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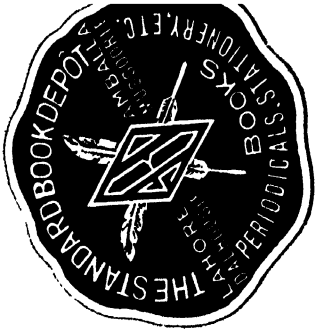
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MONA LISA (OR "LA JOCONDE").

By Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519). The Louvre, Paris.

The most famous painting in the world, this portrait has for centuries been considered the supreme embodiment of the eternal enigma of womanhood. Her mysterious smile is as famous and baffling as the Sphinx, and her right hand is the most perfect hand ever painted.

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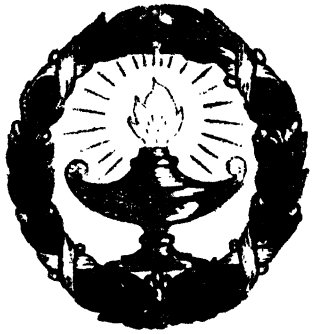

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THE RENAISSANCE

LEONARDO DA VINCI

WALTER PATER

[*By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*]

By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Limited.

WALTER PATER.

Walter Pater (1839–94) *has a singularly polished style; he wrote a beautiful prose, delicate, full of music, unique in English literature. One of his best books is "Marius the Epicurean"; he wrote remarkable articles on Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Botticelli, which, with other essays, are included in his volume "The Renaissance." He wrote also appreciations of Lamb, Wordsworth, Rossetti and Blake.*

"It is in Italy," Pater says, "in the fifteenth century, that the interest of the Renaissance mainly lies—in that solemn fifteenth century which can hardly be studied too much, not merely for its positive results in the things of the intellect and the imagination, its concrete works of art, its special and prominent personalities, but for its general spirit and character, for the ethical qualities of which it is a consummate type."

Leonardo da Vinci was born in 1452. *"Occasionally," says the Italian historian Vasari, "Heaven bestows upon a single individual beauty, grace, and ability, so that, whatever he does, every action is so divine that he distances all other men, and clearly displays how his genius is the gift of God and not an acquirement of human art. Men saw this in Leonardo da Vinci, whose personal beauty and grace cannot be exaggerated, whose abilities were so extraordinary that he could readily solve every difficulty that presented itself."*

IN Vasari's life of Leonardo da Vinci as we now read it there are some variations from the first edition. There, the painter who has fixed the outward type of Christ for succeeding centuries was a bold speculator, holding lightly by other men's beliefs, setting philosophy above Christianity. Words of his, trenchant enough to justify this impression, are not recorded, and would have been out of keeping with a genius of which one characteristic is the tendency to lose itself in a refined and graceful mystery. The suspicion was but the time-honoured mode in which the world stamps its appreciation of one who has thoughts for himself alone, his high indifference, his intolerance of the common forms of things; and in the second edition the image was changed into something fainter and more conventional. But it is still by a certain mystery in his work, and something enigmatical beyond the usual measure of great men, that he fascinates, or perhaps half repels. His life is one of sudden revolts, with intervals in which he works not at all, or apart from the

main scope of his work. By a strange fortune the pictures on which his more popular fame rested disappeared early from the world, like the *Battle of the Standard*; or are mixed obscurely with the product of meaner hands, like the *Last Supper*. His type of beauty is so exotic that it fascinates a larger number than it delights, and seems more than that of any other artist to reflect ideas and views and some scheme of the world within; so that he seemed to his contemporaries to be the possessor of some unsanctified and secret wisdom; as to Michelet and others to have anticipated modern ideas. He trifles with his genius, and crowds all his chief work into a few tormented years of later life; yet he is so possessed by his genius that he passes unmoved through the most tragic events, overwhelming his country and friends, like one who comes across them by chance on some secret errand.

Leonardo's Life

His life has three divisions—thirty years at Florence, nearly twenty years at Milan, then nineteen years of wandering, till he sinks to rest under the protection of Francis the First at the *Château de Clou*. The dishonour of illegitimacy hangs over his birth. Piero Antonio, his father, was of a noble Florentine house, of Vinci in the *Val d'Arno*, and Leonardo, brought up delicately among the true children of that house, was the love-child of his youth, with the keen, puissant nature such children often have. We see him in his boyhood fascinating all men by his beauty, improvising music and songs, buying the caged birds and setting them free, as he walked the streets of Florence, fond of odd bright dresses and spirited horses.

From his earliest years he designed many objects, and constructed models in relief, of which Vasari mentions some of women smiling. His father, pondering over this promise in the child, took him to the workshop of Andrea del Verrocchio, then the most famous artist in Florence. Beautiful objects lay about there—reliquaries, pyxes, silver images for the pope's chapel at Rome, strange fancy-work of the middle age, keeping odd company with fragments of antiquity, then but lately discovered. Another student Leonardo may have seen there—a lad into whose soul the level light and aërial illusions of Italian sunsets had passed, in after days famous as Perugino. Verrocchio was an artist of the earlier Florentine type, carver, painter, and worker in metals, in one; designer, not of pictures only, but of all things for sacred or household use, drinking-vessels, ambries, instruments of music, making them all fair to look upon, filling the common ways of life with the reflexion of some far-off brightness; and years of patience had refined his hand till his work was now sought after from distant places.

The Pupil Excels the Master

It happened that Verrocchio was employed by the brethren of Vallombrosa to paint the Baptism of Christ and Leonardo was allowed to finish an angel in the left-hand corner. It was one of those moments in which the progress of a great thing—here, that of the art of Italy—presses hard on the happiness of an individual, through whose discouragement and decrease, humanity, in more fortunate persons, comes a step nearer to its final success.

For beneath the cheerful exterior of the mere well-paid craftsman, chasing brooches for the copes of *Santa Maria Novella*, or twisting metal screens for the tombs of the Medici, lay the ambitious desire to expand the destiny of Italian art by a larger knowledge and insight into things, a purpose in art not unlike Leonardo's still unconscious purpose; and often, in the modelling of drapery, or of a lifted arm, or of hair cast back from the face, there came to him something of the freer manner and richer humanity of a later age. But in this *Baptism* the pupil had surpassed the master; and Verrocchio turned away as one stunned, and as if his sweet earlier work must thereafter be distasteful to him, from the bright animated angel of Leonardo's hand.

The angel may still be seen in Florence, a space of sunlight in the cold, laboured

Photo: Alinari.

THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

From the painting by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Louvre, Paris.
(There is also a later version of this painting in the National Gallery.)

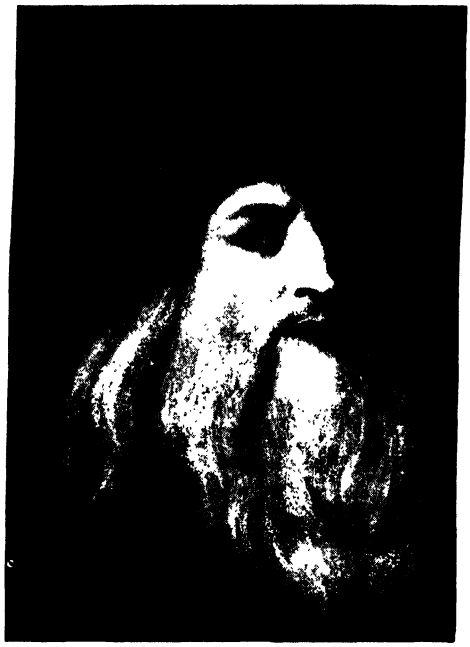


Photo: Anderson.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

From the painting in the Uffizii Gallery, Florence.

old picture ; but the legend is true only in sentiment, for painting had always been the art by which Verrocchio set least store. . . .

Two ideas were especially confirmed in him, as reflexes of things that had touched his brain in childhood beyond the depth of other impressions—the smiling of women and the motion of great waters.

And in such studies some interfusion of the extremes of beauty and terror shaped itself, as an image that might be seen and touched, in the mind of this gracious youth, so fixed that for the rest of his life it never left him. As if catching glimpses of it in the strange eyes or hair of chance people, he would follow such about the streets of Florence till the sun went down, of whom many sketches of his remain. Some of these are full of a curious beauty, that remote beauty which may be apprehended only by those who have sought it carefully ; who, starting with acknowledged types of beauty, have refined as far upon these, as these refine upon the world of common forms. But mingled inextricably with this there is an element of mockery also ; so that, whether in sorrow or scorn, he caricatures Dante even. Legions of grotesques sweep under his hand ; for has not nature too her grotesques -the rent rock, the distorting lights of evening on lonely roads, the unveiled structure of man in the embryo, or the skeleton ?

The Medusa

All these swarming fancies unite in the *Medusa* of the *Uffizii*. Vasari's story of an earlier Medusa, painted on a wooden shield, is perhaps an invention ; and yet, properly told, has more of the air of truth about it than anything else in the whole legend. For its real subject is not the serious work of a man, but the experiment of a child. The lizards and glowworms and other strange small creatures which haunt an Italian vineyard bring before one the whole picture of a child's life in a Tuscan dwelling -half castle, half farm—and are as true to nature as the pretended astonishment of the father for whom the boy has prepared a surprise. It was not in play that he painted that other Medusa, the one great picture which he left behind him in Florence. The subject has been treated in various ways ; Leonardo alone cuts to its centre ; he alone realises it as the head of a corpse, exercising its powers through all the circumstances of death. What may be called the fascination of corruption penetrates in every touch its exquisitely finished beauty. About the dainty lines of the cheek the bat flits unheeded. The delicate snakes seem literally strangling each other in terrified struggle to escape from the Medusa brain. The hue which violent death always brings with it is in the features ; features singularly massive and grand, as we catch them inverted, in a dexterous foreshortening, crown foremost, like a great calm stone against which the wave of serpents breaks.

Leonardo's Genius

The science of that age was all divination, clairvoyance, unsubjected to our exact modern formulas, seeking in an instant of vision to concentrate a thousand

Photo: Anderson.

BEATRICE D'ESTE.

From the painting by Leonardo da Vinci, at Milan.

experiences. Later writers, thinking only of the well-ordered treatise on painting which a Frenchman, Raffaelle du Fresne, a hundred years afterwards, compiled from Leonardo's bewildered manuscripts, written strangely, as his manner was, from right to left, have imagined a rigid order in his inquiries. But this rigid order would have been little in accordance with the restlessness of his character; and if we think of him as the mere reasoner who subjects design to anatomy and composition to mathematical rules, we shall hardly have that impression which those around Leonardo received from him. Poring over his crucibles, making experiments with colour, trying, by a strange variation of the alchemist's dream, to discover the secret, not of an elixir to make man's natural life immortal, but of giving immortality to the subtlest and most delicate effects of painting, he seemed to them rather the sorcerer or the magician, possessed of curious secrets and a hidden knowledge, living in a world of which he alone possessed the key. . . .

Curiosity and the desire of beauty—these are the two elementary forces in Leonardo's genius; curiosity often in conflict with the desire of beauty, but generating, in union with it, a type of subtle and curious grace.

The movement of the fifteenth century was twofold; partly the Renaissance, partly also the coming of what is called the "modern spirit," with its realism, its appeal to experience. It comprehended a return to antiquity, and a return to nature. Raphael represents the return to antiquity, and Leonardo the return to nature. In this return to nature, he was seeking to satisfy a boundless curiosity by her perpetual surprises, a microscopic sense of finish by her *finesse*, or delicacy of operation, that *subtilitas naturae* which Bacon notices. So we find him often in intimate

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

HEAD OF CHRIST.

From the painting by Leonardo da Vinci, in Antwerp

relations with men of science—with Fra Luca Paccioli the mathematician, and the anatomist Marc Antonio della Torre. His observations and experiments fill thirteen volumes of manuscript; and those who can judge describe him as anticipating long before, by rapid intuition, the later ideas of science. He explained the obscure light of the unilluminated part of the moon, knew that the sea had once covered the mountains which contain shells, and of the gathering of the equatorial waters above the polar. . . .

This curious beauty is seen above all in his drawings, and in these chiefly in the abstract grace of the bounding lines. Let us take some of these drawings, and pause over them a while; and, first, one of those at Florence—the heads of a woman and a little child, set side by side, but each in its own separate frame. First of all, there is much pathos in the reappearance, in the fuller curves of the face of the child, of the sharper, more chastened lines of the worn and older face, which leaves no doubt that the heads are those of a little child and its mother. A feeling for maternity is indeed always characteristic of Leonardo; and this feeling is further indicated here by the half-humorous pathos of the diminutive, rounded shoulders of the child. You may note a like pathetic power in drawings of a young man, seated in a stooping posture, his face in his hands, as in sorrow; of a slave sitting in an uneasy inclined attitude, in some brief interval of rest; of a small Madonna and Child, peeping sideways in half-reassured terror, as a mighty griffin with batlike wings, one of Leonardo's finest *inventions*, descends suddenly from the air to snatch up a great wild beast wandering near them. But note in these, as that which especially belongs to art, the contour of the young man's hair, the poise of the slave's arm above his head, and the curves of the head of the child, following the little skull within, thin and fine as some sea-shell worn by the wind. . . .

The Mona Lisa His Masterpiece

La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. Its suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands

Photo: Alinari.

THE VIRGIN, THE INFANT JESUS AND SAINTE ANNE

From the painting by Leonardo da Vinci in The Louvre, Paris

Photo: Anderson.

CARICATURES.

Leonardo da Vinci.

of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that circle of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder, by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays all over Leonardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had the dream and the person grown up thus apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leonardo's brain, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labour never really completed, or in four months and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it

for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants: and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

THE BLUE LAGOON

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

[*By permission of the Author.*]

This superb romance of the South Seas, which is renowned for the beauty of its love-story, as well as for the vivid splendour of its tropic scenes, begins by describing how a fire broke out on board the sailing-ship "Northumberland," how the crew and passengers took to the boats, which became lost to each other in a sea-fog, and how the smallest of the three, containing an old sailor, Paddy Button, and two children eight years old, was found next morning, when the mist cleared off, to be alone upon the ocean. The father of the boy Dick, who was also the girl's uncle, had been taken in another boat, which they never saw again.

It was not long before the castaways caught sight of land. It was the coral island of the Blue Lagoon.

"CHILDER!" shouted Paddy. He was at the cross-trees in the full dawn, whilst the children, standing beneath on deck, were craning their faces up to him. "There's an island forenint us."

"Hurrah!" cried Dick. He was not quite sure what an island might be like in the concrete, but it was something fresh, and Paddy's voice was jubilant.

"Land ho! it is," said he, coming down to the deck. "Come for'ard to the bows, and I'll show it you."

He stood on the timber in the bows and lifted Emmeline up in his arms; and even at that humble elevation from the water she could see something of an undecided colour—green for choice—on the horizon.

It was not directly ahead, but on the starboard bow—or, as she would have expressed it, to the right. When Dick had looked and expressed his disappointment at there being so little to see, Paddy began to make preparations for leaving the ship.

It was only just now, with land in sight, that he recognised in some fashion the horror of the position from which they were about to escape.

He fed the children hurriedly with some biscuits and tinned meat, and then, with a biscuit in his hand, eating as he

Photo: Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

went, he trotted about the decks, collecting things and stowing them in the dinghy. The bolt of striped flannel, all the old clothes, a housewife full of needles and thread, such as seamen sometimes carry, the half-sack of potatoes, a saw which he found in the caboose, the precious coil of tobacco, and a lot of other odds and ends he transhipped, sinking the little dinghy several strakes in the process. Also, of course, he took the beaker of water, and the remains of the biscuit and tinned stuff they had brought on board. These being stowed, and the dinghy ready, he went forward with the children to the bow, to see how the island was bearing.

It had loomed up nearer during the hour or so in which he had been collecting and storing the things—nearer, and more to the right, which meant that the brig was being borne by a fairly swift current, and that she would pass it, leaving it two or three miles to starboard. It was well they had command of the dinghy.

"The sea's all round it," said Emmeline, who was seated on Paddy's shoulder, holding on tight to him, and gazing upon the island, the green of whose trees was now visible, an oasis of verdure in the sparkling and seraphic blue.

"Are we going there, Paddy?" asked Dick, holding on to a stay, and straining his eyes towards the land.

"Ay, are we," said Mr. Button. "Hot foot—five knots, if we're makin' wan; and it's ashore we'll be by noon, and maybe sooner."

The breeze had freshened up, and was blowing dead from the island, as though the island were making a weak attempt to blow them away from it.

Oh, what a fresh and perfumed breeze it was! all sorts of tropical growing things had joined their scent in one bouquet.

"Smell it," said Emmeline, expanding her small nostrils. "That's what I smelt last night, only it's stronger now."

The last reckoning taken on board the *Northumberland* had proved the ship to be south by east of the Marquesas; this was evidently one of those small, lost islands that lie here and there south by east of the Marquesas. Islands the most lonely and beautiful in the world.

As they gazed it grew before them, and shifted still more to the right. It was hilly and green now, though the trees could not be clearly made out; here, the green was lighter in colour, and there darker. A rim of pure white marble seemed to surround its base. It was foam breaking on the barrier reef.

In another hour the feathery foliage of the cocoa-nut palms could be made out and the sailor judged it time to take to the boat.

He lifted Emmeline, who was clasping her luggage, over the rail on to the channel, and deposited her in the sternsheets; then Dick.

In a moment the boat was adrift, the mast stepped, and the *Shenandoah* left to pursue her mysterious voyage at the will of the currents of the sea.

"You're not going to the island, Paddy?" cried Dick, as the old man put the boat on the port tack.

"You be aisy," replied the other, "and don't be larnin' your gran'mother. How the divil d'ye think I'd fetch the land sailin' dead in the wind's eye?"

"Has the wind eyes?"

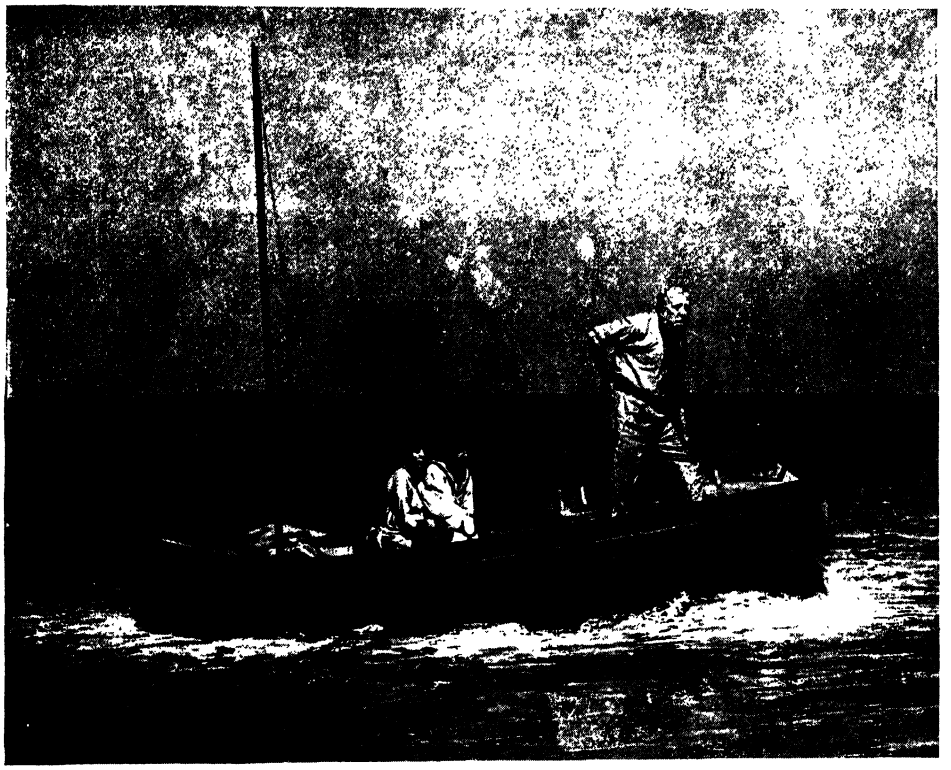


Photo: Stage Photo Co.

PADDY BUTTON AND THE TWO SHIPWRECKED CHILDREN.

Mr. Button did not answer the question. He was troubled in his mind. What if the island were inhabited. He had spent several years in the South Seas. He knew the people of the Marquesas and Samoa, and liked them. But here he was out of his bearings.

However, all the troubling in the world was of no use. It was a case of the island or the deep sea, and, putting the boat on the starboard tack, he lit his pipe and leaned back with the tiller in the crook of his arm. His keen eyes had made out from the deck of the brig an opening in the reef, and he was making to run the dinghy abreast of the opening, and then take to the sculls and row her through.

Now, as they drew nearer a sound came on the breeze, a sound faint and sonorous and dreamy. It was the sound of the breakers on the reef. The sea just here was heaving to a deeper swell, as if vexed in its sleep at the resistance to it of the land.

Emmeline, sitting with her bundle in her lap, stared without speaking at the sight before her. Even in the bright, glorious sunshine, and despite the greenery that showed beyond, it was a desolate sight seen from her place in the dinghy. A white, forlorn beach, over which the breakers raced and tumbled, sea-gulls wheeling and screaming, and over all the thunder of the surf.

Suddenly the break became visible, and a glimpse of smooth, blue water beyond. Mr. Button unshipped the tiller, unstepped the mast, and took to the sculls.

As they drew nearer the sea became more active, savage, and alive; the thunder of the surf became louder, the breakers more fierce and threatening, the opening broader.

One could see the water swirling round the coral piers, for the tide was flooding into the lagoon; it had seized the little dinghy and was bearing it along far swifter than the sculls could have

driven it. Sea-gulls screamed around them, the boat rocked and swayed. Dick shouted with excitement, and Emmeline shut her eyes *tight*.

Then, as though a door had been swiftly and silently closed, the sound of the surf became suddenly less. The boat floated on an even keel; she opened her eyes and found herself in Wonderland.

On either side lay a great sweep of waving blue water. Calm almost as a lake, sapphire here, and here with the tints of the aquamarine. Water so clear that fathoms away below you could see the branching coral, the schools of passing fish, and the shadows of the fish upon the spaces of sand.

Before them the clear water washed the sands of a white beach, the cocoa-palms waved and whispered in the breeze, and as the oarsman lay on his oars to look a flock of blue-birds rose, as if suddenly freed from the tree-tops, wheeled, and passed soundless, like a wreath of smoke, over the tree-tops of the higher land beyond.

"Look!" shouted Dick, who had his nose over the gunwale of the boat. "Look at the *fish!*"

"Mr. Button," cried Emmeline, "where are we?"

"Bedad, I dunno; but we might be in a worse place, I'm thinkin'," replied the old man, sweeping his eyes over the blue and tranquil lagoon, from the barrier reef to the happy shore.

On either side of the broad beach before them the cocoa-nut trees came down like two regiments, and bending gazed at their own reflections in the lagoon. Beyond lay waving chapparel, where cocoa-palms and breadfruit trees intermixed with the mammee apple and the tendrils of the wild vine. On one of the piers of coral at the break of the reef stood a single cocoa-palm; bending with a slight curve, it, too, seemed seeking its reflection in the waving water.

But the soul of it all, the indescribable thing about this picture of mirrored palm trees, blue lagoon, coral reef and sky, was the light.

Away at sea the light was blinding, dazzling, cruel. Away at sea it had nothing to focus itself upon, nothing to exhibit but infinite spaces of blue water and desolation.

Here it made the air a crystal, through which the gazer saw the loveliness of the land and reef, the green of palm, the white of coral, the wheeling gulls, the blue lagoon, all sharply outlined—burning, coloured, arrogant, yet tender—heart-breakingly beautiful, for the spirit of eternal morning was here, eternal happiness, eternal youth.

As the oarsman pulled the tiny craft towards the beach, neither he nor the children saw away behind the boat, on the water near the bending palm tree at the break of the reef, something that for a moment insulted the day, and was gone. Something like a small triangle of dark canvas, that rippled through the water and sank from sight; something that appeared and vanished like an evil thought.

It did not take long to beach the boat. Mr. Button tumbled over the side up to his knees in water, whilst Dick crawled over the bow.

"Catch hould of her the same as I do," cried Paddy, laying hold of the starboard gunwale; whilst Dick, imitative as a monkey, seized the gunwale to port. "Now then—

> 'Yeo, ho Chilliman,
> Up wid her, up wid her,
> Heave O, Chilliman.'

Lave her be now; she's high enough."

He took Emmeline in his arms and carried her up on the sand. It was from just here on the sand that you could see the true beauty of the lagoon. That lake of sea water for ever protected from storm and trouble by the barrier reef of coral. . . .

The lagoon, just here, was perhaps no more than a third of a mile broad. I have never measured it, but I know that, standing by the palm tree on the reef, flinging up one's arm and shouting to a person on the beach, the sound took a perceptible time to cross the water: I should say, perhaps, an almost perceptible time. The distant signal and the distant call were almost coincident, yet not quite.

Dick, mad with delight at the place in

Photo: Stage Photo Co.

THE MIRROR PROVIDED BY NATURE FOR EMMELINE'S TOILET.

which he found himself, was running about like a dog just out of the water. Mr. Button was discharging the cargo of the dinghy on the dry, white sand. Emmeline seated herself with her precious bundle on the sand, and was watching the operations of her friend, looking at the things around her and feeling very strange.

For all she knew all this was the ordinary accompaniment of a sea voyage. Paddy's manner throughout had been set to the one idea, not to frighten the "childer"; the weather had backed him up. But down in the heart of her lay the knowledge that all was not as it should be. The hurried departure from the ship, the fog in which her uncle had vanished, those things, and others as well, she felt instinctively were not right. But she said nothing.

She had not long for meditation, however, for Dick was running towards her with a live crab which he had picked up, calling out that he was going to make it bite her.

"Take it away!" cried Emmeline, holding both hands with fingers wide-spread in front of her face. "Mr. Button! Mr. Button! Mr. Button!"

"Lave her be, you little divil!" roared Pat, who was depositing the last of the cargo on the sand. "Lave her be, or it's a cow-hidin' I'll be givin' you!"

"What's a 'divil,' Paddy?" asked Dick, panting from his exertions. "Paddy, what's a 'divil'?"

"You're wan. Ax no questions now, for it's tired I am, an' I want to rest me bones." . . .

For two years and five months the old man and the children lived a life as primitive as Crusoe's, but far happier. Then there came a day when there fell upon the boy and girl a calamity beyond all understanding.

"I wonder where Paddy is?" cried Dick next morning. He was coming out of the chapparel pulling a dead branch after him.

"He's left his coat on the sand, and the tinder box in it, so I'll make the fire. There's no use waiting. I want my breakfast. Bother——"

He trod the dead stick with his naked feet, breaking it into pieces.

Emmeline sat on the sand and watched him.

Emmeline had two gods of a sort: Paddy Button and Dick. Paddy was almost an esoteric god wrapped in the fumes of tobacco and mystery. The god of rolling ships and creaking masts—the masts and vast sail spaces of the *Northumberland* were an enduring vision in her mind—the deity who had lifted her from a little boat into this marvellous place, where the birds were coloured and the fish were painted, where life was never dull, and the skies scarcely ever grey.

