to be regretted that this excellent work has no index.

the Church had the best light of the day, while the laity were still dark and rude, those histrionic shows which the former admitted or encouraged should be the most complete and famous; and, consequently, that notices of them should have been preserved, while the obscure pastimes of the vulgar, or the buffooneries of strolling minstrels, were forgotten. But of these enough has been recorded to show that, from the earliest days, a distinct secular type of mimic representation, however base and poor, was always extant beyond the pale of the Church. Towards the close of the Middle Ages, still more during the century which preceded the birth of the national drama, we see it continually gaining ground, and displaying its activity in various shapes. As the development proceeds, rustic dialogue begins to clothe itself, with no small elegance, in forms of verse which the Provençal bards had taught their followers in Spain, and which, a little later, tended to determine the fashion that afterwards prevailed on the stage. A similar improvement, the while, appears in the treatment of religious subjects; but on the whole it is clear that the profane was rapidly overtaking the devotional movement throughout this period. At its close it certainly had the leading part in the formation of a national theatre.

Although the germ of dramatic art lies, as I have said, in human nature itself, and so is common to all races and ages, still, its development in a complete and living form appears to depend on special conditions; wanting which it is dormant or abortive. Of such requisites two would seem to be essential—a stage of culture, namely, in which the mind, become apt for ideal excursions, is still powerfully acted upon by the senses, and has few intellectual pleasures but such as are addressed to the eye and ear. The other essential may be described as a certain breadth and settlement in the political state of a people, such as on the one hand begets a general feeling of enlarged self-consciousness, and on the other imparts the leisure and security necessary to the growth of an art in which the co-operation of many is required for its exercise as for its enjoyment. That these conditions are indispensable, it might be hazardous to affirm. But it is certain that no national drama has hitherto been produced without the union of both. No sooner is this consummated, than the rude embryo begins to stir: and the organic process reaches its full term when the combined causes have exerted their utmost force, and are on the eve of subsiding. In this form of poetry the season of maturity arrives soon after the period of birth, while the original impulse is still vigorous: from that point there is a gradual decline, as the momentum grows weaker; and when it is thoroughly exhausted, and new influences, in whatever direction, prevail, the drama expires.

Such, at all events, was its history in Spain. While the kingdom was divided between the Christian and the Moor, and their only breathing-time was an armed truce, the seeds of the drama lay for ages in a torpid state; not that the soil was inapt for its production, but because the surface of life was too much agitated to receive any but hasty and broken reflections of the national mind. These we find in the Romances, the offspring of a time of excitement and insecurity in a race full of poetic gifts. They ceased, as a voice of popular feeling, when that stormy period passed away; bequeathing all their cordial influence, and much of their familiar tone, to a new form of native poetry, which sprung from the teeming earth as soon as the atmosphere grew calm, and the genius of the people had leisure to expand in a broader mould and with more perfect development. The Romance* belongs to the epoch of internal strife and alarm; it is the strain

* Although sung, as well as recited, the Romance has more of the epic than of the purely lyric tone. This is only found unmixed in the *Cancion* and *Copla*—a legacy from Provençal minstrelsy—from which the dramatic *Eclogues*, &c., of the sixteenth century borrowed their versification, and transmitted it, in the *redondilla*, *quintilla*, *decima*, &c., to the comedy of the seventeenth, in which all the three poetic modes are represented.

of the bivouac and the leaguer, repeated by the shepherd in the lonely plain, and the watchman on the beacon height. The drama is the child of peace, nurtured in cities; a social pleasure, apt for holidays and festivals, requiring preparation and expense.

Of all kinds of Spanish poetry, the Romances are the best known; but their part in the national comedy, if noticed at all, has not, so far as I know, been sufficiently regarded. Their influence on its tone and character was transmitted through a popular feeling, which Lope divined and obeyed. How much they contributed to its rhythmical form, was perhaps less apparent at the outset than afterwards, when the romance measure began to prevail over the rhymed *redondillas*, in which the earliest plays of Lope's age were almost exclusively written. The degree to which the spirit of the drama was modified by them may not be seen at the first glance, but will not escape an attentive eye; and the longer it is studied, the more will the tone of the *Romancero* be felt pervading its entire structure, by all who have a quick sense of affinities. I do not merely refer to the practice, peculiar to Spanish comedy, of giving long descriptive passages in the romance style,—which modern critics condemn as adverse to dramatic effect, but which especially delighted the audiences of the day. Nor do I simply point to the frequent and direct use of the old popular lays, whether in quotations, in allusions, or in the choice of subjects from them; although all these are lively reminders of an unceasing echo on the boards from the ancient minstrelsy. It will be found, further, that its spirit penetrated to the very core of the drama, and imbued it with a narrative propensity; that it mainly owes to the romance the diffuseness of outline, and contempt of material limits,—ever leaning towards the epic mode,—which have so grieved Unitarian critics.

For this leaning, in a direction the most opposed to dramatic art strictly considered, there could, indeed, be no other motive than the influence of the older national poetry. It was no result of chance; still less did it proceed from any want of power to frame a well-compacted story, and to set forth all its essentials in action and dialogue. In the art of dramatic exposition, and in thorough mastery of every scenic device, the Spanish theatre has no rival,—and needed no help from without. Beyond this, the liberty of changing the scene at will, and the independence on time, relieved the poet from any pressure like that which imposed on the French the necessity of relating so much that the true dramatic principle requires to be shown. It was, therefore, not for want of skill that he had recourse to narrative, where action might have sufficed; but because it added to the delight of his hearers to suspend the business of the scene, while they listened to the old familiar strain.

Thus we have three streams flowing from distant springs, the confluence of which spread out into the national drama; which, having absorbed and blended their several currents, was itself divided into the two branches, wherein it ever afterwards continued to flow; known as comedy on the stage, and mystery (*autos*) for the Church:—each of them retaining a taste of all the three sources from whence they were derived; miracle-plays, namely; mimes, jocular farces, and mummeries of the vulgar; and national lays or romances.

There was another, of foreign origin, which had tried to overcome all the rest. Classic imitation was attempted by the learned, and offered to the people, while the rude native drama was stirring into life throughout the sixteenth century,—but offered in vain: their healthy taste refused all invitations to feed on the dry bones of antiquity. As such academic essays had no effect on the national stage, to which these Notes are restricted, I refrain from dwelling upon them; although it would be no unwelcome task to give some account of a class of poets whose efforts, though unsuccessful, deserve respect. Among them were men of no vulgar genius—Bermudez, Argensola, and the great name of Cervantes. It must suffice to say

that the public, with a true poetic instinct that cannot be too highly praised, were deaf to their eloquence, and regardless of learned authority in a matter which concerned their own gratification. They required a drama, racy of the Spanish soil, clothed in forms of their own poetry, and speaking a language which no study was needed to enjoy; various and free as their own fancies; and flattering a taste for excitement which the national temper and the events of recent times had made too strong to be subdued by critical rules. That in this impulsive way, intent only on the pleasure of the moment, they were unconsciously evoking a form of poetry as perfect and genuine, according to the canons of just criticism, as that which they rejected—they knew not, nor cared to know. But such was, in truth, the nature of their achievement.

In the sixteenth century, Spain had begun to enjoy the internal security which has been described as propitious to the birth of scenic art. By the final subjugation of the Moors, which triumphantly closed a feud of eight hundred years' standing, her spirit had already been exalted, when the accession of Charles to the Empire, and the exploits of Cortes and Pizarro in the New World, came to enhance her pride and fire her imagination. In this ferment, the latent and dispersed elements of dramatic poetry begin to move: they attract each other by natural affinity, and the genetic process commences. In every quarter ingenious minds are busy with improvements on the ancient shows, or trying experiments with something new:—the development gathers strength as it proceeds, and soon becomes rapid and decisive. There is nothing, indeed, to direct its advance; and false steps are not wanting.* But in every new trial, in every failure, even, something is gained for future efforts, or some error that might frustrate them discovered; until by degrees the material for a genuine national theatre has been so gathered, sifted, and prepared, that it only awaits the electric impulse of genius to start into its destined form.

Of the many who busied themselves in this field before the true vein was found, it will suffice to name the most important only. The simple *Eclogas* of Juan del Encina date before the beginning of the sixteenth century. After him Gil Vicente (1502) and Torres Naharro (1517) made considerable advances, by introducing variety of characters, and something like dramatic plot; while both, but especially Vicente, did much towards providing the nascent drama with a poetic dress. The versification of the latter, indeed, is exquisite, and his dialogue runs with nearly as much ease and elegance as Lope's. Towards the middle of the century (1540), Lope de Rueda, a man of the people,—sometime gold-beater in Seville, afterwards manager of a company of strollers,—struck out a new path with a vigour which gave his humble stage a popularity until then unknown. His subjects, treated in unaffected prose,† were taken from common life, in a tone mainly secular; whereas, with those who preceded him, religious pieces have the preference. It was, no doubt, because of his thus popularizing the theatre, that Cervantes accounts him the father of the national drama; which otherwise cannot have owed much to a homely style so different from that which it afterwards adopted. Although his right to this merit is questioned, he certainly has the credit of having been

* Such, for instance, as the celebrated *Celestina* (1499) and its imitations; which, though effectual in advancing the perfection of Castilian prose, were, so far as they concerned the drama at all, experiments in a direction altogether false.

† These, at least, are all that have come down to us. Cervantes indeed (Prologue to his *Ocho Comedias*, &c.) praises his skill in 'pastoral poetry;' and even inserts a specimen, in the 3rd act of his *Baños de Argel*, taken from one of Lope de Rueda's *Coloquios Pastoriles*, the verses of which have a certain Doric prettiness. Pellicer also informs us that one of these pieces is preserved—I suppose in MS.—in a volume in the Library of the Escorial; but this kind of writing can hardly have been generally considered his *forte*, as none but his essays in prose were chosen for publication by his editor, *Timoneda*.

the first, as Cervantes says, 'to take it out of baby clothes,'—by making plays, which before him had been mostly composed for a select few, an established recreation of the people at large. At the time of his death (in 1567) scenic performances, still rude and artless enough, had become pretty general throughout the southern parts of Spain. At first they were carried about by itinerant players; but as the liking for this pastime increased, the court-yards of houses in some of the chief cities —as in Seville, Valencia, and Madrid—were fitted up for the use of resident companies. In Valencia a theatre of this kind was one of the first to become famous: on its boards Andres Rey de Artieda and Christoval de Virues (1580-90) exhibited their pieces; which, though written on the false principle of blending the classic and popular styles, no doubt prepared the public for happier attempts. On the whole, indeed, throughout this century, down to the time of Lope's appearance, all the poets who followed the stage, Cervantes included, are seen incessantly wavering between the ancient and the modern. Juan de la Cueva, who flourished in Seville (*circa* 1579), with more genius than any of his predecessors, must on this ground be ranked, with the rest, among the pioneers rather than the founders of the drama.* Such, also, was Cervantes, who appears busy in the foreground down to the moment when Lope came and took possession of the field, or 'carried off the monarchy of the stage,' as Cervantes himself expresses it. Between 1581 and 1588 he produced in the Madrid theatres, as he informs us, some twenty to thirty pieces, with entire success; and in these he claims to have first set the example of what became a standard rule, by reducing the number of the acts from five to three.† At

* Several of the works of these precursors of the national drama were published during the sixteenth century; but the original editions are of the utmost rarity. They are, however, to be found in modern reprints in sufficient number to afford a general idea of their character. Of such the following may be named:—Moratin, *Origenes del Teatro Español*, reprinted, with additions, by Ochoa, in vol. i. of the *Tesoro del Teatro Español*, Baudry, Paris, 1838; Bohl von Faber, *Teatro anterior á Lope de Vega*, Hamburg, 1832; Barreto y Monteiro, *Obras de Gil Vicente*, 3 vols. 8vo, Hamburg, 1834. (The *Teatro* of Bohl von Faber contains all the *Spanish* pieces of this author.)

Of the best specimens of the classical essays within the same period, the following are now accessible:—The tragedies of Bermudez, Perez de Oliva, and Argensola, in vol. vi. of Sedano's *Parnaso Español*, 9 t. 8vo, Madrid, 1768. Cervantes' *Numancia* (with the *Tratos de Argel*) was first published with the *Viage del Parnaso*, by Sancha, Madrid, 1784. This, as well as the pieces in the *Parnaso Español* (excepting Oliva's, which are translations), will be found in the first volume of Ochoa's *Tesoro*. A single play by Virues, *La Gran Semiramis*, has lately been published here (18mo, Williams and Norgate, 1858) by an anonymous editor, who gives nothing but the bare text, and even that full of errors.

† Lope (*Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*, Obras Sueltas, iv. 405) gives Virues the credit of this important change. Both may have been right, if, as likely enough, the plan was introduced in both places about the same time—by Cervantes in Madrid, by Virues in Valencia—neither of the two being at the moment aware of any experiment but his own. However this may be, the value of the new method is indisputable. It is, indeed, the only arrangement of a dramatic subject conformable to the primary laws of nature and reason, that admit of no other divisions of a complete fable but the three essential ones of beginning, middle, and end. I need not remind the reader that this is the Aristotelian canon (Περὶ ποιητ. ζ.), but may remark the inconsistency of those moderns who tormented the drama in professed obedience to his dictates on other points, yet in this have neglected an obvious deduction from his rule, that would have given them authority for a privilege which the Spanish poets alone, caring nothing for Aristotle, had the good sense to take from their own perception of its advantage. By what perverse accident this was overlooked, and the unmeaning five-act system imposed on every other stage but the Spanish, it is not my business to inquire. This, however, may be affirmed—that its only use has been to multiply without reason the difficulties of composition where the drama is cultivated as an art; and to condemn it to an utter want of symmetry wherever (as in our Elizabethan period) it owes more to genius than to study.

this period, to judge from the two of his acted plays which alone have been preserved. Cervantes seems, as I have said, to have been feeling his way in each of the two opposite directions; his own bias probably tending towards the classical school, while necessity forced him to the popular side. His *Numancia*, a work of far higher merit than is commonly ascribed to it, belongs to the former, although he has imported into it allegorical fancies of his own invention. The other piece, *Los Tratos de Argel* (Life in Algiers), is of the homeliest kind, approaching, so far as it goes, to the type which Lope adopted; but in a dry, artless manner, in which not a spark of genius is visible. That Cervantes was not wanting in dramatic faculty, whether of the high or humorous kind, is shown in many passages of the *Numancia* and in the *Entremeses* (interludes),—if not in the comedies, which he wrote in his old age, in emulation of Lope.* It must, therefore, remain an open question how much he might have done for the national drama, had he not left Madrid at a critical period, in search of a better living than he had earned as a playwright. The famous diatribe which he delivers in the person of the Curate (*Don Quixote*, P^t^. i. chap. 48) against the comedies of Lope's school, may be cited as evidence that his notions of what the stage should be, could never have been reconciled to the irresistible tendency of the day,—and, indeed, that his ideas on the subject were on the whole too narrow and prosaic for the romantic theatre of any day. But these, it must be remembered, were the utterances of his old age, as to which some allowance must be made for a spirit of contradiction, not unnaturally provoked by the rebuff he had recently endured from the players, if not by something like jealousy of the success of his junior and rival, Lope. Twenty years earlier he might have thought more justly of the stage, and written for it, on due encouragement, without having the fear of Aristotle before his eyes. On the whole, however, it seems that the bent of his genius was not towards the drama; nor need we lament the fortune that, estranging him from it, led him to another field, in which no one could compete with him. On the stage he left no impression; and hardly had he quitted it when Lope de Vega appeared. The hour was come, and the man; and from that moment a new order of things commenced.†

With an inborn dramatic genius of the first order, an inexhaustible

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* *Ocho Comedias y Entremeses*, Madrid, 1615; republished, with a preface, by Blas Nasarre in 1749. They were never acted, the players having wisely refused them. Worse attempts, indeed, no man of transcendent genius has ever made; yet Cervantes looked on them with complacency—and they seem to have been written about the same time as the first part of *Don Quixote*. The *Entremeses* are more worthy of their author: though trifles, they are among the pleasantest of this class of slight farces.

† Of the changes wrought by this sudden revolution, two should be especially noted. Until Lope took possession of the stage, it mainly depended everywhere for the supply of pieces on the manager, who composed the entertainments or *farsas* which his company acted, and, probably in virtue of this function, was styled *Autor de Comedias*; a title which, we learn from Luzan (*Poética*, ii. 13), he retained as late as 1737. This class of playwrights may be said to have been extinguished by Lope's appearance. The only professional author of whom anything is afterwards heard was Andres de Claramonte, who continued to write in the new manner pieces of his own invention during the first eight or ten years of the seventeenth century. He might have been forgiven for composing mediocre plays, had he not ventured on altering the works of poets whose comedies were performed by his company. The only text now remaining of the masterpiece (by Lope or Tirso)—*El Rey D. Pedro en Madrid*—from which Moreto stole his *Valiente Justiciero*, is supposed to have been mangled by Claramonte; yet in this state, even, it surpasses Moreto's. From the period in question, with the sole exception named, the dramatists were altogether of a superior class—men of good birth and education, and most frequently either churchmen, members of the military orders, or in honourable public employments.

It is another remarkable circumstance that, from this date, the drama, which previously had been cultivated, such as it was, in various other provinces of the

invention, and a quickness of thought and hand all but miraculous, Lope was marked out by nature for a founder and monarch of the stage. Whether from observation, or by instinct, he at once perceived what the spirit of his country and time required; and in obeying its impulse he found the way, of all others, the most apt to exercise and display his own marvellous endowments. With the decision which is the herald of success, he seized on the materials prepared for him by the labours of a century; selecting whatever had life and substance, throwing aside all that was effete or uncongenial; supplying what was wanting from his own fertile brain, and moulding the whole into rhythmical form with a mastery of hand of which the world has no second example. He raised and diversified the story by well-chosen incidents, skilfully introduced and combined, and shown in natural and expressive action; he multiplied the characters, giving them new spirit, variety, and contrast; enriched and pointed the dialogue; and carried the whole composition along in a flow of easy and melodious verse. In short, in place of a crude series of flat and unfinished scenes, he produced for the first time on the boards a compact and living work of art, beautiful in its shape, and in substance full of genuine dramatic vigour.

Of the model thus designed and finished, he proceeded to pour forth copy after copy,—each with some new grace of its own,—with a prodigality of power so rich and rapid that, were there not certain proof of its effects, would be utterly incredible. His very first acted plays had a force and symmetry till then unknown; and as he went on producing others with amazing despatch, he no less rapidly advanced towards the completion of the style he had created; attentively feeling, as it were, the pulse of his audience, with his eye ever on the stage;* intent on strengthening and adorning his work at every point in which further improvement could thus be suggested. In this manner, within a very few years, he had all but brought the Comedy of which he was the first author, to the last perfection that it was capable of ever attaining.

No wonder that an apparition so bright and sudden should have been welcomed with a tumult of delight. All that had preceded it was effaced in an instant; all that was thenceforth offered to the public was bound to conform to the new model. Spanish comedy, as we know it, is the comedy of Lope; not merely as devised, but as developed by him. In no essential was anything afterwards changed, anything added: and great as were many of his rivals, disciples, or successors, he still towers above them all, in virtue of some principal requisites of scenic art, as the first not only in time but in excellence. Thus it was the fortune of Spanish drama to enjoy, from the instant of its birth, every advantage that was needed to force it into speedy bloom: it may be said, indeed, that there was hardly an hour between its dawn and its meridian. For a result so happy and surprising, a concurrence of fortunate circumstances beyond example could alone have sufficed. The time was ripe for the birth; but that at the auspicious moment a Lope de Vega should arise to forward it, was

peninsula, especially at Seville and Valencia, was wholly concentrated in Castille, and, as soon as the Court was settled there, all but exclusively in Madrid. There, and there only, could those who wrote for the stage from thenceforth obtain credit or profit; and while poets flocked thither from every part of Spain, not a single new play of consequence was produced in any other principal city during the golden age of the drama; which therefore must be considered as entirely Castilian. Throughout the rest of the peninsula the actors contented themselves with borrowing, and the booksellers with reprinting or pirating, the comedies that had succeeded in 'the Court.'

* This is attested by a contemporary. 'It is his habit while listening to plays, whether his own or by others, to notice what passages excite most interest and are the most applauded: these he carefully imitates, and seeks occasion for reproducing in the new pieces to which his prolific genius is incessantly giving birth.'—Prologue by Ricardo de Turia to the 2nd volume of the Collection of the Valencian dramatists, entitled *Norte de la Poesia Española*. Valencia. 1616.

one of those rare coincidences, above the common favours of Destiny, which may justly be deemed prodigious.

Lope alone had fancy and fertility enough to have kept any theatre alive, without other assistance. But it is always on the rich that fortune showers her benefits. No sooner had the new drama been installed, than all that was apt and lively in the genius of the time hastened to compete for its honours. At Lope's side there arose a little army of followers or companions; none inconsiderable; many of them in vivacity, abundance, and metrical skill second only to the master himself; some even surpassing him in certain special excellences. The profusion and glow of poetic life that illustrate this age of Lope have no counterpart in any other, and might well be supposed fabulous, but for evidence that leaves no room for distrust. It was, indeed, a time when the soil was charged with electric fire for which there was no vent elsewhere; and it rushed towards the stage, not only because it was drawn thither by the current of popular applause, but also because in every other direction it met the counterblast of priestly suspicion. While on all the rest of the intellectual field this evil was ever growing darker and more oppressive, the stage still had liberty and light; and the zest of its freedom was not a little heightened by the instant profit and praise that rewarded its successes. Accordingly, whoever in that day was born a poet became a dramatist.

In what year, or even where the new era actually began, is not certain. The honour is disputed by Madrid and Valencia; and the question of priority depends on certain dates and incidents in Lope's life, which are still unsettled.

From himself we know that the poet, born in 1562, had, as a mere boy, begun to write comedies,* such as were then in fashion. At the age of fifteen (1577), he had left the College of Madrid, to bear arms in an expedition to the Azores; but re-appears there soon afterwards in the household of the Bishop of Avila; by whom—probably in 1580-1—he is sent to complete his studies at Alcalá. When he returned from that university to the Court is not known; it may be guessed, about 1583 or 1584. We do know, however, that soon after his arrival and marriage there he had to fly to Valencia; where he passed some years of an exile which must have ended before 1588,—since in that year we find him once more a soldier, serving in the Armada. Whether he wrote for the public stage before the flight to Valencia, is doubtful; nor is it certain that he composed for the theatre in that city: his earliest pieces now extant —of a pastoral sort, unlike his later ones—having been produced, one of them certainly, for the private recreation of his then patron, the Duke of Alva; and the other, most probably, for a similar object. We have thus to choose between Valencia in the years before 1588, and Madrid, after the wreck of the Armada,—say from 1590 or thereabouts.

Seeing that Valencia had long had a theatre of some pretensions, connected with the famous hospital, which at the time was well supported by a set of poets of her own, it seems natural that Lope, then past twenty, and already practised in one sort of dramatic writing, should be excited to compete openly with what he found there; or at least to exercise himself in composing plays, whether they were or were not acted in Valencia; so that in any case that city has a plausible claim. But that Lope actually began his dramatic career there, may not unreasonably be conjectured from the fact that his first followers, Tárrega, Aguilar, Guillen de Castro, and others less famous, were all Valencians, and are seen composing in the new manner soon after the period in question. Indeed, on comparing some of these Valencian plays with those in Lope's

* Prologue to the *Verdadero amante* (*Com. de Lope*, pt. xiv.), said to be his earliest known play, but probably retouched as we now have it.

See also the *Arte Nuevo de hácer Comedias*. 'Obras sueltas de Lope, tom. iv.,' 'Y yo las escribí de once y doce años,' on the pattern then current, of course.

earliest manner, one is almost led to doubt whether they may not have preceded his;—so much of the rust of an older style still adheres to them. But there is no positive proof of this;* and as all are cast in a mould the invention of which by Lope has never been disputed, little stress can be laid on merely internal evidence. It is certain that, whatever steps were made before him, it was Lope who first took real possession of the field, with a superiority that defied competition, and an effect on the public so decisive, that from thenceforth no one could hope to please but by treading in his footsteps.

It was in Madrid, after 1590, that his reign was fully established. From thence it rapidly spread, with a lustre that kindled all Spain, and before long was seen with admiration by distant countries.† I have said that the completion of his model was the work of but a few years; the finishing touch was given by introducing the droll ‡—(*figura del donayre*, Lope himself terms it), —which was received with acclamation, and from thenceforth (under the title of *gracioso*) became an in-

* Mesonero Romanos (*Contemporaneos á Lope*, t. 1.) unhesitatingly places them *after* Lope; but his authority alone would not be conclusive, for reasons which have already been partly shown in a note to Chapter I.

† Riccoboni, a competent authority on this subject, complains that every kind of *written* drama in Italy was utterly supplanted, as early as the year 1620, by translations from the Spanish, which for a hundred years afterwards maintained exclusive possession of the stage in this department; the only native productions which kept their place during that period being those of the *Comédie impromptu*, as he styles it, improvised by performers in the provincial masks,—to which Carlo Gozzi, in the second half of the eighteenth century, gave for a time something of a poetic character, by adapting it, in his *Fiabe*, to a framework filled up in its chief parts by passages written beforehand. See Riccoboni, *Hist. du Théâtre Italien*, 8vo. Paris. 1728. Pp. 46 and 55.

How much and how early the French theatre felt the influence of the Spanish, may be partly read in Puibusque (*Hist. Comparée des Litt. Espagnole et Française*, Paris, 2 vols., 8vo, 1843); although nothing like the whole case is stated in this essay, which is always shallow, and often inaccurate. I find Rotrou beginning his copies of Lope as early as 1628, with *Le bague de l'oubli;* Boisrobert, Beys, D'Ouville, L'Etoile, Desfontaines, De la Tissonnerie, follow; swelling a list which shows the more celebrated names of the two Corneilles, Molière, Scarron, and afterwards Quinault. How they repaid the debt, it is beyond my purpose to inquire.

That the old English drama owed anything to the Spanish, I know no evidence sufficient to prove, and many reasons to presume the contrary. Identity of subject is no proof where the story was equally patent at the time to both nations; and in most instances adduced on this ground, where dates can be ascertained, the English is found the older of the two. It is so with the plays which Mr. Lewes supposes Fletcher, who died in 1625, to have borrowed from Calderon, none of whose pieces, so far as we know, were printed before 1632, and who was hardly noticed as a poet ten years earlier; it is all but certainly so with Webster's '*Duchess of Malfy*,' and Lope's play on the same subject. I believe, indeed, that no comedies were brought hither from Spain until the Restoration; though possibly something may have been heard of them from Paris or Antwerp before the Civil War began. The most striking coincidence in subject and treatment that I know of has not, I think, been noticed—between Fletcher's '*Love's Cure*,' namely, and '*Lo que puede la crianza*,' by Villegas. There are two poets of the name, one certainly of Lope's time, whose plays are hopelessly confounded, and the date of this is uncertain; but its first known publication is in 1666 (*Escogidas*, P^te^. 25): and no one acquainted with the subject will fancy that a Spanish author of that day could have seen or would have copied the English piece.

‡ In the *Francesilla* (*Com. de Lope*, Parte xiii.), as we learn from the Prologue. The date of this piece is unknown; but Lope says it was written before Montalvan, to whom he dedicates it, was born—that is to say, before 1602. I conjecture that it may be dated as far back as 1598, at least, for this reason. The list of his plays which Lope published in the Preface to the Peregrino (in 1604) contains a hundred, if not more, in which this comic part is found: now, as the theatres were closed from 1598, on Philip II.'s death, until 1600, and Lope consequently would cease writing for the stage during that interval, all these plays must either have been composed between 1600 and 1604, which is not likely, or must in part be referred to the time before 1598.

dispensable part in every comedy.* This last finish may, for reasons already given in the note, be dated before 1598; from which period, for nearly a full century, the drama remained, without any material change, as Lope had completed it—a graceful creation of art, yet popular to the core, as well as national;—sustained, indeed, altogether by the will of the people, in virtue of its incorporation of their idea of life, and of its thorough agreement with their tastes and predilections.

In speaking here of the people, I must be understood to use the word in its largest sense—as embracing all classes, but chiefly pointing to the multitude. The common sort, who filled the *patío* (something like our *pit*), fancifully called *mosqueteros*, from the explosive style of their praise or censure, were ever the most hearty patrons, as well as the sharpest critics, of the playwright. † Uneducated as they were, their quick mother-wit and genial disposition—which enabled them to follow with delight at a first hearing the most intricate plot, and to respond on the instant to every touch of genuine art,—made them fastidious and peremptory in rejecting whatever they felt to be weak or spurious. During the palmy days of the stage, the arbiters of success were not the Court gallants or the educated critics, but the mere populace of Madrid.

Such being the case, it is especially worth our while to notice two qualities which distinguish this drama of the people from all others: its exquisite refinement of form, namely, in the richest poetic dress; and the all but unexceptionable decorum of its manner. On each of these heads it will be proper to say a few words.

There is no example of poetry, written to be spoken on the stage,‡ that comes near the Spanish in the charm of its numbers. There is more than a mere source of delight in the beauty of the medium through which, in this comedy, every part, however subordinate, simple, or humorous, is exhibited. By it the whole tone of the piece is raised above commonplace, and redeemed from vulgarity; the composition floats, as it were, in a poetic element, above the level to which the mean or ugly can ascend; and this advantage is felt in the substance no less than in the manner of the work. In comedies of Lope's age, especially, the versification is so

* It was, however, used with far more discretion, as well as with more rich and natural humour, by Lope than by any other of the poets; of those of the second period (when it had become a standing figure) there are not a few—and Calderon above all, in his serious plays—prone to obtrude the *gracioso* with more importunity than wit.

† See the passage, quoted by Von Schack (ii. 110), from Boisel, *Voyage d'Espagne*, 1660: 'These people (tradesmen and mechanics) decide on the merits of the piece, so that the reputation and credit of the poets depend on them; and as they alternately applaud and hiss, and are ranged in rank and file on both sides, they are called *Mosqueteros*.' To this class belonged the famous shoemaker Sanchez, who, as Caramuel relates, was, during the years between 1650-60, the arbiter of stage success or failure; so that it was not unusual for young poets anxious for a favourable hearing to solicit his indulgence beforehand. On one occasion of this kind he is said to have replied, with becoming dignity, 'Make yourself easy, Sir Poet, your piece shall have the reception which its merits may justly deserve.' It was probably to this Aristarchus that Mde. d'Aulnoy, some ten years later (*Voyage d'Espagne*, iii. 21), alludes: 'Il y a entre autres un cordonnier qui en décide; et qui s'est acquis un pouvoir si absolu de le faire, que lorsque les auteurs les ont achevées, (les Comédies) ils vont chez lui pour briguer son suffrage; ils lui lisent leurs pièces; le cordonnier prend son air grave, dit cent impertinences, qu'il faut pourtant essuyer.'