Dick, the other deity, was a much more understandable personage, but no less admirable, as a companion and protector. In the two years and five months of island life he had grown nearly three inches. He was as strong as a boy of twelve, and could scull the boat almost as well as Paddy himself, and light a fire. Indeed, during the last few months Mr. Button, engaged in resting his bones, and contemplating rum as an abstract idea, had left the cooking and fishing and general gathering of food as much as possible to Dick.

"It amuses the craythur to pritind he's doing things," he would say, as he watched Dick delving in the earth to make a little oven—island-fashion—for the cooking of fish or what not. . . .

"Paddy!" again cried the boy, when he had eaten as much as he wanted. "Hullo! where are you?"

They listened, but no answer came. A bright-hued bird flew across the sand space, a lizard scuttled across the glistening sand, the reef spoke, and the wind in the tree-tops; but Mr. Button made no reply.

"Wait," said Dick.

He ran through the grove towards the aoa where the dinghy was moored; then he returned.

"The dinghy is all right," he said. "Where on earth can he be?"

"I don't know," said Emmeline, upon whose heart a feeling of loneliness had fallen.

"Let's go up the hill," said Dick; "perhaps we'll find him there."

They went uphill through the wood, past the water-course. Every now and then Dick would call out, and echoes would answer—there were quaint, moist-voiced echoes amidst the trees—or a bevy of birds would take flight. The little waterfall gurgled and whispered, and the great banana leaves spread their shade.

"Come on," said Dick, when he had called again without receiving a reply.

They found the hill-top, and the great boulder stood casting its shadow in the sun. The morning breeze was blowing, the sea sparkling, the reef flashing, the foliage of the island waving in the wind like the flames of a green-flamed torch. A deep swell was spreading itself across the bosom of the Pacific. Some hurricane away beyond the Navigators or Gilberts had sent this message, and was finding its echo here, a thousand miles away, in the deeper thunder of the reef.

Nowhere else in the world could you get such a picture, such a combination of splendour and summer, such a vision of freshness and strength, and the delight of morning. It was the smallness of the island, perhaps, that closed the charm and made it perfect. Just a bunch of foliage and flowers set in the midst of the blowing wind and sparkling blue.

Suddenly Dick, standing beside Emmeline on the rock, pointed with his finger to the reef near the opening.

"There he is!" cried he.

You could just make the figure out lying on the reef near the little cask, and comfortably sheltered from the sun by an upstanding lump of coral.

"He's asleep," said Dick.

He had not thought to look towards the reef from the beach, or he might have seen the figure before.

"Dicky!" said Emmeline.

"Well!"

"How did he get over, if you said the dinghy was tied to the tree?"

"I don't know," said Dick, who had not thought of this; "there he is, anyhow. I'll tell you what, Em, we'll row across and wake him. I'll boo into his ear and make him jump."

They got down from the rock, and came back down through the wood. As they came Emmeline picked flowers and began making them up into one of

her wreaths. Some scarlet hibiscus, some bluebells, a couple of pale poppies with furry stalks and bitter perfume.

"What are you making that for?" asked Dick, who always viewed Emmeline's wreath-making with a mixture of compassion and vague disgust.

"I'm going to put it on Mr. Button's head," said Emmeline; "so when you say boo into his ear he'll jump up with it on."

Dick chuckled with pleasure at the idea of the practical joke, and almost admitted in his own mind for a moment, that, after all there might be a use for such futilities as wreaths.

The dinghy was moored under the spreading shade of the aoa, the painter tied to one of the branches that projected over the water. These dwarf aoas branch in an extraordinary way close to the ground, throwing out limbs like rails. The tree had made a good protection for the little boat, protecting it from marauding hands and from the sun; besides the protection of the tree Paddy had now and then scuttled the boat in shallow water. It was a new boat to start with, and with precautions like these might be expected to last many years.

"Get in," said Dick, pulling on the painter so that the bow of the dinghy came close to the beach.

Emmeline got carefully in, and went aft. Then Dick got in, pushed off, and took to the sculls. Next moment they were out on the sparkling water.

Dick rowed cautiously, fearing to wake the sleeper. He fastened the painter to the coral spike that seemed set there by nature for the purpose. He scrambled on to the reef, and lying down on his stomach drew the boat's gunwale close up so that Emmeline might land. He had no boots on; the soles of his feet, from constant exposure, had become insensitive as leather.

Emmeline also was without boots. The soles of her feet, as is always the case with highly nervous people, were sensitive, and she walked delicately, avoiding the worst places, holding her wreath in her right hand.

It was full tide, and the thunder of the waves outside shook the reef. It was like being in a church when the deep bass of the organ is turned full on, shaking the ground and the air, the walls and the roof. Dashes of spray came over with the wind, and the melancholy "Hi, hi!" of the wheeling gulls came like the voices of ghostly sailor-men hauling at the rigging.

Paddy was lying on his right side steeped in profound oblivion. His face was buried in the crook of his right arm, and his brown tattooed left hand lay on his left thigh, palm upwards. He had no hat, and the breeze stirred his grizzled hair.

Dick and Emmeline stole up to him till they got right beside him. Then Emmeline, flashing out a laugh, flung the little wreath of flowers on the old man's head, and Dick, popping down on his knees, shouted into his ear. But the dreamer did not stir or move a finger.

* * *

The story now becomes the history of two characters—the smallest number, except Crusoe, who ever filled the pages of romance. Five rainy seasons passed. The children were now seventeen, strong, lovely, primitive as creatures of the wild. Here is one of their adventures, an example out of many.

Five rainy seasons had passed and gone since the tragic occurrence on the reef. Five long years the breakers had thundered, and the sea-gulls had cried round the figure whose spell had drawn a mysterious barrier across the lagoon.

The children had never returned to the old place. They had kept entirely to the back of the island and the woods—the lagoon, down to a certain point, and the reef; a wide enough and beautiful enough world, but a hopeless world, as far as help from civilisation was concerned. For, of the few ships that touched at the island in the course of years, how many would explore the lagoon or woods? Perhaps not one.

Occasionally Dick would make an excursion in the dinghy to the old place, but Emmeline refused to accompany him. He went chiefly to obtain bananas;

for on the whole island there was but one clump of banana trees—that near the water source in the wood, where the old green skulls had been discovered, and the little barrel.

She had never quite recovered from the occurrence on the reef. Something had been shown to her, the purport of which she vaguely understood, and it had filled her with horror and a terror of the place where it had occurred. Dick was quite different. He had been frightened enough at first; but the feeling wore away in time.

Dick had built three houses in succession during the five years. He had laid out a patch of taro and another of sweet potatoes. He knew every pool on the reef for two miles either way, and the forms of their inhabitants; and though he did not know the names of the creatures to be found there, he made a profound study of their habits.

He had seen some astonishing things during these five years—from a fight between a whale and two thrashers conducted outside the reef, lasting an hour, and dyeing the breaking waves with blood, to the poisoning of the fish in the lagoon by fresh water, due to an extraordinarily heavy rainy season.

He knew the woods of the back of the island by heart, and the forms of life that inhabited them—butterflies, and moths, and birds, lizards, and insects of strange shape; extraordinary orchids—some filthy-looking, the very image of corruption, some beautiful, and all strange. He found melons and guavas, and breadfruit, the red apple of Tahiti, and the great Brazilian plum, taro in plenty, and a dozen other good things—but there were no bananas. This made him unhappy at times, for he was human. . . .

Auburn-haired and tall, looking more like seventeen than sixteen, with a restless and daring expression, half a child, half a man, half a civilised being, half a savage, he had both progressed and retrograded during the five years of savage life. He sat down beside Emmeline, flung the canes beside him, tried the edge of the old butcher's knife with which he had cut them, then, taking one of the canes across his knee, he began whittling at it. . . .

As for Emmeline, even as a child she had never been talkative. There was something mysterious in her personality, something secretive. Her mind seemed half submerged in twilight. Though she spoke little, and though the subject of their conversations was almost entirely material and relative to their everyday needs her mind would wander into abstract fields and the land of chimeræ and dreams. What she found there no one knew—least of all, perhaps, herself.

As for Dick, he would sometimes talk and mutter to himself, as if in a reverie; but if you caught the words, you would find that they referred to no abstraction, but to some trifle he had on hand. He seemed entirely bound up in the moment, and to have forgotten the past as completely as though it had never been.

Yet he had his contemplative moods. He would lie with his face over a rock-pool by the hour, watching the strange forms of life to be seen there, or sit in the woods motionless as a stone, watching the birds and the swift-slipping lizards. The birds came so close that he could easily have knocked them over, but he never hurt one or interfered in any way with the wild life of the woods.

The island, the lagoon, and the reef were for him the three volumes of a great picture book, as they were for Emmeline, though in a different manner. The colour and the beauty of it all fed some mysterious want in her soul. Her life was a long reverie, a beautiful vision—troubled with shadows. . . .

Emmeline, seated on the coral rock, had almost forgotten Dick for a moment. The sun was setting, and the warm amber light of the sunset shone on reef and rock-pool. Just at sunset and low tide the reef had a peculiar fascination for her. It had the low-tide smell of seaweed exposed to the air, and the torment and trouble of the breakers seemed eased. Before her, and on either side, the foam-dashed coral glowed in amber and gold, and the great Pacific came glassing and glittering in, voiceless and peaceful, till it reached the strand and burst into song and spray.

Here, just as on the hill-top at the other side of the island, you could mark the rhythm of the rollers. "Forever, and forever—forever, and forever," they seemed to say.

The cry of the gulls came mixed with the spray on the breeze. They haunted the reef like uneasy spirits, always complaining, never at rest; but at sunset their cry seemed farther away and less melancholy, perhaps because just then the whole island world seemed bathed in the spirit of peace.

She turned from the sea prospect and looked backwards over the lagoon to the island. She could make out the broad green glade beside which their little house lay, and a spot of yellow, which was the thatch of the house, just by the artu tree, and nearly hidden by the shadow of the breadfruit. Over the woods the fronds of the great cocoa-nut palms showed above every other tree silhouetted against the dim, dark blue of the eastern sky.

Photo: Stage Photo Co.

EMMELINE PRAYS TO THE STONE GOD.

Seen by the enchanted light of sunset, the whole picture had an unreal look, more lovely than a dream. At dawn—and Dick would often start for the reef before dawn, if the tide served—the picture was as beautiful; more so, perhaps, for over the island, all in shadow, and against the stars, you would see the palm-tops catching fire, and then the light of day coming through the green trees and blue sky, like a spirit, across the blue lagoon, widening and strengthening as it widened, across the white foam, out over the sea, spreading like a fan, till, all at once, night was day, and the gulls were crying and the breakers flashing, the dawn wind blowing, and the palm trees bending, as palm trees only know how. Emmeline always imagined herself alone on the island with Dick, but beauty was there, too, and beauty is a great companion.

The girl was contemplating the scene before her. Nature in her friendliest mood seemed to say, "Behold me! Men call me cruel; men have called me deceitful, even treacherous. *I*—ah well! my answer is 'Behold me!'"

The girl was contemplating the specious beauty of it all, when on the breeze from seaward came a shout. She turned quickly. There was Dick up to his knees in a rock-pool a hundred yards or so away, motionless, his arms upraised, and crying out for help. She sprang to her feet. . . .

"My spear!" shouted Dick, as she approached.

He seemed at first tangled in brambles; then she thought ropes were tangling

round him and tying him to something in the water—whatever it was, it was most awful, and hideous, and like a nightmare. She ran with the speed of Atalanta to the rock where the spear was resting, all red with the blood of new-slain fish, a foot from the point.

As she approached Dick, spear in hand, she saw, gasping with terror, that the ropes were alive, and that they were flickering and rippling over his back. One of them bound his left arm to his side, but his right arm was free.

"Quick!" he shouted.

In a second the spear was in his free hand, and Emmeline had cast herself down on her knees, and was staring with terrified eyes into the water of the pool from whence the ropes issued. She was, despite her terror, quite prepared to fling herself in and do battle with the thing, whatever it might be.

What she saw was only for a second. In the deep water of the pool, gazing up and forward and straight at Dick, she saw a face lugubrious and awful. The eyes were wide as saucers, stony and steadfast; a large, heavy, parrot-like beak hung before the eyes, and worked and wobbled and seemed to beckon. But what froze one's heart was the expression of the eyes, so stony and lugubrious, so passionless, so devoid of speculation, yet so fixed of purpose and full of fate.

From away far down he had risen with the rising tide. He had been feeding on crabs, when the tide, betraying him, had gone out, leaving him trapped in the rock-pool. He had slept, perhaps, and awakened to find a being, naked and defenceless, invading his pool. He was quite small, as octopods go, and young, yet he was large and powerful enough to have drowned an ox.

The octopod has only been described once, in stone, by a Japanese artist. The statue is still extant, and it is the most terrible masterpiece of sculpture ever executed by human hands. It represents a man who has been bathing on a low-tide beach, and has been caught. The man is shouting in a delirium of terror, and threatening with his free arm the spectre that has him in its grip. The eyes of the octopod are fixed upon the man—passionless and lugubrious eyes, but steadfast and fixed.

Another whip-lash shot out of the water in a shower of spray, and seized Dick by the left thigh. At the same instant he drove the point of the spear through the right eye of the monster, deep down through eye and soft gelatinous carcass till the spear point dirled and splintered against the rock. At the same moment the water of the pool became black as ink, the bands around him relaxed, and he was free.

Emmeline rose up and seized him, sobbing and clinging to him and kissing him. He clasped her with his left arm round her body, as if to protect her, but it was a mechanical action. He was not thinking of her. Wild with rage, and uttering hoarse cries, he plunged the broken spear again and again into the depths of the pool, seeking utterly to destroy the enemy that had so lately had him in its grip. Then slowly he came to himself, and wiped his forehead, and looked at the broken spear in his hand.

"Beast!" he said. "Did you see its did you see its eyes I wish it had a hundred eyes, and I had a hundred spears to drive into them!"

She was clinging to him, and sobbing and laughing hysterically, and praising him. One might have thought that he had rescued her from death, not she him. . . .

Then Dick lay down in the dried ferns and covered himself with a piece of the striped flannel which they used for blanketing, and he snored, and chattered in his sleep like a dog hunting imaginary game, and Emmeline lay beside him wakeful and thinking. A new terror had come into her life. She had seen death for the second time, but this time active and in being.

And now comes their love-story—the idyll of a dream.

Two birds were sitting in the branches of the artu tree: Koko had taken a mate. They had built a nest out of fibres pulled from the wrappings of the cocoa-nut fronds, bits of stick and wire grass—anything, in fact; even fibres from the pal-

metto thatch of the house below. The pilferings of birds, the building of nests, what charming incidents they are in the great episode of spring !

The hawthorn tree never bloomed here, the climate was that of eternal summer yet the spirit of May came just as she comes to the English countryside or the German forest. The doings in the artu branches greatly interested Emmeline.

The love-making and the nest-building made up. Sometimes after one of these squabbles a pale blue downy feather or two would come floating earthwards, touch the palmetto leaves of the house-roof and cling there, or be blown on to the grass. . . .

The heat of midday had passed, when, with the basket hanging over his shoulder on a piece of cane, Dick started for the woods, Emmeline following. The place they were going to always filled her

Photo: Stage Photo Co.

THE PRAYER IS ANSWERED: EMMELINE, DICK AND THE BABY.

were conducted quite in the usual manner, according to rules laid down by Nature and carried out by men and birds. All sorts of quaint sounds came filtering down through the leaves from the branch where the sapphire-coloured lovers sat side by side, or the fork where the nest was beginning to form: croonings and cluckings, sounds like the flirting of a fan, the sounds of a squabble, followed by the sounds that told of the squabble with a vague dread ; not for a great deal would she have gone there alone. Dick had discovered it in one of his rambles.

They entered the wood and passed a little well, a well without apparent source or outlet and a bottom of fine white sand. How the sand had formed there, it would be impossible to say ; but there it was, and around the margin grew ferns, redoubling themselves on the surface of the crystal-clear water.

They left this to the right and struck into the heart of the wood. The heat of midday still lurked here; the way was clear, for there was a sort of path between the trees, as if, in very ancient days, there had been a road. . . .

As they proceeded the trees grew denser and the path more obscure. All at once, rounding a sharp turn, the path ended in a valley carpeted with fern. This was the place that always filled Emmeline with an undefined dread. One side of it was all built up in terraces with huge blocks of stone. Blocks of stone so enormous, that the wonder was how the ancient builders had put them in their places.

Trees grew along the terraces, thrusting their roots between the interstices of the blocks. At their base, slightly tilted forward as if with the sinkage of years, stood a great stone figure roughly carved, thirty feet high at least—mysterious-looking, the very spirit of the place. This figure and the terraces, the valley itself, and the very trees that grew there, inspired Emmeline with deep curiosity and vague fear.

People had been here once; sometimes she could fancy she saw dark shadows moving amidst the trees, and the whispers of the foliage seemed to her to hide voices at times, even as its shadow concealed forms. It was indeed an uncanny place to be alone in even under the broad light of day. All across the Pacific for thousands of miles you find relics of the past, like these, scattered through the islands.

These temple places are nearly all the same; great terraces of stone, massive idols, desolation overgrown with foliage. They hint at one religion, and a time when the sea space of the Pacific was a continent, which, sinking slowly through the ages, has left only its higher lands and hill-tops visible in the form of islands. Round these places the woods are thicker than elsewhere, hinting at the presence there, once, of sacred groves. The idols are immense, their faces are vague; the storms and the suns and the rains of the ages have cast over them a veil. The sphinx is understandable and a toy compared to these things, some of which have a stature of fifty feet, whose creation is veiled in absolute mystery—the gods of a people for ever and for ever lost.

The "stone man" was the name Emmeline had given the idol of the valley; and sometimes at nights, when her thoughts would stray that way, she would picture him standing all alone in the moonlight or starlight staring straight before him.

He seemed for ever listening; unconsciously one fell to listening too, and then the valley seemed steeped in a supernatural silence. He was not good to be alone with.

Emmeline sat down amidst the fears just at his base. When one was close up to him he lost the suggestion of life, and was simply a great stone which cast a shadow in the sun.

Dick threw himself down also to rest. Then he rose up and went off amidst the guava bushes, plucking the fruit and filling his basket. Since he had seen the schooner, the white men on her decks, her great masts and sails, and general appearance of freedom and speed and unknown adventure, he had been more than ordinarily glum and restless. Perhaps he connected her in his mind with the far-away vision of the *Northumberland*, and the idea of other places and lands, and the yearning for change the idea of them inspired.

He came back with his basket full of the ripe fruit, gave some to the girl and sat down beside her. When she had finished eating them she took the cane that he used for carrying the basket and held it in her hands. She was bending it in the form of a bow when it slipped, flew out, and struck her companion a sharp blow on the side of his face.

Almost on the instant he turned and slapped her on the shoulder. She stared at him for a moment in troubled amazement, a sob came in her throat. Then some veil seemed lifted, some wizard's wand stretched out, some mysterious vial broken. As she looked at him like that, he suddenly and fiercely clasped her in his arms. He held her like this for a moment, dazed, stupefied, not knowing what to do with her. Then her lips

told him, for they met his in an endless kiss.

* * *

Life in this earthly Eden, to which the advent of a baby gave still more of Paradise, was rudely shaken—first by a cyclone which made ruin of the island, and then by a disaster even worse. When drifting in their boat, while Dick was bathing, he was threatened by a shark, and though he just scrambled into safety, the scull was lost, and the boat was carried out into the open sea. Their fate seemed certain. What miracle could save them?

A very strange one. To understand it we must return to the adventures of Lestrange, Dick's father, who had been picked up by a whaler and arrived at San Francisco. There he was known as Mad Lestrange. Nothing could persuade him that the two children were not still alive. Year after year he searched for them, and at last his hope received strange confirmation. A ship's captain, dying, told him how his crew, some years before, while landing on a desert coast for water, had come upon a child's box of tea-things, which he still possessed. It was Emmeline's box, which she had taken with her from the burning ship. Lestrange chartered a vessel, set sail to the island which the captain indicated, and in due time reached the coast. And then comes the end. One morning Stannistreet, the captain, climbed a few feet up the mizzen ratlins and shaded his eyes.

"What is it?" asked Lestrange.

"A boat," he replied. "Hand me that glass you will find in the sling there."

He levelled the glass, and looked for a long time without speaking.

"It's a boat adrift—a small boat, nothing in her. Stay! I see something white; can't make it out. Hi, there!" —to the fellow at the wheel—"Keep her a point more to starboard." He got on to the deck. "We're going dead on for her."

"Is there anyone in her?" asked Lestrange.

"Can't quite make out, but I'll lower the whale-boat and fetch her alongside."

He gave orders for the whale-boat to be slung out and manned.

As they approached nearer, it was evident that the drifting boat, which looked like a ship's dinghy, contained something, but what, could not be made out.

When he had approached near enough, Stannistreet put the helm down and brought the schooner to, with her sails all shivering. He took his place in the bow of the whaleboat and Lestrange in the stern. The boat was lowered, the falls cast off, and the oars bent to the water.

The little dinghy made a mournful picture as she floated, looking scarcely bigger than a walnut shell. In thirty strokes the whale-boat's nose was touching her quarter. Stannistreet grasped her gunwale.

In the bottom of the dinghy lay a girl, naked all but for a strip of coloured striped material. One of her arms was clasped round the neck of a form that was half hidden by her body, the other clasped partly to herself, partly to her companion, the body of a baby. They were natives, evidently, wrecked or lost by some mischance from some inter-island schooner. Their breasts rose and fell gently, and clasped in the girl's hand was a branch of some tree, and on the branch a single withered berry.

"Are they dead?" asked Lestrange, who divined that there were people in the boat, and who was standing up in the stern of the whale-boat, trying to see.

"No," said Stannistreet; "they are asleep."

POEMS

THOMAS HARDY

[*By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*]

Thomas Hardy was a poet before he was a novelist, and now, after ceasing to be a novelist (his last novel was published over thirty years ago) he remains a great and prolific poet, with a place in English poetry as much his own as was his place in English fiction. His short and gripping narrative poems of taut experience and unuttered counsel are such as only Mr. Hardy could have conceived. Such a poem is "A Woman's Fancy."

A WOMAN'S FANCY.

"Ah, Madam; you've indeed come back here?
'Twas sad—your husband's so swift death,
And you away! You shouldn't have left him:
It hastened his last breath."

"Dame, I am not the lady you think me;
I know not her, nor know her name;
I've come to lodge here—a friendless woman;
My health my only aim."

She came; she lodged. Wherever she rambled
They held her as no other than
The lady named; and told how her husband
Had died a forsaken man.

So often did they call her thuswise
Mistakenly, by that man's name,
So much did they declare about him,
That his past form and fame

Grew on her, till she pitied his sorrow
As if she truly had been the cause –
Yea, his deserter; and came to wonder
What mould of man he was.

"Tell me my history!" would exclaim she;
"*Our* history," she said mournfully.
"But *you* know, surely, Ma'am?" they would answer,
Much in perplexity.

Photo: Pouncy, Dorchester.

THOMAS HARDY'S BIRTHPLACE.

Thomas Hardy was born at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester, on June 2, 1840.

Curious, she crept to his grave one evening,
. And a second time in the dusk of the morrow
Then a third time, with crescent emotion
Like a bereaved wife's sorrow.

No gravestone rose by the rounded hillock;
—"I marvel why this is?" she said.
—"He had no kindred, Ma'am, but you near."
—She set a stone at his head.

She learnt to dream of him, and told them:
"In slumber often uprises he,
And says: 'I am joyed that, after all, Dear,
You've not deserted me!'"

At length died too this kinless woman,
As he had died she had grown to crave;
And at her dying she besought them
To bury her in his grave.

Such said, she had paused ; until she added :
" Call me by his name on the stone,
As I were, first to last, his dearest,
Not she who left him lone ! "

And this they did. And so it became there
That, by the strength of a tender whim,
The stranger was she who bore his name there,
Not she who wedded him.

A SOUND IN THE NIGHT.

(WOODSFORD CASTLE : 17—.)

" WHAT do I catch upon the night-wind, husband ?—
What is it sounds in this house so eerily ?
It seems to be a woman's voice : each little while I hear it,
And it much troubles me ! "

" 'Tis but the eaves dripping down upon the plinth-slopes :
Letting fancies worry thee !—sure 'tis a foolish thing,
When we were on'y coupled an hour before the noontide,
And now it's but evening."

" Yet seems it still a woman's voice outside the castle, husband,
And 'tis cold to-night, and rain beats, and this is a lonely place.
Didst thou fathom much of womankind in travel or adventure
Ere ever thou sawest my face ? "

" It may be a tree, bride, that rubs his arms acrosswise,
If it is not the eaves-drip upon the lower slopes,
Or the river at the bend, where it whirls about the hatches
Like a creature that sighs and mopes."

" Yet it still seems to me like the crying of a woman,
And it saddens me much that so piteous a sound
On this my bridal night when I would get agone from sorrow
Should so ghost-like wander round ! "

" To satisfy thee, Love, I will strike the flint-and-steel, then,
And set the rush-candle up, and undo the door,
And take the new horn-lantern that we bought upon our journey,
And throw the light over the moor."

He struck a light, and breeched and booted in the further chamber,
And lit the new horn-lantern and went from her sight,
And vanished down the turret ; and she heard him pass the postern,
And go out into the night.

She listened as she lay, till she
heard his step returning,
And his voice as he unclothed
him: 'Twas nothing, as I
said,
But the nor'-west wind a-
blowing from the moor
ath'art the river,
And the tree that taps
the gurgoyle-head."

"Nay, husband, you perplex
me; for if the noise I heard
here,
Awaking me from sleep so,
were but as you avow,
The rain-fall, and the wind,
and the tree-bough, and
the river,
Why is it sil'ent now?

"And why is thy hand and
thy clasping arm so shaking,
And thy sleeve and tags of
hair so muddy and so wet,
And why feel I thy breath a-
thumping every time thou
kissest me,
And thy breath as if hard
to get?"

Photo: Clive Holland.

MAX GATE, DORCHESTER.
Mr. Thomas Hardy's Wessex Home

He lay there in silence for a
while, still quickly breathing,
Then started up and walked about the room resentfully:
"O woman, witch, whom I, in sooth, against my will have wedded,
Why castedst thou thy spells on me?

"There was one I loved once: the cry you heard was her cry:
She came to me to-night, and her plight was passing sore,
As no woman. . . . Yea, and it was e'en the cry you heard, wife,
But she will cry no more!

"And now I can't abide thee: this place, it hath a curse on't,
This farm tead once a castle: I'll get me straight away!"
He dressed this time in darkness, unspeaking, as she listened,
And went ere the dawn turned day.

They found a woman's body at a spot called Rocky Shallow,
Where the Froom stream curves amid the moorland, washed aground,
And they searched about for him, the yeoman, who had darkly known her,
But he could not be found.

And the bride left for good-and-all the farmstead once a castle,
And in a county far away lives, mourns, and sleeps alone,
And thinks in windy weather that she hears a woman crying,
And sometimes an infant's moan.

ON ONE WHO LIVED AND DIED WHERE HE WAS BORN.

WHEN a night in November
  Blew forth its bleared airs
An infant descended
  His birth-chamber stairs
  For the very first time,
  At the still, midnight chime;
All unapprehended
  His mission, his aim.—
Thus, first, one November,
An infant descended
    The stairs.

On a night in November
  Of weariful cares,
A frail aged figure
  Ascended those stairs
  For the very last time:
  All gone his life's prime,
All vanished his vigour,
  And fine, forceful frame:
Thus, last, one November
Ascended that figure
    Upstairs.

On those nights in November—
  Apart eighty years –
The babe and the bent one
  Who traversed those stairs
  From the early first time
  To the last feeble climb—
That fresh and that spent one
  Were even the same:
Yea, who passed in November
As infant, as bent one,
    Those stairs.

Wise child of November!
  From birth to blanched hairs
Descending, ascending,
  Wealth-wantless, those stairs;
  Who saw quick in time
  As a vain pantomime
Life's tending, its ending,
  The worth of its fame.
Wise child of November,
Descending, ascending
    Those stairs!

MEN WHO MARCH AWAY.

(SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.)

WHAT of the faith and fire within us
    Men who march away
    Ere the barn-cocks say
    Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
    Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
    Friend with the musing eye,
    Who watch us stepping by
    With doubt and dolorous sigh?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
    Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
    Though some may not see –
    Dalliers as they be—
    England's need are we;
Her distress would leave us rueing:
Nay. We well see what we are doing,
    Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing
    Victory crowns the just,
    And that braggarts must
    Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
    Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
    Men who march away
    Ere the barn-cocks say
    Night is growing gray.
Leaving all that here can win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
    Men who march away.

PYGMALION

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[*By permission of the Author.*]

This Act, which is taken from one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's most entertaining plays, is a masterpiece of comedy. It contains two characters which rank among the best in modern drama, Eliza Doolittle, the flower-girl, and her father, the philosophic dustman. The Act requires no lengthy introduction; the reader has only to bear in mind that Henry Higgins, a professor of phonetics and a student of dialects, whose vocation is that of teaching parvenus good English, has met the night before, while taking shelter from the rain under the portico of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, a certain Colonel Pickering who is also an expert on the subject. There also he has listened to the Cockney dialect of a flower-girl, whose racy lingo appeals to him as a curio to a collector. When the Act opens, he is entertaining Colonel Pickering in his apartments with an exhibition of his instruments for recording dialects of speech. The flower-girl has passed completely from his mind. He has no thought that they will ever meet again; and yet she is destined to come into his life once more, and in the most surprising manner possible, as the reader is now about to see.

ACT II.

SCENE: *Higgins's laboratory in Wimpole Street.*

Pickering is seated at the table, putting down some cards and a tuning-fork which he has been using. Higgins is standing up near him, closing two or three file drawers which are hanging out. He appears in the morning light as a robust, vital, appetizing sort of man of forty or thereabouts, dressed in a professional-looking black frock-coat with a white linen collar and black silk tie. He is of the energetic, scientific type, heartily, even violently interested in everything that can be studied as a scientific subject, and careless about himself and other people, including their feelings. He is, in fact, but for his years and size, rather like a very impetuous baby "taking notice" eagerly and loudly, and requiring almost as much watching to keep him out of unintended mischief. His manner varies from genial bullying when he is in a good humor to stormy petulance when anything goes wrong; but he is so entirely frank and void of malice that he remains likeable even in his least reasonable moments.

Higgins (*as he shuts the last drawer*). Well, I think thats the whole show.

Pickering. It's really amazing. I havnt taken half of it in, you know.

Higgins. Would you like to go over any of it again?

Pickering (*rising and coming to the fireplace, where he plants himself with his back to the fire*). No, thank you; not now. I'm quite done up for this morning.

Higgins (*following him, and standing beside him on his left*). Tired of listening to sounds?

Pickering. Yes. It's a fearful strain. I rather fancied myself because I can pronounce twenty-four distinct vowel sounds; but your hundred and thirty beat me. I cant hear a bit of difference between most of them.

Higgins (*chuckling, and going over to the piano to eat sweets*). Oh, that comes with practice. You hear no difference at first; but you keep on listening, and presently you find theyre all as different as A from B. (*Mrs Pearce looks in: she is Higgins's housekeeper*). Whats the matter?

Mrs Pearce (*hesitating, evidently perplexed*). A young woman wants to see you, sir.

Higgins. A young woman! What does she want?

Mrs Pearce. Well, sir, she says youll be glad to see her when you know what shes come about. Shes quite a common girl, sir. Very common indeed. I should have sent her away, only I thought perhaps you wanted her to talk into your machines. I hope Ive not done wrong; but really you see such queer people

Photo: F. W. Burford.

SIR HERBERT TREE AS HENRY HIGGINS, IN "PYGMALION."

sometimes--youll excuse me, I'm sure, sir----

Higgins. Oh, thats all right, Mrs Pearce. Has she an interesting accent?

Mrs Pearce. Oh, something dreadful, sir, really. I dont know how you can take an interest in it.

Higgins (*to Pickering*). Lets have her up. Shew her up, Mrs Pearce (*he rushes across to his working table and picks out a cylinder to use on the phonograph*).

Mrs Pearce (*only half resigned to it*). Very well, sir. Its for you to say. (*She goes downstairs.*)

Higgins. This is rather a bit of luck. I'll shew you how I make records. We'll set her talking; and I'll take it down first in Bell's visible Speech; then in broad Romic; and then we'll get her on the phonograph so that you can turn her on as often as you like with the written transcript before you.

Mrs Pearce (*returning*). This is the young woman, sir.

The flower girl enters in state. She has a hat with three ostrich feathers, orange, sky-blue, and red. She has a nearly clean apron, and the shoddy coat has been tidied a little. The pathos of this deplorable figure, with its innocent vanity and consequential air, touches Pickering, who has already straightened himself in the presence of Mrs Pearce. But as to Higgins, the only distinction he makes between men and women is that when he is neither bullying nor exclaiming to the heavens against some featherweight cross, he coaxes women as a child coaxes its nurse when it wants to get anything out of her.

Higgins (*brusquely, recognizing her with unconcealed disappointment, and at once, babylike, making an intolerable grievance of it*). Why, this is the girl I jotted down last night. Shes no use: Ive got all the records I want of the Lisson Grove lingo; and I'm not going to waste another cylinder on it. (*To the girl*) Be off with you: I dont want you.

The Flower Girl. Dont you be so saucy. You aint heard what I come for yet. (*To Mrs Pearce, who is waiting at the door for further instructions.*) Did you tell him I come in a taxi?

Mrs Pearce. Nonsense, girl! what do you think a gentleman like Mr Higgins cares what you came in?

The Flower Girl. Oh, we are proud! He aint above giving lessons, not him: I heard him say so. Well, I aint come here to ask for any compliment; and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere.

Higgins. Good enough for what?

The Flower Girl. Good enough for ye-oo. Now you know, dont you? I'm come to have lessons, I am. And to pay for em too: make no mistake.

Higgins (*stupent*). Well!!! (*Recovering his breath with a gasp*). What do you expect me to say to you?

The Flower Girl. Well, if you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down, I think. Dont I tell you I'm bringing you business?

Photo: Illustrations Bureau.

THE FLOWER GIRL PERSUADES HIGGINS, THE PROFESSOR WHO IS INTERESTED IN HER COCKNEY DIALECT, TO BUY FLOWERS.

Higgins. Pickering: shall we ask this baggage to sit down, or shall we throw her out of the window?

The Flower Girl (*running away in terror to the piano, where she turns at bay*). Ah-ah-oh-ow-ow-ow-oo! (*Wounded and whimpering*). I wont be called a baggage when Ive offered to pay like any lady.

Motionless, the two men stare at her from the other side of the room, amazed.

Pickering (*gently*). What is it you want, my girl?

The Flower Girl. I want to be a lady in a flower shop stead of selling at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they wont take me unless I can talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay him—not asking any favor—and he treats me as if I was dirt.

Mrs Pearce. How can you be such a foolish ignorant girl as to think you could afford to pay Mr. Higgins?

The Flower Girl. Why shouldnt I? I know what lessons cost as well as you do; and I'm ready to pay.

Higgins. How much?

The Flower Girl (*coming back to him, triumphant*). Now youre talking! I thought youd come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of what you chucked at me last night. (*Confidentially.*) Youd had a drop in, hadnt you?

Higgins (*peremptorily*). Sit down.

The Flower Girl. Oh, if youre going to make a compliment of it——

Higgins (*thundering at her*). Sit down.

Mrs Pearce (*severely*). Sit down, girl. Do as youre told. (*She places the stray*

chair near the hearthrug between Higgins and Pickering, and stands behind it waiting for the girl to sit down).

The Flower Girl. Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo! (*She stands, half rebellious, half bewildered*).

Pickering (*very courteous*). Wont you sit down?

Liza (*coyly*). Dont mind if I do. (*She sits down. Pickering returns to the hearthrug*).

Higgins. Whats your name?

The Flower Girl. Liza Doolittle.

Higgins (*declaiming gravely*).

Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess,
They went to the woods to get a bird's nes':

Pickering. They found a nest with four eggs in it:

Higgins. They took one apiece, and left three in it.

They laughed heartily at their own wit.

Liza. Oh, dont be silly.

Mrs Pearce. You mustnt speak to the gentleman like that.

Liza. Well, why wont he speak sensible to me?

Higgins. Come back to business. How much do you propose to pay me for the lessons?

Liza. Oh, I know whats right. A lady friend of mine gets French lessons for eighteenpence an hour from a real French gentleman. Well, you wouldnt have the face to ask me the same for teaching me my own language as you would for French; so I wont give more than a shilling. Take it or leave it.

Higgins (*walking up and down the room, rattling his keys and his cash in his pockets*). You know, Pickering, if you consider a shilling, not as a simple shilling, but as a percentage of this girl's income, it works out as fully equivalent to sixty or seventy guineas from a millionaire.

Pickering. How so?

Higgins. Figure it out. A millionaire has about £150 a day. She earns about half-a-crown.

Liza (*haughtily*). Who told you I only——

Higgins (*continuing*). She offers me two-fifths of her day's income for a lesson. Two-fifths of a millionaire's income for a day would be somewhere about £60. It's handsome. By George, it's enormous! it's the biggest offer I ever had.

Liza (*rising, terrified*). Sixty pounds! What are you talking about? I never offered you sixty pounds. Where would I get — –

Higgins. Hold your tongue.

Liza (*weeping*). But I aint got sixty pounds. Oh—

Mrs Pearce. Dont cry, you silly girl. Sit down. Nobody is going to touch your money.

Higgins. Somebody is going to touch you, with a broomstick, if you dont stop snivelling. Sit down.

Liza (*obeying slowly*) Ah-ah-ah-ow-oo-o! One would think you was my father.

Higgins. If I decide to teach you, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Here (*he offers her his silk handkerchief*)!

Liza. Whats this for?

Higgins. To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. Remember: thats your handkerchief; and thats your sleeve. Dont mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop.

Liza, utterly bewildered, stares helplessly at him.

Mrs Pearce. It's no use talking to her like that, Mr Higgins: she doesnt understand you. Besides, youre quite wrong: she doesnt do it that way at all (*she takes the handkerchief*).

Liza (*snatching it*). Here! You give me that handkerchief. He give it to me, not to you.

Pickering (*laughing*). He did. I think it must be regarded as her property, Mrs Pearce.

Mrs Pearce (*resigning herself*). Serve you right, Mr Higgins.

Pickering. Higgins: I'm interested. What about the ambassador's garden party? I'll say youre the greatest teacher alive if you make that good. I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment you cant do it. And I'll pay for the lessons.

Liza. Oh, you are real good. Thank you, Captain.

Higgins (*tempted, looking at her*). It's

almost irresistible. Shes so deliciously low—so horribly dirty——

Liza (*protesting extremely*). Ah-ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo-oo ! ! ! I aint dirty: I washed my face and hands afore I come, I did.

Pickering. Youre certainly not going to turn her head with flattery, Higgins.

Mrs Pearce (*uneasy*). Oh, dont say that, sir: theres more ways than one of turning a girl's head; and nobody can do it better than Mr Higgins, though he may not always mean it. I do hope, sir, you wont encourage him to do anything foolish.

Higgins (*becoming excited as the idea grows on him*). What is life but a series of inspired follies? The difficulty is to find them to do. Never lose a chance: it doesnt come everyday. I shall make a duchess of this draggletailed gutter-snipe.

Liza (*strongly deprecating this view of her*). Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo !

Higgins (*carried away*). Yes: in six months—in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue—I'll take her anywhere and pass her off as anything. We'll start to-day: now ! this moment ! Take her away and clean her, Mrs Pearce. Monkey Brand, if it wont come off any other way. Is there a good fire in the kitchen?

Mrs Pearce (*protesting*). Yes; but——

Higgins (*storming on*). Take all her clothes off and burn them. Ring up Whiteley or somebody for new ones. Wrap her up in brown paper til they come.

Liza. Youre no gentleman, youre not, to talk of such things. I'm a good girl, I am; and I know what the like of you are, I do.

Higgins. We want none of your Lisson Grove prudery here, young woman. Youve got to learn to behave like a duchess. Take her away, Mrs Pearce. If she gives you any trouble, wallop her.

Liza (*springing up and running between Pickering and Mrs Pearce for protection*). No ! I'll call the police, I will.

Mrs. Pearce. But Ive no place to put her.

Higgins. Put her in the dustbin.

Liza. Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo !

Pickering. Oh come, Higgins ! be reasonable.

Mrs Pearce (*resolutely*). You must be reasonable, Mr Higgins: really you must. You cant walk over everybody like this.

Higgins, thus scolded, subsides. The hurricane is succeeded by a zephyr of amiable surprise.

Higgins (*with professional exquisiteness of modulation*). I walk over everybody ! My dear Mrs Pearce, my dear Pickering, I never had the slightest intention of walking over anyone. All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl. We must help her to prepare and fit herself for her new station in life. If I did not express myself clearly it was because I did not wish to hurt her delicacy, or yours.

Liza, reassured, steals back to her chair.

Mrs Pearce (*to Pickering*). Well, did you ever hear anything like that, sir?

Pickering (*laughing heartily*). Never, Mrs Pearce: never.

Higgins (*patiently*). Whats the matter?

Mrs Pearce. Well, the matter is, sir, that you cant take a girl up like that as if you were picking up a pebble on the beach.

Higgins. Why not?

Mrs Pearce. Why not ! But you dont know anything about her. What about her parents? She may be married.

Liza. Garn !

Higgins. There ! As the girl very properly says, Garn ! Married indeed ! Dont you know that a woman of that class looks a worn out drudge of fifty a year after shes married?

Liza. Whood marry me?

Higgins (*suddenly resorting to the most thrillingly beautiful low tones in his best elocutionary style*). By George, Eliza, the streets will be strewn with the bodies of men shooting themselves for your sake before Ive done with you.

Mrs Pearce. Nonsense, sir. You mustnt talk like that to her.

Liza (*rising and squaring herself determinedly*). I'm going away. He's off his chump, he is. I dont want no balmies teaching me.

Higgins (*wounded in his tenderest point by her insensibility to his elocution*). Oh,

indeed! I'm mad, am I? Very well, Mrs Pearce: you neednt order the new clothes for her. Throw her out.

Liza (*whimpering*). Nah-ow. You got no right to touch me.

Mrs Pearce. You see now what comes of being saucy. (*Indicating the door.*) This way, please.

Liza (*almost in tears*). I didnt want no clothes. I wouldnt have taken them (*she throws away the handkerchief*). I can buy my own clothes.

Higgins (*deftly retrieving the handkerchief and intercepting her on her reluctant way to the door*). Youre an ungrateful wicked girl. This is my return for offering to take you out of the gutter and dress you beautifully and make a lady of you.

Mrs Pearce. Stop, Mr Higgins. I wont allow it. It's you that are wicked. Go home to your parents, girl; and tell them to take better care of you.

Liza. I aint got no parents. They told me I was big enough to earn my own living and turned me out.

Mrs. Pearce. Wheres your mother?

Liza. I aint got no mother. Her that turned me out was my sixth stepmother. But I done without them. And I'm a good girl, I am.

Higgins. Very well, then, what on earth is all this fuss about? The girl doesnt belong to anybody—is no use to anybody but me. (*He goes to Mrs Pearce and begins coaxing.*) You can adopt her, Mrs Pearce: I'm sure a daughter would be a great amusement to you. Now dont make any more fuss. Take her downstairs; and —

Mrs Pearce. But whats to become of her? Is she to be paid anything? Do be sensible, sir.

Higgins. Oh, pay her whatever is necessary: put it down in the housekeeping book. (*Impatiently.*) What on earth will she want with money? She'll have her food and her clothes. She'll only drink if you give her money.

Liza (*turning on him*). Oh you are a brute. It's a lie: nobody ever saw the sign of liquor on me. (*She goes back to her chair and plants herself there defiantly*).

Pickering (*in good-humored remonstrance*). Does it occur to you, Higgins, that the girl has some feelings?

Higgins (*looking critically at her*). Oh no, I dont think so. Not any feelings that we need bother about. (*Cheerily*). Have you, Eliza?

Liza. I got my feelings same as anyone else.

Higgins (*to Pickering, reflectively*). You see the difficulty?

Pickering. Eh? What difficulty?

Higgins. To get her to talk grammar. The mere pronunciation is easy enough

Liza. I dont want to talk grammar. I want to talk like a lady.

Mrs Pearce. Will you please keep to the point, Mr Higgins. I want to know on what terms the girl is to be here. Is she to have any wages? And what is to become of her when youve finished your teaching? You must look ahead a little.

Higgins (*impatiently*). Whats to become of her if I leave her in the gutter? Tell me that, Mrs Pearce.

Mrs Pearce. Thats her own business, not yours, Mr Higgins.

Higgins. Well, when Ive done with her, we can throw her back into the gutter; and then it will be her own business again; so thats all right.

Liza. Oh, youve no feeling in you: you dont care for nothing but yourself (*she rises and takes the floor resolutely*). Here! Ive had enough of this. I'm going (*making for the door*). You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

Higgins (*snatching a chocolate cream from the piano, his eyes suddenly beginning to twinkle with mischief*). Have some chocolates, Eliza.

Liza (*halting, tempted*). How do I know what might be in them? Ive heard of girls being drugged by the like of you.

Higgins whips out his penknife; cuts a chocolate in two; puts one half into his mouth and bolts it; and offers her the other half.

Higgins. Pledge of good faith, Eliza. I eat one half: you eat the other. (*Liza opens her mouth to retort: he pops the half chocolate into it*). You shall have boxes of them, barrels of them, every day. You shall live on them. Eh?

Liza (*who has disposed of the chocolate after being nearly choked by it*). I wouldn't have ate it, only I'm too ladylike to take it out of my mouth.

Higgins. Listen, Eliza. I think you said you came in a taxi.

Liza. Well, what if I did ? Ive as good a right to take a taxi as anyone else.

Higgins. You have, Eliza ; and in future you shall have as many taxis as you want. You shall go up and down and round the town in a taxi every day. Think of that, Eliza.

Mrs Pearce. Mr Higgins : youre tempting the girl. It's not right. She should think of the future.

Higgins. At her age ! Nonsense ! Time enough to think of the future when you havnt any future to think of. No, Eliza : do as this lady does : think of other people's futures ; but never think of your own. Think of chocolates, and taxis, and gold, and diamonds.

Liza. No : I dont want no gold and no diamonds. I'm a good girl, I am. (*She sits down again, with an attempt at dignity.*)

Higgins. You shall remain so, Eliza, under the care of Mrs Pearce. And you shall marry an officer in the Guards, with a beautiful moustache : the son of a marquis, who will disinherit him for marrying you, but will relent when he sees your beauty and goodness — —

Pickering. Excuse me, Higgins ; but I really must interfere. Mrs Pearce is quite right. If this girl is to put herself in your hands for six months for an experiment in teaching, she must understand thoroughly what shes doing.

Higgins. How can she ? Shes incapable of understanding anything. Besides, do any of us understand what we are doing ? If we did, would we ever do it ?

Pickering Very clever, Higgins ; but not sound sense. (*To Eliza.*) Miss Doolittle — —

Liza (*overwhelmed*). Ah-ah-ow-oo !

Higgins. There ! Thats all youll get out of Eliza. Ah-ah-ow-oo ! No use explaining. As a military man you ought to know that. Give her her orders : thats what she wants. Eliza : you are to live here for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop. If youre good and do whatever youre told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, and have lots to eat,

Photo : Illustrations Bureau.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS ELIZA DOOLITTLE IN "PYGMALION."

and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. If youre naughty and idle you will sleep in the back kitchen among the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of six months you shall go to Buckingham Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out youre not a lady, you will be taken by the police to the Tower of London, where

your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls. If you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-sixpence to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful and wicked girl; and the angels will weep for you. (*To Pickering*). Now are you satisfied, Pickering? (*To Mrs Pearce*). Can I put it more plainly and fairly, Mrs Pearce?

Mrs Pearce (*patiently*). I think youd better let me speak to the girl properly in private. I dont know that I can take charge of her or consent to the arrangement at all. Of course I know you dont mean her any harm; but when you get what you call interested in people's accents, you never think or care what may happen to them or you. Come with me, Eliza.

Higgins. Thats all right. Thank you, Mrs Pearce. Bundle her off to the bathroom.

Liza (*rising reluctantly and suspiciously*). Youre a great bully, you are. I wont stay here if I dont like. I wont let nobody wallop me. I never asked to go to Bucknam Palace, I didnt. I was never in trouble with the police, not me. I'm a good girl——

Mrs Pearce. Dont answer back, girl. You dont understand the gentleman. Come with me. (*She leads the way into the door, and holds it open for Eliza.*)

Liza (*as she goes out*). Well, what I say is right. I wont go near the king, not if I'm going to have my head cut off. If I'd known what I was letting myself in for, I wouldnt have come here. I always been a good girl; and I never offered to say a word to him; and I dont owe him nothing; and I dont care; and I wont be put upon; and I have my feelings the same as anyone else——

Mrs Pearce shuts the door; and Eliza's plaints are no longer audible. Pickering comes from the hearth to the chair and sits astride it with his arms on the back.

Pickering. Excuse the straight question, Higgins. Are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

Higgins (*moodily*). Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned?

Pickering.. Yes: very frequently.

Higgins (*dogmatically, lifting himself on his hands to the level of the piano, and sitting on it with a bounce*). Well, I havnt. I find that the moment I let a woman make friends with me, she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious, and a damned nuisance. I find that the moment I let myself make friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. Women upset everything. When you let them into your life, you find that the woman is driving at one thing and youre driving at another.

Pickering. At what, for example?

Higgins (*coming off the piano restlessly*). Oh, Lord knows! I suppose the woman wants to live her own life; and the man wants to live his; and each tries to drag the other on to the wrong track. One wants to go north and the other south; and the result is that both have to go east, though they both hate the east wind. (*He sits down on the bench at the keyboard.*) So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so.

Pickering (*rising and standing over him gravely*). Come, Higgins! You know what I mean. If I'm to be in this business I shall feel responsible for that girl. I hope it's understood that no advantage is to be taken of her position.

Higgins. What! That thing! Sacred, I assure you. (*Rising to explain*). You see, she'll be a pupil; and teaching would be impossible unless pupils were sacred. Ive taught scores of American millionairesses how to speak English: the best looking women in the world. I'm seasoned. They might as well be blocks of wood. *I* might as well be a block of wood. It's ——

Mrs Pearce opens the door. She has Eliza's hat in her hand. Pickering retires to the easy chair at the hearth and sits down.

Higgins (*eagerly*). Well, Mrs Pearce: is it all right?

Mrs Pearce (*at the door*). I just wish to trouble you with a word, if I may, Mr Higgins.

Higgins. Yes, certainly. Come in. (*She comes forward*). Dont burn that, Mrs Pearce. I'll keep it as a curiosity. (*He takes the hat*).

Mrs Pearce. Handle it carefully, sir,

please. I had to promise her not to burn it ; but I had better put it in the oven for a while.

Higgins (*putting it down hastily on the piano*). Oh ! thank you. Well, what have you to say to me ?

Pickering. Am I in the way ?

Mrs Pearce. Not at all, sir. Mr Higgins : will you please be very particular what you say before the girl ?

Higgins (*sternly*). Of course. I'm always particular about what I say. Why do you say this to me ?

Mrs Pearce (*unmoved*). No, sir : youre not at all particular when youve mislaid anything or when you get a little impatient. Now it doesnt matter before me : I'm used to it. But you really must not swear before the girl.

Higgins (*indignantly*). *I* swear ! (*Most emphatically.*) I never swear. I detest the habit. What the devil do you mean ?

Mrs Pearce (*stolidly*). Thats what I mean, sir. You swear a great deal too much. I dont mind your damning and blasting, and what the devil and where the devil and who the devil——

Higgins. Mrs Pearce : this language from your lips ! Really !

Mrs Pearce (*not to be put off*) : —but there is a certain word I must ask you not to use. The girl has just used it herself because the bath was too hot. It begins with the same letter as bath. She knows no better : she learnt it at her mother's knee. But she must not hear it from your lips.

Higgins (*loftily*). I cannot charge myself with having ever uttered it, Mrs Pearce. (*She looks at him steadfastly. He adds, hiding an uneasy conscience with a judicial air*). Except perhaps in a moment of extreme and justifiable excitement.

Mrs Pearce. Only this morning, sir, you applied it to your boots, to the butter, and to the brown bread.

Higgins. Oh, that ! Mere alliteration, Mrs Pearce, natural to a poet.

Mrs Pearce. Well, sir, whatever you choose to call it, I beg you not to let the girl hear you repeat it.

Higgins. Oh, very well, very well. Is that all.

Mrs Pearce. No, sir. We shall have to be very particular with this girl as to personal cleanliness.

Higgins. Certainly. Quite right. Most important.

Mrs Pearce. I mean not to be slovenly about her dress or untidy in leaving things about.

Higgins (*going to her solemnly*). Just so. I intended to call your attention to that. (*He passes on to Pickering, who is enjoying the conversation immensely.*) It is these little things that matter, Pickering. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves is as true of personal habits as of money. (*He comes to anchor on the hearthrug, with the air of a man in an unassailable position.*)

Mrs Pearce. Yes, sir. Then might I ask you not to come down to breakfast in your dressing-gown, or at any rate not to use it as a napkin to the extent you do, sir. And if you would be so good as not to eat everything off the same plate, and to remember not to put the porridge saucepan out of your hand on the clean tablecloth, it would be a better example to the girl. You know you nearly choked yourself with a fishbone in the jam only last week.

Higgins (*routed from the hearthrug and drifting back to the piano*). I may do these things sometimes in absence of mind ; but surely I dont do them habitually. (*Angrily*). By the way : my dressing-gown smells most damnably of benzine.

Mrs Pearce. No doubt it does, Mr Higgins. But if you will wipe your fingers——

Higgins (*yelling*). Oh very well, very well : I'll wipe them in my hair in future.

Mrs Pearce. I hope youre not offended, Mr Higgins.

Higgins (*shocked at finding himself thought capable of unamiable sentiment*). Not at all, not at all. Youre quite right, Mrs Pearce : I shall be particularly careful before the girl. Is that all ?

Mrs Pearce. No, sir. Might she use some of those Japanese dresses you brought from abroad ? I really cant put her back into her old things.

Higgins. Certainly. Anything you like. Is that all ?