It is proper to say that I am indebted to Casiano Pellicer (*Tratado Hist. sobre el Origen, &c. de la Comedia*, Madrid, 1804) for the report by Caramuel; the folios of that voluminous and learned Cistercian being otherwise known to me by their titles only, in N. Antonio and Alvarez (*Hijos de Madrid*).

‡ I say 'spoken,' because the poetry written to be *sung*, by Italians, such as Metastasio (I will not speak of Quinault's French), may be put on the same level, as regards the grace of metrical form, at least. The pastorals by Guarini, Tasso, and others, were not stage pieces in the sense here meant.

rich and dainty, that it might seem to have been elaborately composed for a few nice judges, as a trial of metrical skill alone, without regard to any other purpose. Yet in this fine tissue the figures move with the utmost vivacity and ease; their passions and humours are marked with as much emphasis and point as the plainest prose could give, and lose nothing in spirit from the grace of their manner; while the business of the scene goes promptly forward, with every incident of contention, hurry, or surprise required for prompt dramatic effect, in verse that never halts, yet never seems to be sustained at the expense of the action. And this, be it remembered, is true not of one or two choice and elaborate specimens, but of pieces by the thousand, which the poets of that day, Lope above all, poured forth faster than the readiest scribe could now copy them in prose. One knows not which to admire the most—the taste of a populace which this fine workmanship was made to please, or the mastery of invention and language required to produce it with such ease and abundance.

The poetic stamp is not on the outside only; you see it in every part of these plays; many passages, indeed, are introduced solely to make the impression more vivid. The insertion of picturesque descriptions and narratives purely ornamental, for which the stage business is willingly suspended, must be referred to this design—the relation of which to the older national poetry has already been noticed. Such mere decorations, many of them in the style of the romances, others in the richer garb of the Italian school, octaves, *silvas* (in the manner of odes), sonnets especially, must all, in a strict critical sense, be deemed excrescences in an acted drama. They would certainly, and with reason, be heard with impatience by a modern audience. That they were, however, relished by those for whom they were written, is beyond doubt: nothing, indeed, which they could not admire would have been suffered on the stage of that day. And that they were heard with pleasure by the multitude of playgoers, shows what a love of poetry for its own sake must have been among them.

This seen, it will be understood how the substance of these plays should be imbued with the same principle that beautifies their form, and even delights to load it with superfluous ornaments. Whatever the subject chosen, it is always taken up and presented, not as a plain transcript of reality, but in a picture, with more or less of an ideal tone. The vehicle, indeed, in which it is conveyed, necessarily has the effect of raising it above close imitation; holding it at a certain distance from the eye, by the force of its poetic colouring. But more than this was required to satisfy the imagination of the spectators. They wished to be carried by the poet beyond the narrow space and rude appliances of the stage; and he obeyed them by taking an extent of range, and a licence of invention, which engaged the fancy in proportion as they exceeded what stage-representation alone could show. While an ideal refinement of his story was grateful to his audience, the poet, in treating it with a freedom regardless of time or place, was barely keeping pace with their absolute demands.* They required, above all things, an expansion of the fable in which the scenic part could not be conceived without liberal aid from the imagination: and they followed its progress with the mind as readily as with the eye. To this genial relation between the poet and his public, it greatly conduced,—by

* Lope, in the *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*, puts this with humorous exaggeration:

la colera
De un Español sentado no se templa,
Sino le representan en dos horas
Hasta el final juicio desde el Genesis.

Your Spaniard's rage,
When once he's seated, nothing can assuage,
Unless within two hours you make the play,
Show all from Genesis to Judgment Day.

calling into play the better faculties of a quick-witted race,—that the theatre at its outset was poor in scenic resources. Its means were so imperfect, that no pretence could be made to cheat the senses: all that poetry and action could do, was to give a sketch on which the mind of the spectator should work, helping to fill up its outlines. This co-operation of author and audience is the life of the drama. It may be taken as a sure sign of disease in the mental condition of the public, when they become exigent of shows in which illusion is the professed object: and the decline of the stage is marked by nothing more clearly than by the attempt to give counterfeits instead of pictures; when costume is studied, anachronisms offend, and the scene-painter and machinist become artists of consequence.

There will, indeed, at all times, and in the best-endowed audiences, be found a leaven of that vulgar taste which craves for spectacle; and people who must be made to stare, while their betters are willing to imagine and feel. Such were not wanting in Spain, even in the early period, when the drama was, on the whole, the highest in its tendencies. A class of pieces (*de ruido*, they were styled, from the tumult and glare of the exhibition), soon made their appearance on the boards, in compliance with the taste of the vulgar of all classes,—not of the populace, so-called, alone. Some of Lope's contemporaries, Mescua and Guevara among the foremost, were famous for shows of this sort; which, so far as I know, the master himself, although he sought variety on all hands, never sanctioned by his example.* During his reign, the proportion of such pieces to those of a higher sort was not considerable; even in the wildest of them an interesting story was expected; and the parade of scenic pomp was less obtrusive than it became afterwards. The comedy of Lope's age cannot on the whole be reproached as having owed any part of its success to the lower kinds of excitement.

Its peculiar locality of tone, producing anachronisms of every sort, and fatal to all accuracy of costume wherever the story is not Spanish, has been criticised not less severely than its violation of the so-called unities. An English writer of this day, however, is not much concerned in replying to either charge; for we have already disposed of both, long ago. They are incident to our Elizabethan stage—as indeed they must be to every drama that has a living reality. It being no part of my office to lecture on æsthetics, I confine myself here to a plain admission of fact, with its explanation, which must be left to its fate; not altogether for want of arguments to justify the practice, but because the space allowed me is otherwise engaged.

These plays, whatever their subject, I observe, were composed in Spain for the pleasure of audiences wholly Spanish; and these far too intent on the matter of the entertainment to endure anything in its manner that could disturb their full enjoyment of it. In order thereto, as they were not versed in

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* Indeed, he protested against the depravation of comedy by such devices. See his Prologue to the *Comedias*, parte xvi.; and another expression of his contempt for them in the charming comedy *Al pasar del arroyo;* where Isabel, the waiting-maid, ridicules the flatteries of a lacquey by comparing them to the empty displays in question:

> Los amores que él professa
> *Comedias del vulgo* son,
> destas de grandes patrañas
> imposibles, y ruydo,
> á quien les ha sucedido
> lo que á los juegos de cañas,
> que van á ver las libreas
> y no lo que han de jugar.

And again, in *Ay verdades, que en amor* (*C.* parte xxi.):

> Oy estrenan una brava (comedia),
> en que la carpintería
> suple conceptos y trazas.

foreign ways nor learned in antiquarian details, everything from without had to be presented to them in a dress, as in a diction, with which they were familiar. To parade the actors in any strange guise, or to revive heroes of ancient times in 'the costume of the period,' would have seemed to them as impertinent as to bid them to deliver what they had to say in Hungarian or Chaldee. The poet—whose right is unquestioned—has brought his story from some far-off world to this region of ours; and why should this privilege be partial? Why, it might fairly be asked, if his personages are to speak Castilian, should not their turn of thought, demeanour, habits, and dress conform to the same rule?—a question to which no sufficient answer has ever been given. But it was one that never occurred to Spanish playgoers. The practice of translating everything into terms of their own life took place as a matter of course, which no one, except the learned few, who stood aloof, frowning at all that belonged to the popular stage, ever dreamed of discussing. It was a natural consequence of the principle on which that stage was founded; and to have tampered with it would have destroyed its hold on the people who supported it. They had neither the inclination nor the means to convert the theatre into a school of useful knowledge; and went thither not to study but to enjoy. Anything alien or recondite would vex rather than entertain an unlearned public, wholly bound up in its own ways and notions;—would, in short, have been an absurdity far greater than any violation of costume or history on such an occasion. Thus it must ever be, to a great extent, where the drama lives by striking root in the heart of the people: and in proportion to the strength of this soil in genial qualities, as well as in pride and self-complacency, will the conversion of everything into familiar types be peremptory and entire. Hence Spanish comedy in its palmy days was Castilian to the bone. Nor could it have thriven on any other terms, while Spain was too unsophisticated and overweening to bear the reflex of any image not her own. To us moderns, it has, in virtue of this condition, a value beyond its poetic worth; as preserving a remarkable phasis of life, without a tinge of extraneous colour; while its absolute singleness of character attests the purity of its descent, as well as the vigour of the parent stock.

Thus firmly planted, and cultivated by all the rising genius of the day in the sunshine of public favour, the drama, as I have said, soon reached its prime, as the flower of Castilian poetry. But it was with this as with others grown in the open air, that never come to full bloom without some damage from the atmosphere that surrounds them. Among the natural conditions of a drama like this, one of the first would be a clear and unaffected style that all could understand. Such was the style of its founder, Lope; who began with a graceful simplicity, from which, even in his later and more enriched manner, he never widely departed. But scarcely had the pattern been thus set by the master, when it was vitiated by some of his pupils, who thought to improve it with the conceits of a school then much in vogue with the higher classes. At Court the obscure euphuism of Gongora was thought the perfection of 'cultivated' poetry; and when every poetic element was attracted to the stage, this, among other fashions, was sure to find its way thither. It entered in two ways. In the public theatres, although the people took the lead, the patronage of a higher class was naturally important; and the playwright was tempted to show his skill in flourishes which might gain him credit with that part of the audience. Nor were their inferiors, the while, beyond the influence of fashion. So long as the substance of a piece was plain and effective, the populace were not unwilling to accept, as something fine, occasional vagaries of a style which was applauded by their betters,—though often understood by neither party.*

When this took place in plays

* Gaspar de Avila, one of Lope's age, in his comedy *El Familiar sin demonio*

meant for the public, it was still worse with those which were written expressly for the private recreation of great people on state occasions. So general was the taste for comedies, that as early as in the reign of Philip III., they occur constantly as specialties of every festival designed to be more choice and splendid than common.* The poets who catered for such diversions naturally went as far as they could in the Court style; which, again, by the example set in high quarters, gained further hold on the public at large. Thus was Spanish comedy infected with a vice, which is its chief defect, and the worse because it is against its nature. The head offenders in this way are poets of the second class; none, however, but Alarcon and Lope (with some rare exceptions) have escaped the taint altogether; the former, perhaps, because he was not in favour with the great; the latter, because he had too true a sense of his vocation to depart from it, and never wrote 'by command' without reluctance. Once grown habitual, the vice became popular; and hyperbole, bombast, and studied affectations, continued to deface the body of the drama until it expired. It is a fault there is no denying or excusing: and it is a grievous one, because, as I have said, it is not only a blemish, but an anomaly—offending the more by contrast with the terse and natural style that prevails in essential parts of those pieces, even, that contain the worst examples of Gongorism.

As to the second remarkable quality noticed in this vernacular comedy—its decorum, namely—a few words will suffice. Its general decency of demeanour† and language, need not be extolled by contrast with the license of the Italian and English stage throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and of the French until chastened by Corneille, after 1637.‡ It may,

(*Flor de las mejores, &c.*, Madrid, 1652, *British Museum*), explains this with considerable humour:

Ni tu, ni el pueblo, ni yo
No lo habe mas entendido;
Pero celebra en el ruido
Lo que piensa que entendió.
* * * *
El que menos lo comprende
Mas procura celebrar;
Solamente por no dar
A entender que no entiende.

Lope's plays abound in ridicule of the 'cultivated' style; and, curiously enough, some of the very offenders themselves give it up to the jests of their jocose characters (*graciosos*).

* See Cabrera; *Relaciones de la Corte*, Madrid, 1857, *passim*. This posthumous work, lately recovered and published by royal command, is a kind of diary kept by the historian during the reign of Philip III.; in which, among much that is obsolete and tedious, are inserted various interesting notices of the social and political state of Spain at a time of which there is hardly any such description to be found elsewhere.

† This, of course, refers to the demeanour of Spanish comedy as shown in the pieces as they have come down to us. I am aware that its enemies made loud complaints of the indecency of the mode of acting in general, and in particular of the dances, which, with the *entremeses* or interludes, were the usual supplements of a complete performance. Some of the former, the *Zarabanda* especially, the censorial party succeeded in getting suppressed, as pernicious to good morals. It is very possible that in all there may have been something to offend; but how much of the offence was real, and how much inferred or imagined by the prurient fancy of the accusers, it is impossible to judge now; and we must be allowed to speak of what can be seen. It may be added that the complainants in question denounce the language and tenor of the comedies, of which we can still form an opinion, in terms scarcely less harsh than they apply to the deportment of the actors and to the enticing immodesty of the dances—a circumstance that considerably blunts the edge of censures falling on the latter.

‡ Of its effrontery before that reform, I shall not advise any reader to seek the instances which might be found in the deservedly forgotten works of Hardy, Du Ryer, Desfontaines, and others who held the stage before Corneille. It will

with scarcely an exception, be termed positively beyond censure. In the drama of a fervid region where love is the ruling motive, this is no trivial mark of its character, singular in every aspect, and in none more than in this. It must be observed, however, that here the reference is confined to liberties of speech and allusion, in which the other theatres so grossly offend. The moral tendency of the stories is another affair; although in general these, too—due allowance being made for the different ethics of the time—are not open to severe censure. Still, many of them, no doubt, turn on relations and incidents neither exemplary nor edifying. But whatever scandal may be implied in these respects, external propriety is seldom wounded; or if at all, by passing hints or phrases that rarely transgress the line of double-meaning. On the other hand, by far the greater number—and here, be it remembered, we count by thousands—are so entirely free from the slightest taint, either in matter or in manner, that they might be read, without expunging a syllable, to the chariest Vestal. This, it will be allowed, is no vulgar excellence.

It may be ascribed in a great measure to the poetic medium, which ever tends to refine all that is gross or ugly; yet something must also be allowed for the dread of clerical censure, as well as for the personal connexion with the Church of nearly all the chief poets.* Something, too, for the temper of a people who, in public at least, have always affected and prized a dignity of manner which is incompatible with cynical or scurrilous licence. Here it will be in place to observe that 'Comedy' in the old Spanish sense means something quite different from what the modern term imports. In the former it does not imply anything intended to amuse by ridicule or satire, by the display of absurd characters or ludicrous incidents.† It properly describes‡ a dramatic fable, serious or pleasing, carried on a level somewhat below what was deemed the proper height of the tragic or epic style.§ Most of the comedies are such as now would bear the indefinite title of 'dramas.' The main interest, except in a class of pieces far from numerous, is never purely comic. The treatment of themes, however varied, involving the accidents of love, honour, or ambition—but with love as the ruling principle in all—is always in serious earnest, often pathetic, at times, though more rarely, deeply tragical. The protagonists of both sexes are never purposely amusing. Whatever is designedly mirthful or droll is given to figures of the lower sort,—servants or clowns,—by whom exclusively the burlesque or humour of the piece, and now

suffice to quote what Fontenelle, in the life of the latter, says on this subject, referring to the failure of Corneille's *Theodore, vierge et martyre*, in 1645. The subject was thought indelicate: 'Si le public était devenu si délicat, à qui M. Corneille devait il s'en prendre, qu'à lui-même? Avant lui, le viol réussissait.'

* Here it must, however, be stated, that of all the dramatists, the most free in story, speech, and allusion, was the learned Friar Gabriel Tellez (*Tirso de Molina*, his stage name), Master in Theology, a famous preacher and dignitary of his order, N. S. de la Merced. There is certainly no trace of religious decorum in his arch and spirited comedies; but even he, loose though he must at times be termed, is modesty itself compared, not only with Ariosto, Machiavelli, or *Cardinal* Bibbiena, but with Massinger, Fletcher, or indeed any comic writer of our Elizabethan age.

† This was partly attempted in the *Entremeses*, little prose interludes, of a farcical kind, which were played between the acts. As far as we can judge from those which have been preserved, they were droll trifles, full of banter and caricature, thoroughly prosaic both in subject and style, homely enough, but seldom gross. They are plainly derived from the older stage, on which, in the time of Lope de Rueda, pieces of a similar class were the chief performance. In their later office they served to keep up the poetic tone of the comedies, by separating from them the lower vein of histrionic matter.

‡ Exceptions, such as the pieces '*de figuron*,' in which some absurd figure plays the chief part, are not frequent enough to modify this description. There are a few plays, too, mostly parodies, of a broadly farcical character, but these always bear the specific title of *Comedia Burlesca*.

§ In a sense analogous to this Dante named his *Divina Commedia*.

and then its satirical innuendoes, are delivered. Castilian 'gravity'* was averse from making a show of gentlemen and ladies in attitudes merely ridiculous. The same sense of decorum would also discourage all extremes of effrontery in the lower characters, with whom the story threw them into contact.

Some of these dramas, I have said, are intensely tragical; but the number of such is comparatively small. As a general rule, however the feelings may be strained while the event is in doubt, all must be soothed and satisfied at last. In this, again, may be seen the healthy instinct of the public, deciding the general tone of the Drama. As a sanguine and vindictive race, they were prone to the fiercest passions, and no strangers to terrible catastrophes. They are, indeed, cruel by nature: nowhere in Europe, perhaps, is life so cheap as it always has been in Spain; and its other public amusements,—amongst which, in the seventeenth century, the *auto de fé* might be counted,—have been and still are savage enough.† This is not the place to dilate on the strange duality included in the national character, and seen in every part of Spanish history—political, religious, or domestic—in virtue of which the bystander is alternately moved to shudder and to admire, as one or the other side comes to view. It must here suffice to say that in the poetical mood, however excited, its better aspect prevails. In the theatre, above all, the Castilian indulges whatever, in his strangely blended nature, is humane, tender, and noble. He goes thither in his happiest frame of mind, bent on genial pleasure, and unwilling to leave it with any weight on his spirits. Accordingly, the general tone of the entertainment chimes with this disposition—sunny, gracious, and inspiriting, with just so much of pathos or suspense as will give a zest to the joyful conclusion. Where stronger emotions are raised, the distress must either subside at the end into a calm, or be visibly sublimed, by Divine agency, into a heavenly rapture. The pieces of a purely tragic character are not many‡—and these, I fancy, were never very popular, although among them are some of

* '*Gravedad*' has a meaning exclusively Castilian, implying haughtiness and state, rather than seriousness, as with us.

† Note, however, that the *fiesta de toros* of the seventeenth century, when gallant gentlemen, on their best horses, fairly exposed their lives in no unequal contest with the bull, was something totally different from the brutal modern show; the cruelty and cowardice of which (except in the final act) is rendered doubly odious by the mercenary ruffianism of its performers.

‡ Here, of course, such only are meant as the audience of the time would feel to be tragical. Many that are so felt by us made no such impression on the hearers. In pieces, for instance, like *Garcia del Castañar* (Rojas), the *Medico de su honra*, or *A secreto agravio*, &c. (Calderon), public sympathy went so entirely with the avenger, that the victim found no pity—none, at least, that could damp the satisfaction with which the atonement of a wrong was regarded. *Jure cæsus*, was in such cases the sentence of popular opinion.

That plays which really saddened the then hearers were not favourites, may be inferred, firstly, from the small number of such, and further from the rarity of these few, whether in the great collections or in *Suelta* editions. One or two of Lope's, published in the latter form, belong to the scarcest of such copies of his plays; others, which he included in his own collection, seem never to have had currency in any other way; although his pieces of this class are some of his best, and more than one of them have a merit rare on any stage. Such, for instance, is the *Estrella de Sevilla;* yet it is not to be found in either of the great collections, nor in the set of Lope's comedies. The original *Suelta* edition, I believe, has never been reprinted until lately, and it is of the utmost rarity. The only copy I have seen is in the Library of Holland House.

There is, lastly, positive testimony to the same effect. Cascales, in his *Tablas Poéticas* (1617), has the following passage:—'It has just occurred to me to ask, how is it that tragedies are not performed in Spain? Is it because they treat of grievous things, whereas we are inclined to such only as are cheerful?' This Luzan cites in his *Poetica* (T. ii. 44) as evidence of the aversion of the public to tragedy properly so called, which he justly distinguishes from dramas of a mixed character, such as are referred to above.

the finest compositions in the whole range of the Drama. Still, let us not condemn the coolness with which they seem to have been received; but rather on the whole regard it as evidence of a healthy feeling in the play-going public—too sensitive to witness mere tragedies unmoved, and unwilling to be harrowed without relief in its favourite hour of indulgence.

The mention of religious aids in relief of a tragic crisis leads to an observation, which, if made at all before now, has certainly not occupied all the attention it deserves. The faith in miracles and other direct interpositions of Divine power, gave an important and popular motive to the Drama, which—in virtue of this belief, the sincerity of which is beyond all doubt—possessed as a reality what in all other modern literatures is used as a fiction: a mythology, namely, in immediate contact with human affairs,—or what critics of the old school termed 'a machinery.' The Spanish poet of the seventeenth century, when pressed for a solution, or ambitious of grand effects, had no need to invoke the Gods of a fabulous Olympus,* in which even the ancients themselves scarcely pretended to believe. To him, and to his public, the wonderful was ever present, in their conviction of the supernatural power of relics and images; of the influence of patron saints; and of miraculous virtue in the austerities of devout men. This was a transcendent resource for the poet; the force being infinite, and the faith in it entire and universal.† Thus, relief from desperate situations, or

* Their names and attributes, indeed, are as familiar to him as to others; but we must not, on finding them employed as poetic ornaments, or converted by abstraction into synonyms, such as *marte* for war, &c., suppose that they had any other value in the Castilian drama. The Italian style, imported by Garcilaso and his followers, gave this, with the rest of its conventions, to the Spanish poetry of the subsequent age. But it has been also maintained, with some probability, that the habit, introduced when the speech and manners of the Peninsula were wholly Latin, had never altogether disappeared from the language of the people afterwards.

When allusions to classic fable are expressly paraded, they appear in passages of ostentation, where the poet displays his learning in an episodical manner. It has already been said that the drama received, in one way or another, all the knowledge current in its day; so that this branch had its share of notice, together with the science, history, and philosophy of the past, which the poets introduce when occasion serves.

There are not a few plays, too, on subjects taken from old mythology, most of them belonging to the age of Calderon. Philip IV. loved a kind of spectacle for which such pieces were thought to furnish the best canvas. In these, however, it is curious to see how entirely the national prevails over the antique. The names and skeleton of the story are all that remain of the original; the rest is pure Spanish.

† In proof of this, see the following extracts from the diary of Cabrera already referred to. What this well-known historian of Philip II.—sagacious, experienced, and learned in all the wisdom of his time—sets down as matter of credible fact, is evidence of the faith in such matters, which there is no gainsaying, or ascribing to the vulgar and ignorant only. He writes, May 5, 1612: 'There has just died in Valencia a holy priest, aged thirty-four, one little noticed during his lifetime; and when he was taken to be buried in the church he had served, there resorted to him many ailing persons, lame and blind, and otherwise afflicted, who were cured by merely kissing his hand. The number of such miracles, up to the date of the report, is some thirty-two or three. He had been four days dead; yet, although the weather was very hot, and the church full of people who came to kiss his hand, the odour of the corpse was very sweet.' Again: 'The miracles of this holy man, Gerónimo Simón, continue in Valencia. It is said that there have been more than four hundred miracles wrought, not by the body only, but also that even his cinctures and relics of his clothing have recovered the sick when their lives were despaired of. . . . . It is some time since there has been such an example of holy life and great miracles.'

On the 6th of April, 1613, he says: 'They write from Valencia' (where there has been a 'revival' going on, that accounts for the succession of marvels in that city) 'that last month the monastery of St. Monica was invaded by six devils, who

the reward of oppressed virtue, by visible apparitions of a Divine or angelic hand; the transfiguration of holy persons; and the heavenly triumph of martyrs revealed to human eyes,—seemed as natural as it was edifying. Nor did it startle the public to see the Powers of Darkness ascend in bodily shapes, taking part in the concerns of life —not unfrequently, like the *Vice* of the miracle-plays, in a jocose fashion—or contending with angels for the possession of a human soul. Motives of this class are never wanting in subjects of a religious tendency. They must be counted among the distinctive features of Spanish Comedy, and deserve to be closely studied as agencies supremely efficient and thoroughly genuine. The power of the supernatural on the stage can hardly be measured now, but it must have been something enormous, as well as peculiar; and its special mode of influence should never be lost sight of by those who desire to understand the Drama of that period. The plays, indeed, in which it prevails are of all the most remote from modern sympathies; and it is not easy for us to do them even critical justice. We are apt to despise as awkward or insipid,—because to us it is an incredible resource,—what would be impressive and appropriate when embraced, as it was, with cordial belief and pious awe. The attempt, however, must be made to conceive the action of the miraculous in this sense, if we are not content to misjudge or altogether to ignore a considerable part of the Spanish repertory.

I refer here, not to the representations (*autos*) devoted to Church festivals, but to plays acted in the ordinary theatres. The former, retaining the essence of the ancient mysteries, are, as I have already said, a distinct class, with which the popular stage had no connexion. They were exhibited, in streets or in churches, in honour of the Mass on Corpus Christi day (*autos sacramentales*), or of the Nativity, at Christmas (*autos del Nacimiento*): strange medleys of allegory, impersonated ideas and vernacular humour; in which divine and angelic persons, saints and demons, join with the rudest figures of common life, in the exposition of points of faith and in celebration of the mysteries to which they are specially applied. This unpromising combination,—to which, however, the Catholic genius of the seventeenth century was able to give a poetic dignity that attained its perfection in the *autos* of Calderon,—was a property of the Church. Comedy, on the other hand, whatever its theme, belonged to the laity. But to the people no theme could be more impressive than the religion which was an object of national pride as well as devotion. It might have little influence on their morals,* but they gloried in its outward profession. 'The Faith' was to them a symbol of patriotism and of pure blood: it attended them — with its ceremonies and sanctions, at least—at every step of their life: and thus nothing was more natural than that it should have its place, among other matters of interest, on the stage. No small portion, indeed, of the whole body of the drama, consists of plays on the lives and martyrdom of saints, the foundation of monastic orders, and the efficacy of favourite images; on miraculous conversions and victories of friars or other pious persons over Satan. These subjects are treated precisely as are those of a secular cast; their only peculiarity being the use, in the conduct and solution of the plot,

raged about, smiting the friars with staves and whips; and, being exorcised, declared they had come from Italy to torment them, because there was a novice in the house destined to become as great a saint as Don Tomas de Villanueva, that most holy man; and being asked why they did not cudgel three of the friars, like the rest, replied, 'because they were named Joseph, they reverenced that name.' They were at last got to depart, it is said, after a week of conjurations and exorcisms; during which there were great tempests in the city and its precincts, which tore up trees by their roots.'

* So Contarini, the Venetian ambassador to Philip III., in 1605, at the close of his *Relazione*, is glad that he can report: 'they are good Christians, although they have not good morals.'

of the 'machinery' described in the foregoing paragraph. Essentially they are, and were always deemed to be, comedies like the rest—differing from others in the story and motives, as the plays of modern life (*de capa y espada*) differ from those on ancient or foreign themes in a more pompous style (*heroycas*). This is expressly insisted upon, because it is a common mistake* to confound the religious comedies (*divinas*, as they were styled at first, and afterwards *de santos* or *sobre asuntos de devocion*) with the *autos*, from which they are totally distinct, both in purpose and manner.

In the appropriation of materials for its use, the drama took its widest range under Lope. In his hands it was taught to embrace everything, near or remote, that could be shown in action on the boards. Of all men that have ever lived, he could best have dispensed with the aid of history or fable for the supply of plots; but even his marvellous faculty of invention, to which we owe a series of original designs embracing nearly every possible combination of interest, and probably exceeding in number the sum of all that other dramatists, taken together, have produced,—even this astonishing power, I say, could not keep pace with the speed of his pen, urged by the demand of the public for novelty. All that his reading had gathered from ancient or modern story; all that the legends and traditions of his own country could supply of notable and moving, was converted into comedy; which thereby became the receptacle of all the learning and of all the patriotic or poetical reminiscences of the age. The limits so boldly traced, so richly filled, were never afterwards extended: indeed, in the following age, they were rather narrowed, by the gradual neglect of a class of subjects from the early history of Spain, in which Lope seems to have especially delighted. Nor was this falling off in the poets of Calderon's time compensated by any novelty of invention in other ways. On the contrary, they added little or nothing in any to the stock of original dramatic motives; which, indeed, may be said to have been all but exhausted by their precursors. It was found more convenient to work on the outlines which those had already traced, trying to colour and vary them, so as to look new. The attempt was not always successful. Many of their repetitions are anything but improvements; and it may be that a consciousness of this was one of the motives that led them too often, as we shall see, instead of merely borrowing and rewriting the plots of Lope, Tirso, and Guevara, to appropriate their pieces, wholly or in part, with little change but in the titles.

There remains but one other point to be noticed in this brief survey. In Spanish comedy the story is always an important, often the chief object, as in two classes especially—the '*histories*,' namely, of Lope's theatre, in which the Romance element prevails, and the canvas is too wide for the detail of character; and the pieces *de capa y espada*,—particularly those by Calderon† and his disciples,—where the surprises and suspense of an intricate plot engross

* Not confined to foreigners only. See Mesonero Romanos (*Contemporaneos á Lope*, T. II, xxxii.), who counts among the *autos* of Montalvan; *S. Antonio de Padua* (*Diferentes* 37, and *Id.* 44), *La Gitana de Menfis*, and *El Hijo del Serafin* (*C. de Montalvan I.*), all of which are comedies of the class above mentioned: the first, indeed, as I have noted, is inserted twice over in a collection to which none but *Comedias* were admitted. Similar mistakes will be found in other titles of this editor's Catalogue of Plays. It thus appears that the Spaniards themselves are not yet wholly exempt from the charge which Huerta (*Theatro Hespañol*, I, lxviii.) brought against a French critic eighty years ago: 'No reparó en confundir nuestras *Comedias de Santos*, nuestras Tragedias, y nuestros autos Sacramentales, anunciandolos como una misma cosa.'

† Luzan, in his *Poética* (ii. 28, of the reprint of Madrid, 1789; the first edit. is of Zaragoça, fol. 1737), accuses Calderon as the inventor of this class. The charge is unfounded; since all that is essential to the 'drama of intrigue' will be found in works of the previous age, especially in many of Tirso's, the artifice and complication of which Calderon himself might imitate, but could

the spectator's whole attention, and the changes are too quick for the display of particular features, even were he at leisure to peruse them. In all other classes, too, a moving and ingenious fable, the issue of which is concealed to the last with admirable skill, is a merit rarely, if ever, wanting. It is, let me add, a prime essential to every drama, and none has ever lived which was destitute of it. But to name this as the only kind of interest;—to assert with a modern author,* that 'Nowhere throughout the Spanish drama can you find a character,'—is an error that may well be termed amazing. The currency, indeed, of a notion so wide of the truth, gives a decisive measure of the little that is known of Spanish comedy.

Whoever entertains this notion, it is clear, either has taken it from a few plays only of one class and period, or makes his charge against the whole theatre, in some sense different from that which obtains when we speak of the characters of Jonson, Massinger, Fletcher, or any other poet of our golden age, Shakspeare only excepted.† With that great exception, what we mean by 'dramatic character' will be found to imply the clear and consistent delineation of certain positive moral features or moods of mind in the principal figures of a play—as opposed to the use of mere general types of particular classes, such as the 'gallant,' the 'soldier,' the 'old man,' &c.—of which the masks of Italian comedy are an extreme example. In the latter method nothing marks the individual; all that he needs is a label, to show that he belongs to this or that condition or rank, sufficient to carry on the intrigue of the piece without confounding the figures. The former is in general the method of our own poets, and it is no less

not surpass. I mention, as a single well-known example, *Don Gil de las calzas verdes*. But there is no doubt that Calderon in general paid more exclusive attention to this kind of interest in his lighter pieces than any dramatist of Lope's time, and that he carried it to the highest pitch of perplexity and suspense of which it is capable, making it, in *most* of his plays *de capa y espada*, the sole attraction. Yet there are exceptions even in his pieces of this class, where character is displayed with considerable effect, as, for instance, in the comedy *No ay burlas con el amor*. But had all his works, serious as well as sprightly, been of one kind, the absurdity of taking these as the sole type of Spanish comedy would not be sensibly diminished.

* Lewes, '*Lope de Vega and Calderon*.' That the lapse of time since this *dictum* was published, has brought no increase of knowledge on the subject, would appear from the utterances of a critic in the *Quarterly Review* of this year (No. 209, March, 1859, article 'On Shakspeare'). The writer, indeed, is even more peremptory to-day than Mr. Lewes was in 1846; since, after declaring that 'the national character favoured a form of drama that was *in its prime* little more than a simple drama of intrigue,' he is pleased further to deliver himself as follows, on Lope: 'Neither did he regard probabilities of life, or bring well-defined characters upon his scene. *His kings and peasants are alike*.' Thus it is that error, once started on unfrequented ground, goes on running ever wider of the fact. The comment on the first passage marked in italics is given in the text above; as to the second, it is so entirely the reverse of true, that it is hard to believe that a critic who writes thus can ever have seen a play of Lope's in which kings and peasants appear. Should he be a reader of Spanish (which may be doubted), a reference to one of Lope's best known and latest plays, *Lo que ha de ser*, will sufficiently rebuke him. The piece will be found in Ochoa's *Tesoro;* the original *MS.* (dated September, 1624, the poet being then in his sixty-third year,) is one of the treasures of the British Museum.

† In cases like this, as in others, when matching our stage with its rivals, we are too apt to think of Shakspeare only; who here, as in most other respects, stands as far apart from as he is above all. His characters, evolved by a creative force peculiar to himself, do not, like others, represent a single predominant mode of being or disposition, but appear as the consummation of all that belongs to an entire individual life—so perfect and authentic, that we reason and conclude from what is shown, not merely of the acts and relations which are seen, but of others unseen, whether past or to come, just as we do with the living persons of our own acquaintance. There is nothing like this, it must be allowed, on the Spanish stage: but neither is there anything else like it on our own.

the method of the Spanish; not, I allow, in every species of comedy, but in a department which covers a large division of the national drama. Its peculiarity is, that its repertory includes various kinds; among which the comedy of intrigue and the romantic history-piece, the effect of which depends more on incident than on character, have their place. But these are not the whole theatre. The mistake of superficial reporters consists in ascribing to the whole what is true of a part only. The Castilian drama abounds in pieces that, while preserving the charm of an exciting plot, draw their chief interest from the display of characteristic figures, as distinctly traced and as consistently supported as those of any other European drama, including—with the exception already named—our own. In insisting on this for any purpose of comparison, regard must be had to the highly poetic tone which belongs to the Spanish mode of representation, giving something of an ideal effect to all that it portrays, and showing every outline rounded and softened by the medium through which it is viewed. It may further be observed that the mind of Southern races is not prone to develop itself in abnormal varieties; that their motives and passions are simpler in kind, as well as more sudden in operation, than ours; so that with them the most truthful representation does not exact or indeed allow of the research of traits altogether eccentric, or the display of mental processes unusually complex. Hence, on the Castilian stage, how far the draught of a character is clear, expressive, and life-like, must always be judged with reference to the life from which the poet took his originals—not to different aspects of Nature elsewhere. In other words, we must not impute to want of drawing what is really an attribute of the thing drawn. With this proviso—which, let me add, applies to Plautus and Molière as well as to Lope de Vega—the character-plays of the Spanish stage may be placed without fear beside those of any other; the poet's success being measured by his fidelity to the objects set before him.

In pieces of this class the age of Lope is the richest; the comedy of intrigue not having then gained the prominence which it owed to the art of Calderon. But in both periods there are numbers in which the marking of special characters is as lively, firm, and truthful as anything, it may be asserted, in Beaumont and Fletcher; and not a few that may be ranked with the best character-pieces of any Elizabethan poet, Shakspeare always excepted. The proof would be easy enough, were there space for the production of instances. But this, from the detail required to do justice in this respect, even to a few examples, cannot be attempted here: and I must content myself—while repeating that of many current errors respecting the Spanish stage, there is none more erroneous than this—with commending, in support of my assertion, a few pieces, in a note, to the attention of those who are willing to judge for themselves.*

Having now gone over the chief

* Lope de Vega; *El Perro del Hortelano; Las flores de D. Juan; La Esclava de su galan; Los melindres de Belisa;* Alarcon, *La verdad sospechosa; Don Domingo de D. Blas; Las paredes oyen;* Tirso de Molina, *Marta la piadosa; El burlador de Sevilla;* Rojas, *Entre bobos,* &c. Calderon, *El alcalde de Zalamea; No hay burlas con el amor; El principe Constante;* Moreto, *De fuera vendrá; El valiente Justiciero* (or rather its original, by Tirso or Lope, *El Rey D. Pedro en Madrid*); De la Hoz, *El Castigo de la Miseria.* I purposely name such only as may be found in the Collections described in Chapter I.; refraining from citing others which are not so readily to be met with. Amongst these, in Lope's works especially, are many of the highest excellence, which for this reason I do not mention. The characters of the *Alcalde de Zalamea,* I may observe, are not really Calderon's, but Lope's: the paternity, however, is of no consequence here. The same may be said of a piece written by Matos—*El sabio en su retiro*—mentioned in Chapter I. The original, by Lope, gives the subject in higher relief and sweeter colouring; but enough is preserved in the copy to satisfy those who have not access to the other. I have no hesitation in asserting that the character of *Juan Labrador* in this play may be ranked with the best, in conception and execution, that the stage has anywhere produced.

points of view from without, I will offer a few words in conclusion on the intrinsic character of this drama. It has already been described as the genuine expression of a singular phasis of social existence, embodying the idea of human life possessed at a certain time by the particular race to which it belongs. Such, indeed, must always be the description of the drama as a living mode of art—an image of its time, namely, as seen reflected on the general surface of national mind, through the medium of its imagination. Hence, from that form of poetry we obtain not only a picture of the conceptions of a given epoch, but also a measure of the faculties by which it was conceived;—and this it is that makes the drama so precious to thoughtful observers.

In the Spanish, owing to the very narrowness of the field of vision, the result comes out with peculiar intensity and significance; nor is its meaning difficult to read. The notion it gives of the spiritual endowments of the nation is one in which high spirit, ingenious thought, quick senses, and vehement passions are more evident than depth of feeling, large mental capacity, or full moral development. That the land of Cervantes could not be devoid of sagacity or humour, evidence from the stage was not needed to inform us. It is rich, too, in brilliant imagery and pompous conceptions; but they are such as float somewhat lightly on the surface of things—are rather picturesque than symbolic or many-sided; and carry with them much that is more specious than sound. Nor is there altogether unfelt a certain monotony, reminding us that the Spanish world of the seventeenth century, as well in its social relations as in its intellectual processes, revolved within a narrow circle. The private life of the Castilian of that period was visibly deficient in plenitude and variety; and his mind, when not busied by some of the passions—in which gambling must be included—seems to have mainly depended for occupation on outward excitements of a class that belongs to the infancy of civilization—processions, athletic games, and ceremonies or pageants, in which the show of finery was the sole attraction. One may conceive what a supreme resource the theatre would be in such a mode of life as this.

Compared with ours of the same period, as reflected in the plays 'that did so take Eliza and our James,' it implies a condition far less opulent, as well in the substantial furniture of existence, in the finer moral perceptions, and in the manifold exercise of study and thought, as in elements of further progress.* In indications of this kind the Castilian, when contrasted with the English stage, appears as far below it as ours is inferior to the former in

* It would be no idle task to examine in detail the causes and purport of this difference between the only two modern theatres that can be termed national—*i. e.*, the property not of a class, but of an entire people. The result would be found to agree with what history leads us to infer, due allowance being made for climate and race. The main discrepancy, it will be seen, is far too wide to be explained by local distinctions; nor is such explanation needed. In both countries the drama appears in a time of excitement, the offspring of great antecedent changes: here the resemblance ends, and the deviation on either side is significant. The immediate impulse in Spain was external—an accident or effect of motion in the current of public affairs. Of higher influences the action may be said to have ceased with the Moorish feud: from that point the moral health of the people had rapidly declined. Such freedom of thought as they had ever enjoyed was cramped by the Inquisition under Ferdinand and Isabella. Political liberty was crushed by Charles V. in Castile; in Aragon by Philip II. Thus, from the point at which the nation stood when the drama arose, nothing but decline was possible. In England, on the contrary, not only was the momentum of a superior kind, but its force, also, was lasting. The spur of national glory was not unfelt by the conquerors of the Armada; but the supreme impulse was from a power above this. For half a century the people had lived in the light of the Reformation; and, instead of losing their old franchises, were every day adding to their security. Thus, in the one country, the pride of empire or race, both decaying, and the last expiring flashes of chivalrous spirit, could not keep up the fire they had kindled: in the other, the freshening air of freedom and the spread of a purer religion, gave not only present

rhythmical beauty, felicity of invention, scenic artifice, and symmetry of arrangement.

It must, nevertheless, be said that what the Spanish theatre wants in the breadth of its arena, and in the moral and mental constitution of its figures, is largely compensated by the vivacity of the scene, and the marked physiognomy of the actors. The stock of essential properties may be limited; but such is the spirit, skill, and fancy with which they are combined and diversified —such is the warmth of expression and the grace of movement—that repetition is never felt, and the intense local colour of every object, in the continual stir and vicissitude of new situations, rather excites than wearies the eye. The mode of national being thus presented to the spectator, with the principles and conventions on which it rests, are, moreover, not less striking than exceptional. They would deserve notice as a curious object of study, even were not a view of them indispensable to the knowledge of the Drama in which they are embodied. To trace some outlines of this peculiar system, as represented on the stage, will be attempted in the next chapter.

ON WAR IN GENERAL, AND MODERN FRENCH WARS IN PARTICULAR.

WARS, like offences, will come, and woe (doubtless) to those by whom war cometh. Yet if we look back upon history, it will seem as if wars were the main means by which the civilized world has been brought from swamp and forest and barren waste to its present condition, and man enabled to 'replenish the earth,' and nations superior in civilization to extend that civilization to inferior peoples. Human strife may be a proof of man's evil nature; but human conflicts on a large scale appear to have answered the same purpose in advancing the social state of mankind, as the physical convulsions and rapacious monsters of the geological epochs in improving the material condition of the globe. Except the Bible, we have no *history* till Herodotus, perhaps till Thucydides; but such glimpses into primeval antiquity as traditions and classical fragments allow, indicate that some form of war was a mode of extending the arts and institutions of more favoured nations, as well as of increasing the human race (which in a narrow line of view it seems the object of war to destroy). Of the Cyclopeans or Pelasgians nothing is *known;* but from their architectural remains it may be inferred that they were a migrating people, superior in arts to the aborigines they came amongst, and that their visits, however beneficial eventually, were not welcome or peaceable at the beginning. The earliest public records existing relate to Egypt and Assyria; for whatever doubts may be entertained as to the interpretation of their hieroglyphics, buildings and graphic representations remain to speak for themselves. These may not esta-

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energy but promise for the future. There, when the theatre was opened, the darkness was already falling: here, all was growing day.

It has already been observed that the stage was the only free spot in Spain; ours, on the contrary, had open ground on all sides: hence a further difference arose, which is worth noting. The operation of the state of things in such a contrast being twofold, observe how it acts on one side. Where every other avenue was barred, the drama had all the genius of the time to itself; where many were accessible, it could not engross more than a part. It is obvious that, with this difference, the resources of the two theatres cannot be reduced to a common equation. Their respective proportions to the general mass of intellect are altogether different; and this inequality must not be lost sight of in any comparison of the two dramas, as types of intellectual power in either nation.

Note, as a corollary, that while both, by the nature of things, were destined to expire, in Spain poetry went out with the drama; in England it survived in other forms—still vigorous, though without the splendour and freshness of its dawn.

blish the stories of African, European, and Asiatic expeditions even beyond the Indus, which the fragments of antiquity record of Rameses and Sesostris of Egypt, of Ninus and Semiramis of Assyria, and of the mythological Bacchus; but they prove various and extensive conquests. There are no data as to the social results of these expeditions; but it may be fairly held that the Assyrian empire and its civilization originated in some invasion from Egypt, if there be truth in the chronology and speculations of modern Egyptologists. If the reverse opinion be held, that Egypt was civilized by a superior race from Babylonia or India, the conclusion that that civilization originated in conquest remains the same. Respecting primeval China, there are no definite facts. Ethnologists assert that the aborigines of India were an inferior and degraded race, dispossessed and driven to hill and jungle by an invading people, who originated a form of civilization that was ancient and mature even in the days of Alexander.

As history becomes more certain and fuller, the effects of wars can be more distinctly traced. The conquests of the Persians in Western Asia and in Egypt, the long hostility between Persia and Greece, finally ending in the expeditions of Xenophon and Alexander, produced great effects in the world. They directly enlarged geographical knowledge; they increased the intercommunication of stranger peoples by facilitating locomotion; they stimulated industry and extended commerce; by increasing commodities they added to the enjoyments of mankind, although such enjoyments may not be of the highest order; and finally, by establishing Alexandria, they gave rise to an emporium where the remotest East and West could meet together. But one of the greatest effects of war is to rouse the mind; and it is impossible to suppose that such changes in the rulers, the knowledge, and the habits of mankind were without effect upon the characters of men, modifying the European (ancient philosophers called it corrupting him), if they could not strengthen the Asiatic. If no palpably beneficial change was produced in national institutions, it was probably because the peoples and their institutions were grown too effete to benefit by grafting, when the more extensive and important changes through Alexander's conquests took place.

The conquests of the Romans were more evidently influential upon the world. Indeed, so far as reason can form a judgment, they were absolutely necessary to the formation of society in its present state. The subjugation of Italy was essential to the very existence of Rome. Hannibal's passage of the Alps was a geographical exploration as well as a military operation. The wars of Cæsar in Gaul, and Britain, and beyond the Rhine, procured for the world a definite knowledge of those regions not then attainable by other means; and knowledge attained by hostilities was not in those times a mere barren scientific knowledge, but was followed, like the Greek and Persian wars, by intercommunication of peoples hitherto strangers. The changes produced by Roman dominion in Gaul and Britain were beyond all question an advance in what men agree to call civilization. It is a common remark that the establishment of Roman rule, as a sequence of Roman conquest throughout ancient Europe, was necessary to the establishment of modern European civilization, especially as displayed in the supremacy of the law, local self-government (by means of municipalities), regular public administration, and those great public works—as roads and bridges, aqueducts and sewers—which contribute to the business, convenience, or comfort of life. Roman rule might be formal, harsh, and despotic; individual rulers might be corrupt and oppressive: whether the irregular violence of barbarian or of Athenian popular caprice might give rise to fewer evils than the regulated tyranny of Rome, may be a question; and as for human happiness, some philosophers maintain that miseries multiply and enjoyments decline in proportion as civilization advances. There can, however, be no doubt that but for Roman wars of con-

quest, and the institutions and modes of life Rome enforced upon the conquered, Europe, and consequently the world, would have been something very different to what it is; so different, indeed, as to be utterly inconceivable.

It is impossible to fix the proportion of misery caused by particular wars, as the feeling of the victims, which can only be conjecturally tested, forms a greater element of suffering than the actual inflictions. If the refinement of the vanquished be measured against the barbarism of the victors, the invasions of the hordes that effected the downfall of the Roman Empire probably produced more wretchedness than any hostilities upon a great scale. Yet to all human appearance these invasions were absolute necessities, not merely if the world was to attain its actual state, but if mankind were to be raised from that corruption which attended the decay of ancient civilization. The moral influence of the conflicts that continually took place during the dark and middle ages is not so obvious as that of the barbarian invasions. Their necessity for the advancement of mankind to their actual condition is clear. The conquests of Charlemagne and of his precursors and successors, the expeditions of the Northmen, the invasion of England by William of Normandy, as well as many of the contests of feudal times, were, if not parts of a design to build up the modern system of Europe, apparently essential to that end. Historical critics differ as to the moral character of the Crusades. Those who have formed their opinions from the philosophers of the last century look upon them as the outbreaks of fanaticism. Some historical critics of the modern school consider them as the result of a sound instinctive fear; and that but for the check they opposed to Islamism, the Mahometans might have overrun Europe. About the influence of the Crusades on knowledge, commerce, art, and society, there can be no dispute. They enlarged the knowledge of the feudal ages, not only in such tangible matters as the facts of physical geography, but in the productions of nature, the varieties of men, and of customs, characters, and creeds. They extended commerce, especially Italian commerce; thus not only increasing wealth and material comforts, but stimulating industry and improving navigation. The Crusades were also a cause of advancing other useful arts, if indeed they did not produce the revival of the fine arts in Western Europe. The transmission of Eastern tales gave an impulse to popular literature. The general stir to the Western mind was greater from the Crusades than any other event in mediæval history, save the discovery of America and the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope.

It will be distinctly understood that in all this there is no affirmation (in the sense of Fate or Providence) as to the *necessity* of wars to advance mankind. Neither is it intended to assert that the actual history of man and his present condition were indispensable to the scheme of Divine government, or that even if the present condition of our race were predetermined, it might not have been brought about by other means. Such matters are not meddled with. This, and this alone, is affirmed—that from the first faint glimpses of history in Egypt, or from earlier tradition, up to the decline of feudalism about the middle of the fifteenth century, war was a great, and for a long time apparently the only, means by which man acquired a knowledge of the earth, extended civilization over inferior races, established the art of systematic government as opposed to mere patriarchal or arbitrary rule, and stirred up the general mind to extended enterprise or new ideas; while though very far from being the only element of man's progression, it is an important element.

The principle here indicated as applicable to the ancient, dark, and middle ages, obtains to our day as between advanced and inferior peoples. The occupation of thinly populated regions by settlers of a civilized race—or in other words, modern colonization—is indeed as plainly essential to the spread of man and his arts over the globe, as any conquests of the ancient

world, and as plainly warfare. In America for nearly two centuries, and at the Cape up to our own day, undisguised hostilities have been continually waged between the natives and the colonists. In Australia, and in the United States at present, the power of the 'pale-faces' may prevent organized resistance to the occupation of the lands, but the settlement is as clearly an affair of force as if the aborigines had been dispossessed of their territories after a defeat; their destruction appears as certain as if they were put to the sword at once. The Jewish settlement of the Holy Land and the earlier conquests of the Mahometans, have not been noticed, as involving religious questions. The Russian conquests in Asia, those of France in Barbary, and of England in the East, may be passed for the immediate purpose in hand, as their benefits to the human race are not yet certain. A like doubt applies to the devastations of Zinghis Khan and Tamerlane. These last, however, seem to bear upon a proposition which may have some truth in it—that for wars to be distinctly operative in the way spoken of, they must be waged by a superior upon an inferior people. And this idea may lend some countenance to the American notion of their 'mission' to 'annex' the entire continent.

This idea of superiority and inferiority, either intelligent or moral, receives some support from a survey of European wars since the downfall of feudalism. During the last four hundred years not only does war in Europe appear to have been less of a necessity as regards the material progress of the world than in the earlier ages, but to have produced less tangible results. It is not meant that national conflicts were inoperative. Such important events as great wars cannot be without influence upon the peoples by whom they are waged. In some cases conflicts of principle superseded material objects. The revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II., the religious wars of Germany, the civil wars of England, are the leading examples of this kind; and they have each influenced the political, social, and intellectual character of nations in a very high degree. But the material results of wars are here treated of; and no such material changes have followed the European wars under the modern system (the partition of Poland is an exceptional case altogether), as ensued from the subjugation of Gaul by Cæsar, or the conquest of England by William the Norman. If the cause of this be investigated it will, apart from the system of the balance of power, seem to originate in the closer approach to equality in arts, arms, and character among the peoples of modern Europe, than existed between such different races as the aborigines of Italy and their Pelasgic or Greek invaders, or the Romans and the Gauls.

And this equality may be dated from the downfall of feudalism, as that may be said to begin about the time of the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second. The fall of the effete Byzantine Empire snapped the last frail link by which living society was connected with the ancient world. Printing as a practical art was completed at nearly the same date; learning was reviving; modern languages and literature had awoke, or were awakening to life. Within some fifty years of that event the Powers of Northern and Western Europe may be said to have assumed their present relative proportions. France was not quite so extensive, but her nationality, position, and comparative power were as established as now. The Low Countries —the present Holland and Belgium —were in their general characteristics much the same as at present, subject to the ever-changing effects of time. In those days there was an Elective Emperor of Germany instead of an hereditary Emperor of Austria; there were many more petty German rulers than at present, and no King of Prussia; but the Germany of that age was substantially the Germany of ours. Spain and Portugal were much as they are, bating the difference between vigorous and aspiring youth, and age prematurely decrepit through vices. There is a difference in the arrangements of the Scandinavian kingdoms; but the great change in the Northern

Powers, as elsewhere, is comparative. Indeed, this is the case with all the most important material changes throughout Europe since the fifteenth century. They have been the result of national growths rather than of foreign conquest. Armies have devastated countries and slaughtered myriads, but they have left States and their rulers pretty much as they found them. What results they did produce have been rather moral than physical—rather of the soul than of the body. If a man of the Tudors', or of an after, age were recalled to life, the changes that would chiefly attract or strike him would be the result of invention, of trained and organized industry, of science applied to the arts, and of philosophy and letters, rather than of national and social changes directly produced by war. Holland, for instance, is as rich, perhaps as powerful, as she ever was, if not richer and more powerful. She has not the weight in Europe she once possessed, because other nations have grown faster than she.

To fully develop the idea here advanced by tracing the results of particular wars from the dawn of history to the downfall of feudalism, and comparing them with the similar results of the *European* wars since the rise of the system of the balance of power, would be a curious and not unprofitable labour. It would, however, require a volume—perhaps a large one. The remainder of this suggestive sketch will be confined to a single point of this great subject. The wars into which a lust of conquest and a love of glory have impelled France will be briefly touched upon, and the trifling results in the form of advantage to the French themselves, that followed the ruthless destruction of so much human life, and the wanton infliction of so much human misery, will be as briefly noted. In thus selecting France, it is not meant to imply that other nations have not engaged in hostilities on slight grounds or with sordid objects. But no nation has been so ready as France to plunge into wars, dazzled by the mirage of glory, or to force them upon other countries, by a restless and immoral ambition. And it will be useful to note how little of substantial gain their wars of ambition have produced to themselves, and how often the glory attained during their progress has vanished ere their close. Secondary wars, as it were, arising from the original aggression, will not be taken into the account, though in strictness perhaps they ought to be.

The earliest foreign war of moment in which France engaged after the modern had begun to supersede the feudal system of warfare, was the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. in 1494. A real motive of the French King was doubtless the love of glory. Charles, for a middle-age monarch, was a scholar. His reading did not extend much further than the exploits of Alexander and Cæsar, but it is said to have smitten him with a desire to emulate those heroes. The first avowed object of the invasion was to obtain the kingdom of Naples. When that was conquered, Charles intended to recapture Constantinople and the Holy Sepulchre, and to re-establish the kingdom of Jerusalem. His right to attempt these latter enterprises was general, and possessed in common with every Christian man and monarch, according to the opinions of that age. His claim to Naples was founded on the rights of the second Capetian house of Anjou. These claims had originated in adoption; they were merely titular, having never been acknowledged by the Neapolitans, or realized by possession. Sismondi says that Charles derived his rights, such as they were, from a sale or cession to his father, Louis XI.; but he seems to have had some sort of claim through his grandmother, Mary of Anjou. However, a potentate—least of all a French potentate—bent upon war, is never at a loss for a reason. Italy was invaded; and the outset was as glorious as success without opposition could make it. From the Alps to the confines of Naples all was submission by the Italians, and triumph by the French, Rome herself receiving the French King. On the Neapolitan frontiers, Charles took a couple of small towns, and, according to a common custom of war in those days, massacred the inhabitants. This cruelty, which

would have exasperated some peoples to fight to the death, so terrified the Neapolitans that the reigning king resigned, the army succumbed, and the new king 'embarked for Ischia.' Sismondi is not prone to undervalue the Italians, but he sums up the first results of the expedition in a sentence. 'All the barons his [the Neapolitan king's] vassals, all the provincial cities, sent deputations to Charles; and the whole kingdom of Naples was conquered without a single battle in its defence.'

Thus far all was in the *veni, vidi, vici*, style of one of the French king's great models. But like many another sudden success, the reverse came quickly. Moral causes began to operate, and strategical difficulties to embarrass. French license and French disregard of the rights and feelings of others exasperated the people. The king's original ally, Ludovico, Duke of Milan, and some other Italian Powers, were planning hostilities in the north of Italy; Spain, Austria, and England, appeared to be meditating mischief towards France. Instead of proceeding to Constantinople and Jerusalem, it became necessary to think of getting back to Paris. 'Charles,' says the latest English writer on French history, 'compensated himself with an increase of rank and dignity for the mournful condition of his affairs. He proclaimed himself Emperor of Constantinople by donation from Andrew Paleologus, King of Jerusalem, and the Two Sicilies; and made another solemn entry [into Naples], clothed in the emblem of his new dignity. He made a silent exit in eight days after.' His return, with part of his army, was attended with difficulty, but no disgrace. The stubborn resolution of the Swiss, and the fiery spirit of the French, carried the king through all opposition, and the glorious victory of Fornovo, gained over the confederate Italian army, secured his unmolested retreat, and gave the Italians the first taste of 'barbarian' valour. In every other point of view the expedition was a failure. Nine months after the king's retreat, his forces in Naples were compelled to capitulate. Not a trace was left of the French conquests; and France had dissipated the finest army she had yet raised.

Louis XII., 'the father of his people,' ascended the throne in 1498, and in the following year invaded Italy. He did not abandon the claims of his predecessor to the throne of Naples—indeed, he called himself King of Naples *and* Jerusalem; but he advanced a claim through his grandmother to the Duchy of Milan (Lombardy). The claim had no valid foundation, as the Duchy was a male inheritance. The invasion, however, took place, and was attended with that striking success which generally accompanies the French at the outset. Louis invaded Lombardy in August, 1499; in October he entered Milan in triumph; and by February, 1500, the license, insolence, and disregard of the rights and feelings of others which the French displayed in Naples a few years earlier, and all over Europe three centuries later, roused the country against them; and Duke Ludovico returning with some soldiers, the people universally rose against the French. Cities whose names another war is rendering familiar—Como, Milan, Parma, and Pavia, opened their gates to Ludovico; Novara capitulated after a short siege. But without allies the Duke could not resist the power of Louis, aided as it was by the treachery of the Swiss. A new French army crossed the Alps; the Swiss in the service of the Duke of Milan, communicated with the Swiss in the army of Louis; with more of policy than chivalry, the French paid the sum the mercenaries demanded, and were permitted by the treacherous troops to arrest Ludovico, Sforza, and others of lesser note. The Duke was sent into France, where he died in captivity; and the Milanese continued for some years subject to France.

Machiavelli has subjected the Italian policy of Louis XII. to a particular examination, and pronounces that he committed 'five capital errors.' Yet all these might have been remedied if he had not crowned them by a sixth. One error which the great politician censures more than once was his

fault in the invasion of Naples. An English reader will be more startled at the crime than the blunder. In November, 1500, the French king entered into a treaty with Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain, by which it was stipulated that Louis should invade Naples; that Ferdinand under pretence of assisting the King of Naples, should despatch a Spanish force from the south under Gonsalvo di Cordova, 'the great captain;' and that when the two armies met together, instead of fighting, they should shake hands, and divide the kingdom. In the summer of 1501, this treaty, audaciously iniquitous even to laughter, was successfully carried out in its first stage. The parties met, and despoiled the King of Naples. They then began to quarrel about the division of their prey. Negotiations continued for some time. Hostilities followed, and war waged for awhile without much result. On the 21st April, 1503, the French, after a glorious struggle, in which Bayard first distinguished himself, were defeated at Seminara. In a week afterwards their army was taken, or rather destroyed, at Cerignola. Not deterred by the loss of one army, Louis despatched another. This the generalship of the Great Captain delayed for two months in the plains flooded by the Garigliano. When disease had weakened the French forces he crossed the river with his Spaniards, on the 27th December, 1503, attacked and again destroyed the army of Louis. On the 1st January, 1504, Gaëta surrendered to Gonsalvo, and Naples was lost to the French.

Unwarned by the result of his iniquitous compact with Ferdinand, Louis, in the same year in which he lost Gaëta, signed another treaty with the Emperor Maximilian, for the partition of the territories of Venice. No action followed this treaty of Blois, but it eventually grew into the well-known League of Cambray, December, 1508. Everybody knows what a glorious French success heralded the war that followed. At the battle of Aignadel the French defeated the Venetians, and the territory of the Republic was quickly conquered, or at least overrun, but with no advantage to Louis. The quarrels of the confederates superseded the League of Cambray by the Holy League. Its members were the Pope, from whom it took its name; the Kings of England and Spain; the Swiss and the Venetians; all combined against Louis, and nominally Maximilian. It gave rise to a campaign as glorious as any that ever distinguished the French arms, followed by results as profitless as usual. The nephew of Louis, Gaston de Foix, overran the North of Italy in two months, striking down two opposing armies in opposite quarters in succession, and terminated his career at the yet famous battle of Ravenna, where twenty thousand lay dead with him upon the field. Byron has commemorated the action in a stanza well known, but which may be quoted for its concluding lines, that point the moral of so many wars of ambition:—

> I canter by the spot each afternoon
> Where perish'd in his fame the hero boy,
> Who liv'd too long for men, but died too soon
> For human vanity, the young De Foix!
> A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
> But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
> Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
> While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.