Mrs Pearce. Thank you, sir. Thats all. (*She goes out.*)

Higgins. You know, Pickering, that woman has the most extraordinary ideas about me. Here I am, a shy, diffident sort of man. Ive never been able to feel really grown-up and tremendous, like other chaps. And yet shes firmly persuaded that I'm an arbitrary overbearing bossing kind of person. I cant account for it.

Mrs Pearce returns.

Mrs Pearce. If you please, sir, the trouble's beginning already. Theres a dustman downstairs, Alfred Doolittle, wants to see you. He says you have his daughter here.

Pickering (*rising*). Phew! I say! (*He retreats to the hearthrug.*)

Higgins (*promptly*). Send the blackguard up.

Mrs Pearce. Oh, very well, sir. (*She goes out*).

Pickering. He may not be a blackguard, Higgins.

Higgins. Nonsense. Of course hes a blackguard.

Pickering. Whether he is or not, I'm afraid we shall have some trouble with him.

Higgins (*confidently*). Oh no: I think not. If theres any trouble he shall have it with me, not I with him. And we are sure to get something interesting out of him.

Pickering. About the girl?

Higgins. No. I mean his dialect.

Pickering. Oh!

Mrs Pearce (*at the door*). Doolittle, sir. (*She admits Doolittle and retires.*)

Alfred Doolittle is an elderly but vigorous dustman, clad in the costume of his profession, including a hat with a back brim covering his neck and shoulders. He has well marked and rather interesting features, and seems equally free from fear and conscience. He has a remarkably expressive voice, the result of a habit of giving vent to his feelings without reserve. His present pose is that of wounded honor and stern resolution.

Doolittle (*at the door, uncertain which of the two gentlemen is his man*). Professor Higgins?

Higgins. Here. Good morning. Sit down.

Doolittle. Morning, Governor. (*He sits down magisterially*). I come about a very serious matter, Governor.

Higgins (*to Pickering*). Brought up in Hounslow. Mother Welsh, I should think. (*Doolittle opens his mouth, amazed, Higgins continues.*) What do you want, Doolittle?

Doolittle (*menacingly*). I want my daughter: thats what I want. See?

Higgins. Of course you do. Youre her father, arnt you? You dont suppose anyone else wants her, do you? I'm glad to see you have some spark of family feeling left. Shes upstairs. Take her away at once.

Doolittle (*rising, fearfully taken aback*). What!

Higgins. Take her away. Do you suppose I'm going to keep your daughter for you?

Doolittle (*remonstrating*). Now, now, look here, Governor. Is this reasonable? Is it fairity to take advantage of a man like this? The girl belongs to me. You got her. Where do I come in? (*He sits down again.*)

Higgins. Your daughter had the audacity to come to my house and ask me to teach her how to speak properly so that she could get a place in a flowershop. This gentleman and my housekeeper have been here all the time. (*Bullying him*). How dare you come here and attempt to blackmail me? You sent her here on purpose.

Doolittle (*protesting*). No, Governor.

Higgins. You must have. How else could you possibly know that she is here?

Doolittle. Dont take a man up like that, Governor.

Higgins. The police shall take you up. This is a plant—a plot to extort money by threats. I shall telephone for the police (*he goes resolutely to the telephone and opens the directory*).

Doolittle. Have I asked you for a brass farthing? I leave it to the gentleman here: have I said a word about money?

Higgins (*throwing the book aside and marching down on Doolittle with a poser*). What else did you come for?

Doolittle (*sweetly*). Well, what would a man come for? Be human, Governor.

Higgins (*disarmed*). Alfred: did you put her up to it?

Photo: Illustrations Bureau.

EDMUND GURNEY AS ALFRED DOOLITTLE, MRS. PAT CAMPBELL AS ELIZA DOOLITTLE, AND SIR HERBERT TREE AS HIGGINS IN "PYGMALION" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE IN 1914.

ALFRED DOOLITTLE: "B'lime. It's Eliza."

Doolittle. So help me, Governor, I never did. I take my Bible oath I aint seen the girl these two months past.

Higgins. Then how did you know she was here ?

Doolittle (*" most musical, most melancholy "*). I'll tell you, Governor, if youll only let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell you. I'm wanting to tell you. I'm waiting to tell you.

Higgins. Pickering : this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric. Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild. " I'm willing to tell you ; I'm wanting to tell you : I'm waiting to tell you." Sentimental rhetoric ! thats the Welsh strain in him. It also accounts for his mendacity and dishonesty.

Pickering. Oh, please, Higgins : I'm west country myself. (*To Doolittle.*) How did you know the girl was here if you didnt send her ?

Doolittle. It was like this, Governor. The girl took a boy in the taxi to give him a jaunt. Son of her landlady, he is. He hung about on the chance of her giving him another ride home. Well, she sent him back for her luggage when she heard you was willing for her to stop here. I met the boy at the corner of Long Acre and Endell Street.

Higgins. Public house. Yes ?

Doolittle. The poor man's club, Governor : why shouldnt I ?

Pickering. Do let him tell his story, Higgins.

Doolittle. He told me what was up. And I ask you, what was my feelings and my duty as a father ? I says to the boy, " You bring me the luggage," I says ——

Pickering. Why didnt you go for it yourself ?

Doolittle. Landlady wouldnt have trusted me with it, Governor. Shes that kind of woman : you know. I had to give the boy a penny afore he trusted me with it, the little swine. I brought it to her just to oblige you like, and make myself agreeable. Thats all.

Higgins. How much luggage ?

Doolittle. Musical instrument, Governor. A few pictures, a trifle of jewlery, and a bird-cage. She said she didnt want no clothes. What was I to think from that, Governor ? I ask you as a parent what was I to think ?

Higgins. So you came to rescue her from worse than death, eh ?

Doolittle (*appreciatively : relieved at being so well understood*). Just so, Governor. Thats right.

Pickering. But why did you bring her luggage if you intended to take her away ?

Doolittle. Have I said a word about taking her away ? Have I now ?

Higgins (*determinedly*). Youre going to take her away, double quick. (*He crosses to the hearth and rings the bell.*)

Doolittle (*rising*). No, Governor. Dont say that. I'm not the man to stand in my girl's light. Heres a career opening for her, as you might say ; and

Mrs Pearce opens the door and awaits orders.

Higgins. Mrs Pearce : this is Eliza's father. He has come to take her away. Give her to him. (*He goes back to the piano, with an air of washing his hands of the whole affair.*)

Doolittle. No. This is a misunderstanding. Listen here ——

Mrs Pearce. He cant take her away, Mr Higgins : how can he ? You told me to burn her clothes.

Doolittle. Thats right. I cant carry the girl through the streets like a blooming monkey, can I ? I put it to you.

Higgins. You have put it to me that you want your daughter. Take your daughter. If she has no clothes go out and buy her some.

Doolittle (*desperate*). Wheres the clothes she come in ? Did I burn them or did your missus here ?

Mrs Pearce. I am the housekeeper, if you please. I have sent for some clothes for your girl. When they come you can take her away. You can wait in the kitchen. This way, please.

Doolittle, much troubled, accompanies her to the door; then hesitates ; finally turns confidentially to Higgins.

Doolittle. Listen here, Governor. You and me is men of the world, aint we ?

Higgins. Oh ! Men of the world, are we ? Youd better go, Mrs Pearce.

Photo: Illustrations Bureau.

ALFRED: Dont give me none o' your lip.

Mrs Pearce. I think so, indeed, sir. (*She goes, with dignity*).

Pickering. The floor is yours, Mr Doolittle.

Doolittle (*to Pickering*). I thank you, Governor. (*To Higgins, who takes refuge on the piano bench, a little overwhelmed by the proximity of his visitor; for Doolittle has a professional flavour of dust about him.*) Well, the truth is, Ive taken a sort of fancy to you, Governor; and if you want the girl, I'm not so set on having her back home again but what I might be open to an arrangement. Regarded in the light of a young woman, shes a fine handsome girl. As a daughter shes not worth her keep; and so I tell you straight. All I ask is my rights as a father; and youre the last man alive to expect me to let her go for nothing; for I can see youre one of the straight sort, Governor. Well, whats a five pound note to you? And whats Eliza to me? (*He returns to his chair and sits down judicially.*)

Pickering. I think you ought to know, Doolittle, that Mr Higgins's intentions are entirely honorable.

Doolittle. Course they are, Governor. If I thought they wasnt, Id ask fifty.

Higgins (*revolted*). Do you mean to say, you callous rascal, that you would sell your daughter for £50?

Doolittle. Not in a general way I wouldnt; but to oblige a gentleman like you I'd do a good deal, I do assure you.

Pickering. Have you no morals, man?

Doolittle (*unabashed*). Cant afford them, Governor. Neither could you if you was as poor as me. Not that I mean any harm, you know. But if Liza is going to have a bit out of this, why not me too?

Higgins (*troubled*). I dont know what to do, Pickering. There can be no question that as a matter of morals it's a positive crime to give this chap a farthing. And yet I feel a sort of rough justice in his claim.

Doolittle. Thats it, Governor. Thats all I say. A father's heart, as it were.

Pickering. Well, I know the feeling; but really it seems hardly right——

Doolittle. Dont say that, Governor. Dont look at it that way. What am I, Governors both? I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor: thats what I am. Think of what that means to a man. It means that hes up agen middle class morality all the time. If theres anything going, and I put in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: "Youre undeserving; so you cant have it." But my needs is as great as the most deserving widow's that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same husband. I dont need less than a deserving man: I need more. I dont eat less hearty than him; and I drink a lot more. I want a bit of amusement, cause I'm a thinking man. I want cheerfulness and a song and a band when I feel low. Well, they charge me just the same for everything as they charge the deserving. What is middle class morality? Just an excuse for never giving me anything. Therefore, I ask you, as two gentlemen, not to play that game on me. I'm playing straight with you. I aint pretending to be deserving. I'm undeserving; and I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it; and thats the truth. Will you take advantage of a man's nature to do him out of the price of his own daughter what hes brought up and fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow until shes growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Is five pounds unreasonable? I put it to you; and I leave it to you.

Higgins (rising, and going over to Pickering). Pickering: if we were to take this man in hand for three months, he could choose between a seat in the Cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales.

Pickering. What do you say to that, Doolittle?

Doolittle. Not me, Governor, thank you kindly. Ive heard all the preachers and all the prime ministers—for I'm a thinking man and game for politics or religion or social reform same as all the other amusements—and I tell you it's a dog's life anyway you look at it. Undeserving poverty is my line. Taking one station in society with another, it's—it's—well, it's the only one that has any ginger in it, to my taste.

Higgins. I suppose we must give him a fiver.

Pickering. He'll make a bad use of it, I'm afraid.

Doolittle. Not me, Governor, so help me I wont. Dont you be afraid that I'll save it and spare it and live idle on it. There wont be a penny of it left by Monday: I'll have to go to work same as if I'd never had it. It wont pauperize me, you bet. Just one good spree for myself and the missus, giving pleasure to ourselves and employment to others, and satisfaction to you to think it's not been throwed away. You couldnt spend it better.

Higgins (taking out his pocket book and coming between Doolittle and the piano). This is irresistible. Lets give him ten. *(He offers two notes to the dustman.)*

Doolittle. No, Governor. She wouldnt have the heart to spend ten; and perhaps I shouldnt neither. Ten pounds is a lot of money: it makes a man feel prudent like; and then goodbye to happiness. You give me what I ask you, Governor; not a penny more, and not a penny less.

Pickering. Why dont you marry that missus of yours? I rather draw the line at encouraging that sort of immorality.

Doolittle. Tell her so, Governor: tell her so. *I'm* willing. It's me that suffers by it. Ive no hold on her. I got to be agreeable to her. I got to give her presents. I got to buy her clothes something sinful. I'm a slave to that woman, Governor, just because I'm not her lawful husband. And she knows it too. Catch her marrying me! Take my advice, Governor: marry Eliza while shes young and dont know no better. If you dont youll be sorry for it after. If you do, she'll be sorry for it after; but better you than her, because youre a man, and shes only a woman and dont know how to be happy anyhow.

Higgins. Pickering: if we listen to this man another minute, we shall have no convictions left. *(To Doolittle.)* Five pounds I think you said.

Doolittle. Thank you kindly, Governor.

Higgins. Youre sure you wont take ten ?

Doolittle. Not now. Another time, Governor.

Higgins (*handing him a five-pound note*). Here you are.

Doolittle. Thank you, Governor. Good morning. (*He hurries to the door, anxious to get away with his booty. When he opens it he is confronted with a dainty and exquisitely clean young Japanese lady in a simple blue cotton kimono printed cunningly with small white jasmine blossoms. Mrs Pearce is with her. He gets out of her way deferentially and apologizes.*) Beg pardon, miss.

The Japanese Lady. Garn ! Dont you know your own daughter ?

Doolittle	*exclaiming simultaneously*	Bly me ! its Eliza !
Higgins		Whats that !
Pickering		This ! By Jove !

Liza Dont I look silly ?

Higgins. Silly ?

Mrs Pearce (*at the door*). Now, Mr Higgins, please dont say anything to make the girl conceited about herself.

Higgins (*conscientiously*). Oh ! Quite right, Mrs Pearce. (*To Eliza*). Yes : damned silly.

Mrs Pearce. Please, sir.

Higgins (*correcting himself*). I mean extremely silly.

Liza. I should look all right with my hat on. (*She takes up her hat ; puts it on ; and walks across the room to the fireplace with a fashionable air.*)

Higgins. A new fashion, by George ! And it ought to look horrible !

Doolittle (*with fatherly pride*). Well, I never thought she'd clean up as good looking as that, Governor. Shes a credit to me, aint she ?

Liza. I tell you, it's easy to clean up here. Hot and cold water on tap, just as much as you like, there is. Woolly towels, there is ; and a towel horse so hot, it burns your fingers. Soft brushes to scrub yourself, and a wooden bowl of soap smelling like primroses. Now I know why ladies is so clean. Washing's a treat for them. Wish they saw what it is for the like of me !

Higgins. I'm glad the bath-room met with your approval.

Liza. It didnt : not all of it ; and I dont care who hears me say it. Mrs Pearce knows.

Higgins. What was wrong, Mrs Pearce?

Mrs Pearce (*blandly*). Oh, nothing, sir. It doesnt matter.

Liza. I had a good mind to break it. I didnt know which way to look. But I hung a towel over it, I did.

Photo : Illustrations Bureau.

After some months of tuition Higgins introduces Eliza to his mother and the guests at her at-home, an occasion on which she causes a sensation by her use of the famous swear word.

Higgins. Over what ?

Mrs Pearce. Over the looking-glass, sir.

Higgins. Doolittle : you have brought your daughter up too strictly.

Doolittle. Me ! I never brought her up at all, except to give her a lick of a strap now and again. Dont put it on me, Governor. She aint accustomed to it, you see : thats all. But she'll soon pick up your free-and-easy ways.

Liza. I'm a good girl, I am ; and I wont pick up no free and easy ways.

Higgins. Eliza : if you say again that youre a good girl, your father shall take you home.

Liza. Not him. You dont know my father. All he come here for was to touch you for some money to get drunk on.

Doolittle. Well, what else would I want money for ? To put into the plate in church, I suppose. (*She puts out her tongue at him. He is so incensed by this that Pickering presently finds it necessary to step between them.*) Dont you give me none of your lip ; and dont let me hear you giving this gentleman any of it neither, or youll hear from me about it. See ?

Higgins. Have you any further advice to give her before you go, Doolittle ? Your blessing, for instance.

Doolittle. No, Governor : I aint such a mug as to put up my children to all I know myself. Hard enough to hold them in without that. If you want Eliza's mind improved, Governor, you do it yourself with a strap. So long, gentlemen. (*He turns to go.*)

Higgins (*impressively*). Stop. Youll come regularly to see your daughter. It's your duty, you know. My brother is a clergyman ; and he could help you in your talks with her.

Doolittle (*evasively*). Certainly. I'll come, Governor. Not just this week, because I have a job at a distance. But later on you may depend on me. Afternoon, gentlemen. Afternoon, maam. (*He takes off his hat to Mrs Pearce, who disdains the salutation and goes out. He winks at Higgins, thinking him probably a fellow-sufferer from Mrs Pearce's difficult disposition, and follows her.*)

Liza. Dont you believe the old liar. He'd as soon you set a bull-dog on him as a clergyman. You wont see him again in a hurry.

Higgins. I dont want to, Eliza. Do you?

Liza. Not me. I dont want never to see him again, I dont. Hes a disgrace to me, he is, collecting dust, instead of working at his trade.

Pickering. What is his trade, Eliza ?

Liza. Talking money out of other people's pockets into his own. His proper trade's a navvy ; and he works at it sometimes too—for exercise -and earns good money at it. Aint you going to call me Miss Doolittle any more ?

Pickering. I beg your pardon, Miss Doolittle. It was a slip of the tongue.

Liza. Oh, I dont mind ; only it sounded so genteel. I should just like to take a taxi to the corner of Tottenham Court Road and get out there and tell it to wait for me, just to put the girls in their place a bit. I wouldnt speak to them, you know.

Pickering. Better wait til we get you something really fashionable.

Higgins. Besides, you shouldnt cut your old friends now that you have risen in the world. Thats what we call snobbery.

Liza. You dont call the like of them my friends now, I should hope. Theyve took it out of me often enough with their ridicule when they had the chance ; and now I mean to get a bit of my own back. But if I'm to have fashionable clothes, I'll wait. I should like to have some. Mrs Pearce says youre going to give me some to wear in bed at night different to what I wear in the daytime : but it do seem a waste of money when you could get something to shew. Besides, I never could fancy changing into cold things on a winter night.

Mrs Pearce (*coming back*). Now, Eliza. The new things have come for you to try on.

Liza. Ah-ow-oo-ooh ! (*She rushes out.*)

Mrs Pearce (*following her*). Oh, dont rush about like that, girl. (*She shuts the door behind her.*)

Higgins. Pickering : we have taken on a stiff job.

Pickering (*with conviction*). Higgins : we have.

The stiff job is, however, carried to success. Eliza, after a due course of training, is passed off on Society as a perfect lady ; while her freaks of speech,

including swearing, seem but parts of the prevailing fashion, and occasion no surprise. The philosophic dustman comes into a fortune of three thousand a year from an American philanthropist, to whom Higgins has observed that Alfred Doolittle is the most original moralist alive, on condition that he lectures for the Wannafeller Moral Reform World League—and his consternation at having to dress himself to suit the part, to be sponged upon instead of sponging, to become a specimen of Middle-class Morality, is in the richest vein of humour.

The great problem of the play is what is to be done with the transformed Eliza—a problem which is still left open when the curtain falls. The reader half expects that she will marry Higgins, but in a note which follows the play as it is printed, the author tells us that Higgins is a bachelor by nature, and that in real life Eliza married Freddy, a young and rather silly member of Society, and that the pair were set up in a flower-shop at Knightsbridge by Colonel Pickering—which is not only the more natural ending, but no doubt the best possible for all concerned.

THE AGE OF FABLE

OR

STORIES OF GODS AND HEROES

THOMAS BULFINCH

Thomas Bulfinch (1796-1867), *an American writer, was wonderfully successful in retelling in simple language the mythical stories and ancient legends so often alluded to in the literature of our own and other countries; for example, the story of Prometheus and Pandora, Apollo and Daphne, Venus and Adonis, Pygmalion, Cupid and Psyche, the Golden Fleece, Meleager and Atalanta, and so on. Bulfinch's book, he says, is not for the learned, nor for the theologian, nor for the philosopher, but for the reader of English literature who wishes to comprehend the allusions so frequently made by poets and essayists, artists and others.*

The following selections convey an idea of Bulfinch's entertaining and useful way of retelling these ancient legends.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

The story of Apollo and Daphne is often alluded to by the poets. In "Adonais" Shelley, referring to Byron's quarrel with the reviewers says:

"How they fled
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
The Pythian of the Age one arrow sped
And smiled!"

DAPHNE was Apollo's first love. It was not brought about by accident, but by the malice of Cupid. Apollo saw the boy playing with his bow and arrows; and being himself elated with his recent victory over Python, he said to him, "What have you to do with warlike weapons, saucy boy? Leave them for hands worthy of them. Behold the conquest I have won by means of them over the vast serpent who stretched his poisonous body over acres of the plain! Be content with your torch, child, and kindle up your flames, as you call them, where you will, but presume not to meddle with my weapons." Venus's boy heard these words, and rejoined, "Your arrows may strike all things else, Apollo, but mine shall strike you." So saying, he took his stand on a rock of Parnassus, and drew from his quiver two arrows of different workmanship, one to excite love, the other to repel it. The former was of gold and sharp pointed, the latter blunt and tipped with lead. With the leaden shaft he struck the nymph Daphne, the daughter of the river god Peneus, and with the

golden one Apollo, through the heart. Forthwith the god was seized with love for the maiden, and she abhorred the thought of loving. Her delight was in woodland sports and in the spoils of the chase. Many lovers sought her, but she spurned them all, ranging the woods, and taking no thought of Cupid nor of Hymen. Her father often said to her, "Daughter, you owe me a son-in-law; you owe me grandchildren." She, hating the thought of marriage as a crime, with her beautiful face tinged all over with blushes, threw her arms around her father's neck, and said, "Dearest father, grant me this favour, that I may always remain unmarried, like Diana." He consented, but at the same time said, "Your own face will forbid it."

Apollo loved her, and longed to obtain her; and he who gives oracles to all the world was not wise enough to look into his own fortunes. He saw her hair flung loose over her shoulders, and said, "If so charming in disorder, what would it be if arranged?" He saw her eyes bright as stars; he saw her lips, and was not satisfied with only seeing them. He admired her hands and arms, naked to the shoulder, and whatever was hidden from view he imagined more beautiful still. He followed her; she fled, swifter than the wind, and delayed not a moment at his entreaties. "Stay," said he, "daughter of Peneus; I am not a foe. Do not fly me as a lamb flies the wolf, or a dove the hawk. It is for love I pursue you. You make me miserable, for fear you should fall and hurt yourself on these stones, and I should be the cause. Pray run slower, and I will follow slower. I am no clown, no rude peasant. Jupiter is my father, and I am lord of Delphos and Tenedos, and know all things, present and future. I am the god of song and the lyre. My arrows fly true to the mark; but, alas! an arrow more fatal than mine has pierced my heart! I am the god of medicine, and know the virtues of all healing plants. Alas! I suffer a malady that no balm can cure!"

The nymph continued her flight, and left his plea half uttered. And even as she fled she charmed him. The wind blew her garments, and her unbound hair streamed loose behind her. The god grew impatient to find his wooings thrown away, and, sped by Cupid, gained upon her in the race. It was like a hound pursuing a hare, with open jaws ready to seize, while the feebler animal darts forward, slipping from the very grasp. So flew the god and the virgin—he on the wings of love, and she on those of fear. The pursuer is the more rapid, however, and gains upon her, and his panting breath blows upon her hair. Her strength begins to fail, and, ready to sink, she calls upon her father, the river god: "Help me, Peneus! open the earth to enclose me, or change my form, which has brought me into this danger!" Scarcely had she spoken, when a stiffness seized all her limbs; her bosom began to be enclosed in a tender bark; her hair became leaves; her arms became branches; her foot stuck fast in the ground, as a root; her face became a tree-top, retaining nothing of its former self but its beauty. Apollo stood amazed. He touched the stem, and felt the flesh tremble under the new bark. He embraced the branches, and lavished kisses on the wood. The branches shrank from his lips. "Since you cannot be my wife," said he, "you shall assuredly be my tree. I will wear you for my crown. I will decorate with you my harp and my quiver; and when the great Roman conquerors lead up the triumphal pomp to the Capitol you shall be woven into wreaths for their brows. And, as eternal youth is mine, you also shall be always green, and your leaf know no decay." The nymph, now changed into a Laurel tree, bowed its head in grateful acknowledgment.

PYGMALION.

The only point of allusion in Bernard Shaw's play "Pygmalion" to the classic legend is that in the one case the hero tries to transform the character of a woman; in the other case, the hero tries to create a real woman from a sculptured ivory image.

"Few, like Pygmalion, dote on lifeless charms,
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms."

The names of Pygmalion and Galatea are often linked together, but there is no classical authority for calling the maiden created by Pygmalion "Galatea."

Schiller, the poet, applies this tale of Pygmalion to the love of nature in a youthful heart.

"As once with prayers in passion flowing
Pygmalion embraced the stone,
Till from the frozen marble glowing,
The light of feeling o'er him shone,
So did I clasp with young devotion
Bright Nature to a poet's heart;
Till breath and warmth and vital motion
Seemed from the statue form to dart."

Photo: Anderson.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.
Bernini.

Pygmalion saw so much to blame in women that he came at last to abhor the sex, and resolved to live unmarried. He was a sculptor, and had made with wonderful skill a statue of ivory, so beautiful that no living woman came anywhere near it. It was indeed the perfect semblance of a maiden that seemed to be alive, and only prevented from moving by modesty. His art was so perfect that it concealed itself and its product looked like the workmanship of nature. Pygmalion admired his own work, and at last fell in love with the counterfeit creation. Oftentimes he laid his hand upon it as if to assure himself whether it were living or not, and could not even then believe that it was only ivory. He caressed it, and gave it presents such as young girls love—bright shells and polished stones, little birds and flowers of various hues, beads and amber. He put raiment on its limbs, and jewels on its fingers, and a necklace about its neck. To the ears he hung earrings, and strings of pearls upon the breast. Her dress became her, and she looked not less charming than when unattired. He laid her on a couch spread with cloths of Tyrian dye, and called her his wife, and put her head upon a pillow of the softest feathers, as if she could enjoy their softness.

The festival of Venus was at hand—a festival celebrated with great pomp at Cyprus. Victims were offered, the altars smoked, and the odour of incense filled the air. When Pygmalion had performed his part in the solemnities, he stood before the altar and timidly said, "Ye gods, who can do all things, give me I pray you, for my wife"—he dared not say "my

ivory virgin," but said instead—"one like my ivory virgin." Venus, who was present at the festival, heard him and knew the thought he would have uttered; and as an omen of her favour, caused the flame on the altar to shoot up thrice in a fiery point into the air. When he returned home, he went to see his statue, and leaning over the couch, gave a kiss to the mouth. It seemed to be warm. He pressed its lips again, he laid his hand upon the limbs; the ivory felt soft to his touch and yielded to his fingers like the wax of Hymettus. While he stands astonished and glad, though doubting, and fears he may be mistaken, again and again with a lover's ardour he touches the object of his hopes. It was indeed alive! The veins when pressed yielded to the finger and again resumed their roundness. Then at last the votary of Venus found words to thank the goddess, and pressed his lips upon lips as real as his own. The virgin felt the kisses and blushed, and opening her timid eyes to the light, fixed them at the same moment on her lover. Venus blessed the nuptials she had formed, and from this union Paphos was born from whom the city, sacred to Venus, received its name.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Venus was the Goddess of Beauty, the Mother of Love and the Queen of Laughter. Adonis, a beautiful youth, was beloved by both Venus and Proserpina, who quarrelled about him. Milton alludes to the story in his "Comus."