With the battle of Ravenna ended the glory of the French under Louis. Pressed by Spain and England, the king was compelled to withdraw some of his troops from Italy, and revolts soon drove out the remainder. The battle of Ravenna was fought on the 11th April, 1512. In the beginning of June the French evacuated the Milanese; on the 29th, Genoa, conquered some years before, rose and expelled the troops of Louis; all hopes of Naples had long since vanished. 'In short,' observes Sismondi, 'the possessions of France were soon reduced to a few small fortresses in that Italy which the French thought they had subdued.' In the following year unsuccessful battles, the hopeless

nature of his foreign prospects, and the exhausted state of France, compelled Louis to sue for peace, to obtain which he had to abandon all he had striven for, and promise the Pope to surrender the liberties of the Gallican Church.

Louis XII. died on New Year's Day, 1515, and Francis I. succeeded. His reign was long considered as an age of chivalric and martial glory; though it is difficult to see why, unless as an illustration of Sallust's idea of the influence of fortune and self-display upon fame. 'Sed, profecto, Fortuna in omni re dominatur; ea res cunctas, ex libidine magis quam ex vero, celebrat obscuratque. Atheniensium res gestæ, sicuti ego æstimo, satis amplæ magnificæque fuere; verum aliquanto minores tamen, quam fama feruntur.' The peace which Louis XII. had patched up from necessity and a regard to his people was quickly brought to an end. Francis invaded Italy in the autumn after his accession to the throne, and on the 13th and 14th September the glorious victory of Marignano, the 'battle of giants,' gave him possession of the Duchy of Milan, with Parma and Placentia, to which he afterwards added Genoa. But in a few years the reverses which seem fated to follow French success began. In May, 1522, the French, under Lescunes, were compelled to capitulate, and evacuate Lombardy; and on the 30th, Genoa was surprised and plundered by the Spaniards. In the autumn of 1523, Bonnivet, Admiral of France, led into Italy another army, which the Fabian tactics of Prospero Colonna delayed for nine months, and then compelled to retreat without a battle. In February, 1525, the disastrous day of Pavia occurred, when the French army was scattered, and the king captured. The treaty of Madrid gave liberty to Francis, but extorted from him, among other things, the surrender of his claims on Italy. That treaty, as we all know, was repudiated by the king as made under compulsion, and the Papal authority confirmed the royal casuistry. Disaster, however, still attended the arms of Francis. In 1527 a French army, under Lautrec, marched upon Naples; but the commander perished of a pestilence, which shortly after reduced the French forces to 4000 effective men; and these attempting to escape, were overtaken and compelled to capitulate. Another French army, under the Count de St. Pol, was surprised in 1529 by the Imperial General, Antonio de Leyva, at Landriano. St. Pol and his principal officers were captured, the army was dispersed, and Genoa, rising in revolt about the same time, recovered its freedom. By 'le traité des dames,' Francis again renounced his claims in Italy. Into a war that ensued towards the close of his reign, Francis was in a measure forced, and the victory of Cerisolles added another day of glory to the French arms; but it was a barren glory. It did not prevent the invasion of France by Charles V. and Henry VIII., or arrest the necessity of a peace in 1544.

Such were the results of fifty years of unprovoked warfare. Naples had been once conquered, Milan twice, and Genoa thrice; great battles had been won and lost; seven French armies had been destroyed or dispersed; the waste of French treasure must have been enormous; indeed the exhausted state of France had more than once compelled a discreditable peace. When all was over not a trace of her conquests remained to France; but she had contrived to aggrandize her enemies. She had given Naples to Spain, and the Milanese to Austria. From the moral point of view, she had destroyed the liberties or more truly the independence of Italy, and without any benefit to herself.

The century that intervened between the death of Francis I., in 1547, and the deaths of Richelieu and Louis XIII. in 1642-43, was not fruitful in French wars of glory. France was too much engaged at home to embark in great foreign enterprises or to interfere arrogantly with other nations. Henry II. certainly was involved in hostilities with Charles V., and the repulse of the Emperor before Metz was a great military triumph; but it was more than counterbalanced by the battle of St. Quen-

tin, the most disastrous day that the French experienced between Pavia and Waterloo, though rendered useless by the hesitating incapacity of Philip II. The degenerate grandchildren of Francis I.—namely, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.—had neither character, power, nor means to engage in such wars as their predecessors. Courtly pageants and pleasures, or more truly disgusting profligacies, the intrigues of courtiers and the quarrels of chiefs, religious persecutions, civil and religious conflicts, particular assassinations, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, constitute the matter of their reigns. The wars of Henry IV. himself were for the most part intestine. When the justice and vigour of his peaceful rule were terminated by the knife of an assassin in 1610, civil and religious conflicts began again. Throughout this disastrous and disgraceful period France, it is true, was engaged in foreign wars, but they were in a measure wars of necessity, and often, as regarded the interests of the State, wars of treason, being instigated by one of the contending parties to damage the other. And it is curious to observe how these civil wars, like most other French wars, were devoid of profit to the French people. The three great conflicts of opinion already alluded to, namely, the Revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II., the religious wars of Germany, and the Great Rebellion of England, not only accomplished their immediate purpose, but advanced the principles for which the combatants really took up arms. Few will deny but the cause of what is compendiously termed 'civil and religious liberty' was greatly forwarded in each of the three instances. Every one must admit that the main object of the insurgents was attained. It may perhaps be possible to find persons who would maintain that the Dutch were not justified in resisting Philip and Alva. They could not deny that the 'rebels' succeeded not merely in throwing off the yoke, but in establishing a national government, civil freedom, and religious toleration. It is difficult to discern what benefit resulted to France from her century of intestine quarrels, or indeed that could have resulted. The Edict of Nantes was a personal gift from Henry IV., or at least a temporary compromise, rescinded by the same uncontrollable 'will and pleasure' that granted it. The genius and vigour of Richelieu finally succeeded in crushing the substantial privileges of the French nobility and concentrating in the Crown the whole power of the State; but the triumph did not benefit France, for it overwhelmed her with taxation and plunged her into miseries from which even the consequences of the Revolution of 1789 were a relief. Neither was the triumph of any final advantage to the dynasty or the throne, for it resulted in the destruction of both. Yet it cannot be argued with any certainty that the triumph of the noblesse would have benefited the people. A sort of Venetian oligarchy in France, with a nominal king at their head, might not have made the condition of the peasantry worse than it is described as having been during the last century. It is extremely doubtful whether it would have made it any better.

With the exception of some *philosophes*, the reign of Louis XIV. was considered by Frenchmen the most *distingué* in the annals of the world till the great King was eclipsed by the glories of the great Emperor. And a remarkable reign it undoubtedly was. For half a century of its seventy-two years, continued success attended the king's undertakings abroad and at home. From Condé's first field of Rocroy, won when Louis had just ascended the throne at five years old, till the once famous battles of Steinkirk and Nerwinde, in 1693, when Luxembourg defeated William III., the successes of Louis were almost uniform by land, and considerable, though chequered, by sea—albeit his wars were rarely founded in justice or waged with mercy. The supremacy of *le Grand Monarque* and *la Grande Nation* was established; universal empire was talked of. Philosophers, poets, wits, artists, thronged around the king. Paris and Versailles gave the law to

the civilized world, and what is more to the present purpose, the king's wars had enlarged and rounded his dominions and strengthened his frontiers. A little later, and the Pyrenees were removed, in a figure of speech. Yet a little later, and retribution began, and continued to the end. The triumphs of Marlborough and Eugene were more numerous and decisive than any in the first half-century of the great king's reign. If his disasters were not turned into disgraces and carried to more decisive results, it was owing to the treason of Oxford and Bolingbroke. Even as it was, the glories of Louis le Grand had exhausted the country, embarrassed the finances, and laid the foundation, as much as any single epoch can be said to have done so, of the Revolution of 1789, the execution of his descendant, and the expulsion of his race. In a still larger sense it originated an historical tragedy of which the end is not yet visible.

France was at times engaged in wars during the seventy-four years that intervened between the death of Louis XIV., in 1715, and the capture of the Bastile. But they partook of the narrowness and formality of the century. In Europe the enterprise and ambition of the old *régime* really centred, as Carlyle observes in his quaintly forcible style, in Frederick the Great. Fontenoy is the French victory which the most readily suggests itself to the English mind, on account of the English defeat. But none of the battles, at least of the French battles, had the spirit or the glory of those of older or of later days. They were quite counterbalanced by defeats; and in point of solid advantage, more than counterbalanced by the loss of Canada and of the East Indies, and an increase of that financial distress which compelled the assemblage of the States-General.

The 'glories' of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire are familiar to every one. There is no such enchaining historical reading to this generation; there are books of all sorts and sizes to meet the demand, and no wonder; for what exploits, and triumphs, and mutations were crowded into twenty years! More victories than one cares to count; more misery and devastation than man could apprehend, if he gave his life to the labour. The French flag floated triumphantly over every capital in Europe between Moscow and Lisbon; kings were displaced with less ceremony than some men use in discharging lackeys; parvenus were placed on thrones with less precaution than some men take in hiring lackeys. Flanders and Holland were annexed to France; Italy became an appanage; Frenchmen ruled in Spain, Portugal, and parts of Germany; French influence was predominant everywhere, save where the English flag flew in sign of English dominion. Visions of universal empire that Charlemagne, from want of geographical knowledge, could not dream, and hopes that Louis the Great never entertained, were then realized. 'But Nemesis is always on the watch.' The retreat from Russia, the battles of Leipsic and Waterloo, and St. Helena at last; the flags of many nations dominating in Paris; armies encamped upon the sacred soil of France; curtailed territories, and material losses, and traditional hatreds, such as we see in Germany, outbalanced in the long run the imperial glories.

The resultless war mania, whose course for three centuries and a half has been briefly indicated, has now recommenced, if not with the meteor-like rapidity and brilliancy of some older times, at least with a series of hard-won victories and substantial successes. The final conclusion who can tell? The material losses on both sides would probably be nearly equal, but for the *Hungarian* prisoners; the sluggish pertinacity of Austria and her long tenacity of purpose is something wonderful; it may be questioned if the Gallic nature and the French Emperor's position will bear the tedious difficulties and slow delays that seem congenial to the Austrians. The same moral dangers may threaten Napoleon III. that overwhelmed his predecessors; for there is an analogy between the past and the present. It was not altogether French arms and French valour

that overcame Naples and Milan at the close of the fifteenth century; they were aided by the popular discontent with the actual rulers, just as the hopes mankind entertained of the French Revolution facilitated the rapid progress of General Buonaparte through Italy some sixty years ago. In the dim haze of the future one thing alone is clear, that if the Emperor of the French can succeed in expelling the Austrians from Italy beyond likelihood of return, he will have an opportunity of raising his character such as has fallen to the lot of few rulers. If, throwing aside selfish purposes and French ambition, he disinterestedly applies himself to establish an orderly freedom in Italy, he will acquire a fame and an influence such as no extent of dominion—already so often gained by his predecessors and so quickly lost—could procure. The murky and troubled past cannot be obliterated, but the future may be serene and fair.

SWORD AND GOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY LIVINGSTONE.'

Chapter XI.

THERE was in Dorade a stout and meritorious elderly widow, who formed a sort of connecting link between the natives and the settlers. English by birth, she had married a Frenchman of fair family and fortune: so that her habits and sympathies attached themselves about equally to the two countries. You do not often find so good a specimen of the hybrid. She gave frequent little *soirées*, which were as pleasant and exciting as such assemblages of heterogeneous elements usually are: that is to say—very moderately so. The two streams flowed on in the same channel, without mingling, or losing their peculiar characteristics. I fancy the fault was most on our side.

We no longer, perhaps, parade Europe with 'pride in our port, defiance in our eye;' but still, in our travels, we lose no opportunity of maintaining and asserting our well-beloved dignity, which, if rather a myth and vestige of the past, at home, abroad—is a very stern reality. Have you not seen, at a crowded *table-d'hôte*, the British mother encompass her daughters with the double bulwark of herself and their staid governess on either flank, so as to avert the contamination which must otherwise have certainly ensued from the close proximity of a courteous white-bearded Graf, or a *fringante* Vicomtesse whose eyes outshone her diamonds? May it ever remain so! Each nation has its vanity and its own peculiar glory, as it has its especial produce. O cotton-mills of Manchester! envy not nor emulate the velvet looms of Genoa or Lyons: you are ten times as useful, and a hundredfold more remunerating. What matters it if Damascus guard jealously the secret of her fragrant clouded steel, when Sheffield can turn out efficient sword-blades at the rate of a thousand per hour? *Suum cuique tribuito.* Let others aspire to be popular: be it ours, to remain irreproachably and unapproachably respectable.

So poor Mdme. de Verzenay's efforts to promote an *entente cordiale* were lamentably foiled. When the English mustered strong, they would immediately form themselves into a hollow square, the weakest in the centre, and so defy the assaults of the enemy. Now and then a daring Gaul would attempt the adventure of the Enchanted Castle, determined, if not to deliver the imprisoned maidens, at least to enliven their solitude. See how gaily and gallantly he starts, glancing a saucy adieu to Adolphe and Eugène, who admire his audacity, but augur ill for its success. *Allons, je me risque. Montjoie St. Denis! France à la rescousse!* He winds, as it were, the bugle at the gate, with a well-turned compliment or a bril-

liant bit of *badinage*. Slowly the jealous valves unclose; he stands within the magic precinct—an eerie silence all around. Suppose that one of the Seven condescends to parley with him: she does so, nervously and under protest, glancing ever over her shoulder, as if she expected the austere Fairy momentarily to appear; while her companions sit without winking or moving, cowering together like a covey of birds when the hawk is circling over the turnip-field. How can you expect a man to make himself agreeable under such appalling circumstances? The heart of the adventurer sinks within him. Lo! there is a rustling of robes near; what if Calyba or Urganda were at hand? *Fuyons!* And the knight-errant retreats, with drooping crest and smirched armour—a melancholy contrast to the *preux chevalier* who went forth but now chanting his war-song, conquering and to conquer. The remarks of the discomfited one, after such a failure, were, I fear, the reverse of complimentary; and the unpleasant word, *bégueule*, figured in them a great deal too often.

Cecil and Fanny Molyneux were certainly exceptions to the rule of unsociability; but the general dulness of those *réunions* infected them, and made the atmosphere oppressive; it required a vast amount of leaven to make such a large heavy lump light or palatable. Besides, it is not pleasant to carry on a conversation with twenty or thirty people looking on and listening, as if it were some theatrical performance that they had paid money to see, and consequently had a right to criticise. The fair friends had held counsel together as to the expediency of gratifying others at a great expense to themselves on the present occasion, and had made their election—not to go.

Early the next morning, Miss Tresilyan encountered Keene: their conversation was very brief; but, just as he was quitting her, the latter remarked, in a matter-of-course way, 'We shall meet this evening at Madame de Verzenay's?'

She looked at him in some surprise; for she knew he must have heard, from Mrs. Molyneux, of their intention to absent themselves. She told him as much.

'Ah! last night she did not mean to go,' replied Royston; 'but she changed her mind this morning, while I was with them. When I left them, ten minutes ago, there was a consultation going on with Harry as to what she should wear. I don't think it will last more than half an hour; and then she was coming, to try to persuade you to keep her fickleness in countenance.'

Now, the one point upon which Cecil had been most severe on *la mignonne*, was the way in which the latter suffered herself to be guided by her husband's friend. It is strange, how prone is the unconverted and unmated feminine nature to instigate revolt against the Old Dominion; never more so, than when the beautiful *Carbonara* feels that its shadow is creeping fast over the frontier of her own freedom. Nay, suppose the conquest achieved, and that they themselves are reduced to the veriest serfdom, none the less will they strive to goad other hereditary bondswomen into striking the blow. Is it not known that steady old 'machiners,' broken for years to double-harness, will encourage and countenance their 'flippant' progeny in kicking over the traces? How otherwise could the name of mother-in-law, on the stage and in divers domestic circles, have become a synonym for firebrand? Look at your wife's maid, for instance. She will spend two-thirds of her wages and the product of many silk dresses ('scarcely soiled') in furnishing that objectionable and disreputable suitor of hers with funds for his extravagance. He has beggared two or three of her acquaintance already, under the same flimsy pretence of intended marriage, that scarcely deludes poor Abigail: she has sore misgivings as to her own fate. Alternately he bullies and cajoles; but all the while she knows that he is lying, deliberately and incessantly: yet she never remonstrates or complains. It is true that, if you pass the door of her little room late into the night, you will probably go to bed haunted by the sound of low, dreary weeping: but it would be worse than useless to argue with her about her

folly; she cherishes her noisome and ill-favoured weed, as if it were the fairest of fragrant flowers, and will not be persuaded to throw it aside. Well—if you could listen to that same long-suffering and soft-hearted young female, in her place in the subterranean Upper House, when the conduct of 'Master' (especially as regards Foreign Affairs) is being canvassed; the fluency and virulence of her anathemas would almost take your breath away. Even that dear old housekeeper—who nursed you, and loves you better than any of her own children—when she would suggest an excuse or denial of the alleged peccadilloes, is borne away and overwhelmed by the abusive torrent, and can at last only grumble her dissent. Very few women, of good birth and education, make *confidantes* nowadays of their personal attendants; and the race of 'Miggs'' is chiefly confined to the class in which Dickens has placed it, if it is not extinct utterly. But there is a season—while the brush passes lightly and lingeringly over the long trailing 'back-hair'—when a hint, an allusion, or an insinuation, cleverly placed, may go far towards fanning into flame the embers of matrimonial rebellion. I know no case where such serious consequences may be produced, with so little danger of implication to the prime mover of the discontent, except it be the system of the patriotic and intrepid Mazzini. Many outbreaks, perhaps—quelled after much loss on both sides, in which the monarchy was only saved by the judicious expenditure of much *mitraille*—might have been traced to the covert influence of that mild-eyed, melancholy *camériste*.

Cecil, who was not exempt from these revolutionary tendencies, any more than from other weaknesses of her sex, was especially provoked by this fresh instance of Fanny's subordination.

'Mrs. Molyneux is perfectly at liberty to form her own plans,' she said, very haughtily. 'Beyond a certain point, I should no more dream of interfering with them than she would with mine. She is quite right to change her mind as often as she thinks proper; only in this instance, I should have thought it was hardly worth while.'

'Well,' Keene answered, in his cool, slow way, 'Mrs. Molyneux has got that unfortunate habit of consulting other people's wishes and convenience in preference to her own; it's very foolish and weak; but it is so confirmed, that I doubt even *your* being able to break her of it. This time, I am sure you wont. It is a pity you are so determined on disappointing the public. I know of more than one person who has put off other engagements in anticipation of hearing you sing.'

He was perfectly careless about provoking her now, or he would have been more cautious. That particular card was the very last in his hand to have played. Miss Tresilyan was good-nature itself, in placing her talents at the service of any man, woman, or child who could appreciate them. She would go through half her *repertoire* to amuse a sick friend, any day; neither was she averse to displaying them before the world in general, at proper seasons; but she liked the 'boards' to be worthy of the prima donna, and had no idea of 'starring it in the provinces.' All the pride of her race gathered on her brow, just then, like a thundercloud, and her eyes flashed no summer lightning.

'Madame de Verzenay was wrong to advertise a performer who does not belong to her *troupe*. I hope the audience will be patient under their disappointment, and not break up the benches. If not, she must excuse herself as best she may. I have signed no engagement, so my conscience is clear. I certainly shall not go.'

The bolt struck the granite fairly; but it did not shiver off one splinter, nor even leave a stain. Royston only remarked, 'Then, for to-day, it is useless to say *au revoir*;' and so, raising his cap, passed on.

The poor *mignonne* had a very rough time of it, soon afterwards. Cecil was morally and physically incapable of scolding any one; but she was very severe on the sin of vacillation, and yielding to unauthorized interference. The culprit did not attempt to justify herself;

she only said—'They both wanted me to go so much, and I did not like to vex Harry.' Then she began to coax and pet her monitress in the pretty, childish way which interfered so much with matronly dignity, till the latter was brought to think that she had been cruelly harsh and stern; at last she got so penitent, that she offered to accompany her friend, and lend the light of her countenance to Madame de Verzenay. For this infirmity of purpose, many female Dracos would have ordered her off to instant execution—very justly. That silly little Fanny only kissed her, and said—'she was a dear, kind darling.' What can you expect of such irreclaimably weak-minded offenders? They ought to be sentenced to six months' hard labour, supervised by Miss Martineau: perhaps even this would not work a permanent cure. Still, on The Tresilyan's part, it was an immense effort of self-denial. She was well aware how she laid herself open to Royston Keene's satire, and how unlikely he was, this time, to spare her. Only perfect trust, or perfect indifference, can make one careless about giving such a chance to a known bitter tongue.

However, having made up her mind to the self-immolation, she proceeded to consider how best she should adorn herself for the sacrifice. Others have done so in sadder seriousness. Doubtless, Curtius rode at his last leap without a speck on his burnished mail: purple and gold and gems flamed all round Sardanapalus when he fired the holocaust in Nineveh: even that miserable, dastardly Nero was solicitous about the marble fragments that were to line his felon's grave. So it befell that, on this particular evening, Cecil went through a very careful toilette, though it was as simple as usual; for the ultra-gorgeous style she utterly eschewed. The lilac trimmings of her dress broke the dead white sufficiently, but not glaringly, with the subdued effect of colour that you may see in a campanula. The *coiffure* was not decided on till several had been rejected. She chose at last a chaplet of those soft, silvery Venetian shells—such as her bridesmaids may have woven into the night of Amphitrite's hair when they crowned her Queen of the Mediterranean.

It was a very artistic picture. So Madame de Verzenay said, in the midst of a rather too rapturous greeting; so the Frenchmen thought, as a low murmur of admiration ran through their circle when she entered. Fanny, too, had her modest success. There were not wanting eyes, that turned for a moment from the brilliant beauty of her companion, to repose themselves on the sweet girlish face shaded by silky brown tresses, and on the perfect little figure floating so lightly and gracefully along amidst its draperies of pale cloudy blue.

Miss Tresilyan felt that there might be *one* glance that it would be a trial to meet unconcernedly, and she had been schooling herself sedulously for the encounter. She might have spared herself some trouble; for Royston Keene was not there when they arrived. She knew that Mrs. Molyneux had told him of the change in their plans; but the latter did not choose to confess how she had been puzzled by the very peculiar smile with which the Major greeted the intelligence: it was the only notice he took of it. So the evening went on, with nothing to raise it above the dead level of average *soirées*. Cecil delayed going to the piano till she was ashamed of making more excuses, and was obliged to 'execute herself' with the best grace she could manage. Even while she was singing, her glance turned more than once toward the door; but the stalwart figure, beside which all others seemed dwarfed and insignificant, never showed itself. It was clear *he* was not among those who had given up other engagements to hear her songs. If we have been at some trouble and mental expense in getting ourselves into any one frame of mind—whether it be enthusiasm, or self-control, or fortitude, or heroism—it is an undeniable nuisance to find out suddenly that there is to be no scope for its exercise. Take a very practical instance. Here is Lt.-Col. Asahel ready on the ground; looking, as his conscience and his

backers tell him, 'as fine as a star, and fit to run for his life:' at the last moment his opponent pays forfeit. Just ascertain the sentiments of that gallant Fusilier. Does the result at all recompense him for the futile privations and wasted asceticism of those long weary months of training—when pastry was, as it were, an abomination unto him—when his lips kept themselves undefiled from driest champagne or soundest claret—when he fled, fast as Cinderella, from the pleasantest company, at the stroke of the midnight chimes? Of course he feels deeply injured, and would have forgiven the absentee far more easily if the latter had beaten him fairly, on his merits, breasting the handkerchief first by half-a-dozen yards.

On this principle, Miss Tresilyan laboured all that evening under an impression that Keene had treated her very ill, and was prepared to resent it accordingly. Another there besides herself felt puzzled and uncomfortable. Harry Molyneux could not understand it at all. Royston had seemed so very anxious in the morning to induce Fanny to go—a proceeding which would probably involve the presence of her 'inseparable;' and disinterested persuasion was by no means in the Cool Captain's line. So Harry went wandering about in a purposeless, disconsolate fashion for some time, till he found himself near Cecil. I fancy he had an indistinct idea that some apology was owing to *her* for his chief's unaccountable absence; at all events, he began to confide his misgivings on the subject as soon as the men who surrounded her moved away. They soon did so; for The Tresilyan had a way, quite peculiar to herself, of conveying to those whom she wished to get rid of that their audience was ended, without speaking one word. There was a very unusual element of impatient pettishness in her reply.

'What a curious fascination Major Keene appears to exercise over his friends! I suppose you would think it quite wrong to be amused anywhere, unless he were present to sanction it. Do you become a free agent again, when you are given up entirely to your own devices? And do *all* subalterns keep up that veneration for their senior officers after they have left the service? It seems to be carrying the *esprit de corps* rather far.'

Harry laughed out his own musical laugh; even the imputation of dependency and helplessness which is apt to ruffle most people fell back harmlessly from his impenetrable good humour. 'I dare say it does look very absurd. But you ought to have lived with him as long as I have done to understand how naturally Royston gains his influence, and makes us do what he chooses.'

'Certainly I cannot understand it. The *poco-curante* style is so very common just now that one gets rather tired of it. I do not like the affectation at all, but I dislike the reality still more. I believe it *is* a reality with Major Keene. I cannot fancy him betraying any unrestrained excitement, however strong the passion that moved him might be. You have never known him do so, now? Confess it?'

'Yes I have, once,' he answered gravely, 'and I never wish to see it again.'

Cecil always liked talking to Harry Molyneux. On the present occasion the mere sound of his voice seemed to go far towards soothing her irritation: many others had experienced the same effect from those kindly gentle tones. Perhaps, too, the subject had an interest for her that she would not own. 'Would it tire you to tell me about it? I am not particularly curious, but I have been so much bored to-night that a very little would amuse me.'

He hesitated for an instant. 'It is not *that;* but I don't know if I am right in telling you. Perhaps you would not like him the better for it; though he could not help it. Shall I? Well, it was in the second of our Indian battles, and the first time we had really been under fire; before it was only nominal. We had been sitting idle for two hours or more, watching the infantry and the gunners do their work; and right well they did it. The Sikhs were giving ground in all directions; but they began to gather again on our right, and at last we were told

to send out three squadrons and break them at three different points. Keene was in command of mine. I never saw him look so enchanted as he did when the orders came down. I heard the chief warning him to be cautious, not to go too far (for there was a good deal of broken ground ahead), but to wheel about as soon as we had got through their lines, and to fall back immediately on our position. Royston listened and saluted, but I know he didn't catch one word: he kept looking over his shoulder all the time the Colonel was speaking, as if he grudged every second. We were very soon off; and almost before I realized the situation, we were closing in on the enemy, wrapped up in our own dust and in their smoke, for the firing became heavy directly we got within range. Now, I don't think I ought to be telling you all this: it is not quite a woman's story.'

'Please go on. I like it.' How grandly it flashed up in her cheek as she spoke—the fiery Tresilyan blood that had boiled in the veins of so many brilliant soldiers, but through twenty generations had never cooled down enough to breed one statesman!

He had taken breath by this time. 'I wont make it longer than I can help; but it is difficult to tell some things very briefly. It was my first real charge, you know: I suppose every man's sensations are rather peculiar under such circumstances. I did not feel much alarmed—there wasn't time for that—but the smoke, and the noise, and the excitement, made me so dizzy that I could hardly sit straight in my saddle. When we got within a hundred and fifty yards of the Sikhs, their fire began to tell. I heard a bubbling smothered sort of cry close behind me, and I looked back just in time to see a trooper fall forward over his horse's shoulder, shot through the throat. Several more were hit, and our fellows began to waver a little—not much. Just then Royston's voice broke in: it was so clear and strong that it set my nerves right directly, and the dizzy stifling feeling went away, as it might have done before a draught of fresh pure air. "Close up there, the rear rank. Keep cool, men! Steady with your bridle-hands, and strike fairly with the edge. *Now!*'

He was three lengths ahead of his squadron, and well in amongst the enemy, when that last word came out. It was sharp work while it lasted, for the Sikhs fought like wounded wild cats: one fixed his teeth in my boot, and was dragged there till my covering-sergeant cut him loose; but we were soon through them. When we had wheeled, and were dressing into line, I caught sight of Keene's face. It was so changed that I should hardly have known it: every fibre was quivering with passion, and his eyes—I've not forgotten them yet. We ought to have fallen back immediately on our old ground, but it was so evident he did not mean this, that I ventured to suggest to him what our orders had been. I was not second in command; but of my two seniors one was helpless (the stupidest man you ever saw) and the other hard hit. Royston faced round on me with a savage oath—"How dare you interfere, sir! Are you in command of this squadron?" Then he turned to the troopers: "Have you had half enough yet, men? *I haven't.*" I am very sure he had lost his head, or he would never have spoken to me so, still less have made that last appeal, for he was the strictest disciplinarian, and looked upon his men as the merest machines. It seemed as if the devil that possessed him had gone out into the others too, for they all shouted in reply—not a cheery honest hurrah! but a hoarse hungry roar, such as you hear in wild beasts' dens before feeding-time. An old troop-sergeant, a rigid pious Presbyterian, spoke for the rest, grinding and gnashing his teeth: "We'll follow the captain anywhere—follow him to hell!"' (Harry's voice had all along been subdued, but it was almost a whisper now:) 'I do hope those words were not reckoned against poor Donald Macpherson; for, when we got back, his was one of thirteen empty saddles. So we broke up, and went in again at the Sikhs, who were collecting in black-looking knots and irregular squares all round. It was an indescribable sort of a *mêlée*, every man for himself, and—I dare not say—God for us all.

I suppose I was as bad as the rest when once fairly launched, and we all thought we were doing our duty; but I should not like to have so many lives on my head and hand as Royston could count that night. Remember, *we* suffered rather severely.

'As we took up our position again I saw the Colonel was not well pleased. He had little of the romance of war about him, and did not understand his officers acting much on their own discretion. Without hearing the words, I could guess, from the expression of his hard old face, that he came down on the squadron-leader heavily. When I ranged up by Keene's side soon afterwards, he looked up at me absently. "I was thinking," he said (now, one naturally expected a sentiment about the scene we had just gone through, or a reflection on the injustice of chiefs in general)—"I was thinking what rubbish those army-cutlers sell, and call it a sword-blade." He held up a sort of apology for a sabre, all notched and bent and blunted; then he began to inquire if I had been hit at all. I had escaped with hardly a scratch; but I saw an ugly cut above his knee, and blood stealing down his bridle-arm. "Bah! it's nothing," Royston observed, answering the direction of my eyes; "but—if the tulwar and the reprimand had both been sharper—confess, Hal, that this time, *Le jeu valait bien la chandelle?*"

'We never had a real rattling charge after that day, at least none exciting enough to warm him thoroughly. Now, I am very sorry I have told you all this: it is not a nice story; but it is your own fault if I have bored you. Besides, Madame de Verzenay will never forgive me for monopolizing you so long. I do think she does me the honour to believe in a flirtation.'

Cecil's heightened colour and sparkling eyes might have justified such a suspicion in a distant and unprejudiced observer. Does not this show us how very cautious we ought to be in forming hasty conclusions from appearances, which are proverbially deceptive? I protest, I am filled with remorse and contrition while I reflect how often, in thought, I may have wronged and misjudged the innocent. I dare say in many outwardly flagrant cases the offenders were only expatiating on the merits or demerits of absent friends. Such a subject is quite engrossing enough to excuse a certain amount of 'sitting out,' and some people *always* blush when they are at all interested. The selection of the staircase, the balcony, or the conservatory for the discussion is the merest atmospheric question. I subscribe to Mr. Weller's idea—only 'turnips' are incredulous. *Vive la charité!*

After a minute or two Miss Tresilyan spoke: 'No; I don't think worse of Major Keene. As you say, I suppose he could not help it; but it must be terrible, when passions that are habitually restrained do break loose. No wonder that you do not wish to see such a sight again. It is very different, reading of battles and hearing of them from one who was an actor. Do you know, I think you have an undeveloped talent for narration. There, that ought to console you, even if Madame de Verzenay should asperse your character.'

At this moment Harry was contemplating the proceedings of his pretty little wife at the opposite side of the room, with an intense satisfaction and pride.

'If I *had* yielded to temptation,' he said, 'I am sure Fan could not reproach me. She would keep a much greater sinner in countenance. Miss Myrtle is a thousand times worse since she married. Just remark that byplay with the handkerchief. You don't suppose M. de Riberac cares one straw about Valenciennes lace? It makes one feel *Moorish* all over. You need not be surprised if she is found smothered or strangled in the morning. I am "not easily moved to jealousy, but being moved——"'

'Don't be too murderous,' laughed Cecil; 'you are certain to regret it afterwards. We will reproach her as she deserves on our way home. Is it not very late?'

She wanted to be alone, to think over what she had heard; and in good truth, waking or sleeping, the watches of that night were crowded with dreams.

All this time, where was Royston Keene? He had been really anxious to induce Miss Tresilyan to present herself at Madame de Verzenay's, for he liked her well enough already to feel a personal interest in her triumphs; but, after their interview in the morning (though he thought it probable that Fanny's persuasive powers might prevail), he had determined himself not to go; and he did not change his resolutions lightly. Still, he could not resist the temptation of getting one glimpse at her in 'review order.' If Cecil had been very observant when she went down to her carriage, she must have noticed a tall figure standing back, half masked by a pillar, whose eyes literally flashed in the darkness as they fastened on her in her passage through the lighted hall, and drank in every item of her loveliness. He stood still for some moments after she was gone, and then walked slowly down to the Cercle. While they were talking about him at Madame de Verzenay's, Royston was holding his own gallantly at *écarté* with Armand de Châteaumesnil, for the honour of England and —ten napoleons a side. As was his wont, he played superbly; but he spoke seldom, and hardly seemed to hear the comments of the crowded *galèrie*. In truth, at some most critical points—when the game was in abeyance at *quatre à*—a delicate proud face, and a shell wreath glistening in velvet hair, *would* rise before him, and dethrone, in his thoughts, the painted kings and queens. His adversary did not fail to observe this; but he said nothing till the play was ended, and most of the others had left the room. Then he laid his hand on Keene's arm, and drew his head down to the level of his own lips, and spoke low:—

'Mon camarade, je me rappelle, d'avoir vu, il y a quelques ans, au Café de la Régence, un homme qui tenait tête, aux échecs, à quatre concurrens. Les habitués en disaient des merveilles. Mais ce n'était qu'un bon bourgeois après tout; et, nous autres, nous sommes plus forts que les bourgeois. Vouz avez joué ce soir les deux parties que, dit le proverbe, c'est presque impossible de remporter simultanément; et je ne me tiens pas pour le seul perdant.'

Royston did not seem in the least inclined to smile; had he done so, Armand would have been bitterly disappointed. As it was, he answered very coldly, without a shade of consciousness on his face—

'Un compliment mérite toujours des remercîmens, M. le Vicomte, même quand on ne le comprend pas. Pardon, si je vous engage, de ne pas expliquer plus clairement vôtre allégorie.'

The other looked up at him with an expression that might almost have been mistaken for sympathy.

'Parbleu!' he muttered, 'si beau joueur merite bien de gagner!'

Chapter XII.

Sometimes, lying on the cliffs of Kerry or Clare, on a cloudless autumn day, when not a breath of wind is stirring, you may see rank after rank of heavy purple billows rolling sullenly in from the offing: these are messengers coming to tell us of battles fought a thousand leagues to the westward, in which they too have borne their part. Before the mail comes in we are prepared to hear of a storm that has worked its wicked will for nights and days, thundering among the granite boulders of Labrador, or tearing through the fog banks of Newfoundland. This is perhaps the most commonplace of all ancient comparisons; but where will you find so apt a parallel for the vagaries of the human heart as the phases of the deep, false, beautiful sea?

On the morning after Madame de Verzenay's party, Cecil rose in a very troubled frame of mind. She had no feeling of irritation left against Royston Keene; but she was uneasy, and uncomfortable, and loth to meet him. What she had felt, and what she had heard, had moved her too deeply for her to resume at once her wonted composure. So it was that she accepted very readily an invitation from Mrs. Fullarton, to accompany herself and children on a mild botanizing excursion among the hills. These small *fêtes* went a long way with that hard-working and meritorious

woman; what with anticipation and retrospect, each lasted her about two months. Miss Tresilyan was prevented from starting with the rest of the party; but the Chaplain himself was to escort her to the place of rendezvous; his little daughter, Katie, being retained, to be invested with the temporary and 'local' rank of chaperone—a formality which, in these days of scanty faith, even married divines are not allowed to dispense with. The quartette was completed by the mule-driver—one of those remarkable boys who converse invariably in a tongue which the beasts of burden seem to understand and sympathize with, but which, to any other creature whatsoever, is absolutely destitute of meaning. They had some way to go; so Cecil had taken up Katie before her on her mule; the Pastor walked by her side, glozing (for the road was not very steep) on all sorts of subjects, gravely and smoothly, as was his wont. They had crossed the first line of hills, and were descending into the valley beyond, when, turning a sharp corner where a projecting rock almost barred the path, they came suddenly on Royston Keene. He was lying at full length; his head resting against the knotted root of an olive, with eyes half closed, and the cigar between his lips, that seldom left them when he was alone. It *was* odd that he should have selected that especial spot for the scene of his *siesta*. Cecil did her very utmost to look unconcerned: it was too provoking, that she could not help blushing! Mr. Fullarton evidently looked upon it in the light of an ambush. Had he ventured to give his thoughts utterance, certainly the ready text would have sprung to his lips—'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?' If there was 'malice prepense' there, the 'enemy' deserved some credit for the perfectly natural air of surprise with which he rose and greeted them.

'Are you recruiting after last night's triumphs, or escaping from popular enthusiasm, Miss Tresilyan? I have met several Frenchmen already who are quite childish about your singing. I should not advise you to venture on the Terrace today. There might be temptations to vanity, which Mr. Fullarton will tell you are dangerous.'

She had so completely made up her mind to some allusion to her change of purpose, or to his own absence, that it was rather aggravating to find him ignore both utterly. But she rallied well.

'Nothing half so imaginative, Major Keene. It was a very stupid party, and I only sang once; as, I dare say, you have heard. We are only going to help Mrs. Fullarton to find some wild-flowers. I hope you have not anticipated us?'

He *fixed* her with the cool appreciative look that was harder to meet than even his sneer.

'No; the flowers are safe from me. I don't care enough about them to keep them; and it is a pity to pick them and throw them away to wither. But I would have asked to be allowed to help you in your search, only—I don't like to spoil a picture. You brought a very good one to my mind as you turned the corner, a 'Descent into Egypt,' that I saw long ago. The blot *there*, I remember, was a very stout rubicund Joseph, not at all worthy of the imperial Madonna.'

While he was speaking he drew back, and leant lazily against the stem of the olive, with the evident intention of resuming his original posture as soon as courtesy would allow. Miss Tresilyan could not restrain a quick gesture of impatience.

'As we did not come out to *poser*, Mr. Fullarton, don't you think we had better not delay any longer? We are so late already, that I am sure the rest of the party will be tired of waiting.'

Guess if her companion was loth to obey her.

They moved on for some time almost in silence. Cecil's thoughts were busy with a picture, too—not the less vivid because only her own imagination had painted it. Her deep dreamy eyes passed over the landscape actually before them, without catching one of its details: they were looking on a desolate stony plain, cracked and calcined by a fierce Indian sun—a few plumy palms in the background, and the rocky bed of a river half dried up—

in the foreground a crowd of wild barbaric soldiery, with savage swarthy features, bareheaded or white-turbaned; mingled with these were horsemen in the uniform of our light dragoons, sabreing right and left mercilessly. In the very centre of the *mêlée* was one figure, round which all the others seemed to group themselves as mere accessories. She saw, very distinctly, the dark determined face, set, every line of it, in an unspeakable ferocity, with a world of murderous meaning in the gleaming eyes—so distinctly that it drove out the remembrance of the same man's face, expressive of nothing but passionless indifference, though she looked upon it but a few minutes since under the grey branches of the olive. She almost heard his clear imperious tones, cheering on and rallying his troopers, when a ruder voice broke her reverie.

'*Halte là!*'

If there was one thing that miserable muleteer-boy ought to have known better than another, it was the insuperable objection entertained by the Provençal peasant to anything like trespass on his territory (the touchiness of the *propriètaire* bears generally an inverse ratio to the extent of his possessions); yet, to make a short cut of about two hundred yards, he had led his party through a gap in the low stone wall over a strip of ground belonging to the very man who was least likely to overlook the intrusion. Jean Duchesne had a bad name in the neighbourhood, and deserved it thoroughly; he was surly enough when sober (which was the exception), but when drunk there were no bounds to his blind, brutish ferocity, and his great personal strength made him a formidable antagonist. He was not an agreeable object to contemplate, that gaunt giant, as he stood there in his squalid, tattered dress, with rough matted hair, and face flushed by recent intemperance, and flecked with livid stains of past debauches. You may see many such, crowding round the guillotine or the tumbril, in pictures of the French Revolution.

It is very odd that one cannot write or read those two words without a boiling of the blood, a tingling at the fingers' ends, and a tightening of the muscles of the fore-arm — ineffably absurd when excited by a recollection seventy years old! Yet so it is. You may talk of oppression till you are tired; you may catalogue all the wrongs that *Jacques Bonhomme* endured before his day of retaliation came; you may bring in your pet illustration of 'the storm that was necessary to clear the atmosphere;' but you will never make some of us feel that the guilt of an Order—had it been blacker by a hundred shades—palliated the Massacre of its Innocents. If the *Marquis* and *Mousquetaire* only had suffered, they might have laid down their lives cheerfully, as they would have done the stake of any other lost game; and, as for the priests, it was their privilege to be martyrs. But think of those fair matrons, and gentle girls, and delicate *mignonnes*, that had been petted from their childhood, cooped up in the foul courts of the Abbaye and La Force, with even the necessaries of life begrudged them, till the light died in their eyes and the gloss faded from their tresses; and then brought out to die in the chill, misty *Brumaire* morning, howled at and derided by the swarm of blood-suckers, till they cowered down, not in fear, but sickening horror, welcoming Samson and his satellites as friends and saviours. Remember, too, that there was scarcely an exception to the rule of patient courage, calm self-sacrifice, and pride of birth that never belied itself. Dubarry might shriek on the scaffold, but the Rohans died mute.

Of all the digressions we have indulged in, this is perhaps the most unwarrantable; and, though it has relieved me unspeakably, I hereby tender a certain amount of contrition for the same. *Revenons à nos moutons*—though there was very little of the sheep in the appearance of Jean Duchesne, whose demeanour (when we left him) you will recollect was decidedly aggressive. It was evident that the mule-boy thought mischief was brewing, for he twisted his features—irregular and *tumbled* enough already—into divers remarkable contortions expressive of remorse and terror.

'Who, then, dares to trespass on my lands? Do you think we sow

our crops for your cursed mules to trample on?'

He spoke in a hoarse thick voice (suggestive of spirituous liquors), and in the disagreeable Provençal dialect, which must have altered strangely since the time of the *troubadours:* brief as his speech was, it found room for more than one of those expletives which are nowhere so horribly blasphemous as in the south of France.

Cecil had started slightly at the first interjection, which broke her daydream, but she was not otherwise alarmed or discomposed: she seemed to regard the *propriètaire* simply as an unpleasant obstacle to their progress, and glanced at Mr. Fullarton as if she expected him to clear it away. The latter was not good at French, but he did manage to express their sorrow if they had done any harm unconsciously, and their wish to retire instantly. 'Not before paying,' was the reply. '*Quinze francs de dedommagemens; et puis, filez aux tous les diables!*'

Women are not expected to carry purses, or any other objects of simple utility; but why Mr. Fullarton should have left his at home on this particular day is between himself and his own conscience. The party very soon realized the fact that they could muster about a hundred and fifty centimes among them.

Even kings and kaisers, when *incogniti*, have ere this been reduced to the extremest straits of ignominy from the want of a few available pieces of silver; and in ordinary life, five shillings ready at the moment are frequently of more importance than as many hundreds in expectancy. There lives even now a man who missed the most charming rendezvous with which fortune ever favoured him, because he rode a mile round to avoid a turnpike, not having wherewithal to pay it. Since that disastrous day he is ever furnished with such a weight of small change that, had Cola Pesce carried it, the strong swimmer must have sunk like a stone—in penance, probably, even as James of Scotland wore the iron belt. At a pause in the conversation you may hear him rattling the coppers in his pocket moodily, as the spectres in old romances rattle their chains; but his remorse is unavailing. A fair chance once lost, Whist and Erycina never forgive. The beautiful bird that might *then* have been limed and tamed shook her wings and flew away exultingly: far up in air the unlucky fowler may still sometimes hear her clear mocking carol, but she is too near heaven for his arts to reach, and has escaped the toils for ever.

On the present occasion Katie Fullarton 'flashed' her one half-franc with great courage and confidence, but the display of all that small capitalist's worldly wealth did not mollify Jean Duchesne. He had been lashing himself up, all along, into such a state of brutal ferocity, that he would have been disappointed if his extortion had been immediately satisfied; so he broke in savagely on the Chaplain's confused excuses and promises to settle everything at a fitting season: 'Tais toi, blagueur! On ne me floue pas ainsi avec des promesses; je m'en fiche pas mal. Au moins, on me laissera un gage.' His bloodshot eyes roved from one object to another till they lighted on the parasol that Miss Tresilyan carried: it was of plain dark grey silk, with a slight black lace trimming, but the carvings of the ivory handle made it of some real value. Before any one could divine his intention he had plucked it rudely from her hand.

Almost with the same motion Cecil set Katie down, and sprang herself from the saddle. In her eyes there was such intensity of anger that the drunken savage recoiled a pace or two, and for the first time in his life felt something like self-contempt: to have saved her soul she could not have spoken one word, but her silence was expressive enough as she turned to Mr. Fullarton. It is difficult to say what line she expected him to take—not the *voie de fait*, certainly; at least, if the hypothesis had been put to her when she was cool enough to consider it, she would utterly have repudiated such an idea. Perhaps she had a right to look for moral support if not for active championship.

We will not enter into the vexed question of physical courage and cowardice: it is a truism to say that the latter may co-exist with

great moral firmness, which is, of course, far the superior quality. They will tell you that, when confronted with mere personal peril, a butcher, or grenadier, may match the best of us. Possibly: I am not going to dispute it. Only remember that there are occasions (very few in these civilized days) when the most refined of *bas-bleus* would rather see a strong, brave, honest man at her side, than an abstruse philosopher, a clever conversationalist—aye, even than a perfect Christian—whose nerves are not to be dependedon; when Parson Adams would be worth a bench of Bishops. We cannot all be athletes; and, with the best intentions, some of us at such times are liable to defeat and discomfiture. The most utterly fearless man I ever knew, had a *biceps* that his own small fingers could have spanned. No woman, however—keeping the attributes of her sex—would think the worse of her champion for being trampled underfoot, when he had done his best to defend her. You know, their province is to console, and even pet the vanquished: they make up lint for the wounded, as readily as they weave laurels for the conquerors. But when they have once seen a man play the coward, the silver tongue, with all its eloquent explanation and honeyed pleadings, will hardly banish from their eyes the peculiar expression, wavering betwixt compassion and contempt. They may forgive cruelty, or insolence, or even treachery—in time; but they can find no palliation, and little sympathy, for that one unpardonable sin. Truly, transgression in this line, beyond a certain point, may scarcely be excused; for weakness may be controlled, if not cured: if we cannot be dashingly courageous, we may at least be decently collected: not all may aspire to the cross of valour; but it is not difficult to steer clear of courts-martial.

A man is not pleasant to contemplate when terror has driven out all self-command; so we will not draw Mr. Fullarton's picture: he could scarcely stammer out words enough to suggest an immediate retreat. It was painful—*not* ludicrous—to see how justly his own child appreciated the position: the little thing left her father's side instinctively, and clung for protection to Cecil Tresilyan. The latter saw instantly how matters stood; and if the glance she cast on the aggressor was not pleasant to meet, far more unendurable was that which fell upon her unlucky companion: it was piercing enough to penetrate the strong armour of his wonderful self-complacency, and to rankle for many a day. She struck her small foot on the ground, with a gesture of imperial disdain. Even so the Scythian Amazon might have spurned the livid head of Cyrus the Great King.

'I will not stir, till I see if no one will come who can take my part. Ah—I would give——'

'Don't be rash, Miss Tresilyan. You might be taken at your word.'

Cecil turned quickly, with a delicious sense of confidence and triumph thrilling through every fibre of her frame: on the top of the rock that rose ten feet high, like a wall, on their right, stood Royston Keene. A more pacific character would have dared a greater danger, for the reward and the promise of her eyes.

He took in the whole scene at a glance (perhaps he had heard more than he chose to own), and swinging himself lightly down, strode right across the *potager* with a disregard of the proprietor's interests and feelings refreshing to see.

'It seems to me that the ancient positions have been reversed. You have been spoiled by the Egyptians, Miss Tresilyan. Shall we try the secular arm? You have scarcely been safe under the protection of the church—*militant*.'

There was a pause before the last word, and it was unpleasantly emphasized. Then he advanced a step or two towards the Frenchman, without waiting for a reply, and spoke in a totally different tone—brief and imperative—'*Tu vas me rendre ça?*'

Duchesne had been rather startled by the apparition of the new comer, and, if he had been cool enough to reflect, would not have fancied him as an antagonist; but his passion blinded him, and strong drink had heated his brutal blood above boiling point; he ground his teeth, as he answered, till the foam ran down—

'Le rendre—à toi—chien d'Anglais? je m'en garderai bien. Si la belle demoiselle veut le ravoir, elle viendra demain, me prier bien gentiment; et elle viendra—seule.'

Now, Royston Keene was thoroughly impregnated with the bitterest of aristocratic prejudices: no man alive more utterly ignored the doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity; besides this, he had acquired, to an unusual extent, the overbearing tone and demeanour which the habit of having soldiers under them is supposed to bring, too commonly, to modern centurions. He actually experienced a 'fresh sensation' as he heard the insult levelled by those coarse plebeian lips at the woman 'he delighted to honour.' His swarthy face grew white down to the lips, whose quivering the heavy moustache could not quite conceal; and he shivered from head to foot where he stood. Jean Duchesne thought he detected the familiar signs of a terror he had often inspired. 'Tu as peur donc? Tu tressailles déjà, blanc-bec! Tonnerre de Dì! tu as raison.' Not a trace of passion lingered in the Major's clear cold voice, that fell upon the ear with the ring of steel. 'On ne tressaille pas, quand on est sur de gagner. Regarde donc en arrière.'

Involuntarily, the Frenchman looked behind him, expecting a fresh adversary from that quarter. As he turned his head, Keene sprang forward, and plucked the parasol from his grasp; in one second he had laid it lightly in its owner's hand; in the next, he had returned to his position, and stood, ready for the onset, motionless as the marble Creugas.

He had not long to wait. Even a 'well-conditioned' Gaul does not like being outwitted; and the successful *ruse* exasperated Duchesne into insanity. Roaring like a wild beast that has missed its spring, he rushed in to grapple. Royston never moved a finger till the enemy was well within distance; then, slinging his left hand straight out from the hip, he 'let him have it' fairly between the eyes.

One blow—only one—but a blow that, had it been stricken in the days of Olympian and Nemean contests—where Pindar and his peers were 'reporters'—might well have earned a Dithyramb; a blow that would have gladdened the sullen spirit of the old gladiator who trained the Cool Captain, if the prophet had lived to see his auguries fulfilled; or if sights and sounds from upper earth could penetrate to the limbo of defunct athletæ. Nothing born of woman could have stood before it; and it was small blame to Jean Duchesne that he dropped like a log in his tracks. In another instant his conqueror had one knee on the chest of the fallen man, and both hands were griping his throat.

His own face was fearfully changed. It wore an expression that has been very often seen in the sixty centuries that have passed since Cain struck his brother down, but has very seldom been described; for the dead tell no tales beyond what their features, stiffened in hopeless terror, may betray. It has been seen on lost battle-fields—in the streets of cities given up to pillage, when the storming is just over, and the carnage begun—on desolate hill-sides—in dark forest-glades—in chambers of lonely houses, strongly but vainly barred—in every place where men in the death agony have 'cried and there was none to help them.' It was full time for *some one* to interfere, when the devil had entered into Royston Keene.

From the moment that affairs had assumed such a different aspect, Mr. Fullarton had gradually been recovering his composure, and by this time was quite himself again. He advanced confidently, and, laying his hand on the Major's shoulder, with an imposing air, and with his best pulpit-manner, enunciated, 'Thou shalt do no murder!' The latter, as we have already said, was utterly beside himself; but even this cannot excuse the abrupt, impatient movement that sent such an eminent divine reeling three paces back. The rigid lips only twisted themselves into an evil sneer, and the cruel fingers tightened their gripe, till the features of the prostrate wretch grew convulsed and black.

The whole scene had passed so

quickly, though it takes so long to describe (some of us never *can* succeed in stenography), that Cecil felt perfectly lost in a whirl of conflicting emotions, till she saw the face in life before her, that she had been fancying ever since last night. A great fear came over her, but she overcame it, and her woman's instinct told her what to do. She laid her little hand upon Keene's arm before he was aware that she was near, and whispered so that only he could hear, 'For *my* sake.' Only these three simple words; but the exorcism was complete.

Again a shiver ran all through the hardy frame; and for once Love was more powerful than Hate. He loosed his hold—slowly though, and reluctantly—and rose to his feet, passing his hand over his eyes in a strange, bewildered way; but in five seconds his wonderful self-command asserted itself, and he spoke as coolly as ever. 'A thousand pardons. One does forget one's self sometimes, when the *canaille* are provoking; but I ought to have remembered what was due to *you*.'

Though she could not speak, she tried to smile; but strong reaction had come on. In the pale woman that trembled so painfully, it was hard to recognise proud Cecil Tresilyan. Royston was watching her narrowly; and his tone softened till it made his simple words a caress. 'Don't make me more angry with myself than I deserve. Indeed, there is nothing more to alarm or distress you. If you would only forgive me!' He helped her into the saddle as he spoke, and she submitted passively. But the happy feeling of perfect trust in him was coming back fast.

Jean Duchesne had somewhat recovered from his stupor, and was leaning on one arm, panting heavily, still in great pain; but he was inured to all sorts of broils, and evidently he would soon recover from the effects of this one, though he had never been so roughly handled. It was sheer terror that made him lie so still: he dared move no more than a whipped hound while in the presence of his late opponent.

The others turned slowly homewards; for it is needless to say the wild-flowers and the rendezvous were forgotten. As they turned the corner which cut off the view of Duchesne's ground, Royston looked back once, longingly. It was well for Cecil's nerves, in their disturbed state, that she did not catch that Parthian glance. Ah, those ungovernable eyes! They were gleaming with the expression that Kirkpatrick's may have worn—when he turned into the chapel where the Red Comyn lay—growling '*I* mak sicker.'

None of the party were much disposed for conversation; for even Mr. Fullarton did not feel equal to 'improving the occasion' just then. Cecil broke the silence at last; it was where the road was so narrow that only two could walk abreast: Royston never left her bridle-rein. 'You must fancy that I have thanked you: I cannot do so properly now. It is strange, though, that you should have come up so very opportunely. Was it a presentiment that made you follow us?'

The answer was so low that she had almost to guess at it from the motion of his lips—'Have you forgotten Napoleon's last rallying-cry, "*Qui m'aime me suit?*"' No wonder that his pulse should throb exultantly, as he saw the bright beautiful blush that swept over his companion's cheek and brow! They had almost reached home when he spoke again—'You would have been liberal in your promises twenty minutes ago if I had not stopped you, Miss Tresilyan. I *should* like to have some memorial of to-day. Very childish, is it not? Will you give me *this?* I deserve something for saving—that pretty parasol.' He touched the glove she had just drawn off—a light riding-gauntlet, fancifully-cut, and embroidered with silk. Cecil hesitated, though she would have been loth to refuse him anything just then. She felt, as most proud, sensitive women feel, the first time they are asked for what may be interpreted into a *gage d'amour*. The tribute may be nominal, and the suzerain may be lenient indeed; but none the less does it establish vassalage.

Royston interpreted her reluc-

tance aright, and went on, with an earnestness very unusual with him: for once it was honest and true. 'Pray trust me. The moment I cease to value that *souvenir* as it deserves, on my honour I will return it.'

He was fated to triumph all through that day. When Cecil was alone she put something away with a very unnecessary carefulness; for surely nothing can be more valueless than a glove that has lost its mate.

A SONG FROM GARIBALDI.

IN bivouac under a clump of chesnuts, in view of Lake Como, on the evening of 25th May, Corporal Redmond O'Driscol, of the Cork Contingent to the *Chasseurs des Alpes*, broke forth in praise of similar scenery at home. He was overheard by the General, whose knowledge of the various languages in use among his Alpine hunters is conspicuous. Willing that the main body of his troops should enjoy the profound sense of the Irishman's melody, he took up the strain at its conclusion and made it Italian and his own.

I Boschi di Blarnea.	The Groves of Blarney.
Di Blarne' i boschi	The groves of Blarney,
Bei' benchè foschi	They look so charming,
In versi Toschi	Down by the purlings
Vorrei cantar;	Of sweet silent brooks,
La dove meschi	All decked by posies
Son fiori, freschi	That spontaneous grow there,
Ben pittoreschi	Planted in order
Pel passegiar;	In the rocky nooks.
Vi sono gigli	'Tis there the daisy,
Bianch e vermigli	And the sweet carnation,
Ch'ognun ne pigli	The blooming pink,
In liberta;	And the rose so fair;
Anch' odorose	Likewise the lily,
Si coglion rose	And the daffodilly—
Da giovin spose	All flowers that scent
Fior di belta.	The sweet open air.
Miladi Gifra *	'Tis Lady Jeffers
Si gode qui frà	Owns this plantation;
Immensa ciffra	Like Alexander,
Di ricchi ben	Or like Helen fair,
E tutti sanno	There's no commander
Se Carlomanno	In all the nation,
E Cesare hanno	For regulation,
Piu cor nel sen.	Can with her compare.
Il fier Cromwello	Such walls surround her,
Si sa, fu quello	That no nine-pounder
Ch'al suo castello	Could ever plunder
Assalto die;	Her place of strength;
Si dice pero	But Oliver Cromwell,
Ch' Oliviero	Her he did pommel,
Nel quartiero	And made a breach
La breccia† fe'.	In her battlement.

* This lady in Garibaldi's idea impersonates Austria, as he alludes to Charlemagne and the Kaiser. Subsequently he sketches the condition of certain parts of Italy as 'a cave where no daylight enters.' By the strange cats who keep wrangling, *gatti stran*, his meaning is that of Petrarch,

Chè fanno qui tante peregrine spade.

† Allusion to his meditated capture of Brescia.

Quei luoghi dunque
Veggo: chiunque
Brama spelunche
Non cerch' in van;
Dentr' una grotta
Vi e fiera lotta
Mai interrotta
Fra gatti stran:
Ma fuor si serba
Di musco ed erba
Seggia superba
Per quà pescar
Nel lago anguille;
Poi faggi mille
L'aque tranquille
Stan per ombrar.

There is a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred;
And mossed by nature,
Makes it completer
Than a coach-and-six,
Or a downy bed.
'Tis there the lake is
Well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
To guard the flood.

Con cheto passo
Si va a spasso
Qui fin che lasso
Si vuol seder;
Il triste amante
Puo legger Dante
Od ascoltar canti
Dello pivier;
Poi se la gonna
Di gentil donna
Non mica nonna
Vien quà passar,
Il corteggiano
Non preghi in vano,
Sarebbe strano
Di non amar.

There gravel walks are
For recreation,
And meditation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover,
In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As for to walk in
Those shady groves,
'Tis there the courtier
Might soon transport her
Into some fort, or
The 'Sweet Rockclose.'

Intorno parmi
Scolpiti marmi
Vi son per farmi
Stupir ancor,
Quei sembran essere
Plutarcho, Cesare,
Con Nebuchnezzere
Venere ed Amor;
Stan, cosa unica!
Quì senza tunica:
Mentre communica
Con altro mar
Leggiadra barca—.
Ma ci vuol Petrarca
Per la gran carca
Di quel narrar!

There are statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air!
There is a boat on
The lake to float on,
And lots of beauties
Which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher,
Or a classic teacher,
In every feature
I'd make 'em shine!

Saro, ben basso
Se oltre passo
Un certo sasso
D'alto valor
In su la faccia
Di chi lo baccia
Perenne traccia
Riman talor;

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of parliament:

Quel si distingue
Con usar lingue
Pien di lusinghe
Per ingannar
Famosa pietra!
Mia umil cetra
Or qui dipongo
Su questo altar.

A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
'To be let alone.'
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone!