Venus, playing one day with her boy Cupid, wounded her bosom with one of his arrows. She pushed him away, but the wound was deeper than she thought. Before it healed she beheld Adonis, and was captivated with him. She no longer took any interest in her favourite resorts —Paphos, and Cnidos, and Amathos, rich in metals. She absented herself even from heaven, for Adonis was dearer to her than heaven. Him she followed and bore him company. She who used to love to recline in the shade, with no care but to cultivate her charms, now rambles through the woods and over the hills, dressed like the huntress Diana; and calls her dogs, and chases hares and stags, or other game that it is safe to hunt, but keeps clear of the wolves and bears, reeking with the slaughter of the herd. She charged Adonis, too, to beware of such dangerous animals. "Be brave towards the timid," said she; "courage against the courageous is not safe. Beware how you expose yourself to danger and put my happiness to risk. Attack not the beasts that Nature has armed with weapons. I do not value your glory so high as to consent to purchase it by such exposure. Your youth, and the beauty that charms Venus, will not touch the hearts of lions and bristly boars. Think of their terrible claws and prodigious strength! I hate the whole race of them. Do you ask me why?" Then she told him the story of Atalanta and Hippomenes, who were changed into lions for their ingratitude to her.

Having given him this warning, she mounted her chariot drawn by swans, and drove away through the air. But Adonis was too noble to heed such counsels. The dogs had roused a wild boar from his lair, and the youth threw his spear and wounded the animal with a sidelong stroke. The beast drew out the weapon with his jaws, and rushed after Adonis, who turned and ran; but the boar overtook him, and buried his tusks in his side, and stretched him dying upon the plain.

Venus, in her swan-drawn chariot, had not yet reached Cyprus, when she heard coming up through mid-air the groans of her beloved, and turned her white-winged coursers back to earth. As she drew near and saw from on high his lifeless body bathed in blood, she alighted and, bending over it, beat her breast and tore her hair. Reproaching the Fates, she said, "Yet theirs shall be but a partial triumph; memorials of my grief shall endure, and the spectacle of your death, my Adonis, and of my lamentation shall be annually renewed. Your blood shall be changed into a flower; that consolation none can envy me." Thus speaking, she sprinkled nectar on the blood; and as they mingled, bubbles rose as in a pool on which raindrops fall, and in an hour's time there sprang up a

Photo: Henry Dixon & Son. *Reproduced by permission of the Artist.*

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.
After the painting by Henrietta Rae.

flower of bloody hue like that of the pomegranate. But it is short-lived. It is said the wind blows the blossoms open, and afterwards blows the petals away; so it is called Anemone, or Wind Flower, from the cause which assists equally in its production and its decay.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Cupid's name is as familiar to-day as when the infant God of Love was known to all men as the winged son of Venus and Jupiter. Cupid's name is also Eros. The story of the estrangement and reconciliation of Cupid and Psyche is told below. Psyche's name signified a "butterfly," the emblem of the soul's life breaking from mortal bond. Keat's beautiful "Ode to Psyche" will be recalled.

A certain king and queen had three daughters. The charms of the two elder were more than common, but the beauty of the youngest was so wonderful that the poverty of language is unable to express its due praise. The fame of her beauty was so great that strangers from neighbouring countries came in crowds to enjoy the sight, and looked on her with amazement, paying her that homage which is due only to Venus herself. In fact Venus found her altars deserted, while men turned their devotion to this young virgin. As she passed along, the people sang her praises, and strewed her way with chaplets and flowers.

This perversion of homage due only to the immortal powers to the exaltation of a mortal gave great offence to the real Venus. Shaking her ambrosial locks with indignation, she exclaimed, "Am I then to be eclipsed in my honours by a mortal girl? In vain then did that royal shepherd, whose judgment was approved by Jove himself, give me the palm of beauty over my illustrious rivals, Pallas and Juno. But she shall not so quietly usurp my honours. I will give her cause to repent of so unlawful a beauty."

Thereupon she calls her winged son Cupid, mischievous enough in his own nature, and rouses and provokes him yet more by her complaints. She points out Psyche to him and says, "My dear son, punish that contumacious beauty; give thy mother a revenge as sweet as her injuries are great; infuse into the bosom of that haughty girl a passion for some low, mean, unworthy being, so that she may reap a mortification as great as her present exultation and triumph."

Cupid prepared to obey the commands of his mother. There are two fountains in Venus's garden, one of sweet waters, the other of bitter. Cupid filled two amber vases, one from each fountain, and suspending them from the top of his quiver, hastened to the chamber of Psyche, whom he found asleep. He shed a few drops from the bitter fountain over her lips, though the sight of her almost moved him to pity; then touched her side with the point of his arrow. At the touch she awoke, and opened eyes upon Cupid (himself invisible), which so startled him that in his confusion he wounded himself with his own arrow. Heedless of his wound, his whole thought now was to repair the mischief he had done, and he poured the balmy drops of joy over all her silken ringlets.

Psyche, henceforth frowned upon by Venus, derived no benefit from all her charms. True, all eyes were cast eagerly upon her, and every mouth spoke her praises; but neither king, royal youth, nor plebeian presented himself to demand her in marriage. Her two sisters of moderate charms had now long been married to two royal princes; but Psyche, in her lonely apartment, deplored her solitude, sick of that beauty which, while it procured abundance of flattery, had failed to awaken love.

Her parents, afraid that they had unwittingly incurred the anger of the gods, consulted the oracle of Apollo, and received this answer: "The virgin is destined for the bride of no mortal lover. Her future husband awaits her on the top of the mountain. He is a monster whom neither gods nor men can resist."

This dreadful decree of the oracle filled all the people with dismay, and her parents abandoned themselves to grief. But Psyche said, "Why, my dear parents, do you now lament me? You should rather have grieved when the people showered upon me undeserved honours, and with one voice called me a

Venus. I now perceive that I am a victim to that name. I submit. Lead me to that rock to which my unhappy fate has destined me." Accordingly, all things being prepared, the royal maid took her place in the procession, which more resembled a funeral than a nuptial pomp, and with her parents, amid the lamentations of the people, ascended the mountain, on the summit of which they left her alone, and with sorrowful hearts returned home.

While Psyche stood on the ridge of the mountain panting with fear and with eyes full of tears, the gentle Zephyr raised her from the earth and bore her with an easy motion into a flowery dale. By degrees her mind became composed, and she laid herself down on the grassy bank to sleep. When she awoke refreshed with sleep, she looked round and beheld near by a pleasant grove of tall and stately trees. She entered it, and in the midst discovered a fountain, sending forth clear and crystal waters, and fast by, a magnificent palace whose august front impressed the spectator that it was not the work of mortal hands, but the happy retreat of some god. Drawn by admiration and wonder, she approached the building and ventured to enter. Every object she met filled her with pleasure and amazement. Golden pillars supported the vaulted roof, and the walls were enriched with carvings and paintings representing beasts of the chase and rural scenes, adapted to delight the eye of the beholder. Proceeding onward, she perceived that besides the apartments of state there were others filled with all manner of treasures, and beautiful and precious productions of nature and art.

While her eyes were thus occupied, a voice addressed her, though she saw no one, uttering these words: "Sovereign lady, all that you see is yours. We whose voices you hear are your servants and shall obey all your commands with our utmost care and diligence. Retire, therefore, to your chamber and repose on your bed of down, and when you see fit repair to the bath. Supper awaits you in the adjoining alcove when it pleases you to take your seat there."

Psyche gave ear to the admonitions of her vocal attendants, and after repose and the refreshment of the bath, seated herself in the alcove, where a table immediately presented itself, without any visible aid from waiters or servants, and covered with the greatest delicacies of food and the most nectareous wines. Her ears too were feasted with music from invisible performers; of whom one sang, another played on the lute, and all closed in the wonderful harmony of a full chorus.

She had not yet seen her destined husband. He came only in the hours of darkness and fled before the dawn of morning but his accents were full of love, and inspired a like passion in her. She often begged him to stay and let her behold him, but he would not consent. On the contrary he charged her to make no attempt to see him, for it was his pleasure, for the best of reasons, to keep concealed. "Why should you wish to behold me?" he said; "have you any doubt of my love? have you any wish ungratified? If you saw me, perhaps you would fear me, perhaps adore me, but all I ask of you is to love me. I would rather you would love me as an equal than adore me as a god."

This reasoning somewhat quieted Psyche for a time, and while the novelty lasted she felt quite happy. But at length the thought of her parents, left in ignorance of her fate, and of her sisters, precluded from sharing with her the delights of her situation, preyed on her mind and made her begin to feel her palace as but a splendid prison. When her husband came one night, she told him her distress, and at last drew from him an unwilling consent that her sisters should be brought to see her.

So, calling Zephyr, she acquainted him with her husband's commands, and he, promptly obedient, soon brought them across the mountain down to their sister's valley. They embraced her and she returned their caresses. "Come," said Psyche, "enter with me my house and refresh yourselves with whatever your sister has to offer." Then taking their hands she led them into her golden palace, and committed them to the care of her numerous train of attendant voices,

to refresh them in her baths and at her table, and to show them all her treasures. The view of these celestial delights caused envy to enter their bosoms, at seeing their young sister possessed of such state and splendour, so much exceeding their own.

They asked her numberless questions, among others what sort of a person her husband was. Psyche replied that he was a beautiful youth, who generally spent the daytime in hunting upon the mountains. The sisters, not satisfied with this reply, soon made her confess that she had never seen him. Then they proceeded to fill her bosom with dark suspicions. "Call to mind," they said, "the Pythian oracle that declared you destined to marry a direful and tremendous monster. The inhabitants of this valley say that your husband is a terrible and monstrous serpent, who nourishes you for a while with dainties that he may by and by devour you. Take our advice. Provide yourself with a lamp and a sharp knife; put them in concealment that your husband may not discover them, and when he is sound asleep, slip out of bed, bring forth your lamp, and see for yourself whether what they say is true or not. If it is, hesitate not to cut off the monster's head, and thereby recover your liberty."

Psyche resisted these persuasions as well as she could, but they did not fail to have their effect on her mind, and when her sisters were gone, their words and her own curiosity were too strong for her to resist. So she prepared her lamp and a sharp knife, and hid them out of sight of her husband. When he had fallen into his first sleep, she silently rose and uncovering her lamp beheld not a hideous monster, but the most beautiful and charming of the gods, with his golden ringlets wandering over his snowy neck and crimson cheek, with two dewy wings on his shoulders, whiter than snow, and with shining feathers like the tender blossoms of spring. As she leaned the lamp over to have a nearer view of his face a drop of burning oil fell on the shoulder of the god, startled with which he opened his eyes and fixed them full upon her; then, without saying one word, he spread his white wings and flew out of the window. Psyche, in vain endeavouring to follow him, fell from the window to the ground. Cupid, beholding her as she lay in the dust, stopped his flight for an instant and said, "O foolish Psyche, is it thus you repay my love? After having disobeyed my mother's commands and made you my wife, will you think me a monster and cut off my head? But go; return to your sisters, whose advice you seem to think preferable to mine. I inflict no other punishment on you than to leave you for ever. Love cannot dwell with suspicion." So saying, he fled away, leaving poor Psyche prostrate on the ground, filling the place with mournful lamentations.

When she had recovered some degree of composure she looked around her, but the palace and gardens had vanished, and she found herself in the open field not far from the city where her sisters dwelt. She repaired thither and told them the whole story of her misfortunes, at which, pretending to grieve, those spiteful creatures inwardly rejoiced. "For now," said they, "he will perhaps choose one of us." With this idea, without saying a word of her intentions, each of them rose early the next morning and ascended the mountain, and having reached the top, called upon Zephyr to receive her and bear her to his lord; *then leaping up, and not being sustained by Zephyr, fell down the precipice and was dashed to pieces.*

Psyche meanwhile wandered day and night, without food or repose, in search of her husband. Casting her eyes on a lofty mountain having on its brow a magnificent temple, she sighed and said to herself, "Perhaps my love, my lord, inhabits there," and directed her steps thither.

She had no sooner entered than she saw heaps of corn, some in loose ears and some in sheaves, with mingled ears of barley. Scattered about, lay sickles and rakes, and all the instruments of harvest, without order, as if thrown carelessly out of the weary reapers' hands in the sultry hours of the day.

This unseemly confusion the pious Psyche put an end to, by separating and sorting everything to its proper place and kind, believing that she ought to

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

After the painting by Titian in the Prado, Madrid.

neglect none of the gods, but endeavour by her piety to engage them all in her behalf. The holy Ceres, whose temple it was, finding her so religiously employed, thus spoke to her: "O Psyche, truly worthy of our pity, though I cannot shield you from the frowns of Venus, yet I can teach you how best to allay her displeasure. Go, then, and voluntarily surrender yourself to your lady and sovereign, and try by modesty and submission to win her forgiveness, and perhaps her favour will restore you the husband you have lost."

Psyche obeyed the commands of Ceres and took her way to the temple of Venus, endeavouring to fortify her mind and ruminating on what she should say and how best propitiate the angry goddess, feeling that the issue was doubtful and perhaps fatal.

Venus received her with angry countenance. "Most undutiful and faithless of servants," said she, "do you at last remember that you really have a mistress? Or have you rather come to see your sick husband, yet laid up of the wound given him by his loving wife? You are so ill-favoured and disagreeable that the only way you can merit your lover must be by dint of industry and diligence. I will make trial of your housewifery." Then she ordered Psyche to be led to the storehouse of her temple, where was laid up a great quantity of wheat, barley, millet, vetches, beans, and lentils prepared for food for her pigeons, and said, "Take and separate all these grains, putting all of the same kind in a parcel by themselves, and see that you get it done before evening." Then Venus departed and left her to her task.

But Psyche, in a perfect consternation at the enormous work, sat stupid and silent, without moving a finger to the inextricable heap.

While she sat despairing, Cupid stirred up the little ant, a native of the fields, to take compassion on her. The leader of the ant-hill, followed by whole hosts of his six-legged subjects, approached the heap, and with the utmost diligence taking grain by grain, they separated the pile, sorting each kind to its parcel; and when it was all done, they vanished out of sight in a moment.

Venus at the approach of twilight returned from the banquet of the gods, breathing odours and crowned with roses. Seeing the task done, she exclaimed, "This is no work of yours, wicked one, but his, whom to your own and his misfortune you have enticed." So saying, she threw her a piece of black bread for her supper and went away.

Next morning Venus ordered Psyche to be called and said to her," Behold yonder grove which stretches along the margin of the water. There you will find sheep feeding without a shepherd, with golden-shining fleeces on their backs. Go, fetch me a sample of that precious wool gathered from every one of their fleeces."

Psyche obediently went to the river-side, prepared to do her best to execute the command. But the river god inspired the reeds with harmonious murmurs, which seemed to say, "O maiden, severely tried, tempt not the dangerous flood, nor venture among the formidable rams on the other side, for as long as they are under the influence of the rising sun, they burn with a cruel rage to destroy mortals with their sharp horns or rude teeth. But when the noontide sun has driven the cattle to the shade, and the serene spirit of the flood has lulled them to rest, you may then cross in safety, and you will find the woolly gold sticking to the bushes and the trunks of the trees."

Thus the compassionate river god gave Psyche instructions how to accomplish her task, and by observing his directions she soon returned to Venus with her arms full of the golden fleece; but she received not the approbation of her implacable mistress, who said, "I know very well it is by none of your own doings that you have succeeded in this task, and I am not satisfied yet that you have any capacity to make yourself useful. But I have another task for you. Here, take this box and go your way to the infernal shades, and give this box to Proserpine and say, 'My mistress Venus desires you to send her a little of your beauty, for in tending her sick son she has lost some of her own.' Be not too long on your errand, for I must paint myself with it to appear at the circle of the gods and goddesses this evening."

Psyche was now satisfied that her destruction was at hand, being obliged to go with her own feet directly down to Erebus. Wherefore, to make no delay of what was not to be avoided, she goes to the top of a high tower to precipitate herself headlong, thus to descend the shortest way to the shades below. But a voice from the tower said to her, "Why, poor unlucky girl, dost thou design to put an end to thy days in so dreadful a manner? And what cowardice makes thee sink under this last danger who hast been so miraculously supported in all the former?" Then the voice told her how by a certain cave she might reach the realms of Pluto, and how to avoid all the dangers of the road, to pass by Cerberus, the three-headed dog, and prevail on Charon, the ferryman, to take her across the black river and bring her back again. But the voice added, "When Proserpine has given you the box filled with her beauty, of all things this is chiefly to be observed by you, that you never once open or look into the box nor allow your curiosity to pry into the treasure of the beauty of the goddesses."

Psyche, encouraged by this advice, obeyed it in all things, and taking heed to her ways travelled safely to the kingdom of Pluto. She was admitted to the palace of Proserpine, and without accepting the delicate seat or delicious banquet that was offered her, but contented with coarse bread for her food, she delivered her message from Venus. Presently the box was returned to her, shut and filled with the precious commodity. Then she returned the way she came, and

glad was she to come out once more into the light of day.

But having got so far successfully through her dangerous task, a longing desire seized her to examine the contents of the box. "What," said she, "shall I, the carrier of this divine beauty, not take the least bit to put on my cheeks to appear to more advantage in the eyes of my beloved husband!" So she carefully opened the box, but found nothing there of any beauty at all, but from her body closed it again in the box, and waked Psyche with a light touch of one of his arrows. "Again," said he, "hast thou almost perished by the same curiosity. But now perform exactly the task imposed on you by my mother, and I will take care of the rest."

Then Cupid, as swift as lightning, penetrating the heights of heaven, presented himself before Jupiter with his supplication. Jupiter lent a favouring ear, and pleaded the cause of the lovers

Photo: Brogi.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

From the sculpture by Antonio Canova.

an infernal and truly Stygian sleep, which being thus set free from its prison, took possession of her, and she fell down in the midst of the road, a sleepy corpse without sense or motion.

But Cupid, being now recovered from his wound, and not able longer to bear the absence of his beloved Psyche, slipping through the smallest crack of the window of his chamber which happened to be left open, flew to the spot where Psyche lay, and gathering up the sleep so earnestly with Venus that he won her consent. On this he sent Mercury to bring Psyche up to the heavenly assembly, and when she arrived, handing her a cup of ambrosia, he said, "Drink this, Psyche, and be immortal; nor shall Cupid ever break away from the knot in which he is tied, but these nuptials shall be perpetual."

Thus Psyche became at last united to Cupid, and in due time they had a daughter born to them whose name was Pleasure.

POEMS

RUDYARD KIPLING

[By permission of the Author and Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.]

For other selected poems from "Barrack Room Ballads," see page 85, Vol. I.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
'Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?'
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare.
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen.'

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat —
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now if ye can ride.'
It's up and over the Tongue of Jahai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
'"Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, 'ye rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,

The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row :
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly.'
Lightly answered the Colonel's son : 'Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn -howl, dog, and call them up !
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back ! "
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wold and grey wolf meet
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath ;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death ? '
Lightly answered the Colonel's son : 'I hold by the blood of my clan.
Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man !
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast ;
'We be two strong men,' said Kamal then, 'but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.'
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he ; 'will ye take the mate from a friend ? '
'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight ; 'a limb for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!'
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, 'who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.'

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
'Ha' done! ha' done!' said the Colonel's son. 'Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!'

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

"FUZZY-WUZZY"

SOUTH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.)

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller.
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,

An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an' calthy Tommy for a year.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' friends which are no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead:
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree.
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree!
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square!

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—Lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

THE PIECE OF STRING

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

[By permission of Messrs. Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd.]

For other selections from Guy De Maupassant, see page 263, Vol. II.

ALONG all the roads round Goderville peasants and their wives were coming in towards the town, for it was market day.

The men all walked at a stolid pace, throwing the whole weight of their bodies forward at each movement of their long legs; their limbs were gnarled and out of shape from hard work, from bending over the plough, which humps the left shoulder and twists the figure—from reaping, which bows the knees in the effort to get good balance—from every kind of slow and painful field labour. Their blue smocks, starched till they shone as if varnished, and ornamented at collar and cuffs with a little pattern in white thread, swelled out round their bony bodies, like balloons ready for flight, with a head, two arms, and two feet emerging.

Some were dragging along a cow, or calf, at the end of a rope. And with branches still covered with leaves, their wives would swish the animal from behind to make it go quicker.

The women carried on their arms great baskets, whence issued the heads of fowls or ducks. And they walked with a shorter brisker step than the men, with their straight, meagre figures draped in a little patterned shawl pinned over on their flat chests, their heads enveloped in white linen plastered on to the hair and surmounted by a cap.

Then came a country cart, whose horse with its jerky trot was jolting two men seated side by side, and a woman at the back of the vehicle, who was holding on to both sides, to diminish the severity of the bumping.

There was a crowd in Goderville market-place, a confusion of men and beasts. Horns of oxen, long-napped tall hats of the richer peasants, and the women's head-dresses, rose above the surface of the throng. Voices, bawling, sharp, and squeaky, were mingled in barbarous never-ending clamour, dominated at times by the mighty guffaw of some broad-chested countryman having his joke, or by the long-drawn lowing of a cow tied up to the wall of a house.

It all smelt of stables, milk and manure, of hay and sweat, gave off, in fact, that terribly sour savour, human, yet bestial, characteristic of workers in the fields.

Master Hauchecorne, of Breauté, coming in to Goderville, was making his way towards the market-place, when he perceived on the ground a short piece of string. Master Hauchecorne, thrifty like every true Norman, thought that anything was worth picking up that could be put to any use; so, stooping painfully, for he suffered from rheumatism, he picked up the bit of thin cord, and was carefully rolling it up when he observed Master Malandain, the saddler, standing in his doorway, looking at him. They had once had a difference about a halter, and owed each other a grudge, for both were by nature inclined to bear malice. Master Hauchecorne was seized with a sort of shame at being thus seen by his enemy, grubbing in the mud for a bit of string. He abruptly hid his spoil under his blouse, then put it in his trouser's pocket, and pretended to be still looking on the ground for something he could not find; finally he went off towards the market, with his head poked forward, bent nearly double by his rheumatism.

He was swallowed up at once in the slow-moving, noisy crowd, disputing over its interminable bargainings. Peasants were punching the cows, moving hither and thither, in perpetual fear of being

taken in, and not daring to make up their minds ; scrutinising the seller's eye, to try and discover the deceit in the man, and the blemish in his beast.

The women, placing their great baskets at their feet, had taken out their fowls, which lay on the ground with legs tied together, eyes wild with fright, and crests all scarlet.

They listened to the offers made, and held out for their prices with wooden, impassive faces ; then, suddenly deciding to take the bid, would scream after the customer as he slowly walked away :

" Done with you, Master Anthime. You shall have it."

Then, little by little, the market-place emptied, and, the Ang ringing day, those who lived too far away straggled into the inns.

At Jourdain's, the big dining-room was crowded with guests, just as the huge courtyard was crowded with vehicles of every breed, carts, cabriolets, wagonettes, tilburys, covered carts innumerable, yellow with mud, out of trim and patched, some raising their two shafts, like arms, to the sky, some with nose on the ground and tail in the air.

Right up against the diners the immense fireplace, flaming brightly, threw a mighty heat on to the backs of the right-hand row seated at table. Three jacks were turning, garnished with chickens, pigeons, and legs of mutton, and a delectable odour of roast meat, and of gravy streaming over the well-browned crackling, rose from the hearth, bringing joy to the heart, and water to the mouth.

All the aristocracy of the plough dined at M. Jourdain's, innkeeper and horsedealer, a shrewd fellow, and a " warm man."

The dishes were passed, and emptied, together with mugs of golden cider. Everyone told the story of his bargains, and asked his neighbour about the crops. The weather was good for green stuff, but a little damp for corn.

Suddenly, from the courtyard in front of the house, came the roll of a drum.

All but a few, too lazy to move, jumped up at once, and flew to the doors and windows, their mouths still full and their napkins in their hands.

Finishing off the roll of his drum, the town-crier shouted in staccato tones, with a scansion of phrase peculiarly out of rhythm :

" This is to inform the inhabitants of Goderville, and all others—present at the market, that there was lost this morning on the Beuzeville road between nine and ten o'clock, a black leather pocket-book, containing five hundred francs and some business papers. It should be returned—to the Town Hall immediately, or to Master Fortuné Houlbrèque at Manneville. A reward of twenty francs is offered."

The man went by, and presently the dull rumble of the drum was heard again, and then the crier's voice, fainter in the distance.

Everyone began discussing the event, calculating the chances of Master Houlbrèque's recovering or not recovering his pocket-book.

And so the meal came to an end.

They were finishing their coffee when the brigadier of gendarmes appeared at the door, and asked :

" Is Master Hauchecorne, of Breauté, here ? "

Master Hauchecorne, seated at the far end of the table, answered :

" Here ! "

" Master Hauchecorne," proceeded the officer, " will you be so good as to come with me to the Town Hall. The mayor would like to speak to you."

Surprised and uneasy, the peasant gulped down his cognac, rose, and stooping even more than in the morning, for the first steps after resting were always particularly painful, got himself started, repeating :

" All right ! I'm coming ! " and followed the sergeant.

The mayor was awaiting him, seated in an armchair. He was the notary of the district, a stout, serious man, full of pompous phrases.

" Master Hauchecorne," said he, " you were seen this morning to pick up, on the Beuzeville road, the pocket-book lost by Master Houlbrèque, of Manneville."

The peasant, in stupefaction, gazed at the mayor, intimidated at once by this suspicion which lay heavy upon him without his comprehending it.

"Me? me—me pick up that pocket-book?"

"Yes, you."

"On my word of honour, I didn't! Why, I didn't even know about it!"

"You were seen."

"Seen? I? Who saw me?"

"M. Malandain, the saddler."

Then the old man remembered, and understood. Reddening with anger, he said:

"Ah! he saw me, that animal! Well, what he saw me pick up was this string, look here, M. le Maire!"

And rummaging in his pocket, he pulled out the little piece of string.

But the mayor shook his head incredulously.

"You won't make me believe, Master Hauchecorne, that M. Malandain, a trustwortny man, took that piece of string for a pocket-book."

The enraged peasant raised his hand, spat solemnly to show his good faith, and repeated:

"It's God's truth, all the same, the sacred truth, M. le Maire. There, on my soul and honour, I say it again."

The mayor proceeded.

"After having picked up the article in question, you even went on searching in the mud, to make sure a coin or two mightn't have fallen out."

The poor old fellow choked with indignation and fear.

"To say such things! . . . How can anyone . . . telling lies like that, to undo an honest man! How can anyone?"

Protest as he would, he was not believed.

They confronted him with M. Malandain, who repeated and substantiated his story. The two abused each other for a whole hour. By his own request, Master Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found on him.

At last the mayor, thoroughly puzzled, dismissed him, warning him that he was going to give notice to the public prosecutor and take his instructions.

The news had spread. As he went out of the Town Hall the old man was surrounded, and all sorts of serious or mocking questions were put to him, but no one showed the slightest indignation. He began to tell the story of the piece of string. They did not believe him. Everybody laughed.

He went on, stopped by everyone, stopping everyone he knew, to tell his story over and over again, protesting, showing his pockets turned inside out, to prove that he had nothing on him. The only answer he got was:

"Get along, you sly old dog!"

He began to feel angry, worrying himself into a fever of irritation, miserable at not being believed, at a loss what to do, and continually repeating his story.