F. M.

THOUGHTS ON MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

WE live in a literary age. If books are deficient in this nineteenth century, certainly it is not in quantity. There is a plethora of books. They are to us as the jungle is to our Indian soldiers. We struggle through life waist-deep in them. We gasp, we faint under the accumulated treasures of intellect that are pressed upon us with a fatal liberality. To be sure this is a fault on the right side. How our ancestors in the last century managed to exist, it is not easy for us to conceive. For in those days books—taking the term in the popular sense—were few indeed. Ponderous dictionaries, scientific books, scholastic books there were in plenty. But books such as one could read—new books—three-volume books, magazines, travels, 'charming' fashionable novels, green and yellow 'monthlies'—where were they? A hundred and fifty years ago was born in the sprightly soul of Dick Steele the great 'periodical' idea, and the result was the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and the rest of that respectable and laudable tribe. But only fancy a public compelled to slake its thirst for light literature in the polished dulness and prim pleasantries of Addison and Steele, and to swallow diurnal doses of morality disguised in little histories about Florinda and her lap-dog or Chloë and her fan. We, who luxuriate in a copious stream of journals and hebdomadals, monthlies and quarterlies, think with a shudder of the desolate and benighted state of our forefathers, our only consolation being that they did not know their own misery. But if they were worse off than ourselves as to quantity, I am not at all sure that they were so as to quality. In fiction they had not Scott, or Bulwer, or Dickens, or Thackeray; but perhaps they would not have exchanged Goldsmith, or Fielding, or Smollett, or Sterne for either of them; and they had Richardson, whose fame, great as it is, has never been half so great as he deserved. There is not, in my opinion, a tale in any language at all worthy to be put on the same shelf with *Clarissa Harlowe*. The consummate art with which the characters are grouped, and the simple and masterly grandeur of their separate treatment, so that each is perfect not only absolutely but relatively, tells of true and unrivalled genius; and for the heroine—perhaps even Shakspeare never drew one more exquisite. From Ada's self

> To her that did but yesterday suspire,
> There was not such a gracious creature born;

grace, purity, refinement, gentleness, patience, truth, and love—love so intense that it survived all sense of personal outrage and ill-treatment, yet so pure that for a vicious nature, once proved to be such, it could not endure a day;—a modesty so majestic in its stainless lustre that vice, the coarsest, foulest, and most brutal, felt in her presence strange emotions first of wonder and then of shame, yet a girlish vivacity and playfulness so indomitable as even to show itself at times, fitfully radiant, amidst the gloomy and sorrowful depths of that long and bitter trial;—a heart so rich in human affection that it would have made earth a paradise for the infatuated sensualist who might have won but *would not* win it, yet so full of the love of God that it bore without a murmur the blighting of a life thus formed

and fitted for all earthly joy, and welcomed, with a smile so heavenly that it turned a remorseless sinner into a zealous penitent and saint, her ghastly bridegroom, Death:—all these were Clarissa's; and where, on paper, shall we look upon her like again? What are our novel heroines in this nineteenth century? Amy Robsart, Flora MacIvor, Lucy Ashton, Diana Vernon—you that on your first appearance so captivated the world—we summon you to pass before us that we may pronounce in our calmer moments deliberate judgment on you all. Well, you are sweet creatures; but are you genuine *women?* Does any one of you possess a fair specimen of that miraculous complication—a woman's heart? Are you not rather the romantic creations of a brain impregnated with the spirit of an age when woman was worshipped, but not understood? And is it not rather in the Rotten-Row sense that you are 'charming?' Then there was Mr. James, the most wonderful grinder of three-volume novels, on the Scott principle, that the world has ever seen—not wholly unreadable, though they always begin with a tall knight and a short one, and end with the triumph of virtue over vice. Of Mr. James's heroines one can say nothing, simply because there is nothing to say. Their business is to be persecuted by vicious knights, and rescued by virtuous ones; and this they certainly manage to perform tolerably well. But both for Scott and his satellite James there is this to be said, that they are not novel-writers, but romance-writers; and that in a romance we do not look for any deep knowledge of human nature, but only or chiefly for picturesque description and exciting incident. And inasmuch as poetry is an infinitely higher thing than romance, so I believe that it is on his poetry (the most Homeric since Homer), and not on his romances, that Sir Walter's title to immortality will mainly rest.

But Clarissa has led me from my subject, which is not our heroines but our books—the literature with which the public has been fed since circulating libraries flourished. It is a copious if not generous, a various if not altogether wholesome, diet. Most abundant of all, there is the novel and the pseudo-novel. To the latter class belong our serial stories, among writers of which the most notable are Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray. These are not, properly speaking, novels, for they are not constructed on the principles of that art, wholly unknown to the ancients, which may be called the narrative-dramatic, and for perfection in which genius of much the same order and degree is required as for the drama itself. *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Pendennis* are not to be called novels, any more than are *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. It is indeed simply as a humorist that Mr. Dickens has taken and will keep his place among the remarkable writers of the age. If he had written only the *Pickwick Papers* this would be evident enough. They were a series of sketches of middle and lower-class life and manners perfectly admirable in their way, and written with a freshness and keenness of observation absolutely marvellous; but it was an observation not of character and motive, but of the mere externals of humanity—appearance, manner, and mode of self-expression. From the beginning to the end there is not one of the characters which is *real*. Every one of them is a caricature, not of a human being, but of the superficial peculiarities of one. There is no more reality in Pickwick himself than there is in 'Monsieur Jabot.' Both are the offspring of the same intellectual faculty; both are exquisitely ridiculous, but neither is the result of any particular knowledge of human nature. It is to a sense of mere humour, and that not of the highest class, that we owe both these creations. Compare Pickwick and Falstaff. We laugh at Falstaff as we do at Pickwick for that which is *personally* ridiculous in him, but we laugh much more at his moral weaknesses and follies. In Pickwick it is the tights and gaiters; in Falstaff it is the *man*. For Dickens has humour only, Shakspeare had both humour and wit; Shakspeare had creative genius, Dickens has only an extraordinarily-developed mimetic faculty.

It is unquestionable, too, that the later works of Dickens have by no means realized the expectations raised by his first flights. It may be said indeed that every succeeding series of 'green monthlies' has stood a step lower than its predecessor, till at last they have died out from mere exhaustion of popularity. This is no doubt partly owing to the loss of the freshness and keen edge which are peculiar to maiden authorship; but also, I believe, it is in a great degree the result of what Coleridge called 'ultra-crepidation.' Having succeeded with *Pickwick*, Mr. Dickens resolved on attempting elaborate stories with mysterious plots, tragic *dénouemens*, and all the rest of it. The consequence was that the stories failed both as regular tales and as humorous sketches of real life. Their pathos is apt to be tawdry sentiment, their passion torn to rags, and their interest wound up to the requisite pitch at the end by the coarse artifice of a savage murder. On the other hand, each character, having to perform his part in a complicated narrative, is cramped and straitened into a more or less artificial aspect, and loses the free and life-like appearance in which the unfettered Pickwickians each and all of them rejoice. The power of comic delineation in such characters as Squeers, Sairey Gamp, Mantalini, Pecksniff, and the rest, is no doubt extraordinary; but the interest even in these is damped by the painful elaboration and total want of skill with which the story is constructed; and many of the characters are unnatural—odd without being amusing, and grotesque rather than ridiculous. If Mr. Dickens had stood manfully to his trade, which is the caricaturing of real life and manners, and avoided all tragical and hysterical writing, every new work which he produced would have added to his fame. The success of the murder in *Oliver Twist* may probably have operated to divert him from the true line of his business; but there are thousands who can describe a murder so as to thrill your very soul with horror, for one who can construct a 'plot' for a novel or a play. In *Household Words* Mr. Dickens is himself again; there are papers in it evidently bearing the mark of the editor and well worthy of his palmiest days.

The humour of Mr. Thackeray is of a far finer and more subtle and at the same time of a less joyous and genial order, than that of Mr. Dickens. The essential difference between them is, that one is a humorist only, the other a humorist and satirist combined. The weapon which Mr. Dickens employs to excite risibility is little more than what is commonly called 'fun,' and implies none but the most superficial knowledge of the motives of human action; the chief implement used by Mr. Thackeray is the exposure of the littlenesses, meannesses, and vulgarities of his fellow-creatures. The most successful of Mr. Dickens's humorous characters are rarely persons for whom we feel anything like animosity or contempt. Most of them, however ridiculous, are, so far as they have any characters at all, rather amiable than otherwise. But with Thackeray we laugh and despise or hate at the same time. Dickens will sketch you a Bath footman utterly ridiculous in his pompous mimicry of high life, but so as that your laughter, if slightly tinged with contempt, is in the main good-natured enough. Thackeray will take a London functionary of the same order and anatomize him with a merciless delight, giving page after page and chapter after chapter to the exposure of all the vulgarity, all the spite, the envy, the pride and servility, the selfishness and meanness which are apt to be found in the worst specimens of the class, at the same time 'rendering' (as the painters say) with a forty pre-Raphaelite power all that is most ridiculous in the form of expression and style of spelling characteristic of it, till we wonder how in one life there can have been time and opportunity for acquiring knowledge so perfect in its kind. There can be no doubt which of these two faculties is the highest, and which in the long run will be most lucrative. Mankind likes amusement, but it has a positive passion for satire. If you make your characters lifelike, and at the same time utterly contemptible and ridiculous,

you are sure of a good market for your works; but it is only by real genius that this can be done. Every one, I suppose, meets people such as one reads of in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, and in his secret heart and half unconsciously laughs and sneers at their follies or their vices; but he has no satisfaction in doing so, because not understanding the precise grounds on which he does it, or not being able to express them in a popular and effective manner, he cannot communicate with others upon the subject and so obtain their sympathy. The secret of success in a great author is, that he supplies this defect. He points out to the ordinary individual the peculiarities of speech, gesture, and conduct which produced in him the derisive feeling in question, and by treating them as matter for ridicule, both sympathizes himself and enables others to sympathize with him. To do this thoroughly, as Mr. Thackeray does it, is given to few. *Vanity Fair* is a master-work. Neither Thackeray himself nor any one else has done anything equal to it in its kind. We seem, not to be reading about people, but living among them. It is not imitation, it is creation; it is not fiction, it is fact. Bitter and cynical enough it is; but to accuse a satirist of being bitter and cynical is only to say that he is doing efficiently his proper work, which is that of bringing into scorn and contempt those dispositions and actions which are the reverse of what is noble in human nature. If indeed the satirist attributes to his characters faults or crimes other or greater than those which are found by experience to be incidental to humanity, he grievously errs, and will infallibly fail of success. Becky Sharp and old Sir Pitt Crawley have been occasionally looked upon with suspicion from this point of view; but the verdict of the public was ultimately in their favour. Execrable as they are, they are not unfair pictures of the form which extreme selfishness is apt to take in the masculine and feminine natures respectively. No doubt that in the exercise of his vocation a writer such as Thackeray ministers to that loathsome mixture of pride and malice which constitutes the delight felt more or less by all in the exposure of the errors and foibles of others; but if this is a reason why such books ought not to be written, it is also a reason against all censure of that which is ignoble and hypocritical and selfish and silly and base. If the tendency of such writing is to foster a censorious, uncharitable spirit, and to make the social world look uglier than it really is, that is an evil effect of it against which both the writer and the reader must jealously guard themselves, and not one which should deter a man from chastising, if he can, with a scorpion-lash, the frivolities and vulgarisms and vices of his age. It is dirty work, and there is a good deal less love than admiration in the feeling which you have towards the man who does it well; nevertheless, if he carefully avoids all *libel* on humanity, and shrinks with horror from anything like irreverent treatment of that which is really noble and pure and true, he is without doubt a benefactor to mankind.

Of novels proper, or books claiming to be such, there has been since the days of Scott a constantly increasing supply, till imaginary heroes have become much commoner than real ones, and there is a great deal more love in fiction than there is in fact. And this, perhaps, was natural enough. The idea once started, it seems so easy to write a novel. Absolutely all that seems requisite is leisure and pens and paper. Unless you are dull or practical to an inconceivable degree, to make an interesting hero and a 'charming' heroine, and group round them a set of accessory characters drawn from your own experience of life, must surely be a labour of love; and when you think of the thrilling incidents you can introduce, and of all the wise and witty and original remarks on men and manners which you will throw in, you feel that success is certain. And yet how many good novels have we —how many even 'readable' ones? Our readable novelists, living and writing at the present time, may be counted on our fingers; and our really good novelists, so living and writing, cannot be counted at all—

for they are not. Positively, so far as I know, there lives not the man who has written a thoroughly good, as distinct from a 'readable' novel, except Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; and he has been for some time doing his best to neutralize the deed by writing superlatively bad ones. Bulwer, I say, has written a good novel, and that more than once; but it was before he fancied himself a philosopher, and exchanged the worship of truth and beauty for that of The Beautiful and The True. *Pelham* was finely conceived and admirably executed, and the courage and strength of the principal character were thrown into grand relief by his effeminate dandyism. In *Paul Clifford* there was a command of spirit-stirring narration and a dramatic skill which have not often been surpassed; and in *Eugene Aram* the terrible subject—a man of refined education and established character with a murder on his soul—is managed with a power and success that remind us of the Greek tragedians. In *Rienzi* and the *Last Days of Pompeii* poetic language and gorgeous imagery compensated in some degree for want of intrinsic interest and force; but then came the unhappy turn of affairs which gave us the sentimentalism and transcendentalism of *Night and Morning*, *Ernest Maltravers*, and *Alice or the Mysteries*. Of *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, and *What will He do with It?* what is to be said? Two of them are in a style strenuously, if not very successfully, imitative of Sterne; and all three are read by the public with an avidity illustrative of the stubborn vitality with which a literary reputation, once made, will resist the most deadly attacks even of the person to whom it belongs.

Since the 'golden prime' of Bulwer's genius it is difficult indeed to find a really good novel. Unless, perhaps, *Cyril Thornton*, I cannot think of one which is of masculine authorship. Mr. Disraeli's novels were practical jokes — successful experiments on the bad taste of a not infallible public. Of other 'readable' novelists—and be it always remembered that to be readable is no small distinction—Ward is weak and finical, Theodore Hook a clever writer of narrative farce, Harrison Ainsworth an expert manipulator of the *Newgate Calendar*. In later times we have had novels (as, for instance, Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*) showing power and originality and entitled to rank high among the readables, and one or two which look as if their authors might at some time or other soar into the thinly-peopled empyrean of 'good novels;' but certainly there is not one of these which can hope for immortality.

Deep in the heart of masculine humanity lies a profound contempt for feminine writers generally, and especially for feminine novelists. Lady novelists (it is supposed) must necessarily write silly novels; and certainly general propositions are every day asserted and believed which are founded upon a far less complete induction than that by which this doctrine is sustained. And yet it appears to me that (excluding Scott, who wrote not novels but romances, and excepting Bulwer) the best novels of our century have been written by ladies. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen led the way. The former is pretty well forgotten now, and I have no desire to revive her memory; but Miss Austen is the idol of a numerous band of enthusiastic devotees. To me this admiration of Miss Austen's novels seems a mystery which must be classed with that of which George Selwyn looked to futurity for a solution—the reason why boots are always made too tight. Take her *Emma* for a specimen. Emma is a young lady about whom, when we have read the book, we have really no distinct idea of any kind, except that she was rather pretty, rather goodnatured, rather dutiful, and very prudent. She has an old father, the salient point of whose character is that he talks a good deal about the weather and the wholesomes, all his other qualities being entirely negative; and three lovers, of whom, having prudently rejected first the prig and then the *roué*, she prudently marries the richest and most sensible, whom we are further expected to admire because he did not declare his passion

till he saw the stage was clear. The by-play of this exciting plot consists of interminable discussions about such subjects as the weather, or the next county ball, or the conduct of somebody (I think the *roué* lover) in going up to London for a day to have his hair cut. Of course it is conceivable that a novel with such a plot might have been made interesting. If, for instance, the prig had been drawn like the younger Pitt Crawley, or the *roué* like Rawdon, we should have forgiven a great deal. But the prig is only the conventional outline of the character, and the *roué* the mere 'walking gentleman' of the play. As to style I find no fault with Miss Austen. She writes in plain, quiet, harmonious English the dullest stories that ever were conceived. It is not that 'thrilling' incidents are required to make a good novel. If the exciting part of the story were eliminated from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the incident left as tame as that of Miss Austen, the *Vicar of Wakefield* would, I think, be improved; it would at all events still remain as delightful a book as ever charmed and solaced the soul of man. Since Miss Austen we have had several 'readable' lady-novelists; and the best of them, I think, is Mrs. Gore, who is remarkable above all the daughters of Eve for her knowledge of London society, and especially, strange to say, of the habits of London 'men about town.' I do not know that I ever in my life experienced so great a surprise as in finding that *Cecil* was written by a lady. There are one or two novels by Lady Georgina Fullarton which show power and passion almost enough to lift them above the 'readable' order, and gave hopes that she might do something really great, or would have given them, but that her second novel was inferior to her first; and very much the same may be said of Miss Kavanagh, who has given signs of something not unlike real genius and knowledge of her art. The author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* is scarcely to be called a novelist in the ordinary sense of the term; but in her elaborate, minute, and careful pictures of domestic life we have here and there a central or prominent figure as nobly conceived as any which our literature can show.

I said that (excepting Bulwer) the best novelists of our century have been lady-novelists. I go further, and say that the *best novel* of our century has been written by a lady in her teens. If you doubt this, read *Jane Eyre* over again; for of course you have read it once. It is written with the instinctive and consummate power of real commanding genius. Every line is drawn and every touch laid on with the ease and precision of a master-hand. It was no elaborate complication of a skilfully devised story—no gradually and painfully unravelling web of treachery or crime—no phantasmagoria of intricately-connected characters flitting ever before the bewildered brain of the unhappy reader—that made this young school-girl immortal. A forlorn governess, whose master falls in love with her, his wife in a state of hopeless insanity being secreted in his house without the knowledge of any one but himself and one servant, was the material on which she worked. Not a very promising one for feeble or second-rate faculties, but which, in the hands of real genius, was certain of success. Never was the growth of love described with a more subtle knowledge of the workings of a woman's heart—never were terror, pain, remorse, and the fearful conflict of principle with temptation, described with a more sublime yet simple truth. There is but one other modern novel, I think, equal in power to this, in which, indeed, the power is almost Titanic, and the great passions, terribly real and life-like, stalk about and jostle one another in all their naked deformity; and that is written—by whom does the reader think?—by another young girl scarcely out of the school-room, a daughter of the same strangely-gifted house. *Wuthering Heights*, considering its authorship, I look upon as the greatest intellectual prodigy that the world has seen. It was not very successful, for it had not the constructive art of *Jane Eyre*. Though there are terrible incidents, 'plot' of the story there is none; but as a picture of fierce and strong human nature,

utterly untutored and untamed, left to run wild in the gloomy loneliness of a farm on the northern moors, it is marvellous. 'Surely,' I have heard it said, 'there never were such people, at least let us hope not.' For myself, I fully believe there *have* been such people, and moreover, that they are drawn from the life; but at all events these characters, 'dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love,' are such as this young girl knew, by the infallible genius that was in her, might and would exist under certain conditions of life and action. It is a fearful picture, but it is drawn with a deep miraculous knowledge of the human heart.

Of historians, the three whom the world ranks most highly are Hallam, Macaulay, and Carlyle; and these three seem to have been given to us for the purpose of showing in how different ways history may be written. Mr. Hallam, with a style chaste even to prudery, and a judgment impartial almost to a fault;—thoughtful, indeed, but thoughtful only about *facts;* treating all actions and events as matters of course neither strange, nor startling, nor affecting, and important only as generating certain other facts which we call social and political results;—so dry and cold that you shrink from contact with him, yet so useful and so sound that you avoid it at your peril. Lord Macaulay, the stately yet impetuous march of whose clear and brilliant narrative, coruscating with well-polished epigram and nicely-poised antithesis, 'all clinquant, all in gold,' carries you on with it by an irresistible impulse, yet wearies you at last by the very monotony of its elaborate excellence and the studied modulation of its vigorous and ringing tread;—Macaulay, with a keen eye for the picturesque, and a large share of that sort of poetic feeling which attained its perfection in Scott, recognising (like Hallam) the importance of events in their social and political aspect, and also (unlike Hallam) strongly affected by incidents in themselves, provided they are *out of the common way*, but seeing little to wonder at or to weep over in the ordinary course of that sorrowful mystery, the life of man, looking scarcely beyond the surface of things—hating all philosophies except those which minister to material welfare, despising ethics, sneering at metaphysics, barely tolerating creeds, and distributing praise or blame without hesitation and without stint under a strong party bias and from a standard of morality of the simplest and most conventional kind. And Mr. Carlyle—what shall we say of Carlyle?—writing an English exclusively his own, part German, part classical, part colloquial, part poetical—in itself a wonderful creation of genius, startling indeed to Edinburgh reviewers of the 'able article' order, and to old ladies who have 'no patience with such nonsense,' but digging up as it were and bringing to light from the depths of our glorious language a power and a beauty unknown before—valuing events not for the political or social, but for the *human* interest that is in them, and looking upon every action or event however ordinary with intense interest, curiosity, and almost awe, as matter for wonder, laughter, or tears; as 'a strange fact, not an unexampled one, for the strangest of all animals is man;' with a humour exuberant enough to rob history of her dignity, and a pathos and earnestness deep enough to restore it to her tenfold; with a jealous and passionate love and a quick and steady discernment of all that in human action is lovely and true and great, and a graphic power which causes scenes and persons to live and move before us as they never lived in history till now; with a turn of mind singularly unjudicial, yet a judgment of character eminently impartial because of the marvellous insight which he possesses into the secret chambers of the human heart. No question but of the three Carlyle comes nearest to the ideal of perfect history; and that is because Carlyle is a poet. Poetry, indeed, is not history, nor is history poetry; and yet it is eternally true that, except by a poet, no perfect history can be written. For whatever other faculty she may require besides the poetic, a perception of the true character of events under all the aspects in which they would present themselves to the most perfectly organized

human intellect, a perception, that is, of their *poetic value*, is essential to perfect history. And in this respect Mr. Carlyle stands far indeed above Hallam and Macaulay. Instances of this there can be no need to give; for proof of it you have only to open any page of the *French Revolution* or *Frederick the Great*. Take the defence of the Tuileries by the Swiss Guards. The whole scene is brought so vividly before you that you see and almost feel it—the onward surging of the maddened multitude, and the terrible recoil of its foremost thousands as ever and anon a sheet of quick bright flame, followed by a long steady roll, gleams out from the 'red Swiss rock' that bars their onset; and if this were all, perhaps Macaulay might have succeeded, not so well, certainly, but (let us say) half as well. But what Lord Macaulay could not have done was to show us, standing at a little distance, a thin pale individual, looking calmly and critically on that scene of chaotic murder and madness, and thinking, in the passionless presence of mind that made Marengo and Austerlitz, that 'if they had been properly commanded, the Swiss would have won.' There is no reason to doubt that the individual was there; but only a man who had caught the true historic spirit could have made so much use of him. If any one wishes to obtain some idea of how history ought and also of how it ought not to be written, let him read with the first object Carlyle's account of the French Revolution and with the second Lamartine's.

It would appear that to repeat the trick which Boswell performed is not given to mortals, and that only one good biography was possible for man. Certainly our libraries do little to satisfy the public requirements in this direction; and yet, notwithstanding the encroachments of the utilitarian spirit, and in spite of that loss of individuality which is lamented by Mr. Mill,* there has been no time when to all appearance people were so interesting to each other. Such biography as can be got is swallowed with avidity; and one small book (the *Memoir of Hedley Vicars*) has had a sale unprecedented in the annals of bibliopoly. The truth is, that to write satisfactorily the life of a man you must either be a Boswell or a genius. Of Boswell, Lord Macaulay says that he was a great writer because he was a fool. The meaning of this is that Boswell's simple-mindedness, or (as we say) silliness, saved him from the cynicism which is the bane of hero-worship; and his want of that keen sense of the ludicrous from which a higher order of mind is never free, allowed him to record without compunction and in the utmost detail every incident, however trifling, in the life of his idol, as if it was a matter of grave historic importance. The consequence is, that the reader finds before him a vast mass of truthful materials, from which he gradually forms an idea of Johnson. Just idea of Johnson, or indeed any idea at all, except that he was a very large, wise, and wonderful man, who had a perfect right to be out of temper when you contradicted him, Boswell himself had not. A man possessed of the requisite genius, on the other hand, would have discarded an immense number of these details; but yet would have so managed as to give you his own idea (and that would have been a true one) of what Johnson really was in his outer and his inner life, in his moments of weakness and of strength, in appearance and reality, in temper, in gesture, in manner, in cast of countenance, in heart and in soul.

The requisite genius, however, and the requisite absence of genius, which seem to be the only possible conditions of good biography, seem also to be the rarest of all human things. In our time we have several 'lives' and 'memoirs,' some of them—such as those of Wilberforce and Arnold—of the greatest interest, for they are of men who have left their mark upon the age; conscientious, able, and admirable works so far as they go, and entitling their authors to public gratitude. Mr. Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, indeed, is something more than this, and

* *Essay on Liberty.*

would seem to show that he has within him the power which could have given us under favourable circumstances something like a perfect, finished biography. But the usual course is by the publication of letters or journals to allow the patient to write his own life, some addition being made from the biographer's own experiences. Valuable and instructive as some of these memoirs are, they do not approach, or even profess to approach, the ideal of biography.

Of books of travel we have enough and to spare. The general opinion seems to be, that whatever else is difficult, this at least is easy. A man has only to keep a note-book on his travels; and if his route has been through a country not thoroughly known to the all but ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon, he can round the sentences when he gets home, and his book (he thinks) is sure to sell. And indeed there seems scarcely anything of this kind that the public will not buy. If you should happen to be travelling in a new and delightful country with a thoroughly dull, unsympathetic companion, do you care to hear his remarks on the various objects or incidents which are startling, amusing, or delighting you? Not at all; you fall back on your cigar-case and your own reflections. Yet the public will read his book; and so perhaps will you, but only from curiosity to see a refutation of the Lucretian axiom, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* For me, though travelling is supreme enjoyment, and books of travels are countless, it is rare indeed to be able patiently to read one through. Perhaps the best that ever was written is *Childe Harold;* and unless a man has something (Heaven forbid that he should have all) of the Childe Harold spirit in him, he will never do anything great in this kind. To make such a book interesting, it is above all things necessary that the objects and occurrences should be treated *subjectively.* If your narrative is a mere statement of facts, it may be interesting to the philosopher; but to the general reader it will be dull, though the soil which you have trodden had never felt the foot of man, and the sights which you have seen were of fabulous wonder and beauty. The author of *Eöthen* knew this well, and it is the secret of his well-earned success. It was not the facts and events of his journey, but their effects upon a thoughtful and cultivated English mind, which he made it his business to describe. Of all really good books of travel the same is to be said. In Canon Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* for instance we have careful geography, full, minute, and faithful descriptions of place after place, and scene after scene; but it is upon the *point of view from which it is written*—the poetical, or artistic, or religious susceptibilities which it calls into play—that the interest of the book depends. On this account it is that such writers as Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Ellis, laudable and valuable as are their efforts and their works, are (except to the scientific inquirer) such painful and laborious reading. Dr. Livingstone, for instance, treats all his facts as if they were of exactly equal importance, and tells you with the same statistical imperturbability that the thermometer stood at seventy and that he was nearly shaken to death by a lion. I do not mean, of course, that you should always be in a state of rapture; and you cannot be too careful, and scarcely too minute, in your statements. What is required is, that whether in describing a view or expatiating on the habits of a tribe, you should have a proper appreciation of the facts with which you deal.

Unquestionably, one of the most remarkable men of this—may we not say of any?—age is Mr. Ruskin. He is, if you like, not seldom dogmatic, self-contradictory, conceited, arrogant, and absurd; but he is a great and wonderful writer. He has created a new literature—the literature of art. No one before him had seriously attempted to treat the study of art as that which it really is—a philosophy—the least trodden and the most delightful of all the walks of science. Many before had doubtless felt, but no one before had shown to the world, how entirely and exclusively perfection in art is founded upon *truth.* In fact Mr. Ruskin, properly speaking, does not teach art at all, but nature.

He has done more for art, perhaps, than has ever yet been done by man; but it has been by bringing men in a serious, humble, and teachable spirit to nature, and giving them something like a true idea of that which at best they but dimly apprehended before—how awful and beautiful she is, how full of love and sympathy for man, how majestic, how tender, how holy, and how pure. You cannot draw a tree (Mr. Ruskin says to you); and why? not because you have not had, or have not profited by, drawing-lessons on trees, but because you have never had the slightest idea of what a tree really is. You may feel, perhaps, that it is beautiful, but you have no notion in what its beauty consists. I will try to give you some notion. I will teach you, as it were, the philosophy of its loveliness and majesty. I will show you the divine purpose that guided every twig and moulded every leaf towards a perfect aggregate of harmonious form. I will teach you the *moral* of its wonderful structure—the tender or solemn meaning that lurks in every streak of light, or broods in every depth of shade. When you really love the tree as it ought to be loved, you will have a chance of drawing it, but not till then. There is some possibility of people 'learning to draw' in this way, whereas before there was none. Unless drawing is taught on this principle, the only result of teaching will be to make many bad artists who might otherwise have been good ones. In the fulfilment of his glorious mission, Mr. Ruskin has been assisted by a style singularly clear, rich, and powerful. Every inventor of a new philosophy has in some sort to invent a new vocabulary; and Mr. Ruskin's perfect command of a language surpassing all others, dead or living, except Greek, has enabled him to do this with extraordinary success. That in the detail of his work he is eminently inconsistent there can be no doubt. The first volume of *Modern Painters* is partly intended to prove that the old masters knew nothing about art; and when you have read it, you have a greater veneration of the old masters than ever. The reason is, that Mr. Ruskin's own principles have improved your taste, and made you admire what he himself professes to despise. He has found out for you some faults in the old masters; but he has also taught you to look at nature in such a way as to see more of all that is admirable in her; and the consequence is that the old masters, who caught the spirit of nature even where they erred in the detail of representation, are more than ever precious in your eyes. In one page Mr. Ruskin will tell you to copy nature leaf by leaf, and grain by grain; in another he will tell you that if you do so you will be quite wrong. In one chapter he will tell you that Turner is above all artists, past, present, and to come; in another he will tell you that there is no good art but the pre-Raphaelite, which is certainly in some respects the very opposite of Turner. Yet for all this, and for all his arrogance, dogmatism, and egotism, he is one of the most delightful and instructive of writers; and this because it is partly from a zealous love and a bold and uncompromising assertion of what he believes to be truth, that his arrogance and dogmatism arise; for even error, eloquently advocated with the honest conviction that it is truth, is better than truth coldly believed and languidly proclaimed.

Homeric Studies by the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone. There has been no book more noteworthy in this our era. A statesman of the latter days upon the poet of primæval times—a leader in an age of railways, and leading articles, and invitations to dinner, and 'having the honour to be,' upon the bard of times when civilization had not yet invented steam-engines and chilled the heart, when there was more of nature and less of 'respectability,' when thoughts were greater and dresses smaller, and men walked this earth in wonder and delight at its awful beauty, and left no cards upon each other. It is a grand work, and worthy of the man. What zeal, what industry, what analytical power, what simple majesty of energetic diction—what exhaustless and passionate desire

to know! Mr. Gladstone has dived deep into the well of Homeric lore, and has come up, breathless but triumphant, with a complete scheme of the ethics, the politics, the history, the geography, the theology, the sociology of that wonderful age. No doubt many of his positions are open to criticism; but who is there that is ready to enter the lists with him? and is it not rather a reflection on our men of learning, and long vacations, and quiet contemplative snuggeries by the Isis or the Cam, that this man of committee-rooms, and parliamentary divisions, and long speeches, and late hours should have shown them the way over a country which is emphatically their own?