Night came on. It was time to go home. He set out with three neighbours, to whom he showed the spot where he had picked up the piece of string; and the whole way home he kept talking of his misadventure.

In the evening he made a round of the village of Breauté, to tell everybody all about it. He came across unbelievers only.

He was ill all night.

The next day, about one o'clock, Marius Paumelle, a labourer at Master Breton's, a farmer at Ymauville, restored the pocket-book and its contents to Master Houlbrèque, of Manneville.

This man declared that he had found the object on the road; but not being able to read, he had taken it home and given it to his master.

The news spread through the neighbourhood. Master Hauchecorne was informed of it, and started off at once on a round, to tell his story all over again, with its proper ending. It was a triumph.

"What knocked me over," he said, "was not so much the thing itself, you know, but that charge of lying. There's nothing hurts a man so much as being thought a liar."

The whole day long he talked of his adventure, telling it to people he met on the roads, to people drinking at the inns, and even at the church door on the following Sunday. He stopped perfect

'Master Hauchecorne picked up the bit of thin cord and was carefully rolling it up when he observed Master Malandain, the saddler, looking at him."

strangers to tell them about it. He was easy in his mind now, and yet—there was something that bothered him, though he could not exactly arrive at what it was. People had an amused look while they were listening to him. They did not seem convinced. He felt as if a lot of tattle was going on behind his back.

On the Tuesday of the following week he went off to Goderville market, urged thereto solely by the desire to tell his story. Malandain, standing at his door, began to laugh as he went past. Why ?

He began his story to a farmer of Criquetot, who did not let him finish, but, giving him a dig in the pit of his stomach, shouted in his face : " Get along, you old rogue ! " and turned his back.

Master Hauchecorne stopped short, confused, and more and more uneasy, Why was he being called an " old rogue " ?

When he was seated at table at Jourdain's inn he began again to explain the whole affair.

A horse-dealer from Montvillier called out :

" Come, come, that's an old trick ; I know all about your piece of string ! "

Hauchecorne stammered :

" But it's been found, that pocket-book ! "

But the other went on :

" Oh ! shut up, old boy, there's one who finds, and another who brings back. All on the strict Q. T."

The peasant was thunderstruck. He understood at last. It was insinuated that he had caused the pocket-book to be taken back by someone else, an accomplice.

He tried to protest, but the whole table began laughing.

He could not finish his dinner, and went away, with everyone jeering at him.

He returned home, ashamed and indignant, choking with anger and bewilderment, and all the more overwhelmed because, in his artful Norman brain, he knew himself capable of having done what they accused him of, and of even boasting about it afterwards, as though it were a feat. He realised confusedly that it would be impossible to prove his innocence, his tricky nature being known to all. And he felt wounded to the heart by the injustice of this suspicion.

Then he began again to tell his story, making the tale a little longer every day, adding new reasons every time, more energetic protestations, most solemn oaths which he thought out and prepared in his solitary moments, for his mind was solely occupied by the story of the piece of string. They believed him less and less as his defence became more and more elaborate, his arguments more subtle.

" H'm ! that's only to cover up his tracks," the hearers would say behind his back.

He was conscious of all this, but went on eating his heart out, exhausting himself in fruitless efforts.

Before the very eyes of people, he wasted away.

Jokers now would make him tell them the " piece of string " to amuse them, as one makes old soldiers tell about their battles. His spirit, undermined, grew feebler and feebler.

Toward the end of December he took to his bed.

He died at the beginning of January, and in his last delirium still protested his innocence, repeating : —

" A little piece of string . . . a little piece of string . . . look, here it is, M. le Maire ! "

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

FRANCIS THOMPSON

[*By permission of Messrs. Burne & Oates.*]

Photo: Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

This splendid poem is one of the greatest of the sacred lyrics of the world. It appeals, with its solemn and transcendent music, not only to the religious spirit of whatever sect, but to the lover of supreme nobility of verse. "It is," says the Bishop of London, "one of the most tremendous poems ever written." Safely may it be asserted that it has taken rank among the things that are not born to die.

Francis Thompson was born in Preston in 1859, *but he spent the greater part of his later life in London where he arrived without money and with volumes of Blake and Æschylus in his pocket. In rags he tramped the streets and slept on the Embankment at nights. He died in* 1907.

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes, I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat -and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet -
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."
I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities
(For, though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.

Fear wist not to evade as Love
wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways
of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their
clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports
o' the moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden; to eve:
Be soon—
With thy young skyey blossoms
heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest
He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but
to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and
their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness
did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of
every wind.
But whether they swept,
smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the
blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged His chariot
'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round
the spurn o' their feet:—
Fear wist not to evade as Love
wist to pursue.

Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their
beat—
"Naught shelters thee, who
wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which
I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's
eyes
Seems something, something
that replies
They at least are for me, surely for
me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew
sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me
by the hair.
"Come then, ye other children,
Nature's—share
With me" (said I) "your delicate
fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you
caresses
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled
palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless
way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the day-
spring."
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was
one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds
arise,
Spumèd of the wild sea-
snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with; made
them shapers

Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.

In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor step-dame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
And past those noisèd Feet
A Voice comes yet more fleet—
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenceless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,

I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap,
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth, with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;

And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, who shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity:
Those shaken mists a space unsettle,

Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again;
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
Strange, piteous, futile thing,
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited -
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!

thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

JOSEPH VANCE

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

[*By permission of John Murray, Esq.*]

"Joseph Vance" was published in 1906; it was William de Morgan's first novel, and he was then sixty-seven years of age. He was originally a designer for stained glass; he became renowned in the art of pottery, and he painted pictures of a decorative character. De Morgan was gifted with a wealth of imagination, and he displayed supreme earnestness in all he did. His was a remarkable personality; he was the friend of Burne-Jones and he moved in the artistic circles of his time. He died in 1917.

De Morgan and his wife were both artistic, in the highest sense. That "Joseph Vance" was ever completed and published is due to the author's wife, Evelyn. Some time in 1901, during a spare hour, he had written two chapters of a novel—"just to see what he could do." He tossed the manuscript into the waste-paper basket, where it was accidentally discovered by his wife. His biographer relates: "Shortly afterwards De Morgan was ill in bed. . . . Evelyn took the piece of manuscript to him and laid it by his bedside, with a pencil temptingly adjacent. 'I think something might be made of this,' she said briefly. When she looked in softly half an hour later he had started on the occupation which he was never again to abandon. . . . By and by Evelyn discovered that, somewhat characteristically, she had omitted to supply any paper. As a result, he had written the continuation of 'Joseph Vance' in the washing-book which happened to be handy, and when that was full, unable to resist the rapidity of his flying pen, he had covered the backs of advertisements, torn envelopes and scraps of paper," which Evelyn later had the greatest difficulty in piecing together to make a connected whole.

De Morgan had great difficulty in placing the novel with a publisher, due to its great length in its original form. When the book did appear it was immediately hailed as a masterpiece. "So simply and oddly was his very simple mind arranged," says his old friend, Sir William Richmond, "that he could play with his ideas and command them to quaintness or paradox, as he wished, without ever rendering them ridiculous. In this respect De Morgan was Dickens' equal, but with no plagiarism. As Dickens' characters are his and only his, so are De Morgan's. Nobody has ever made quainter people, to say quainter things." The following is the opening chapter of "Joseph Vance."

MY Father and Mother never could come to a clear understanding about what had disagreed with my Father the day he lost his situation at Fothergill's.

My Father thought it was the sausage and mashed potatoes he had for lunch at the Rose and Crown, at fourpence, and as much mustard and pepper as you liked. My Mother thought it was the beer.

There was something to be said for my Mother's view, on the score of quantity.

"Everything," she said, "I bring to figures, and my Aunt Elizabeth Hannah taught me to it." And sure enough figures did show that my Father, who had a shilling and threepence in his pocket when he left home at six-thirty in the morning, must have spent eightpence on beer, or lost some of it.—Because, if we allow a penny for the 'bus, and twopence for a 'arf an ounce of barker which he bought (I do not like to give his exact words) at a tobacconist's with a hæmorrhage on his way home, there's the price of two quarts of four ale left, put it how you may.—"And your Father always had a weak head," said my Mother in after years, in the many times over she told me the story.

Anyhow, something must have disagreed with him, or he wouldn't have called Mr. Wotherspoon, the head clerk at Fothergill's, an old herring-gut when he told him to put his trolley somewhere

else, and not leave it stood in the orfice door.

"Of course it wasn't a civil remark, in the manner of speaking," said my Mother, "but your Father, my dear, was that simple and honourable himself he never had a suspicion of guile.—And well did Mr. Wotherspoon deserve the epithet if my belief is true (and I shall hold it to my dying day) that the old man only similated deafness all those years to one day catch your Father out. For I need 'ardly say to you, my dear, that the remark was a outside remark, as the sayin' is, and not intended to reach its audience."

From "William de Morgan and his Wife," by A. M. W. Stirling, published by Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

BOTTLE WITH BULBOUS BODY AND LONG NECK.

Made by William de Morgan.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum.

If my recollection of my Father's conversation isn't coloured by subsequent experience of hoarse men in taprooms, resembling his personal friends at this date in their accent and the bias of their philosophy, Mr. Wotherspoon must have taken a good deal of unnecessary trouble to procure a conviction. Indeed, I remember my Mother saying once that the strength of language was proverbial, and that Vance was no exception to the rule, and not to be expected. My Mother's way of putting things may have been inconsequent, but then, one never had the slightest doubt of what she meant.

Anyhow, my Father's outside remarks frequently reached their audience, and laid him open to martyrdom in the cause of free speech many times before the incident recorded—my Mother's version of which was probably authentic, although she must have had some of it on hearsay.

"I decline to repeat his language," said Mr. Wotherspoon to Mr. Fothergill, "but it was not respectful, and I should say he deserved the sack."

"Give him his screw and put on another warehouseman," said Mr. Fothergill. So my Father had to accept the sack on the Saturday following.

I was a small boy of seven at this time, but I must have been observant, from the vividness of my recollection of the events of that Saturday afternoon. My young mind, catching its impressions from my Mother's way of looking at the situation, and supported by the cheerfulness (which may have been partly artificial) with which my Father accepted the sack, drew the inference that my Father had dismissed Fothergill's, and was now open to all kinds of preferment which his late employers' malice had hitherto prevented reaching him. This coloured our conversation as we walked along the main road towards London after the family dinner. I accompanied him on the pretext that I was competent and willing to prevent his taking more than a pint at the Roebuck.

"Could you lick three men?" I said, breaking silence disconnectedly.

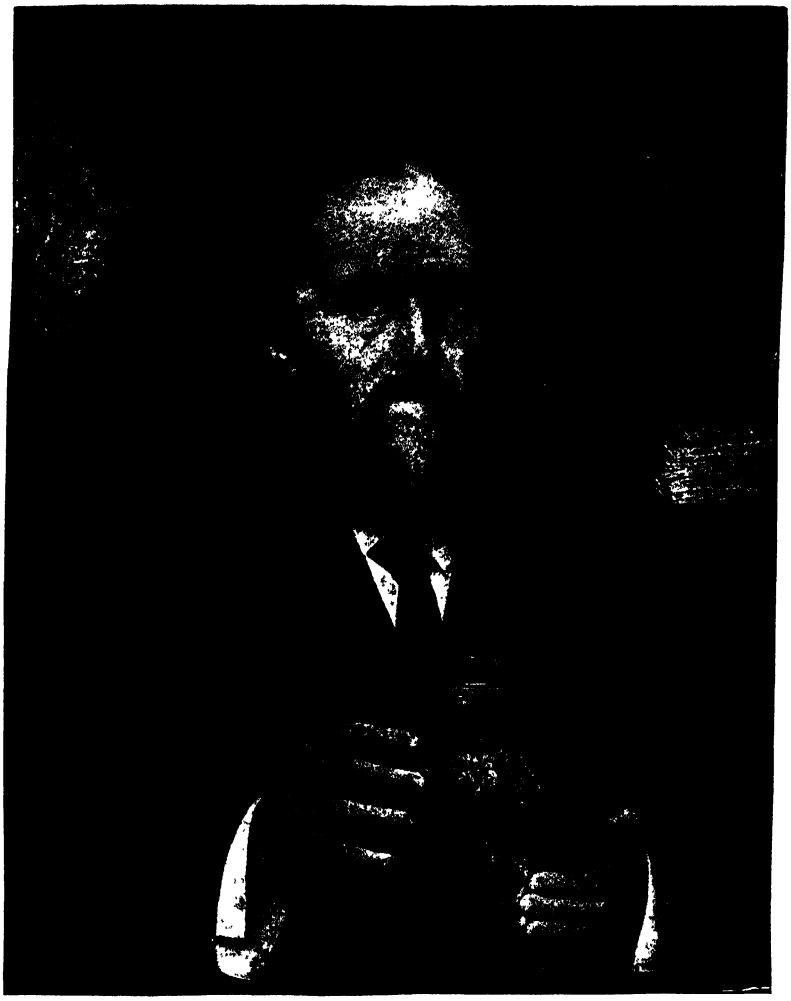
"Could I lick free men?" repeated

my Father after me. "In course I could! Who's to prevent me, young 'un, hay?"

I was silent and counted sixteen paving stones before I returned to the charge. I couldn't count seventeen as it was a sudden introduction of a new metre, so to speak, into the counting. So I resumed my enquiries.

"Could you lick three men if two of 'em was policemen?"

"That's accordin' to who the other might be," said my Father after reflection, which convinced my simplicity that he was replying in good faith.



From "William de Morgan and His Wife," by A. M. W. Stirling, published by Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM DE MORGAN BY EVELYN DE MORGAN. Painted 1909.

Bequeathed by Evelyn de Morgan to the National Portrait Gallery.

"Could you lick three men if one of them was Mr. Fothergill and two of 'em was p'licemen?" This was a home-thrust, and my father's prompt counter-stroke showed that he appreciated the connection with the recent conversation at dinner.

"If one of 'em was Mr. Fothergill I could lick six, and if two of 'em was Mr. Fothergill and Mr. Wotherspoon I could lick twelve."

I accepted this as meaning that the intense insignificance of the two would act as a drawback on the effectiveness of the police force; and I believe now that my Father intended this, and did not refer to any stimulus to his prowess which the sight of his recent employers might occasion. But I felt explanation was necessary, and sought for it in my Father's remarks at dinner.

"Is that because you expected a beggar to be an angel?" was my next question. For my Father had stopped Mother in some too lenient view of Mr. Wotherspoon's conduct with "An old herring-gut like that has no call to expect a poor beggar to be an angel," and this had been a little beyond my comprehension.

"What's the young nipper a-driving at?" said my parent. "I tell you what,

young man, if young beginners are going to ask questions as if they was blooming grandmothers, we shall never get to this here public house."

"This one ain't the Roebuck," said I, as my Father pushed me through a swing door into a sound of bad men and a smell of worse beer.

"No, it ain't, and I ain't a-going to it. If I goes to the Roebuck I ain't at liberty, accordin' to my ideas of honour, to take more than a pint. I want p'r'aps a pint and a' arf, and I comes in here.—Quart o' four ale, Miss!"

The equivocation did not seem wrong to my infant mind; in fact, it impressed me as doing my Father credit, and made me resolve to try to be equally honourable. But the ordering of the quart brought a doubt into my face, to which my Father yielded an explanation.

"'Arf a pint for the young nipper, and three 'arf-pints for daddy—that's the 'rithmetic! What the nipper don't drink of his 'arf-pint, I drinks for his sake—so he mayn't get drunk, which at seven is vice."

The nipper didn't drink much of the half-pint, fortunately for him, and his Father performed the act of altruism imposed on him. Having done so, his attention appeared to be attracted by something inside the pewter.

"Strike me blind," said he "if there ain't a bloody little hinseck at the bottom of the pot!" *

There was, apparently, and he fell out with a heeltap of beer on the metal counter out of my sight.

"Pick me up, Daddy," said I. "For to see the hinseck," I added by way of explanation. I can remember now exactly how my Father's hand felt as he grasped me by the trousers and lifted me up, and the sound of his question. "What do young sucking bantams want with insects?"

"He'll be for crockin' him," said a Sweep with inflamed eyelids. "Crock him, yoong 'un, with your finger nail."

But my Father, who was getting towards the quarrelsome stage of beer, interposed upon the suggestion, not from any humanitarian motives, but in order to contradict the Sweep.

"This here hinseck," he said, "come out of my beer, wot I paid for, square. Consequent this here hinseck I account as *my* hinseck—and this here son of mine has been too well educated, though young, to presoom to crock this here hinseck unless I give leave. -Hay, young un? Or for that matter," added my parent with a sudden aggressive enlargement of his claim—"any one else."

"Any one else, wot?" said the Sweep.

My Father, instead of answering, addressed himself over the bar to the young lady thereof, as an umpire secure from intimidation behind a fortress of brass and pewter.

"I ask you, Miss," said he, "have I said or have I not said clear and plain, that I regard this here hinseck as belonging? And have I said or have I not said, equally clear and plain, that if any man (or for that matter any other) was to presoom to crock this hinseck on this here counter, I would fetch him a smack over the mouth?"

The young woman was filling one pot alternately at two taps and had taken too little from tap number one. So she had to exercise great discretion in stopping tap number two at the right moment. When she had done this, she referred again to number one, and it being an easy task to merely fill up to the brim, she took the opportunity to reply to my father.

"Can't say I heard any such expression. Fourpence," the last word referring to the transaction in hand.

"Anyhow you put it," said the Sweep, "I'd crock him myself for a farden."

And without waiting for any security of payment, he did it straightway, over my shoulder.

I glanced around to see the effect of the smack. It had followed the provocation so quickly that the Sweep's hand was not back in time to stop it.

"All outside. Nothing in here. Nor yet in the street." Thus far the lady of the beer-handles—I was close to her; so I heard her voice above the tumult of

* I am sorry my father made use of this offensive adjective; but as he did so, and I distinctly recollect it, I feel bound to record it.

awakened partisanship which filled the bar the moment after the smack. I heard that, and I noted with some disappointment that the smack had *not* been over the Sweep's mouth. It was the first time I had ever had a doubt of my Father's infallibility.

"Right you are, Miss." "Git 'em outside." "Git 'em round the Rents and down the lane." —"Git 'em round the bark o' Chepstow's, and across." —"Git 'em along the Gas-gardens—land to let on building lease—that'll do, shove along—land to let on building lease. If a copper don't spot you, you'll 'ave it quiet enough for 'arf an hour. Git your man out; we'll git ours.'

From "William de Morgan and his Wife," by A. M. W. Stirling, published by Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

THE GOD PAN.

Made by William de Morgan.
In the possession of Mrs. Stirling.

"Don't let the child go after them," said the bar lady. But the child had slipped down off the bar, and the only person left to stop him was too drunk to take instructions—had he not been so, he would have been sober enough to follow the rabble. The child was outside the swing door just in time to see the tail of the crowd turn a corner and disappear. But he could have followed even guided only by the scattered pursuing units that came from far behind him, endowed with a mysterious knowledge (acquired Heaven knows how) that there was a fight, and that it would be to be found (if not too late) acrost the Gas-gardens on some land with a board up—and that you were on no account to turn round by the eel shop, but follow on. This came hoarsely from one swift of foot as he passed a man with a wooden leg, who said sadly, "T'other side Chepstow's. It'll be done afore I ever gets there." He added that he was by nature unfortunate, and was always a-missing of everything.

"So I just gives in, I does," said he. "What's the young beggar roaring about? 'It's moy Father!—It's moy Father!' *What's* your Father?"

"It's his Father what's a-goin' to fight," struck in another runner, speaking rapidly.

"He's a-goin' for to fight Mr. Gunn, the buttin' Sweep, down the Rents and beyont the Piannerforty works, and you better look sharp if you want for to see anythink."

How on earth these particulars had been acquired I cannot imagine, but they revived the failing energies of the wooden leg in a miraculous way. The owner forgot my howls in his intensified interest, and resolving to "try it on anyhow," stumped away.

I followed on as fast as my small legs would carry me, but concealing my despair—for a laundress had shown a disposition towards commiseration and I didn't want to be stopped by benevolence or any other motive. The stragglers got fewer and farther between, till they were revived by the new event of a police-constable, to whom particulars appeared to be needless, as he merely said, "Shut up, all on yer!" in reply to volunteered information. This last

group vanished round a corner, and I panted after it. But I was getting frightened of what I might see when I arrived. I believe that had my Father really "landed" on the Sweep's mouth I should have gone on confident. But my faith had been shaken, and I went slower, wiping my eyes and recovering my breath.

I saw nothing of the fight. I was only in time to see, across the canal as I stood near the wooden foot-bridge, a returning crowd and a group it left behind. The crowd was returning as a cortège of certain Policemen, who had come mysteriously from the four quarters of heaven, and were conducting a black object, which I could see from the raised platform of the bridge was the Sweep who had crocked the insect. I looked for my father in vain. Then my eyes went across to the group across the water, and in the middle of it distinguished a motionless figure on the ground, and I knew it was my Father.

I had before me a plain issue of Duty, to be done or left undone; and I should be glad to think that in after life I had always shown the resolution that I, a midget between seven and eight, showed on this occasion. I never hesitated a moment. The Sweep had killed my Father, and I could hear his bellowings of triumph as he came along, the centre of an admiring audience conducted by two Policemen. I cannot repeat them in full, but they recorded his conviction that the method he had employed (I heard what it was later) was the correct way to do the dags of such a one as his late opponent. The terms he applied to him could only be reported if it were certain that their meaning to my readers would be as obscure as they then were to me. They did not seem to me to make the fact that he had killed my Father (as I thought) any the worse. All that was left was to look for a missile. I saw one with a fragment of "Bass's Bitter" label left on it, lying against a dead cat by the pathway, a horrible jagged piece of glass. And in the middle of my recollection of that unwholesome dream, I see that jagged piece of glass and that cat's head, and the string tight round his throat that had strangled it, as clear as I saw it then. There was a round side to it to hold it by, so I was able to close my hand well on it. On came the Sweep and the Policemen's hats (they wore hats in those days), and the the admiring throng. On they came to bridge, and the tramp on the mud changed resonantly to tramp on the planks.

"I could larn you two bloody orficers a lesson sim'lar to that other . . . if I chose to, but ---"

But no one ever knew the reason of Mr. Gunn's forbearance; for his last word merged into a hideous yell as the jagged bottle end pierced his eye. It was by the merest chance that I hit him. Of course I had aimed, but what is the aim of a child of seven? Anyhow, it went to the right place and the howls and curses of its human target bore witness to its arrival.

I had been concealed behind a scrap of fence at the bridge end when I made my shot. But so had two other boys - barefooted street Arabs of the sort the Board-Schools have cleared away. And these boys seeing instantly that my crime would be ascribed to *them* as universal culprits, scapegoats of humanity, exclaimed to each other in the same breath, "Make yer ooks, Matey!"—and bolted one to the left and one to the right, but keeping within whistling and yelling distance. An amiable young Policeman followed at a walk on a line of pursuit bisecting the angle of the two lines of flight. He caught neither of the fugitives of course, but he rejoined the procession at the nearest doctor's shop, having slipped round by another road to avoid humiliation; and Mr. Gunn was taken in for provisional treatment at the expense of the authorities.

I was convinced my Father was killed, and too terrified to wait and see the second procession that I knew must cross the bridge later on; besides, there was Mother! So I left the crowd gazing blankly at two bottles of "show colour," and one leech, in the shop window; and set out for home, too heart-broken and scared even to feel the satisfaction of revenge.

From "William de Morgan and His Wife," by A. M. W. Stirling, published by Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

THE THREE SONS OF PROFESSOR DE MORGAN.
From left to right—Edward, William and George.

Halfway I met two Policemen bearing a stretcher. I knew what was coming back on that stretcher. I had no need of the information volunteered by another boy, rather older than I.

" Don't you know what that is, you little hass ? " said he, seeing my gaze fixed on it. " That there's the stretcher fur to put the beggar on what's dead. Straight out flat ! Then he'll have a funeral, he will—corpses, 'earses, plooms, mutes ! "—And he began a sort of pantomime of solemn obsequies ; but as perhaps he felt the cast was insufficient, gave it up and danced.

The whole thing was getting more and more of a nightmare, and I was consciously becoming incapable of finding my way home. I began calling aloud for my Father to come and help me, even while I knew what had happened, and that he could not. Then I heard a stumping on the pavement behind me, and recognized it as the wooden leg of an hour ago. I felt that its owner was almost an old friend, especially when he too recognized me.

" Who's this here little chap a-hollering for his Father ? He's number two, this is.—No—he ain't,—by gum ! It's the very same over again," and then his voice changed as he added : " Look here, old man, I'll give you a lift. Wipe your eyes. Where do you want to go to ? "

" Stallwood's Cottages, No. 13. It's the only house, please, that hasn't no name on the door, and it's next door to the laundry."

" There ain't no such place," struck in the boy who had called me a little ass, and who I really believe was a fiend in human form. " Don't you believe him. He's a-kidding of yer."

But the wooden-legged man seemed to be endowed with insight into character ; for, merely remarking that he would half

murder the speaker if he ever laid hands upon him, he swung me on his shoulder and stumped on. The fiend, however, having acquired a sort of footing in the affair, didn't mean to be left behind, and pursued us as close as he dared.

"'Arf murder me if yer like—*I* give leave! You may 'ole murder me too if yer like, if yer ever find such a s'elp-me-Goard place——"

And more to the same effect. But even the attempt to throw the statement into the form of an affidavit did not influence the wooden leg, which went steadily on, growing less and less perceptible to my failing senses, until at last it became a mere rhythmic accompaniment to a dream that I forgot as I woke to find myself deposited on the pavement, and the voice of my bearer saying: "Right you are, old chap! No name on the door, and next door to the laundry. You git along in sharp and go to bed."

And then in answer to my unspoken question (for the words wouldn't come), he added: "Never you fret your kidneys about your Father! *He* ain't dead! Trust *him!* he'll live to be concerned in many quarts yet. Good-bye!" . . .

* * *

Joe's father, Christopher, had been removed to the hospital, where his damages were made good. He returned to his home, "temporarily chastened in mind and body." How, by mere chance, he purchased a signboard from a pedlar and became a "Builder" is told in the following passage.

There came along a very little man indeed, who was pushing a truck and who stopped outside our gate.

"I suppose, Guv'nor," said he to my Father, "you couldn't oblige me with a scrop o' wire to wire out the hile out of my pipe. The drorin' of it is stopped." My Father made no remark, but went into the house.

"I knowed you was an obligin' Guv'nor," said the little man.

My Father returned with a hairpin of my Mother's. "You can have that," he said, "subject to bendin' of it back and wipin' clean after use." The terms were accepted, and I watched the cleaning of the pipe with great interest. It was so short a pipe that it was cleaned without straightening the hairpin. The little man wiped the latter on his neckcloth, and handed it back to my Father.

"With many thanks to yourself, Guv'nor," said he. "It's wery seldom I find myself without a piece of wire, and I felt quite at sea like." This was the first time I had heard that expression; so my mind was immediately on the alert to enquire as to the connection between naval matters and shortness of wire supply.