In dealing with the greatest of poets, Mr. Gladstone has avoided one subject, and that is his poetry. That, however, is a subject which nothing short of absolute genius is qualified to handle. To write on Homer the poet, a man must be a poet himself. Charles James Fox (who closed a life anything but philosophic in that calm dignity of classic contemplation which is supposed to be the exclusive privilege of the wise and good) coquetted with it a little, and gave indications of real aptitude for the business, as any one who reads the fourth volume of Lord John Russell's *Memoirs and Correspondence of Fox* may see. Could Mr. Gladstone have done much in this direction? Possibly. Yet in his book there are appearances which would lead us to suppose that, as a guide to the glory and beauty of Homeric writ, he would be not seldom at fault. For instance, there is in the sixth *Iliad* the well-known comparison of Paris, armed and mounting the walls of Troy before rushing into the fight, to a horse which has broken loose—a comparison elaborated in half-a-dozen lines of consummate spirit and beauty, and concluding thus:—

> Ὡς δ' ὅτε Πριάμοιο Πάρις κατὰ Περγάμου ἄκρης
> Τεύχεσι παμφαίνων, ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ, ἐπιβαίνει
> Καγχαλόων.

Mr. Gladstone has discovered that the same simile is applied in another place to Hector; and unable to believe that Homer could have placed Paris even to this extent on a level with Hector, he is convinced (he says) that ἠλέκτωρ ought to be translated 'a cock,' and not 'the sun,' which is the sense usually given to it. Translate it 'a cock' (says Mr. Gladstone), and see the wonderful genius of Homer. Having compared Paris to a horse in the plenitude of his speed, he feels he has been too kind to him, and so 'modifies' the comparison by giving him the gait of a cock; the final result of which is, that Paris is likened to some nondescript animal between a horse and a cock, half quadruped and half biped, half gallop and half strut. If Homer had been in the habit of disenchanting his readers, and deliberately disfiguring his own similes in this way, he would never have lived to be revised by Pisistratus. I am not saying that ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ cannot by any possibility mean 'a cock' (indeed I must admit that in an intensely mediæval paraphrase in which my edition rejoices, 'tanquam gallus' is the rendering); but I do most confidently assert that, if this be its meaning, the comparison was intended rather to increase than to diminish our admiration for Paris, and that the idea of 'modifying' the first simile by the second never could for one moment have entered the Homeric brain.

There is another symptom which is also ominous. Mr. Gladstone feebly dissents from, or rather hesitatingly holds the bottle to, Mr. Ruskin in his attack on Homer's sense of the picturesque. 'Homer,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'has no trace of feeling for what we call the picturesque;' and Mr. Gladstone, though he says that he thinks this proposition 'cannot be maintained,' evidently supposes that there is a good deal of truth in it. Now this asseveration I take to be one of the most audacious that ever was hazarded, even by Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Gladstone has read Homer, but then it was with philosophic eyes; Mr. Ruskin can never have read him at all, at least since he left school. If he had, he would never have given utterance to this stupendous fallacy. I maintain, on the contrary, that

the love of inanimate nature, 'of what we call the picturesque,' and which is supposed by some to be peculiar to our own age, is one of the choicest gifts and most precious characteristics of Homer; that he sung the sea infinitely better than Milton, Byron, Coleridge, or Barry Cornwall; that he loved a river better than Shakspeare, and a mountain better than Scott; and that though in his worship of nature he was not morbidly microscopic, he has done more to enshrine her in the hearts of men than any poet since his time. Shall I be expected to prove this? I should have thought that to any reader of Homer it was self-evident. I should have thought that there had been times when Mr. Gladstone himself, enchanted by some mood or aspect of nature more than usually delightful, has gone to Homer for sympathy and sanction in his adoration and his love; that the calm beauty of some winding river has recalled to him the divine Scamander threading its flowery plain, or the Peneus with its silver rapids; that he has felt, as he gazed from the short soft turf of some English cliff on the glorious expanse of the sea, wondering at the strange loveliness of its changing colours and listening with awe-struck rapture to its 'solemn noise,' that there are no epithets but those Homeric ones, *οἶνοψ, ἰοείδης ἀτρυγετος, βαθύῤῥοος, πολύφλοισβος*, and the rest, that will do justice to its attributes; that when his sight has lost itself in the wooded dells and sunny terraces and gleaming waterfalls of some great mountain side, it has been to such adjectives as *πολύπτυχος, εἰνοσίφυλλος*, and *πολυπίδαξ*, that he has recurred for a faithful expression of its marvellous beauty; or that, raising his eyes to the calm, cold, silent grandeur of the snowy ridge above, where it runs sharp and clear along the luminous sky, he has been reminded of the scene which Homer imagined, when like a silvery vapour floating up from the blue Ægean Thetis glided to the knees of Jove, to win him to her maternal purpose by her blandishments and her beauty, as he sat apart from the gods in colossal and moody majesty—

ἀκρότατη κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.

The modern poet whom Mr. Ruskin most commends for his thorough objective love of the inanimate picturesque is Scott. Now the great charm of Scott, considered as a priest of nature, rests not so much upon a few elaborate descriptions of particular scenes, as upon the graphic epithets and masterly touches with which he is perpetually colouring the places which the course of his narrative leads him to mention. Here is a good illustration of what I mean:—

Nor faster through thy *heathery* braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.
* * * *
The signal roused to martial coil,
The *sullen* margin of Loch Voil;
Waked *still* Loch Doile, and to its source,
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy *swampy* course:
Then southward held its rapid road
Adoun Strathgartney's valley *broad*.

It is 'old Melros,' 'fair Tweed,' the 'wild and willowed shore' of Teviot, 'Dryden's groves of oak,' 'caverned Hawthornden,' 'sweet Bowhill,' 'Cheviot's mountains lone,' 'Glenartney's hazel shade,' 'lovely Loch Achray,' 'Loch Vennachar in silver flowed,' 'the Trossach's shaggy glen,' 'Benharrow's shingly side,' 'grey Stirling,' 'the storm-swept Orcades;' and from these and innumerable other epithets of the kind, at least as much as from his finished delineations of scenery, proceeds our idea of Scott's feeling for the picturesque. Now it is in this respect, more perhaps than in any other, that Scott most resembles Homer. Take the following as one among a multitude of instances:—

Καρδαμύλην, Ἐνόπην τε, καὶ Ἱρην ποιήσσαν,
Φηράς τε ζαθέας, ἠδ' Ἀνθήδονα βαθύλειμον,
Καλλιρὸν Αἰπείαν, καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν,
Πάσαι δ' ἐγγὺς ἁλὸς νεάται Πυλου ἠμαθοέντος.

In the catalogue of the ships, as indeed throughout Homer, a place is scarcely ever mentioned without some admirably chosen epithet which, as if by magic, gives us the peculiar character of its scenery.

Thus we have *Ἄργος ἐς Ἱππόβατον, ἀμπέλοεντ' Ἐπίδαυρον, Πύρρασον ἀνθεμόεντα, Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, πολυπίδακος Ἰδης, πολυτρήρωνα τε Μέσσην*, ('abounding in doves' is the only rendering of this exquisite adjective possible for our clumsy language), *Ὑποπλάκιον ὑληέσσης, πολυστάφυλον Ἄρνην, ἀργίνοεντα Λύκαστον* (compare Byron's 'whose far white walls along them shine'), *Ὀρχομενὸν πολύμηλον, ἠνεμοέσσαν Ἐνίσπην, Μαντινέην ἐρατεινήν*. But of all inanimate things that Homer loved, a river was to him the dearest. He cannot name one but he must apply to it some term of tenderness or admiration. It is *ἱμερτος*, it is *διος*, it is *εὐρρείτης*, it is *καλλίῤῥοος*—he loves it in every phase of its winding course, and every humour of its changeful waters; and this too is a peculiarity in which he resembles and surpasses Scott.

As to Homer's feeling for the sea, Mr. Ruskin paradogmatizes in a manner still more outrageous. 'Homer,' he says, 'cuts off from the material object the sense of something living, and fashions it into a great abstract image of a sea-power.' Mr. Gladstone first partially assents to this wonderful statement, and then proceeds completely to demolish it. The instances which he gives are to the point; but they are not required by the most ordinarily attentive reader of Homer. For myself, I will cite only this one—

ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα
Στείρῃ πορφύρεον μέγαλ' ἴαχε, νῆος ἰούσης·

And I challenge Mr. Ruskin to produce anything from any modern poet at all approaching it in truth and beauty. If Mr. Ruskin would carefully *read* Homer, he would not only retract this monstrous paradox of his, but would greatly improve his own taste, and so add to the large debt of public gratitude which is his due.

Though we are a practical we are not an unpoetical generation; and yet in my judgment we have but one living poet. Gods, men, and columns forbid us to claim more. We have verse-writers innumerable, and in the writings of a few of them gems of real poetry may be discerned by the practised eye; indeed we have more than one who, to my thinking, may well bear comparison with the ladies' darling, hexametrical Longfellow. But as one swallow does not make a summer nor one day, so likewise one or two or even several instances of poetic writing do not make a poet; and succeeding the bright constellation of bards who presided over the birth of the century, Alfred Tennyson reigns alone in our English sky. Of our other candidates for immortality, Mrs. Browning is generally supposed to come the nearest to him, if any can be said to be nearer than another where all are so remotely distant. Mrs. Browning indeed has given reason to suppose that she may be, potentially, a poet—but actually? Well, I can only speak for myself. I have read *Aurora Leigh*, according to Mr. Ruskin 'the greatest poem of the age.' I find in it some passages of great power, and some of much beauty and tenderness. But on the whole I cannot congratulate the age. A considerable portion of its greatest poem is written in verse which is verse no otherwise than that it will scan. If I write that a man pulled out his pocket-handkerchief and blew his nose, I am not writing poetry; and the matter is not mended if the statement is made in feet consisting each of a short and a long syllable. Johnson's stanza illustrative of the fact that verse is not necessarily poetry—

> I put my hat upon my head,
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand,

is full of pathos and sublimity compared to some of the effusions of Mrs. Browning's Muse. The following is a characteristic specimen—

> You want some comfort: *I shall leave you Smith:*
> *Take Smith:*—

If this be poetry there is no such thing as prose. This monosyllabic imperative 'Take Smith,' outdoes all that has ever been perpetrated or imagined in his wildest moments by the most fanatical disciple

of a doctrine which Wordsworth preached but was wise enough rarely to practise. It is prose several degrees beyond proof. It is double-distilled, concentrated essence of prose.

If Mrs. Browning had erred only in this respect, she might perhaps have been forgiven. Unfortunately this is not the case. She is so determined to be original and forcible that she becomes offensive. The ear, the taste, the feelings of her readers are by turns sacrificed to this desperate determination. Things sublime are made ridiculous, things sacred profane, and things refined and delicate coarse and vulgar, for the sake of it. Take the following instances, among innumerable others:

> He cross'd the hills on visits to my Aunt
> A book in one hand, mere statistics (if
> You chanc'd to lift the cover), count of all
> *The goats whose beards are sprouting down to hell*
> *Against God's separating judgment-hour.*
>
> While tragic voices that clanged keen as swords,
> Leapt high together with the altar-flame
> *And made the blue air wink:—*
>
> I never envied Graham his breadth of style,
> Which gives you, *with a random smutch or two*
> *(Near-sighted critics analyse to smutch)*,
> Such delicate perceptions of full life.
>
> The lion in me felt the keeper's force
> *Through all its quivering dewlaps.*

What 'analysing to smutch' may mean I forbear to inquire. To Lady Waldemar, a rival, the gentle Aurora writes as follows:—

> For which inheritance beyond your birth,
> You sold that *poisonous porridge* called your soul.

This is powerful, and so is Billingsgate.

Of the mode in which Mrs. Browning treats things sacred, here are a few examples. In creating man, she says,

> Consummating himself, the Maker sigh'd,
> As some strong winner at the footrace sighs
> Touching the goal:—

Earth, she remarks, was shut up by Adam 'like a fakir in a box,'

> A mere dumb corpse, till Christ the Lord came down,
> Unlock'd the doors, forced open the blank eyes,
> *And used his kingly chrisms to straighten out*
> *The leathery tongue turned back into the throat.*
>
> Yet He can pluck us from that shameful cross;
> God, set our feet low and our forehead high:
> And show us how a man was made to walk:—
> *Leave the lamp, Susan, and go up to bed.*

The force of bathos could no further go. I said that in this poem there were passages of power and beauty; but if this lady would do herself justice, and occupy that precise station on Parnassus for which nature has qualified her, she must give up altogether this transatlantic and otherwise objectionable style of composition.

Thoughts about books are prolific thoughts; the reproductive principle is strong within them. Writing, for instance, about poetry reminds me of Shakspeare, and Shakspeare reminds me that I have said nothing of plays, and of the mysterious fact that, with the exception of 'screaming' farces and gorgeous spectacles, few care to write or to see them now. If Shakspeare had lived in these days he would, I suppose, have written novels, probably not in monthly parts. Upon this subject, as upon many others, I would willingly have said something; but time and space, which, philosophically speaking, have, I am aware, no existence at all, but, practically speaking, are very real and embarrassing entities, interpose insuperable objections.

H.

A VISIT TO MOUNT ARARAT.

TO those who cannot at times cheerfully dispense with personal comfort and convenience, at least according to English notions on these points, travelling in Asia Minor will prove a trial of endurance rather than a source of pleasure. And yet the attractions of those regions are many and varied. Rich in historic associations, the study of their present condition, though painful, would be interesting and instructive; while the geologist and naturalist would there find ample materials for scientific investigation.

It would be foreign to the character of these rambling notes to enter upon learned dissertations or to attempt deep researches. Quotations from Herodotus, Strabo, and other ancient writers on Asia Minor, might impress the reader with the idea of learning; but they would be of little use in helping him to form a correct notion of the actual state of things in these once fair realms. Modern writers, on the other hand, have as yet but glanced at the subject. Their opportunities of examining it have been few; their observations superficial. Heretofore the country has been as it were out of the beaten track; and until the late Russian war indued it with a startling interest, it was but little known or thought of in Western Europe.

As that interest has not yet subsided, the experiences of a recent *sejour* in those parts may prove acceptable to some of our readers; and though they do not profess to supply the grave deficiency of information that prevails respecting a country of such importance in ancient times, yet they may contribute in some degree to keep alive the attention lately drawn to it,—an attention to which, from every consideration, both political and geographical, it is abundantly entitled.

Having on a previous occasion described the country between Erzeroum and Kyuprikyui,* let us now suppose ourselves at Delibaba, which is about twenty-eight miles, or seven hours, distant from the latter place. And here we may observe that throughout the Ottoman dominions distances are reckoned by *hours*, the measure of which must be understood by reference to the topography of the country and to the mode of travelling. The slow, uniform pace of the camel, varying little on mountain or plain, is said to have suggested the original standard, which may be taken at a league. But in common parlance the *hour* represents the average distance that can be traversed in that period. Consequently there are hours of the mountain and hours of the plain; the horseman's and the pedestrian's hours; the katirji (muleteer) and menzil (courier) hours. And until the traveller becomes familiar with these distinctions, he is likely to be often perplexed by the replies to his inquiries.

Coming from Kyuprikyui our road lay through a fertile country, which gradually losing its level character, increased in undulating inequalities until it blends with the mountain slopes. It is intersected by some deep ravines and valleys through which the southern tributaries of the Arras find a channel; and thriving villages are found at short intervals, all of which are inhabited by Armenians.

Delibaba is six miles from the right bank of the Arras, in a sheltered situation at the foot of the Bingol Mountains. Nearly surrounded by an amphitheatre of rocky heights, all the approaches from the east, south, and west are by narrow and tortuous passes, which it would be difficult to force against a resolute enemy, however small his numbers. A scanty stream coming from the Bingol Mountains waters and fertilizes this position, and then pursues its course through an opening in the heights to the Arras. Within the amphitheatre all the available land is turned to good account for wheat, barley, and vegetable gardens; while to the north-east the ground, rising to a high level, stretches away for leagues

* 'Visit to Kars,' *Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1857.

in a tableland of rich meadows and pastures.

From this brief description it will be seen that Delibaba is an important strategic position, commanding as it does the main road from Bayazid, and the road from Erzeroum to Kars by Kuyprikyui. The Russians fully appreciated its value; and seizing the place soon after it was vacated by Veli Pasha in 1855, they menaced Erzeroum, thus furnishing to the legion of Turkish generals assembled in that city a pretext for making no effort in behalf of Kars.

The merits of this pretext will be apparent when it is considered that the Turkish force at Erzeroum was at least ten thousand strong, with six well-appointed field batteries; while the Russians at Delibaba fell short of two thousand men of all arms, six light guns forming their field train. The Turks, in addition to superiority of numbers, would have had the advantage of operating in their own country, on a secure base, and with ample resources in the rear. The Russians, on the contrary, were an isolated band, with no supplies but what were to be obtained from day to day by their foraging parties. Their communications with Kars or Bayazid could have been easily intercepted; and if forced to retreat, they would have had to cut their way through a country infested by Kurds and bands of armed robbers, who, as we know, do not show much forbearance to either friend or foe. But they knew well with whom they had to deal. Their safety lay, not in their own strength, but in the immovable apathy of the Turks. No one understood better than Selim Pasha the true state of affairs; but when urged to act in conformity with common sense or military principles, he invariably excused himself by underrating his own force and exaggerating fourfold that of the Russians.

The population of Delibaba is exclusively Armenian, and numbers thirty-five families. The war had left them scarce a moiety of the sheep and cattle they had previously possessed; and they were still kept in constant terror by the Kurds of the adjacent mountains. As to resistance or self-defence, the idea seemed to have no place in their minds. The bare suggestion of it was received with evident surprise and uneasiness, as if we ought to have known that the possession of arms is forbidden to the Armenians by their Turkish masters. There is more in this than strikes the ear. The Armenian may defend himself or property if he can or dare; but the pride of Mussulman bigotry refuses to the subject Christian the privilege of wearing arms, because, as formerly in the West, they are still in the East regarded as the badge of freedom and independence.

The visit of three English 'beys' was a stirring event to this sequestered little community. The best house in the place was selected for our accommodation; and the mudir (petty governor), our host, and all others who could find a pretext for doing us service, were emulous in their zeal. Here, as in other Armenian villages, it was painful to observe the abject servility—nay, the air of complaisance with which all classes submitted to the domineering conduct of our military attendant, who, in dealing with this conquered race, would give weight to his words and orders by a liberal use of the stick. And yet there was nothing harsh or overbearing in the man's general character. He was acting in accordance with the usage of the country, a usage sanctioned by time and authority—namely, that the Turk is to treat the Armenian as an inferior animal, and that the Armenian is to submit, as a matter of course, to be so treated. Such is the compact that regulates the social relations of the two races, being mutually understood and faithfully adhered to in its terms. That such a state of things is wrong every one knows; that it can last much longer no one believes; but so engrained has it become on the habits of the people, so identified with their feelings and modes of thinking, that the introduction of a better system will be found a slow, a difficult, and even a thankless process. For it is a lamentable truth, that human nature may become so degraded as even to love its degradation and cherish the yoke to which it has grown familiar.

With the common run of Armenians, civil speeches, fair words, or remonstrances, are thrown away. They are novelties to which he listens with incredulity or suspicion. Long experience has taught him to believe that harshness and severity are the natural adjuncts of authority, and that an order may be evaded or disregarded, unless it is accompanied with violence in some shape or other. A kick and a blow are consequently mere conventional modes of giving due emphasis to words, and they are received as such without murmuring or resentment.

Soon after we had taken up quarters in our khan, we received a visit of ceremony from the priest of the place, accompanied by his curate. They were stupid, illiterate men; and but for their long black cassocks and square-crowned black caps, could not be distinguished from the peasants of the field. Under their guidance we visited their place of worship, an ancient building much impaired by time, but still deserving of notice. Close by, a mausoleum of the same date shelters the ashes of some venerated saint whose name and history have escaped our memory.

Starting at an early hour next morning, we were soon in a deep gorge, through which the road, skirting a noisy brook, leads to the passes of the Bingol Mountains. This gorge is about a mile in length, nowhere more than fifty yards wide, and narrows in some parts to twenty. It is nearly straight from end to end; and on both sides solid walls of dark-coloured conglomerate rise perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet, so nearly coinciding in aspect and the inequalities of surface as to impress the belief that they were riven asunder in some convulsive strife of nature. Straggling brushwood and a few stunted pines crown the heights and grow from the fissures of the rock. All else is utter barrenness; and scenery more savage and solitary, poet or painter could not well conceive.

Emerging from this gorge the mountains began to rise before us in outlines of gradually-increasing variety and boldness. Some heavy showers had cooled the air, and imparted additional freshness to the verdure that covered the heights to the very summit. The road was, for Armenia, good; the land everywhere excellent; the valleys through which our course often led were fertile, well watered, and well sheltered; and as the solar heat during the summer months is tempered in these parts by the mountain breezes, the climate is healthful and genial. But yet for leagues there was not a living thing to take advantage of these gifts of nature. There were no cottages or enclosures in those pleasant glens; no sheep or cattle on those ample pastures; no mill-dams or water-furrows to be supplied by those sparkling streams. All around was silent as the grave. Even the wild sheep, which we were told abound here, kept well out of sight; and a solitary fox was the only living thing we saw in our morning ride of some twelve miles.

We halted for a couple of hours at a wretched hamlet called Esheklu (the donkey rider), where we obtained an indifferent breakfast, and treated our horses to the luxury of a feed and a roll on the green grass. A little farther on we came up with two English friends whom the love of travel had led to these unfrequented parts. They had started from Erzeroum a few days before us; and as they were accompanied by interpreter, servants, and bat-horses, we found, on uniting forces, that we mustered a strong cavalcade.

Towards sunset we arrived at Tahir, three hours distant from Esheklu. It is a village of some twenty Kurdish families, embosomed in a picturesque valley, and possessing the advantages of good water in abundance, good land for pasture and tillage, and brush-wood on the neighbouring heights for fuel. Tahir is an Arabic word signifying 'clean;' and making a charitable allowance for Eastern ideas and habits, the term is not inapplicable to the place. The houses, which are good of their kind, were well swept and garnished; and the women were constantly bustling about, attending to the domestic matters, to the cattle, and to the fields. In fact, all the work of the community seemed to devolve on them.

Personal attractions are rare amongst the Kurdish women, but we were fain to admire their air of freedom and independence, at variance though it be with the notions of female propriety that obtain in the East. They mingle freely with the men, and even towards strangers affect none of that coyness which would hide the features from vulgar gaze. And yet report speaks well of their virtue and fidelity,—qualities which are rarely to be found beneath the convenient disguise of the yash-mak (veil).

At Tahir we heard strong complaints against the Russians. It should be stated that after 'the fall of Kars' the detachment that had been at Delibaba retired by this line on Bayazid, helping themselves all along their route with a strong hand to everything that the country could supply. This was but fair, seeing they were passing through an enemy's country, and were dealing with the property of enemies. But, as we shall see by and bye, they did not always observe the bounds of military license; and though there was forbearance in their conduct towards Armenians, they were often unscrupulous in inflicting gratuitous mischief on Turks and Kurds.

Prudence enjoins an early start when travelling during the summer months in Armenia. The mornings are always fresh for three or four hours after sunrise; and though the midday heat is not oppressive when the head is well protected, yet the custom of the country is to devote to rest that portion of the day when the sun's heat is at its greatest; one's servants expect it, and even the horses become sluggish or irritable if forced to work on. To this custom we adhered as far as possible. And accordingly, getting under weigh from Tahir long before the sun's rays had dispelled the heavy dews of the valley, we addressed ourselves to the steep heights which now intervened between us and the plain of Alishkurd.

The scenery of this morning's ride was as beautiful of its kind as any country or region could present. The mountains rose on either side in round swelling masses, over which a spring tide verdure prevailed, interrupted here and there by the dark forms of rocky ridges that scarped a slope or crested a height. The country was still unchanged in its fertility; and while the uplands were dotted with stunted pines, eglantines in full blow, wild cherry and apple trees in blossom, and flowering shrubs of different kinds, grew in profusion on the lower levels, scenting the air with their mingled fragrance. But no human being had made his habitation here; and the calls of the cuckoo and landrail were the only sounds we heard for leagues.

There was something in this vast and beautiful solitude, lit up by a bright sun and seen through a clear atmosphere, that led to a train of quiet thought, and produced a tranquillizing effect on the feelings. We all experienced this; and under its influence conversation gradually subsided into silence. The road had narrowed to a bridle path; and we were obliged to ride in single file as we slowly ascended a steep eminence over which a difficult pass opened the way to the plain of Alishkurd. We had arrived within pistol-shot of the entrance of this pass, when suddenly a single horseman made his appearance on the summit. A wild-looking, picturesque fellow was he with his heavy turban of purple and red, crimson jacket and shawl girdle, charged to the full with pistols and daggers. A rifle was slung from his shoulder; a heavy, curved sword hung from his waist, and he carried in his right hand the Kurdish lance, with long bamboo handle, and tuft of hair fluttering from the lance-head. The horse he rode corresponded well with the rider, being gaily tricked out with red tassels and tawdry ornaments. He was of the true Kurdish breed; too small perhaps, according to English notions, but strong, compact, and clean-limbed, fitted equally for service in the mountain and the plain.

Horse and rider would have been a worthy subject for Horace Vernet's pencil; and they stood on the very spot where the painter would have placed them to give effect to the surrounding scenery.

It was evident at once that we had before us one of those formidable robbers of whom the Armenians entertain such constant dread. He had heard, no doubt, of our approach; and having possessed himself of the pass, he now came to reconnoitre our force, and see what his chance might be in breaking a lance with us. After a hasty glance he retired from view, but reappeared in a few moments with five or six followers, all armed and mounted like himself. Meanwhile we kept on our way without any check, well knowing that if mischief were intended we possessed an infinite advantage in the revolvers with which we were each one provided. They too must have had some suspicion of the kind; or perhaps it was that they did not like to meddle with such important game as English 'beys.' At all events they came on in peaceful guise; and as they rode past we exchanged with them a fusillade of friendly salutations.

Speaking of revolvers, we may here observe that the fame of these formidable weapons, highly coloured by Oriental exaggeration and love of the marvellous, had everywhere preceded us in our travels. At the khans where we halted, our practice was to show them to the village dignitaries and others who were admitted to our presence. This was done from no feeling of personal vanity; but to create a wholesome respect for our means of defence, and at the same time to give the natives an idea of British manufacturing skill. With the Armenians, who, as has been noticed, are denied the possession of arms, this stroke of policy would have been thrown away. But it told with admirable effect on Turks and Kurds, whose personal equipment would be incomplete without the pistol and sword. Examining our revolvers with the eye and touch of connoisseurs, they seemed fully to appreciate their advantages. The beauty of the workmanship and the simplicity of the contrivances would elicit murmurs of admiration; and with diminished pride they would compare our small but effective Colts and Deanes with the old heirlooms they had worn and cherished from boyhood — large clumsy affairs, with flint locks, polished barrels, and inlaid stocks.

The descent of the mountains was easy work. There was the same solitude, the same untouched fertility, the same character of scenery as on the other side. But there may be too much even of the picturesque; and we were not sorry to tread once more on level ground, and feel ourselves in the neighbourhood of human habitations.

It was still early in the day when we reached Mollah-Suleiman, a large village of Roman Catholic Armenians, six hours distant from Tahir and about two miles from the base of the mountains. We were now in the vast plain of Alishkurd, which, varying in width from three to twenty miles, extended before us to Diadin, a distance of nearly sixty miles. This plain is watered by the Murad-Su, or eastern branch of the Euphrates, which rising in Allah-dagh (the mountain of God), twenty-five miles west-south-west of Bayazid, pursues a course of two hundred and fifty miles to its junction with the northern branch. The ridge of mountains we had just cleared commences in the angle formed by these two branches; and, nearly coinciding in direction with the Murad-Su, terminates abruptly in Mount Ararat, being about three hundred miles in length, and distinguished in different places by different names, according to local circumstances or peculiarities. That part due south of Erzeroum is called Binghol-dagh (the mountain of the thousand lakes), because the Arras or Araxes is there traced to its source in innumerable springs. Indeed, throughout Turkey the names of places are generally derived either from some remarkable local feature, or from some event deemed worthy of commemoration. When from the former, the connexion is always obvious. But derivatives of the latter sort are more difficult of explanation, owing to the absence of records and the faithlessness of tradition. For instance, Alishkurd is compounded of 'Alish,' 'purchase,' and 'Kurd,'* the native of the country. But to what cir-

* Kurd in Turkish signifies 'wolf.'

cumstances this refers, it would not be easy now to make out. 'Deli-baba,' again, signifies 'mad father;' and 'Mollah-Suleiman,' where we have now arrived, is literally rendered by 'Solomon the judge,' or 'Solomon the learned.'

The inhabitants of Mollah-Suleiman, as has been already observed, are Roman Catholic Armenians. This sect recognises the Pope as their supreme visible head, and consequently is not in communion with the national Armenian Church, which is under its own Metropolitan, whose head-quarters have always been at Uchmiadzin. This town, lying a few miles west of Erivan, is now under the Ægis of Russia, the province in which it is situated having been ceded to her by the treaty of Turchomanchaï, in 1828. Apart from the intrinsic worth of this acquisition, Russia values it for the power with which it invests her over the Armenians, whose spiritual allegiance, converging from all points on Uchmiadzin, is thus brought within her grasp. The nature and extent of this power will be best understood from a consideration of the influence exercised by the religious principle on every feeling of human nature; how it moulds the views, directs or warps the judgment, and biases the affections; how effectually it supersedes the claims of secular loyalty or of social duty, and may be made the means of commanding implicit submission and obedience. If it can do all this in the midst of civilized education, what limits can be set to it amongst a people ignorant, superstitious, hating, and hated of, their rulers?

Three hours north-west of Mollah-Suleiman, a solitary cone, ten thousand feet in height, lifts its head high above the adjoining mountains. Eternal snow fills the ravines that radiate from its top, and no vegetation grows on its brown surface. Its aspect is peculiarly desolate, and from this cause it has acquired in the neighbourhood the name of Chiplak-dagh (the naked mountain). On the maps it is distinguished as Kyusse-dagh (the beardless mountain), a name derived from the poetic language of the Persians. This mountain can be plainly discerned on a clear day from the top of Palandoken, near Erzeroum, distant, as the arrow flies, about sixty miles. It intercepts the line of sight when the eye is straining thence eastward in search of Ararat, to which it bears a pigmy resemblance, and being little known to travellers, an error has thus arisen that the sacred mountain itself can be seen from Palandoken.

The prices of cattle and provisions we found to be much the same on the plains of Passim and Alishkurd —sheep and oxen being respectively fifty and a hundred and twenty* piastres a head. Corn was excessively scarce, owing to the exactions and compulsory sales made during the war, which left to the farmers scarcely enough for seed. Indeed to such an extent had this been carried in some districts, that in the spring of 1856 the Ottoman Government was obliged to authorize gratuitous supplies of seed corn to the farmers.

The plain of Alishkurd is two thousand feet below the level of Lower Passim, and three thousand feet lower than the plain of Erzeroum; and, conforming with the course of the Murad-Su, it inclines slightly from east to west. As a consequence of this greater depression, the mountains here present to the eye an increased altitude; and though the wind sweeps down from them with more violence than on the higher levels, yet beyond its reach or in still weather the heat is much more oppressive. For this reason we were now more than ever desirous of performing our journeys in the cool hours of morning and evening; but the distances between the villages were so unequal that we could seldom make the halting-place at the required time. On such occasions our custom was to seek out some convenient spot on the banks of a stream, saddle off and knee-halter the horses, which would refresh themselves with a roll and a nip of grass while their masters were indulging in the luxury of a bathe. To us this was an infallible restorative. But our treatment of the horses was at variance with the custom of the country, which on the longest journeys does not allow them

* Seven piastres = one shilling.

to be unsaddled, or watered, or fed, except with chopped straw in small quantities. Whether or not this system is the best, it would be out of place here to argue. But having had a fair share of experience in Armenian horses, we cannot concede to them that high character for which at a distance they obtain credit, unless, indeed, we except those of the true Kurdish breed, which, however, are not easily met with. The Arab quickly degenerates in Armenia. His constitution cannot stand the length and rigour of the winters; and perhaps the same causes militate in a greater or less degree against the other breeds of the country; for the horse by nature loves a dry warm climate, and cannot flourish in any other unless by the aid of skill and care. What skill and care can do for him may best be seen in England. Proud, however, as we justly are of the noble breeds we possess in such perfection, it is incredible how soon they would deteriorate if deprived of the fostering attentions they now enjoy.

After a halt of a few hours at Mollah-Suleiman, we pushed on to Chilkana, a small Armenian village three hours distant. Here we spent the night; and remounting betimes in the morning, we proceeded at a lively pace three hours farther on to Karakilissa (the black church). Tempted by the name, we ordered a brief halt, thinking the place might contain some ancient monuments of Christianity, but we were disappointed; and though no doubt a church must once have stood here, no vestige of it now remains, and even local tradition speaks hesitatingly of its existence.

Half an hour beyond Karakilissa the traveller has a choice of two roads; one through the low flat grounds through which the Murad-Su, now some four miles distant, winds its course. Here there are villages at frequent intervals, which are convenient for refreshment or repose. Still we preferred the other route, which, leading over a tableland a couple of hundred feet above the level of the plain, enjoys the benefit of every breeze that blows.

The plateau we were now traversing extended about three hours to our left as far as the base of the mountains, and nearly twice that distance straight a-head. In some places there were slight undulations of surface which contributed to the formation of streamlets, every drop of which was carefully husbanded for the purpose of irrigation. Here and there were broad patches of cultivation; and several large villages, dispersed over the plateau, gave evidence of its general fertility.

A ride of thirty miles under a hot sun without any refreshment, and broken only by a halt of a few minutes, was full enough for both horse and rider; and right glad were we to hail the village of Kilassur, where it had been settled that our day's work was to end. Descending from the plateau, we here first struck upon the Murad-Su, already grown to a considerable stream, some fifty yards wide, rapid in its course, and at the village ford reaching to the saddle-girths in midsummer. It is evident that just here it has shifted its channel at some comparatively recent date; for about a mile to the north are the ruins of a handsome Genoese bridge in the midst of reeds and coarse rank grass. The intervening land is subject to frequent inundations, and produces willows in abundance.

Kilassur is off the direct road; and in order to reach it we had to traverse about half a mile of swampy land and then ford the river. It numbers about fifty houses, and is occupied by a colony of Persians from Erivan, whence they migrated when that place fell under the dominion of Russia. For an industrious people, either pastoral or agricultural, a more favourable spot could not be found, as the valley of the Murad is everywhere fertile; and the plateau which we traversed in our morning ride would afford pasture for countless flocks and herds. Its advantages were evidently appreciated by the Genoese when the commerce of Armenia was in their hands. This may be gathered from the ruined bridge already noticed, and from other ruins in the neighbourhood, which, however, have been so utterly dismantled for the sake of the stones, that their original character or purpose can no longer be distinguished.

Our arrival happened at a moment of great excitement among the villagers; we found them all out

of doors, assembled in groups eagerly talking and gesticulating; while here and there a horseman, heavily armed and covered with dust and sweat, was surrounded by hearers, who listened with breathless interest to his words. In reply to our inquiries it came out that our friends the Kurds had been at their old work that morning, having in the early dawn attempted a razzia of cattle. But this time they had not Armenians to deal with. On the alarm being given the *braves* of the village were quickly in the saddle, and pressing on *ventre à terre*, they soon came up with the raidsmen, who, encumbered with a heavy refractory spoil, had been unable in time to reach their mountain fastnesses.

Now the Kurd, though by profession a robber, is withal a wise and calculating man. A bullet through the head or a sword-thrust between the ribs, would be too much to risk for a drove of cattle or a flock of sheep. He therefore on this occasion declined the chances of a contest; and the whole party, betaking themselves to flight, resigned their prey to its lawful owners. The Persians returned in great triumph; and were recounting their exploits, no doubt with all the embellishments of a Haji Baba, when we unexpectedly broke in upon them.

What with the Kurds and the English beys this was an exciting day for Kilassur. But we were nevertheless well attended to: one of the best houses in the place was given up to us; and two tents which formed part of the equipment of our travelling friends, having been pitched on a green slope hard by the streamlet that supplies the village with water, we were well off for accommodation.

There was an alertness and cordial goodwill in the civilities of these Persians that prepossessed us in their favour. Everything was supplied to us in profusion, milk in all its forms, with eggs, cheese, and rice for ourselves, and bundles of fresh clover for our horses. Two fat sheep were selected from the flock, one of which we presented to the villagers, reserving the other for our own use.

And now the work of cookery was commenced with vigour; and as day declined the whole village was redolent with the goodly odour of kibaubs, pilaus, and savoury messes of various sorts. Perhaps it was owing to the good humour inspired by the anticipations of a coming feast, but certainly there was observable in this little community a degree of vivacity and *insouciance* never seen amongst Turks or Armenians. Something like life showed itself in the movements and deportment of the men, while throughout the day little boys and children were skylarking merrily about. Even the dogs seemed to partake of this more lively spirit, although they evinced it in a manner by no means agreeable to us. Go where we would, they beset us in whole packs, barking with the full power of their throats. Nay, one big fellow, emboldened by our forbearance, had the audacity to seize one of our party by the calf of the leg. For this, however, he paid dearly. The crowd of idlers that attended us in all our movements was instantly after him with sticks, stones, and every missile they could seize; and the astonished cur, pelted, persecuted, and driven from every place of shelter, found himself an object of vengeful pursuit to his old familiar friends for having been too zealous in his devotion to their interests. Happily, the only injury he inflicted was a sharp pinch.

For the first time on this excursion, our rest was disturbed by mosquitoes. They multiply in the congenial marshes on the banks of the river.

Leaving Kilassur, the plain of Alishkurd contracts to a fertile valley, enclosed between parallel ranges of heights that spring from the mountains on the north and south. This valley being watered by the Murad-Su, is green throughout the summer with rank vegetation. Willows and poplars grow in the bottoms, and rills of delicious water descend from the neighbouring slopes. It is therefore a favourite halting-place for the caravans that journey to and from Persia. We found it thus occupied to an extent of several miles by one of the great annual caravans that convey westward the merchandize of Central Asia; and anything more animated

or truly Oriental than the scene that presented itself to our view as we topped the brow of an eminence that overlooked the valley for miles, cannot be well conceived. Scattered about were well-nigh three thousand horses. The katirjees (muleteers or carriers) and travellers, numbers of whom attach themselves for safety to every caravan, amounted to seven or eight hundred; and when we came upon them, all hands were busy preparing for a start. Numbers were engaged in loading the bales, some in packing the scanty travelling equipage, while others were leisurely enjoying the narghili, or sipping a finjan of hot coffee. But there was no noise, no confusion; every man did his part in quietness, and the only sound to be heard was the neighing of the horses that were still awaiting their turn to be loaded.

These horses, we may observe, are well looked after on the road, carefully fed, and regularly groomed. The day's journey rarely exceeds four or five hours (twelve or fifteen miles) and the halting-places are always selected with reference to the advantages of water and pasture. Gratuitous cruelty to animals forms no part of the Eastern character; but even if it did, caravan horses would be sure of good treatment from the value of their services. It would not pay to ill-use an animal that has to carry on its back three hundredweight of costly goods through a difficult country over a distance of eight hundred or a thousand miles.

Our first halt for this day was at Uchkilissa, distant from Kilassur about ten miles. Here the road, following the direction of the valley, bends southward; and the heights from the opposite sides, approach to within half a mile at their bases. Uchkilissa means 'The Three Churches,' and was once a place of ecclesiastical importance. Nor has it yet quite lost that character; for although two out of the three churches have long since disappeared, the one that still remains is a venerable edifice of great antiquity—perhaps the most perfect specimen in existence of the ancient ecclesiastical architecture of Armenia.

The plan of this building forms a rectangle, one hundred feet by sixty-five. The walls are fifty feet in height. The interior consists of a nave, two aisles, transept, and chancel. A double row of massive pillars divides the nave from the aisles, and from their capitals spring the groined arches which form the roof. The altar was furnished in the usual style of the Armenian Church, with huge brass candlesticks and tawdry decorations; and in the chancel were some life-size representations of Scriptural subjects, which were more to be respected for their antiquity than admired for their artistic merit.

But little is done to keep this venerable structure in repair, and apart from the forbearance of the Turks, it owes its present state of preservation to the strength and solidity of its masonry. As regards its date, we were assured by the senior resident priest that it was built by St. Gregory in the year 302; and in support of his statement, he read to us in Turkish extracts from some very old manuscript parchments in the Armenian language, which he said were the archives of the establishment.

The church stands in the centre of an area about a hundred yards square, which is well paved with large blocks of stone. This area is enclosed by a strong wall twenty feet in height, crenelated and flanked with square towers. The main entrance is at the south side; though much damaged by time and neglect, it is a favourable specimen, both as to design and execution, of the architectural abilities of its day.

The quarters for the clergy and other officers of the establishment are within the enclosure adjoining the wall; and as some of them have been diverted from their original purposes in order to become stables and cow-houses, the place has an aspect of filth and disorder much at variance with its sacred character. A few houses have sprung up outside the wall, but they are occupied by servants and underlings. The Murad-Su is about a quarter of a mile distant, and at the nearest point the main road traverses it by means of a handsome bridge of three pointed arches, still the work of the Genoese. A tributary streamlet that issues from the heights hard by skirts the

base of the terrace on which the church is built, affording an abundant supply of excellent water for domestic purposes, for artificial irrigation, and for turning a mill. A grove of poplars and willows occupies the sloping ground between the outer walls and this stream, forming a grateful retreat in the mid-day heats of summer, and in winter sheltering to some degree the sacred edifice from the storms that often prevail in these regions.

From the most cursory examination it is evident that, in choosing the site of this establishment, its founders carefully availed themselves of every local advantage. Close behind it a spur from the southern mountains rises abruptly to the height of about twelve hundred feet, presenting an effectual barrier to the west against elemental violence. The valley in front has all the appearance of great fertility; and as there is no village for leagues around, nor any residents on the spot but the priests and their dependents, all these broad acres are the sole property of the Church.

We observed some goodly herds on the pastures. Flocks of sheep and goats were nipping the sweet grass at the base and on the slopes of the heights. Several choice horses were in the stables, and mares with foals at their sides were grazing in the fields, or straying familiarly about the premises. A well stocked orchard gave promise of an ample yield; while in a kitchen garden of fair dimensions, cabbages, onions, pumpkins, cucumbers, and other vegetables of the country were growing in abundance. Farther off the meadows and corn fields, now ripe for the scythe and sickle, were waving heavily in the breeze. In fact, judging by appearances, there was at Uchkilissa a profusion of rough wealth and prosperity which strongly contrasted with the general condition of the country. It was therefore with surprise, not unmingled with suspicion, that we listened to the piteous accounts which our reverend friends gave of their poverty and distress. The Turks, said they, had reduced them to beggary and starvation in the early part of 1855, when Veli Pasha with his division occupied the place. The horses of the Moslem were then picketed within the sacred enclosure; all their hay and corn was consumed or wasted, while their sheep and oxen were slaughtered by scores for the troops. As to payment or indemnification, such things are beneath a pasha's notice; and prudence forbade even a hint on the subject, as it might have been replied to by a twitch of the beard, or perhaps a summary infliction of the kurbash (leather whip). There was therefore no alternative but to bear their losses with Christian meekness, and pray for the conversion of their hard-hearted rulers. Far different, they added, was the treatment they received from the Russians who took possession of the place when Veli Pasha fell back towards Erzeroum. Fair play and moderation characterized all their dealings; and as Russians and Armenians derive their religion from a common source, the respect attaching to the priestly character secured to our friends the courteous consideration of all ranks of the Russian force.

The conversation in which these accounts were embodied was carried on in a moderate-sized apartment, to which was given the ostentatious name of divan. The walls had once been white, but were now begrimed with dirt. The ceiling of panelled deal, though blackened by smoke, still retained the delicate carving of its mouldings and cornices. The floor was covered with Persian carpets; and several large down cushions lay along the walls, wooing the occupant to repose. We placed ourselves on one side of the room, while our hosts took up a position opposite to us. There were three of them; the Presbyter, a venerable man of about seventy, and two of his assistants, who were still in the prime of life. They wore the sombre undress of Armenian priests, which accorded well with their long bushy beards, thoughtful countenances, and grave deportment. Well informed in all that relates to the history of their race and church, it was evident that the bias of their feelings and politics was strongly in favour of Russia. This of course was but natural, considering what is the policy of Turkey towards her Christian subjects. And who can tell what words of hope and comfort may be whispered to them by

Russia—what exhortations, dictated from St. Petersburg, may reach them under the hallowed seal of Uchmiadzin? But even without these we may well understand the feelings of an intelligent Armenian when he contrasts the degradation to which he is doomed under Turkish rule, with the rank and honours and high position to which many of his countrymen attain in every department of the Russian service. Considerations of this nature are no doubt constantly at work within him. And he would be other than human, either in the purity of his loyalty or the intensity of his degradation, if he were impervious to the seductive influences that reach him from the north.

Uchkilissa is an important strategic point, commanding as it does the direct road between Persia and Armenia. Veli Pasha strengthened it with lines and batteries, which are judiciously planned and well executed. It would have been well for his country if he could have held them against the enemy, but this was too much for the force he commanded. Acting on superior orders he fell back on Kuprikyui; and some credit is due to him for the manner in which he conducted the retreat.

By this move the Russians became masters of the whole plains of Alishkurd and of the direct communication between Kars and Bayazid by way of Toprakala.

A few days subsequent to the visit now spoken of, on returning from Bayazid and Mount Ararat, we again paid our respects to the good fathers of Uchkilissa, when we were entertained in a manner creditable alike to their hospitality and their *cuisine*. Ample provision was made for every comfort, as well for ourselves as our servants and horses; and a Sybarite might envy us as we lay nestled at night amid piles of 'minders' (cushions), with a profusion of quilted 'yorgans' (coverlets).

At first dawn we were awoke by the call to matins. This call was made in a manner so truly primitive that we may well suppose it to have been in use long before the Muezzin's voice was heard from the minaret, or a bell had pealed from Christian steeple. Close to the church door an elm plank, seven feet long, fifteen inches wide, and three inches thick, was suspended, edge downward, at a height of about seven feet from the ground, by repeatedly striking which with a baton somewhat similar to a drumstick, a subdued rolling sound was produced, that in the stillness of the morning reverberated to a considerable distance.

Anxious to see how the service was performed, and perhaps with some leaven of a higher feeling inspired by the *name* of Christian church in a land of alien faith, some of our party rose to prayers. The old building was dimly lit by a few lamps. Candles were burning on the altar, where two priests were officiating in a low tone, scarcely audible to the handful of aged men that formed the congregation. Every whisper and sound was plaintively echoed through the empty aisles, and all the circumstances, both of time and place, combined to produce a solemn and imposing effect. The sacred occasion itself, the partial and struggling light, the silence of the hour, the small band of Christians, the local associations of antiquity and isolation,—all this told strongly on the senses and feelings; but there was nothing in it that appealed to the understanding or awoke the higher emotions of religion in the soul. We stayed until the conclusion of the service, and, whether edified or not, none of us were disposed on retiring to become converts to the Armenian ritual.

But to return to the occasion of our first visit to Uchkilissa. After a halt of a few hours we were again in the saddle, and ere sunset reached Diadin, distant three hours, or about fourteen miles. The intervening country is fertile and undulating, but utterly without inhabitants. Such desolation, where Nature has been profuse in her gifts, is perfectly frightful, and becomes a subject of curious and interesting reflection when it is remembered that, according to common belief, the Garden of Eden must have been somewhere in these parts, and that they were in former times amongst the most prosperous and densely populated of the earth.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

THE event which we confidently predicted in our last number has taken place. The Derby Government is resolved into its elements; and the party which was organized with more vigour than decency or discretion will probably be disintegrated even before the brief remnant of the session is brought to a close. The general election of 1852 gave Lord Derby, according to his own statement in the House of Lords when he resigned office at the end of the year, three hundred and ten supporters in the House of Commons. Before the Aberdeen Administration had been in office three months, this formidable following was dispersed, and a large proportion of them were among the steady supporters of his rivals in power. The late dissolution rallied three hundred and two on the muster roll of the old (or new) Conservative standard; and if Lord Palmerston's Cabinet can show a firm and united front for the next few weeks, there is little doubt that at least fifty of these will be found among the rank and file which ordinarily support her Majesty's Government.

But will the new Administration hold together? This is a question upon which the boldest political prescience would hardly venture to give a decided opinion. Certainly, since the time of Chatham, so strange an experiment in cabinet making has not been tried. Indeed, the new Administration suggests at once the celebrated passage in which Burke describes the administration formed by Lord Chatham in 1766:—'An Administration so checkered and speckled, a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans: Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies:—that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand upon.'* *Absit omen.* Circumstances are very different now from what they were nearly a century ago. The public had then a very vague and imperfect knowledge of what passed within the walls of Parliament, and public opinion had no means of acting regularly on that assembly. Party and faction had it all their own way. Half the House of Commons was held a hundred years ago by a few great proprietors, and many of the seats were openly marketed.

If the composition of the new Government is to be fairly canvassed, it should be premised that the difficulties which have been encountered in putting it together have been so numerous and so novel, that probably any other living statesman than Lord Palmerston would have thrown up the task in despair or disgust. We have not been sparing in our criticisms from time to time on the political career of that noble lord, but we never questioned his possession of some of the most rare and valuable qualities of a public man. His great and varied experience, his personal influence and following—unquestionably superior to those of any other leader of the Liberal party—his courage, tact, and temper, pre-eminently qualified him for the difficult and delicate task of combining discordant materials in one harmonious whole, of reconciling rival pretensions, of resisting clamorous and presumptuous claims, of providing for new allies without ungraciously dropping old friends. The latter duty, which those who know the Premier are well aware he would not consider the least important part of the arrangements, Lord Palmerston has acquitted with singular success. Eight members of his late Cabinet, and fourteen subordinate officials, have been omitted from the new Administration; yet it would be difficult to point out one of these gentlemen who has any just cause of complaint. We may go through the list. Lord Cranworth notoriously failed to fulfil the high expectations which had been somewhat gratuitously formed, when he was promoted to

* Speech on American Taxation.

the Great Seal. His restoration to the woolsack would therefore have been an improper appointment; but he was offered one of the chief seats in the Common Law Courts, where all his reputation had been acquired. Lord Clarendon was offered, but declined, a seat in the Cabinet; and considering that his lordship's acknowledged omission to answer a despatch which called for a prompt and decisive reply, was the immediate cause of the downfall of the Palmerston Administration, Lord Clarendon could hardly have felt aggrieved had he been omitted altogether. Lord Panmure it was well known had long sought an opportunity to be finally relieved from office. Of Lord Clanricarde, we can only say that his weight would have borne down any Cabinet into which he was admitted. Lord Stanley of Alderley perhaps may claim a grievance, since there can be no doubt that he was willing, and it might be hard to say that he was not of sufficient ability, to resume his seat in the Cabinet. Public opinion would readily have acquiesced in the exclusion of Mr. Vernon Smith, but the Prime Minister has generously mitigated the fall of the unfortunate Indian statesman by a peerage. We could have been content had a similar compliment been paid to Mr. Labouchere, one of the most honourable and upright gentlemen who ever engaged in the public service. Mr. Baines has, we fear, finally withdrawn from public life as well as from Parliament. These were the former colleagues of Lord Palmerston, and we may hazard an opinion, that on the whole their successors will bring greater popularity, as well as ensure more stability, to the Cabinet. Among those for whom no place has been found in the new arrangements are to be named Lords Shelburne, Monck, and Duncan; Sir B. Hall, Sir J. Ramsden, Sir W. Hayter, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Cowper, Mr. F. Peel, Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. D. Seymour, and Mr. Grey. Of this list, we have reason to believe that at least half retired with their own consent. Lord Monck and Mr. Osborne having unfortunately lost their seats in the House of Commons, were not eligible for office. Of the few that remain, we are credibly informed that none were desirous, by an unseasonable pressure of personal claims, to add to the difficulties by which the eminent person condemned to dispense this vast patronage was encompassed.

The first remark which seems to occur to everybody is the undue preponderance of the Peelite element in the new Administration. But it will be found on examination that there is really nothing in this charge. The Peelite party is a myth. There are some four or five statesmen and orators of conspicuous ability in both Houses who held office under Sir Robert Peel; but these gentlemen are far from being in unison on many important questions which divide public opinion. Take, for example, the two most eminent names in this small circle — Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone. On the prominent question of Parliamentary Reform, the one goes the whole length of the advanced Reformers (as the Radicals now style themselves), and contends for household suffrage, and almost for the ballot. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, takes the High Conservative view of this question. He would be very sparing in the extension of the franchise; and so far from assenting to that which is the great aim of Radical reformers — the re-distribution of seats—the Chancellor of the Exchequer comes forth as the champion of nomination boroughs. The Duke of Newcastle is probably quite as good a Liberal as the Duke of Argyll; and if there be any essential difference of opinion between Mr. Sidney Herbert and Lord John Russell, or between Mr. Cardwell and Lord Palmerston, we have failed to discover it. The 'independent' party may indeed complain that the nomination of Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Cobden to the Cabinet is but a halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack; but we doubt whether the country or the House of Commons would have desired a stronger infusion of the Manchester mixture. For the rest, the Cabinet comprises almost every name of note in the

great Liberal party. We admit, indeed, that it includes those who have passed a great part of their public lives in office; but we submit that experience is, after all, not an absolute disqualification for employment in the highest branches of the public service; and therefore we think that the re-instatement of Sir Charles Wood, Sir George Grey, and especially of Sir George Cornewall Lewis—'the three baronets,' as they have been contumeliously termed—in important departments of administration is not a sufficient reason for withdrawing confidence from the Government. We venture to suggest to the sagacious individuals who urge this notable objection, that the Government of this country is not a *corpus vile* for tyros in statesmanship to experiment upon, and that every 'independent' member of Parliament has not a vested right in the privileges and emoluments of high political office.

We have frequently reprobated, in common with other journals, the close Whig system of nominations to office; but there is a difference between a liberal and fair selection of members who show some aptitude for public employment, and an indiscriminate distribution of offices among that numerous and increasing class of honourable members who daily and nightly interrupt the progress of business by noisy advertisements of their own merits. Nothing would be more calculated to lower the character of the House of Commons and to deteriorate the public service than a practice of preferring to official station the tribe of flippant and fluent speakers with whom the House has been infested since the passing of the Reform Act. Parliamentary oratory, Heaven knows, requires no stimulus; but we think there is still room for the further development of good sense, sound information, and habits of business in a certain assembly which we will not more particularly name. A Minister who would give the preference to those less showy and less obtrusive qualities in his choice of recruits for the public service might not perhaps satisfy the vulgar clamour of the day, but he would do much to recommend his Government to the confidence of the country, and to raise the tone of political morality.

The present Administration is supposed to be founded on the principle of ignoring the exclusive claims of the great families. We think that this principle has been fairly inaugurated; it does not demand the proscription of every person connected with those families; such an extravagance would be unjust and absurd. Men of rank and fortune must needs take a prominent and a leading part in public affairs. Men deeply engaged in the pursuits of commerce are precluded from taking part in the Administration. It would be mockery to offer under-secretaryships and lordships of the Treasury to the Barings, the Glyns, the Heywoods, and the Rathbones. Few eminent bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, can be induced to undertake even the less onerous duties of Parliament until they have retired from active business and attained a time of life at which they are disqualified, even if they are willing, from entering upon a novel and arduous career. Of professional men there is, indeed, an abundance ready and willing to undertake political duties; but lawyers and soldiers do not generally command the confidence of the country; and political adventurers of every description are regarded with just suspicion. The affairs of the nation cannot be satisfactorily conducted by mere mercenary service; we must therefore look mainly to the class which has a stake in the country, as well as ample leisure. It is plain, therefore, that the landed aristocracy must continue, as they have heretofore been, the principal nursery of our statesmen. The aristocracy have their faults, but if they are not the *best*, as their designation implies, they are assuredly not the worst class in the community; and we hold it to be no part of a sound Liberal creed to decry an order of men who, upon the whole, are desirous of fulfilling the duties imposed upon them, and cannot fairly be said to have brought discredit upon the English name.

The apparent strength of the new Government consists in the combination of able men representing

the different sections of the Liberal party. But are these materials harmoniously blended, or are they merely thrown carelessly together to serve the purpose of the movement? We have no doubt that the leading statesmen who have been concerned in the construction of this Government are actuated by a sincere desire to reconcile differences, and to guide their policy with an honest reference to what Mr. Bright has called the average sense of the Liberal party. On the momentous question of Continental affairs, all are agreed that peace must, if possible, be maintained. But it must not be concealed that the adherence of England to the policy of neutrality is becoming every day more difficult. The uninterrupted triumphs of the French and Sardinian arms will probably soon carry them beyond the boundaries originally prescribed to the war. In that event, the German Powers must of necessity be involved in the conflict; and can Russia then remain inactive? If four of the five great Powers are in arms, how long will it be possible for the fifth to remain neutral? These too probable contingencies have, doubtless, been already foreseen and discussed by the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston. The avowed sympathies of its leading members with the cause of Italian independence, must impart a more vigorous and decided tone to the diplomacy of Downing-street, than has hitherto appeared in the 'notes' addressed to the different Courts of Europe by their immediate predecessors. The best mode of preventing the conflagration from spreading over the Continent, is for this country to take an early opportunity of interfering by a firm and decided exposition of its views on the Italian question. And we take it that these views should specifically contemplate the independence of Lombardy, and the modification of those treaties between Austria and the smaller Italian Powers by which the latter are placed under the military protection of the great German Power. It seems to us idle to imagine that we guard against war by observing an irresolute and reticent policy in the great question which now agitates Europe. It is quite certain that, if the fortune of war were to take a turn in favour of Austria, which is not unlikely if Prussia assumes an offensive position on the Rhine, the people of England would never consent to abandon Italy to its fate. On the other hand, it would not be tolerated that the French Empire should realize the dream of the old monarchy, by the annexation of the Milanese. And in our opinion, the sooner the two Emperors were authentically informed of the sense of this country on the subject, the better would it be, both for them and for ourselves.

The difficulties attending the settlement of the troublesome question of Parliamentary Reform have been removed by recent events. Whatever professions decency required them to make in public, the great question among practical reformers was the amount of the minimum of concession which would satisfy their pledges and appease clamour out of doors. The Derby Administration and the dissolution have in this respect done good service. The depth and direction of public opinion have been ascertained, and the result is to be a very moderate measure. No schedule A; emasculation of some of the smaller boroughs; the representation of a few of the larger constituencies proportionably increased; the £10 qualification, consisting partly in land, partly in buildings, for the county voter; a £6 occupation, to be reduced in committee or in the Lords to a £6 rating for boroughs; together with a sprinkling of the fancy franchises. These, it is pretty plain, are to be the leading features of the new Bill, which will be carried with a certain amount of hypocritical protest from the 'earnest' reformers, who dread the extreme measures which they find it convenient to advocate; and with sincere objurgation on the part of Mr. Bright and his friends, whose policy it does not suit to have this question settled.

The duration and ultimate fate of the new Government are questions upon which it is not so easy to hazard an opinion. But Parliamentary Reform being disposed of, we

foresee no question which is likely to resolve the various materials of which it is composed into their elements, and to shorten the natural life of a Cabinet, which in these latter days we like to be about three years. Should its existence be brought to a premature close by internal rupture or by outward accident, the Tories will probably return to power. But we are inclined to think that the new Government will last its time, and that its euthanasia will be a new fusion, not of converted Tories, Whigs, Radicals, and Manchester statesmen, but of the moderate men of the two great parties which have up to the present time for the most part divided political power between them.

Meantime the Administration has been favourably received by the country. It is not probable that any of the new Ministers will fail to be re-elected, unless indeed there is to be, as we are told, but can hardly believe, one distinguished exception. Mr. Gladstone's claims on the University of Oxford are, it seems, being disputed by the Marquis of Chandos. The comity of modern political warfare has almost renounced the practice of contesting a seat on a vacancy occasioned by appointment to office. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the most distinguished son of our Alma Mater, is to be disinherited in favour of a younger brother of respectable character and fair attainments, no doubt, but who stands on no terms of comparison with the individual whom he is put forward to oppose. We will not stop to comment on the discretion and good taste of the parties who have set this movement on foot; neither are we concerned to defend the public career of Mr. Gladstone. But whatever errors this eminent person may have committed, they are errors to be attributed to the peculiar conformation of his intellect. His silent vote against Lord Hartington's motion of want of confidence in Lord Derby's Government one day, and his acceptance of office from Lord Derby's rival and opponent a few days after—an apparent contradiction to ordinary minds—was a proceeding which Mr. Gladstone no doubt reconciled by some metaphysical refinement unintelligible to a merely practical understanding; but nobody ventures to suggest that such an inconsistency, if it be an inconsistency, was dictated by any unworthy motive. The removal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer from the House of Commons, or even the delay of his return for a single week beyond the time fixed for the meeting of Parliament, would, at this advanced season of the year, and in the disordered state of the finances, be productive of extreme inconvenience and detriment to the public service. We trust, for the sake of the distinguished constituency, whose character is at stake, as well as for the public service, that this pitiful effort of bigotry and party spite may not be successful.