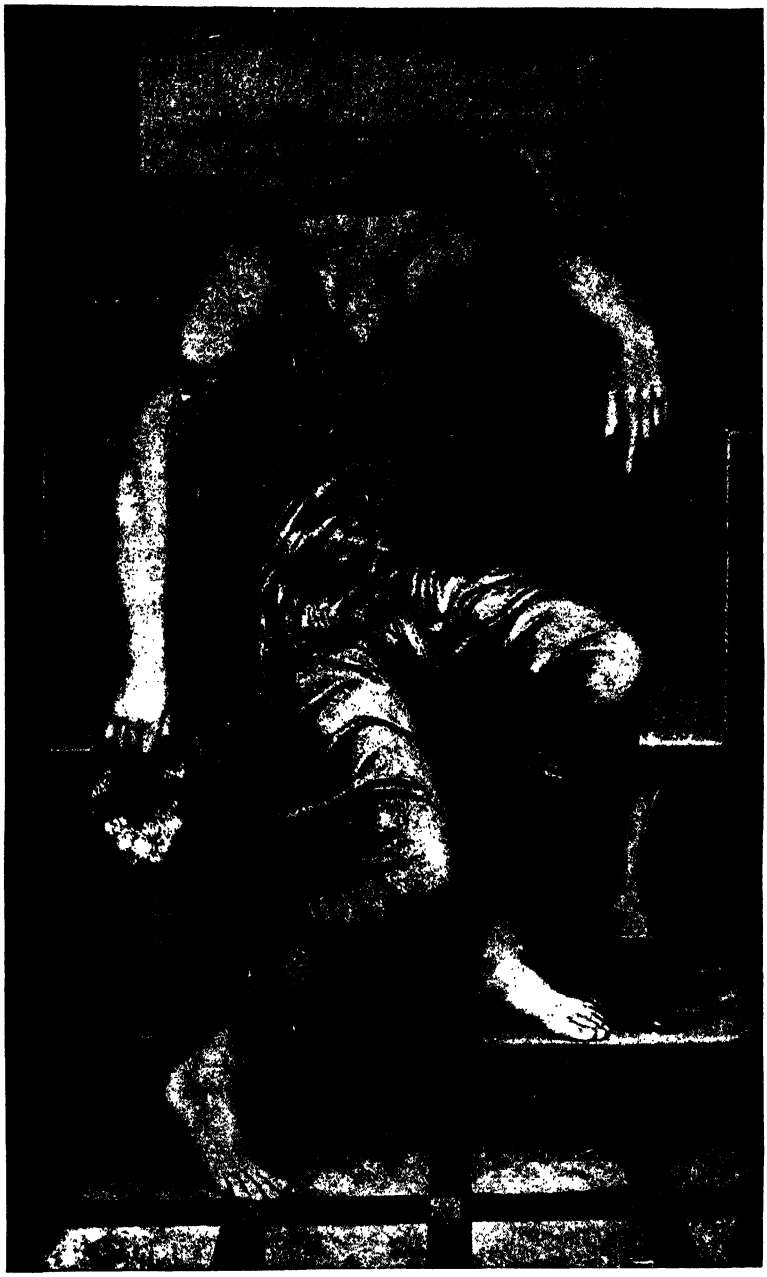
"You might run your eye through my stork-in-trade," said the little man. So my Father and I crossed over the very wide margin of pathway with a four-foot stone pavement along the middle and stood under the battered remains of what was once an elm tree in a country road, and ran our eye through the stock-in-trade.

It consisted chiefly of old ironware, tools, screwdrivers and chisels, hammers and gimlets, and bradawls, but each one of a different age, size, and seeming: of pincers that didn't open far enough; of pliers of which the side nipper was worn out; of foot-rules that had come apart at the hinge and been unprofessionally repaired; of a substantial box-screw with a cross-lever loose through a hole in the bulb at the top; of a beautiful stoppered bottle richly engraved with a label describing something which I presume no one ever wanted to bottle, or this one could never have fallen so low; of an accordion—and so forth, through a long list of second-hand, third-hand, fourth-hand things, all more or less past service, except things by nature invulnerable, as pincers or the box-screw above mentioned.

"Licensed 'Awker," said the little man, replying to an enquiry of my Father's as to how his trade should be accurately described. "But some, they prefer to call me an *I*tinerant Marine Store Dealer; some, a General 'Ardware. It's all how you look at it! And you'd be surprised what a good trade it is! O' coorse you has to know how to do it, or where would you be in no time?"

He went on to indicate some of the secrets of success. It appeared that so long as he made a parade of his unwillingness to sell, representing himself as an eccentric person who had a strange taste for wheeling a barrow of rather useless articles about the streets, quite independently of mercenary considerations, he was always sure to find a customer.

"Just rub it in to them that *you* don't want to sell a gimlet or a turnscrew, and that gimlet or that turnscrew they'll want to buy. New things, o' coorse, is another rule altogether! Where would ever be the use of puttin' a couple o' gross o' bran'-new chisels in a winder, and standin' 'ollerin' at the shop door that you didn't want to sell 'em? You'd only give the public a distaste. Sim'lar, when he sees a lot I want to purchase cheap, I says, 'Sorry I didn't come by your way yesterday,' I says, 'afore I'd bought a reg'lar small cart-load of that wery sort which I shan't trade off in a hurry.' Why, they'll come runnin' down the street after me a'most offering of me a drink for to



From "William de Morgan and his Wife," by A. M. W. Stirling, Published by Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

IN MEMORIAM.

Evelyn de Morgan Pinxit.

In purple draperies, and holding a wreath of immortelles.

take the goods off their hands for nothing."

"You'll never sell *that* now, I'll wager," said my Father, touching a piece of board with some writing on it.

The little man had his pipe in his mouth while talking and as his voice was very inaudible (though nothing to Mrs. Packleses) when his pipe was admitted through a defective tooth-space on the left, and only became clear when he shifted it to the right, his speech had come in gusts, like linnets in the pauses of the wind. He took the pipe out altogether now to gain emphasis for a sweeping repudiation.

"Never—sell—that!" said he. "And the orfers I've had for it! Why, only look at it!"

"This here young chap's a scollard," said my Father, "an' he'll read us off what's wrote on that there board with a'most any man in England."

I didn't understand my Father's motive for pretending he couldn't read it himself (which I knew he could), but I felt proud of being as it were pitted against the University, and conscientiously read as follows: "C. Dance, Builder. Repairs. Drains promptly attended to." *Promptly* puzzled me a little, but my interpretation passed muster.

"Now, if you've had orfers, why didn't you sell this here board?" said my Father.

He.—"'Cos none of 'em come to a half-a-crown."

"I'd have gone to half-a-crown myself," said my Father, "if there'd been a little more on it."

He.—"Why, what more do you want?"

My Father.—"If there'd been Wan-Proprietor on it, I'd have took it off you myself for half-a-crown."

He.—"I don't see any Wans."

Father.—"This ain't the only place in the world. The Wans is elsewhere. I could have made shift to write in a new name, and it would have come in 'andy——"

He.—"It's a pity, 'cos we might have done a trade over it. But a party by name C. Davis having offered eighteenpence on the grounds of easily altering of the name, I should be blamed by my missus if I took less than half-a-crown."

F.—"It wouldn't be not to say any good to me without Wan-Proprietor, or I might have gone to one and nine. But without Wan-Proprietor I couldn't pass a shilling."

I did not then understand the value of the dramatic fictions with which the bargainer in all countries adorns, disguises, or accounts for his motives. So I was taken aback at the little man suddenly saying, "Make it fifteenpence," and my Father producing that sum. Where he can have got it I can't tell—but he handed it to the little man and received the board in exchange. Its vendor seemed to wish to place his own conduct on a logical footing, for he said as he prepared to resume his march, "Coorse it's always pleasant to oblige an obliging Guv'nor; and as for C. Davis wot I spoke of, he's only a chap that comes from 'Ackney on Saturdays and squints."

Did he, I asked myself, go back to Hackney on Saturday when he had squinted? But I grappled in vain with the problems suggested, and gave them up in despair. Besides, I had to puzzle out why my Father had purchased this board, and what earthly use it could be to him.

It may seem odd that I did not at once observe the resemblance between C. Dance and C. Vance (my Father's name was Christopher). I suppose that my own name presented itself to me not as a mere sound or collection of letters, but a mysterious entity having qualities of its own distinguishing it from all other created things. Others have told me the same; and my belief is that most people have the same experience of the aspect of their names. Anyhow, the possibility of altering Dance to Vance, by changing the first letter, came to me as a new light when my Father, having given my Mother a great shock by announcing his extravagance, pointed it out to her.

"I was thinking," said he, "of putting up some sort of a notice-board, and this here will look like an old-established

goin' concern." My Mother replied by expressing a hope that the venture might prove Providential, under the blessing of God, but she could not refrain from adding, "But oh, my dear Vance, one shillin' and threepence!"

"Two tizzies and one thrup'ny bit," said my Father, unfeelingly; "and I say, Joey, Sir, who's that boy's father wot you got such a basting about?" As there had been one or two bastings consequent on boys, I thought a minute and said, "Wot? that one that we shoved a 'ap'ny cracker in the old Bloke's letter-box and then giv' a postman's knock, and the nurse went into Hixterics?"—"No, no," said my Father "long afore that him what got his father's colour-toobs and done you Vermilion and hisself Rooshian Blue."

"Oh," said I, "of course that's Gummy Harbuttle—Father's name W. Harbuttle, Sign-writer-and-decorated-shop-fronts-completed-at-the-shortest notice." All of which I delivered rapidly as the true and proper designation of Mr. Harbuttle.

"Wery good, then. Round we goes to-morrow morning to Mr. Parbuckle and we'll see if he won't make good this here error in this here signboard." For my Father thence-forward treated the letter he proposed to correct as an erratum due to the ignorance of the original composer.

Next morning round we went. My Father persisted in speaking of Mr. Parbuckle till we got to the shop, when he grudgingly admitted that he supposed the beggar's version of his own name was right. He gave no particular account of the provenance of the signboard, merely suggesting rather than affirming that it was done wrong at the first go-off and hadn't never been of any use to him. Which was perfectly correct if intended as an indictment of Providence, but required for perfect truth the additional statement that it had only been done wrong for my Father because it had been done right for Mr. C. Dance (whoever he was) who had to pay for it.

Gummy Harbuttle, the son of the house, was in the shop stirring paint through a strainer. He and I acknowledged each other distantly, in the manner of boys when parents are to the fore. Mr. Harbuttle senior was having a bit of breakfast, and I hope acted on my Father's intimation that there was no 'urry. He presently appeared, wiping the white lead on his apron into the rear-guard of the disappearing bit of breakfast, and endangering his constitution.

I think he must have suspected something deceptious in the alteration of the letter in spite of my Father's semi-explanation; for he entered into the job with the enthusiasm of an Italian forger of an Old Master.

"I see," said he, "you want it all alike all over, like as if it was all done by the same hand. I'll do it so you'll never know it wasn't—cracks and all. Cost you a shillin'. Couldn't do it for less. You see, there's a little bit of gildin'."

The question of style had to be considered.—"You couldn't call it Gothic lettering, now could you?" said Mr. Harbuttle. "Nor yet it ain't exactly Roman." My Father replied that he was not a dab at this sort of thing, while on the other hand Mr. Harbuttle was an acknowledged dab. He would therefore leave it to Mr. H. to gammon the sorts together in his own way, which is what I suppose would be described as an Eclectic treatment. Mr. Harbuttle said if my Father sent his boy with a shillin' on Monday s'ennight he would find the job done and dry. It would want all that time to dry. My Father said he would; and I thought what fun it would be carrying that signboard through the public streets all by myself. But I wasn't allowed to go alone. My Father came too as a protection, and I had to console myself with carrying it on my head at intervals.

My Mother soon became convinced that my Father's investment of two and threepence was not altogether so mad a one as it had at first seemed.

"I'm sure," she said, "one never would have thought it! It do look exactly as if it had been there since Doomsday." This was merely a slip of her tongue as she and Mr. Capstick knew all about Doomsday. "And I will say the effect that board has on the

passing spectator is Electrical." My Mother went on to quote a convincing instance. "Why, there was the Dust, only the other day, stopped ringin' of his bell and says, to think that there board should have been there all those years and him never seen it!" My Mother evidently thought that to stop a Dustman ringing his bell was like damming Niagara.

There came another convincing proof of the Electrical effect of the board within a fortnight of its being attached to the wall of our cottage.

* * *

Mrs. Vance hears of someone whose nursery chimney and basement drains need repairs, and she gives the person's card to her husband.

My Father took the card, looked at it, and buttoned it into a pocket. He was evidently inflated with gratification, but too proud to allow it, and he took this method of showing a slight self-assertion for the better preservation of a fiction about male authority. A few moments passed of complacent silence on his part, mixed with reluctance to concede approval to a female. But my Mother, having said her say, was not going to give way to this little bit of husbandly discipline-mongering. Of course she beat, and my Father had to speak.

"You ain't sendin' me my tea," he said.

"'Cos you never asked for it! Don't you slop it over now, Joey!"

My Father took his time over his tea and came for more. Then he said, as one to whom an abstract truth occurs, unconnected with any subject under discussion, "Females is sometimes wrong, Joey."

"What about, Daddy?" said I.

"Females is sometimes wrong about signboards which their husbands places in front of their' ouses, on the left 'and side of the door." He adhered in manner to the suggestion that he was merely pointing a moral for the benefit of humanity, without special reference to any recent incident.

"Well, there, I declare now, Vance!" struck in my Mother, good-humouredly, "you'll never be done chaffin' me about that!—And all I said was two and threepence was a lot of money!"

"I know a boy," said I, irrelevantly, "wot chucked for coppers and won two and ninepence." Neither of my parents seemed to think this boy a desirable topic; but whether it was on that account, or because he had nothing whatever to do with the matter in hand, they both said, "Shut up, Joey!" I don't know.

"But seriously now, as the sayin' is, Vance dear," my Mother went on, "what *do* you know about building?"

My Father picked up his empty pipe from the tea-tray, where it had lain since he began his tea, tapped the ashes carefully out on a clean bit of the deal table, blew through it, filled it, lighted it, and settled down to a comfortable smoke. "What was you a-askin' of me?" said he.

"*What* do you know about buildin'?" said my Mother, changing only an accent in her question.

"Nothin' whatever," said my Father.

"And my gracious me," cried my Mother in great concern, "there you've gone and advertised as such! Well, I never! And it's *Builder* wrote up clear and unmistakable."

"That's the p'int, my dear," said my Father. "That's the whole p'int! Builders knows nothing about Buildin'."

By and by Christopher Vance had Works of his own; indeed, he got rich, because he was astute. If he had not an expert's knowledge of the building trade, he knew a lot about human nature, and he had a fixed principle of "never doing anything with his own hands. . . . He remained true to his type and to his original character, even to the end, when, in consequence of his drunken habits, he burnt down his premises, and having omitted to pay up his insurance, would have fallen once more into poverty, but for his foresight in having provided his second wife with a valuable diamond, which the creditors could not touch."

Christopher Vance is only one character in the novel—a fine novel, by whatever standard it is judged. We have also the career of Joey, the son, and many other characters, every one a genuine creation.

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THE BIRD ABOUT TO FLY OFF BETWEEN THE CHILDREN'S HANDS.

THE BLUE BIRD

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

[*By permission of the Author.*]

Photo: Dover Street Studios.

THE FAIRY BÉRYLUNE SENDS THE CHILDREN IN QUEST OF "THE BLUE BIRD."

Maurice Maeterlinck was born in 1862; although a Belgian, he writes in French, and his culture is almost entirely French. A Selection from his delightful "Life of the Bee" has been given in another part of this work (page 315, Vol. I.) He has written many beautiful plays, the best known being "The Blue Bird." In his plays Maeterlinck is a symbolist. The lesson of "The Blue Bird" is that the quest for happiness is always vain to those who cannot find it in their own souls.

This famous fairy allegory is familiar to most English readers and playgoers. It is the story of two children, Tyltyl and Mytyl, who went in search of the Blue Bird, and returned to find "we went so far and it was here all the time." When the curtain rises Tyltyl and Mytyl are sound asleep in their cots. It is Christmas Eve; they get up and open the shutters of the window to look out. The door half opens to admit a little old woman dressed in green, with a red hood on her head. She is hump-backed and lame and near-sighted, and she walks bent on a stick. She is obviously a fairy. She gives the children a big enchanted diamond "that makes people see." Tyltyl gives one turn to the diamond and a sudden and wonderful change comes over everything. The old Fairy alters into a princess of marvellous beauty; the walls of the room turn blue as sapphires, the humble furniture becomes resplendent. The souls of the quartern-loaves take the form of little men in crust-coloured tights; they are caught up by Fire, who springs from the hearth in yellow and vermilion tights. Likewise, the Dog and the Cat become two persons, one with the face of a bull-dog, the other that of a tom-cat. From the upset milk-jug rises a tall, white, bashful figure; the

sugar-loaf grows into a mawkish and hypocritical being, each of his fingers a sugar stick. The lamp falls from the table, and lo! there is the luminous maid, Light.

The Fairy takes them all to her house, where the Animals and the Things are properly and sumptuously clad. In their new forms they are sent forth on their adventures with Light as their leader, and they take an empty cage for the Blue Bird, which they hope to discover.

They visit the "Land of Memory," for the Blue Bird may be hidden in the Past. Tyltyl and Mytyl find their grandparents in the Land of Memory, where they spend a happy time. They take grandad's old blackbird, "observing with amazement that it is quite blue," and put it in the cage. Alas, as they return through the mist and gloom of the forest the bird is no longer blue, but has turned black! They visit the "Palace of Night," where the Stars, the Perfumes of the Night, the Will-o'-the-Wisps, the Fireflies and the transparent Dew join them, while the Song of the Nightingales lends an enchantment. Here are thousands of Blue Birds, but the captured birds soon become lifeless, with hanging heads and drooping wings. They visit the Forest, where the Blue Bird is perched on the Oak. But the children are attacked by the trees as enemies, and are finally rescued by Light. They believed they had the Blue Bird in the Palace of Happiness, but their search among The Biggest of the Luxuries, and other Things, was unavailing. When leaving the Palace of Happiness "Maternal Love" and "The Joy of Understanding" thank "Light" for being so good to the little children; they embrace and part company. Tyltyl, seeing tears in their eyes, asks, "Why have you all tears in your eyes?" and Light says, "Hush, dear."

The next scene, which follows here, is the visit to the "Graveyard" and to "The Kingdom of the Future."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Curtain.*

Enter Tyltyl, Mytyl, Light, the Dog, the Cat, Bread, Fire, Sugar, Water and Milk.

Light. I have received a note from the Fairy Bérylune telling me that the Blue Bird is probably here.

Tyltyl. Where?

Light. Here, in the graveyard behind that wall. . . . It appears that one of the dead in the graveyard is hiding it in his tomb. . . . We must find out which one it is. . . . We shall have to pass them under review. . . .

Tyltyl. Under review? . . . How is that done? . . .

Light. It is very simple: at midnight, so as not to disturb them too greatly, you will turn the diamond. We shall see them come out of the ground; or else we shall see those who do not come out lying in their tombs. . . .

Tyltyl. Will they not be angry? . . .

Light. Not at all; they will not even know. . . . They do not like being disturbed, but, as it is their custom, in any case, to come out at midnight, that will not inconvenience them. . . .

Tyltyl. Why are Bread, Sugar and Milk so pale and why do they say nothing? . . .

Milk (*staggering*). I feel I am going to turn. . . .

Light (*aside to Tyltyl*). Do not mind them. . . . They are afraid of the dead.

Fire (*frisking about*). I'm not afraid of them! . . . I am used to burning them. . . . Time was when I burnt them all; that was much more amusing than nowadays. . . .

Tyltyl. And why is Tylô trembling? . . . Is he afraid, too? . . .

The Dog. I? . . . I'm not trembling! . . . I am never afraid; but if you went away, I should go too. . . .

Tyltyl. And has the Cat nothing to say? . . .

The Cat (*mysteriously*). I know what's what. . . .

Tyltyl (*to Light*). Are you coming with us? . . .

Light. No; it is better that I should remain at the gate of the graveyard with the Things and the Animals. . . . Some of them would be too frightened and I fear that the others would misbehave. . . Fire, in particular, would want to burn the dead, as of old; and that is no lon ger done. . . . I shall leave you alone with Mytyl. . . .

Tyltyl. And may not Tylô stay with us ?

The Dog. Yes, yes, I shall stay ; I shall stay here ! . . . I want to stay with my little god ! . . .

Light. It is impossible. . . . The Fairy gave formal orders ; besides, there is nothing to fear. . .

The Dog. Very well, very well, it makes no difference. If they are vicious, my little god, all you have to do is this. . . (*he whistles*) and you shall see. . . . It will be just as in the forest : Wow ! Wow ! Wow ! . . .

Light. Come, good-bye, dear children. . . . I shall not be far away. . . . (*She kisses the Children.*) Those who love me and whom I love always find me again. . . . (*To the Things and the Animals*) This way all of you. . . .

(*She goes out with the Things and the Animals. The Children remain alone in the middle of the stage. The curtain opens and discloses the next scene.*)

SCENE 2. —*The Graveyard.*

It is night. The moon is shining on a country graveyard. Numerous tombstones, grassy mounds, wooden crosses, stone slabs, etc. Tyltyl and Mytyl are standing by a short stone pillar.

Mytyl. I am frightened ! . . .

Tyltyl (*not too much at his ease*). I am never frightened. . .

Mytyl. I say, are the dead wicked ? . . .

Tyltyl. Why, no, they're not alive ! . . .

Mytyl. Have you ever seen one ? . . .

Tyltyl. Yes, once, long ago, when I was very young. . . .

Mytyl. What was it like, say ? . . .

Tyltyl. Quite white, very still and very cold and it didn't talk. . . .

Mytyl. Are we going to see them, say ? . . .

Tyltyl. Why, of course, Light said so. . . .

Mytyl. Where are they ? . . .

Tyltyl. Here, under the grass or under those big stones. . . .

Mytyl. Are they there all the year round ? . . .

Tyltyl. Yes.

Mytyl (*pointing to the slabs*). Are those the doors of their houses ? . . .

Tyltyl. Yes.

Mytyl. Do they go out when it's fine ? . . .

Tyltyl. They can only go out at night. . . .

Mytyl. Why ? . . .

Tyltyl. Because they are in their shirts. . .

Mytyl. Do they go out also when it rains ? . . .

Tyltyl. When it rains, they stay at home. . . .

Mytyl. Is it nice in their homes, say ? . . .

Tyltyl. They say it's very cramped. . . .

Mytyl. Have they any little children ? . . .

Tyltyl. Why, yes ; they have all those that die. . . .

Mytyl. And what do they live on ? . . .

Tyltyl. They eat roots. . . .

Mytyl. Shall we see them ? . . .

Tyltyl. Of course ; we see everything when I turn the diamond.

Mytyl. And what will they say ? . . .

Tyltyl. They will say nothing, as they don't talk. . . .

Mytyl. Why don't they talk ? . . .

Tyltyl. Because they have nothing to say. . . .

Mytyl. Why have they nothing to say ? . . .

Tyltyl. You're a nuisance. . . .

(*A pause.*)

Mytyl. When will you turn the diamond ?

Tyltyl. You heard Light say that I was to wait until midnight, because that disturbs them less. . . .

Mytyl. Why does that disturb them less ? . . .

Tyltyl. Because that is when they go out to take the air. . . .

Mytyl. Is it not midnight yet ? . . .

Tyltyl. Do you see the church clock ?

Mytyl. Yes, I can even see the small hand. . . .

Tyltyl. Well, midnight is just going to strike. . . . There ! . . . Do you hear ? . . .

(*The clock strikes twelve.*)

Mytyl. I want to go away ! . . .

Tyltyl. Not now. . . . I am going to turn the diamond. . . .

Mytyl. No, no! . . . Don't! . . . I want to go away! . . . I am so frightened, little brother! . . . I am terribly frightened! . . .

Tyltyl. But there is no danger. . . .

Mytyl. I don't want to see the dead! . . . I don't want to see them! . . .

Tyltyl. Very well, you shall not see them; shut your eyes. . . .

Mytyl (*clinging to Tyltyl's clothes*). Tyltyl, I can't stay here! . . . No, I can't possibly! . . . They are going to come out of the ground! . . .

Tyltyl. Don't tremble like that. . . . They will only come out for a moment.

Mytyl. But you're trembling, too! . . . They will be awful! . . .

Tyltyl. It is time, the hour is passing.

(Tyltyl turns the diamond. A terrifying minute of silence and motionlessness elapses, after which, slowly, the crosses totter, the mounds open, the slabs rise up. . . .)

Mytyl (*cowering against Tyltyl*). They are coming out! . . . They are there!

(Then from all the gaping tombs there rises gradually an efflorescence at first frail and timid, like steam; then white and virginal and more and more tufty, more and more tall and plentiful and marvellous. Little by little, irresistibly, invading all things, it transforms the graveyard into a sort of fairy-like and nuptial garden, over which rise the first rays of the dawn. The dew glitters, the flowers open their blooms, the wind murmurs in the leaves, the bees hum, the birds wake and flood the air with the first raptures of their hymns to the sun and to life. Stunned and dazzled, Tyltyl and Mytyl, holding each other by the hand, take a few steps among the flowers while they seek for the trace of the tombs.)

Mytyl (*looking in the grass*). Where are the dead? . . .

Tyltyl (*looking also*). There are no dead. . . .

(CURTAIN.)

SCENE 3.—*The Kingdom of the Future.*

The immense halls of the Azure Palace, where the children wait that are yet to be born. Infinite perspectives of sapphire columns supporting turquoise vaults. Everything, from the light and the lapis-lazuli flagstones to the shimmering background into which the last arches run and disappear, everything, down to the smallest objects, is of an unreal, intense, fairy-like blue. Only the plinths and capitals of the columns, the key-stones, a few seats and circular benches are of white marble and alabaster. To the right, between the columns, are great opalescent doors. These doors, which Time will throw back towards the end of the scene, open upon actual life and the quays of the Dawn. Everywhere, harmoniously peopling the hall, is a crowd of children robed in long azure garments. Some are playing, others strolling to and fro, others talking or dreaming; many are asleep, many also are working, between the colonnades, at future inventions; and their tools, their instruments, the apparatus which they are constructing, the plants, flowers and fruit which they are cultivating or plucking are of the same supernatural and luminous blue as the general atmosphere of the Palace. Figures of a taller stature, clad in a paler and more diaphanous azure, figures of a sovereign and silent beauty move among the Children and would seem to be angels.

Enter on the left, as though by stealth, gliding between the columns in the foreground, Tyltyl, Mytyl and Light. Their arrival causes a certain movement among the Blue Children, who come running up on every hand, form a group around the unwonted visitors and gaze upon them with curiosity.

Mytyl. Where are Sugar, the Cat and Bread? . . .

Light. They cannot enter here; they would know the future and would not obey. . . .

Tyltyl. And the Dog? . . .

Light. It is not well, either, that he should know what awaits him in the course of the ages. . . . I have locked them all up in the vaults of the church.

Tyltyl. Where are we? . . .

Light. We are in the Kingdom of the Future, in the midst of the children who are not yet born. As the diamond allows us to see clearly in this region which is hidden from men, we shall very probably find the Blue Bird here. . . .

Tyltyl. Certainly the bird will be blue, since everything here is blue. . . .

Photo: Dover Street Studios.

THE "SOULS" BREAD, FIRE, THE DOG, THE CAT, WATER, MILK, SUGAR, AND LIGHT BECOME MATERIALISED.

(*Looking all around him.*) Heaven, how beautiful it all is! . . .

Light. Look at the children running up. . . .

Tyltyl. Are they angry? . . .

Light. Not at all. . . . You can see, they are smiling, but they are surprised.

The Blue Children (*running up in ever-increasing numbers*). Live children! . . . Come and look at the little live children! . . .

Tyltyl. Why do they call us the little live children?

Light. Because they themselves are not alive yet. . . .

Tyltyl. What are they doing, then?

Light. They are awaiting the hour of their birth. . . .

Tyltyl. The hour of their birth? . . .

Light. Yes; it is from here that all the children come who are born upon our earth. Each awaits his day. . . . When the fathers and mothers want children, the great doors which you see there, on the right, are opened, and the little ones go down. . . .

Tyltyl. What a lot there are! What a lot there are! . . .

Light. There are many more. . . We do not see them all. . . There are thirty thousand halls like this, all full of them. . . . Just think, there are enough to last to the end of the world! . . . No one could count them. . . .

Tyltyl. And those tall blue persons, who are they? . . .

Light. No one exactly knows. . . . They are believed to be guardians. . . . I have heard that they will come upon earth after men. . . . But we are not allowed to ask them. . . .

Tyltyl. Why not? . . .

Light. Because it is the earth's secret.

Tyltyl. And may one talk to the others, the little ones? . . .

Light. Certainly; you must make friends. . . . Look, there is one who is more curious than the rest. . . . Go up to him, speak to him. . . .

Tyltyl. What shall I say to him? . . .

Light. Whatever you like, as you would to a little playfellow. . . .

Tyltyl. Can I shake hands with him? . . .

Light. Of course, he won't hurt you. . . . But come, don't look so constrained. . . . I will leave you alone, you will be more at ease by yourselves. . . . Besides, I want to speak to the tall blue person. . . .

Tyltyl (*going up to the Blue Child and holding out his hand*). How do you do? . . . (*Touching the Child's blue dress with his finger.*) What's that? . . .

The Child (*gravely touching Tyltyl's hat*). And that? . . .

Tyltyl. That? . . . That is my hat. . . . Have you no hat? . . .

The Child. No; what is it for? . . .

Tyltyl. It's to say How-do-you-do with. . . . And then for when it rains or when it's cold. . . .

The Child. What does that mean, when it's cold? . . .

Tyltyl. When you shiver like this: brrrr! brrrr! . . . When you blow into your hands and go like this with your arms. . . . (*He vigorously beats his arms across his chest.*)

The Child. Is it cold on earth? . . .

Tyltyl. Yes, sometimes, in the winter, when there is no fire. . . .

The Child. Why is there no fire? . . .

Tyltyl. Because it's expensive and it costs money to buy wood. . . .

The Child. What is money? . . .

Tyltyl. It's what you pay with. . . .

The Child. Oh. . . .

Tyltyl. Some people have money and others have none. . . .

The Child. Why not? . . .

Tyltyl. Because they are not rich. . . . Are you rich? . . . How old are you? . .

The Child. I am going to be born soon. . . . I shall be born in twelve years. . . . Is it nice to be born? . . .

Tyltyl. Oh, yes! . . . It's great fun!

The Child. How did you manage? . . .

Tyltyl. I can't remember. . . . It is so long ago! . . .

The Child. They say it's lovely, the earth and the live people! . . .

Tyltyl. Yes, it's not bad. . . . There are birds and cakes and toys. . . . Some have them all; but those who have none can look at them. . . .

The Child. They tell us that the mothers stand waiting at the door. . . . They are good, aren't they? . . .

Tyltyl. Oh, yes! . . . They are better than anything in the world! . . . And the grannies too; but they die too soon.

The Child. They die? . . . What is that? . . .

Tyltyl. They go away one evening and do not come back. . . .

The Child. Why? . . .

Tyltyl. How can one tell? . . . Perhaps because they feel sad. . .

The Child. Has yours gone? . . .

Tyltyl. My grandmamma? . . .

The Child. Your mamma or your grandmamma, I don't know. . . .

Tyltyl. Oh, but it's not the same thing! . . . The grannies go first; that's sad enough. . . . Mine was very kind to me. . . .

The Child. What is the matter with your eyes? . . . Are they making pearls? . . .

Tyltyl. No; it's not pearls. . . .

The Child. What is it, then? . . .

Tyltyl. It's nothing; it's all that blue, which dazzles me a little. . . .

The Child. What is that called? . . .

Tyltyl. What? . . .

The Child. There, that, falling down . . .

Tyltyl. Nothing, it is a little water. . . .

The Child. Does it come from the eyes? . . .

Tyltyl. Yes, sometimes, when one cries. . . .

The Child. What does that mean, crying? . . .

Tyltyl. I have not been crying; it is the fault of that blue. . . . But if I had cried, it would be the same thing. . . .

The Child. Does one often cry? . . .

Tyltyl. Not little boys, but little girls do. . . . Don't you cry here? . . .

The Child. No; I don't know how. . .

Tyltyl. Well, you will learn. . . What are you playing with, those great blue wings? . . .

The Child. These? . . . That's for the invention which I shall make on earth.

Tyltyl. What invention? . . . Have you invented something? . . .

The Child. Why, yes; haven't you heard? . . . When I am on earth, I shall have to invent the thing that gives happiness. . . .

THE LAND
OF
MEMORY

Tyltyl. Is it food to eat? . . . Does it make a noise? . . .

The Child. No; you hear nothing. . . .

Tyltyl. That's a pity. . . .

The Child. I work at it every day. . . . It is almost finished. . . . Would you like to see it? . . .

Tyltyl. Very much. . . . Where is it? . . .

The Child. There, you can see it from here, between those two columns. . . .

Another Blue Child (*coming up to Tyltyl and plucking his sleeve*). Would you like to see mine, say? . . .

Tyltyl. Yes, what is it? . . .

The Second Child. The thirty-three remedies for prolonging life . . . There, in those blue phials. . . .

A Third Child (*stepping out from the crowd*). I will show you a light which nobody knows of! . . . (*He lights himself up entirely with an extraordinary flame.*) It's rather curious, isn't it? . . .

A Fourth Child (*pulling Tyltyl's arm*). Do come and look at my machine which flies in the air like a bird without wings!

A Fifth Child. No, no; mine first! It discovers the treasures hidden in the moon! . . .

The Blue Children (*crowding round Tyltyl and Mytyl and all crying together*). No, no, come and see mine! . . . No, mine is much finer! . . . Mine is a wonderful invention! . . . Mine is made of sugar! . . . His is no good! . . . He stole the idea from me! . . .

(*Amid these disordered exclamations, the Live Children are dragged towards the blue workshops, where each of the inventors sets his ideal machine going. There ensues a cerulean whirl of wheels, discs, flywheels, driving-wheels, pulleys, straps and strange and as yet unnamed objects shrouded in the bluey mists of the unreal. A crowd of odd and mysterious mechanisms dart forth and hover under the vaults or crawl at the foot of the columns, while Children unfold charts and plans, open books, uncover azure statues and bring enormous flowers and gigantic fruits that seem formed of sapphires and turquoises.*)

A Little Blue Child (*bending under the weight of some colossal blue daisies*). Look at my flowers! . . .

Tyltyl. What are they? . . . I don't know them. . . .

The Little Blue Child. They are daisies!

Tyltyl. Impossible! . . . They are as big as tables! . . .

The Little Blue Child. And they smell so good! . . .

Tyltyl (*smelling them*). Wonderful! . . .

The Little Blue Child. They will grow like that when I am on earth. . . .

Tyltyl. When will that be? . . .

The Little Blue Child. In fifty-three years, four months and nine days. . . .

(*Two Blue Children arrive, carrying, like a lustre hanging on a pole, an incredible bunch of grapes, each larger than a pear.*)

One of the Children (*carrying the grapes*). What do you say to my fruits?

Tyltyl. A bunch of pears! . . .

The Child. No, they are grapes! . . . They will all be like that when I am thirty. . . I have found the way. . . .

Another Child (*staggering under a basket of blue apples the size of melons*). And mine! . . . Look at my apples! . . .

Tyltyl. But those are melons! . . .

The Child. No, no! . . . They are my apples and they are not the finest at that! . . . They will all be alike when I am alive. . . . I have discovered the system!

Another Child (*wheeling a blue barrow with blue melons bigger than pumpkins*). What do you say to my little melons? . . .

Tyltyl. But they are pumpkins! . . .

The Child with the Melons. When I come on earth, the melons will be splendid! . . . I shall be the gardener of the King of the Three Planets. . . .

Tyltyl. The King of the Three Planets?

The Child with the Melons. The great king who for thirty-five years will bring happiness to the Earth, Mars and the Moon. . . . You can see him from here. . . .

Tyltyl. Where is he? . . .

The Child with the Melons. There, the little boy sleeping at the foot of that column.

Tyltyl. On the left? . . .

The Child with the Melons. No, on the right. . . The one on the left is the child who will bring pure joy to the globe. . .

Tyltyl. How? . . .

The Child (*the one that first talked to Tyltyl*). By means of ideas which people have not yet had. . . .

Tyltyl. And the other, that little fat one with his fingers to his nose, what will he do? . . .

The Child. He is to discover the fire that will warm the earth when the sun is paler than now. . . .

Tyltyl. And the little pink one, who looks so serious, and is sucking his thumb, what is he? . . .

The Child. It appears that he is to wipe out injustice from the earth. . . .

Tyltyl. Oh! . . .

The Child. They say it's a tremendous work. . . .

Tyltyl. And the little red-haired one,

Photo: Dover Street Studios.

THE FOREST.

The children return through the forest, and at the Cat's instigation the Trees and the Animals threaten to destroy them, but the Dog's savage intervention enables Mytyl and Tyltyl ultimately to emerge in safety.

Tyltyl. And the two holding each other by the hand and always kissing; are they brother and sister? . . .

The Child. No; they are very comical. . . . They are the Lovers. . . .

Tyltyl. What is that? . . .

The Child. I don't know. . . . Time calls them that, to make fun of them. . . . They spend the day looking into each other's eyes, kissing and bidding each other farewell. . . .

Tyltyl. Why? . . .

The Child. It seems that they will not be able to leave together. . . .

Tyltyl. And the little blue one, who walks as if he did not see where he was going, is he blind? . . .

The Child. Not yet; but he will become so. . . . Look at him well; it seems that he is to conquer Death. . . .

Tyltyl. What does that mean? . . .

The Child. I don't exactly know; but they say it's a great thing. . . .

Tyltyl (*pointing to a crowd of Children sleeping at the foot of the columns, on the steps, the benches, etc.*). And all those asleep, what a number of them there are asleep! . . . Do they do nothing? . . .

The Child. They are thinking of something. . . .

Tyltyl. Of what ? . . .

The Child. They do not know yet ; but they must take something with them to earth ; we are not allowed to go from here empty-handed. . . .

Tyltyl. Who says so ? . . .

The Child. Time, who stands at the door. . . . You will see when he opens it. . . . He is very tiresome. . . .

A Child (running up from the back of the hall and elbowing his way through the crowd). How are you, Tyltyl ? . . .

Tyltyl. Hullo ! . . . How does he know my name ? . . .

The Child (who has just run up and who now kisses Tyltyl and Mytyl effusively). How are you ? . . . All right ? . . . Come, give me a kiss, and you too, Mytyl. It's not surprising that I should know your name, seeing that I shall be your brother. . . . They have only just told me that you were here. . . . I was right at the other end of the hall, packing up my ideas. . . . Tell mummy that I am ready. . . .

Tyltyl. What ? . . . Are you coming to us ? . . .

The Child. Certainly, next year, on Palm Sunday. . . . Don't tease me too much when I am little. . . . I am very glad to have kissed you both beforehand. . . . Tell daddy to mend the cradle . . . Is it comfortable in our home ? . . .

Tyltyl. Not bad. . . . And mummy is so kind ! . . .

The Child. And the food ? . . .

Tyltyl. That depends. . . . We even have cakes sometimes, don't we, Mytyl ?

Mytyl. On New Year's Day and the fourteenth of July. . . . Mummy makes them. . . .

Tyltyl. What have you got in that bag ? . . . Are you bringing us something ? . . .

The Child. I am bringing three illnesses : scarlatina, whooping-cough, and measles. . . .

Tyltyl. Oh, that's all, is it ? . . . And, after that, what will you do ? . . .

The Child. After that ? . . . I shall leave you. . . .

Tyltyl. It will hardly be worth while coming ! . . .

The Child. We can't pick and choose ! . . .

(At that moment, a sort of prolonged, powerful, crystalline vibration is heard to rise and swell ; it seems to emanate from the columns and the opal doors, which are irradiated by a brighter light than before.)

Tyltyl. What is that ? . . .

The Child. That's Time ! . . . He is going to open the gates ! . . .

(A great change comes over the crowd of Blue Children. Most of them leave their machines and their labours, numbers of sleepers awake and all turn their eyes towards the opal doors and go nearer to them.)

Light (joining Tyltyl). Let us try to hide behind the columns. . . . It will not do for Time to discover us. . . .

Tyltyl. Where does that noise come from ? . . .

A Child. It is the Dawn rising. . . . This is the hour when the children who are to be born to-day go down to earth. . . .

Tyltyl. How will they go down ? . . . Are there ladders ? . . .

The Child. You shall see. . . . Time is drawing the bolts. . . .

Tyltyl. Who is Time ? . . .

The Child. An old man who comes to call those who are going. . . .

Tyltyl. Is he wicked ? . . .

The Child. No ; but he hears nothing. . . . Beg as they may, if it's not their turn, he pushes back all those who try to go. . . .

Tyltyl. Are they glad to go ? . . .

The Child. We are sorry when we are left behind, but we are sad when we go . . . There ! There ! . . . He is opening the doors ! . . .

(The great opalescent doors turn slowly on their hinges. The sounds of the earth are heard like a distant music. A red and green light penetrates into the hall ; Time, a tall old man with a streaming beard, armed with his scythe and hour-glass, appears upon the threshold ; and the spectator perceives the extremity of the white and gold sails of a galley moored to a sort of quay, formed by the rosy mists of the Dawn.)

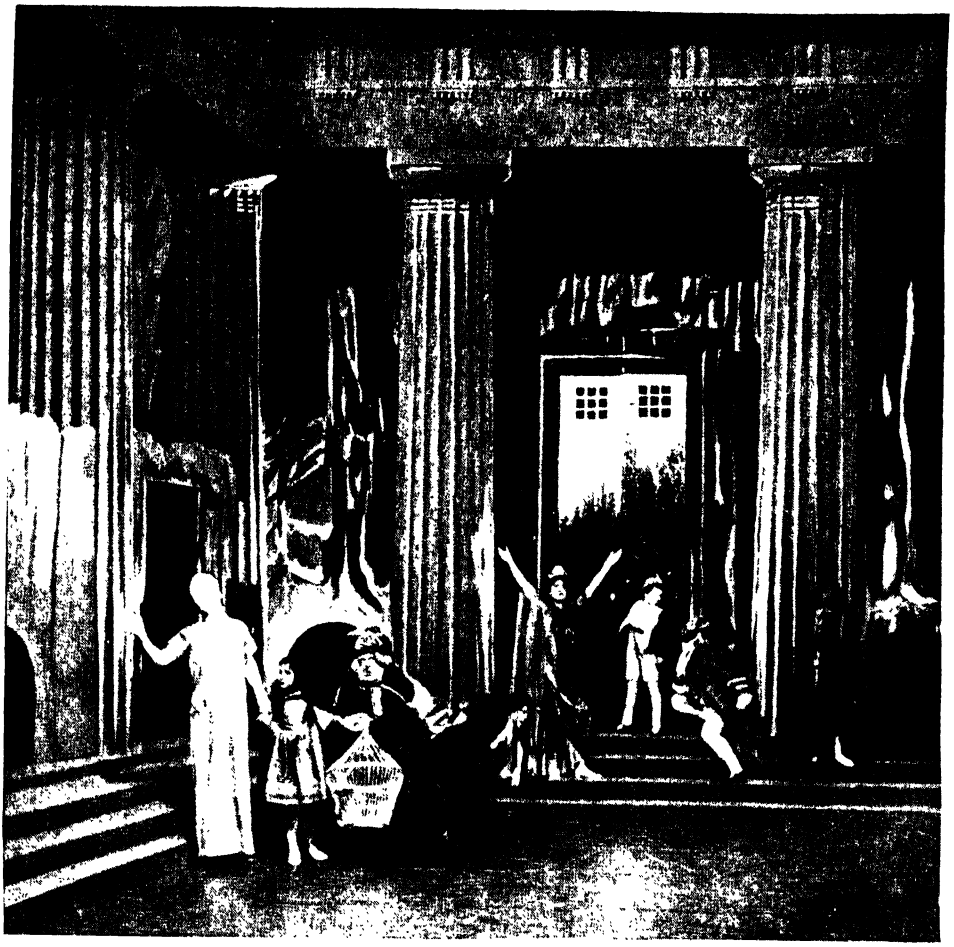

Photo : Dover Street Studios.

TYLTYL OPENS THE DOOR OF THE GARDEN OF NIGHT.

The children find myriads of fairy-like birds in the garden ; they catch several, but on bringing them to the light of day the birds die instantly. The children are grief-stricken, but are consoled by *Light*.

Time (*on the threshold*). Are they ready whose hour has struck ? . . .

Blue Children (*elbowing their way and running up from all sides*). Here we are ! . . . Here we are ! . . . Here we are ! . .

Time (*in a gruff voice to the Children defiling before him to go out.*) One at a time ! . . . Once again, there are many more of you than are wanted ! . . . It's always the same thing ! . . . You can't deceive me ! . . . (*Pushing back a Child.*) It's not your turn ! . . . Go back and wait till to-morrow. . . . Nor you either ; go in and return in ten years. . . . A thirteenth shepherd ? . . . There are only twelve wanted ; there is no need for more ; the days of Theocritus and Virgil are past. . . . More doctors ? . . . There are too many already ; they are grumbling about it on earth. . . . And where are the engineers ? . . . They want an honest man, only one, as a phenomenon. . . . Where is the honest man ? . . . Is it you ? . . . (*The Child nods yes.*) You appear to me to be a very poor specimen ! . . . Hallo, you, over there, not so fast, not so fast ! . . . And you, what are you bringing ? . . . Nothing at all, empty-handed ? . . . Then you can't go through. . . . Prepare something, a great crime, if you like, or a fine sickness, I don't care . . . but you must have

something. . . . (*Catching sight of a little Child whom the others are pushing forward, while he resists with all his strength.*) Well, what's the matter with you? . . . You know that the hour has come. . . . They want a hero to fight against injustice; you're the one; you must start. . . .

The Blue Children. He doesn't want to, sir. . . .

Time. What? . . . He doesn't want to? . . . Where does the little monster think he is? . . . No objections; we have no time to spare. . . .

The Child (*who is being pushed*). No, no! . . . I don't want to go! . . . I would rather not be born! . . . I would rather stay here! . . .

Time. That is not the question. . . . When the hour comes, it comes! . . . Now then, quick, forward! . . .

A Child (*stepping forward*). Oh, let me pass! . . . I will go and take his place! . . . . They say that my parents are old and have been waiting for me so long! . . .

Time. None of that! . . . You will start at your proper hour, at your proper time. . . . We should never be done if we listened to you. . . . One wants to go, another refuses; it's too soon or it's too late. . . . (*Pushing back some Children who have encroached upon the threshold.*) Not so near, you children! . . . Back, you inquisitive ones! . . . Those who are not starting have no business outside. . . . You are in a hurry now; later, when your turn comes, you will be frightened and hang back. . . . Look, there are four who are trembling like leaves. . . . (*To a Child who, on the point of crossing the threshold, suddenly goes back.*) Well, what is it? . . . What's the matter? . . .

The Child. I have forgotten the box containing the two crimes which I shall have to commit. . . .

Another Child. And I the little pot with my idea for enlightening the crowd. . . .

A Third Child. I have forgotten the graft of my finest pear! . . .

Time. Run quick and fetch them! . . . We have only six hundred and twelve seconds left. . . . The galley of the Dawn is already flapping her sails to show that she is waiting. . . . You will come too late and you won't be born! . . . Come, quick, on board with you! . . . (*Laying hold of a Child who tries to pass between his legs to reach the quay.*) Oh, no, not you! . . . This is the third time you've tried to be born before your turn. . . . Don't let me catch you at it again, or you can wait forever with my sister Eternity; and you know that it's not amusing there! . . . But come, are we ready? . . . Is every one at his post? . . . (*Surveying the Children standing on the quay or already seated in the galley.*) There is still one missing. . . . It is no use his hiding, I see him in the crowd. . . . You can't deceive me! . . . Come on, you, the little fellow whom they call the Lover, say good-bye to your sweetheart. . . .

(*The two Children who are called the Lovers, fondly entwined, their faces livid with despair, go up to Time and kneel at his feet.*)

The First Child. Mr. Time, let me stay behind with her! . . .

The Second Child. Mr. Time, let me go with him! . . .

Time. Impossible! . . . We have only three hundred and ninety-four seconds left. . . .

The First Child. I would rather not be born! . . .

Time. You cannot choose. . . .

The Second Child (*beseechingly*). Mr. Time, I shall come too late! . . .

The First Child. I shall be gone before she comes down! . . .

The Second Child. I shall never see him again! . . .

The First Child. We shall be alone in the world! . . .

Time. All this does not concern me. . . . Address your entreaties to Life. . . . I unite and part as I am told. . . . (*Seizing one of the Children.*) Come! . . .

The First Child (*struggling*). No, no, no! . . . She, too! . . .

The Second Child (*clinging to the clothes of the First*). Leave him with me! . . . Leave him! . . .

Time. Come, come, he is not going to

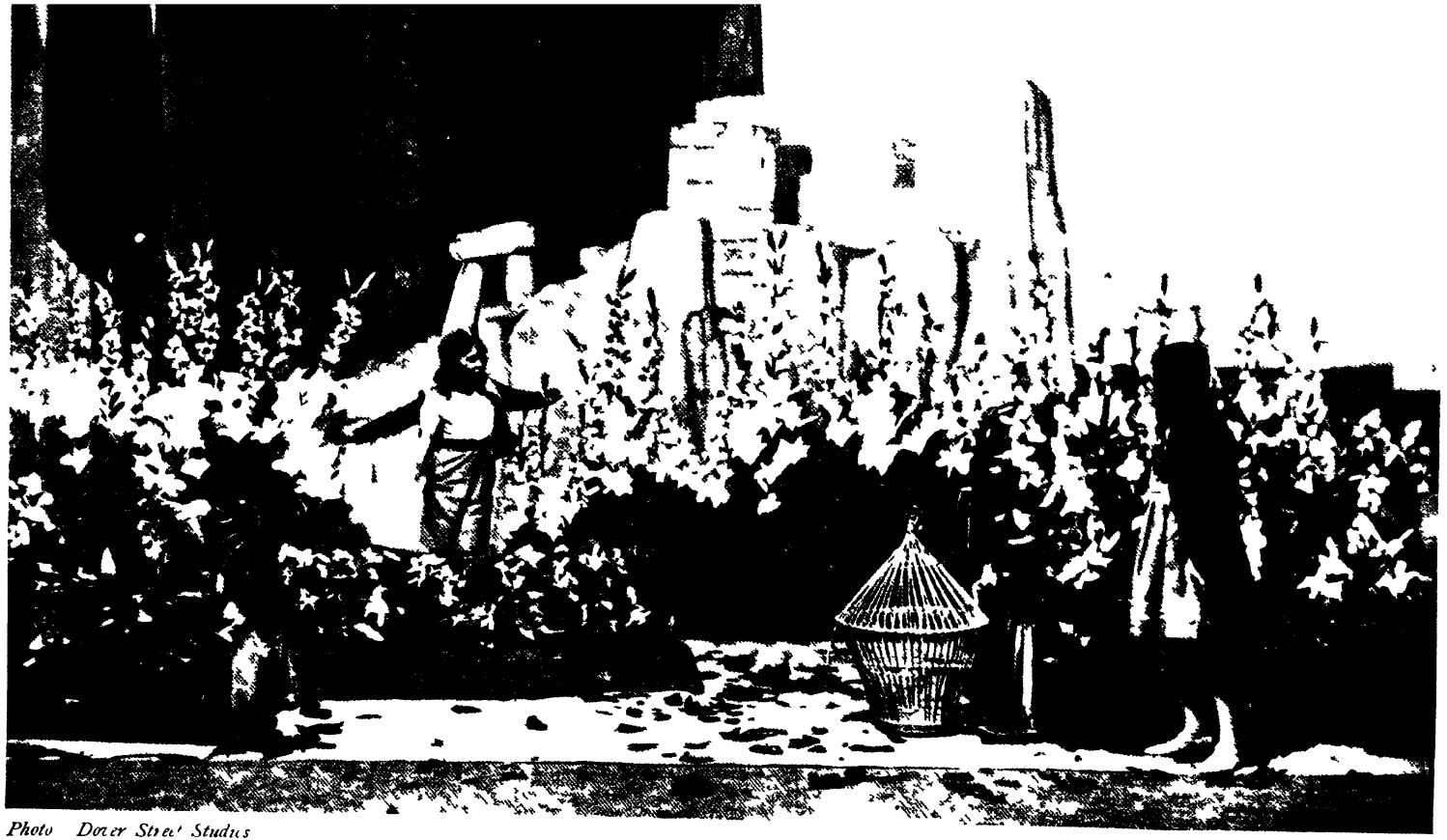

Photo Dover Street Studios

AT MIDNIGHT IN THE GRAVEYARD, AS THE CLOCK STRIKES, TYLTYL TURNS THE DIAMOND, AND TO THE CHILDREN'S SURPRISE, THE TOMBS SUDDENLY BECOME ENVELOPED IN MASSES OF FLOWERS

MYTYL (looking among the flowers) "Where are the dead?" TYLTYL (looking also) "There are no dead!"

die, but to live! . . . (*Dragging away the First Child.*) Come along! . . .

The Second Child (*stretching her arms out frantically to the Child that is being carried off*). A sign! . . . A sign! . . . Tell me how to find you! . . .

The First Child. I shall always love you! . . .

The Second Child. I shall be the saddest thing on earth! . . . You will know me by that! . . . (*She falls and remains stretched on the ground.*)

Time. You would do much better to hope. . . . And now, that is all. . . . (*Consulting his hour-glass.*) We have only sixty-three seconds left. . . .

(*Last and violent movements among the Children departing and remaining. They exchange hurried farewells.*)

The Blue Children. Good-bye, Pierre! . . . Good-bye, Jean! . . . Have you all you want? . . . Announce my idea! . . . Have you got the new turn-screw? . . . Mind you speak of my melons! . . . Have you forgotten nothing? . . . Try to know me again! . . . I shall find you! . . . Don't lose your ideas! . . . Don't lean too far into space! . . . Send me your news! . . . They say one can't. . . . Oh, try, do try! . . . Try to tell us if it's nice! . . . I will come to meet you! . . . I shall be born on a throne! . . .

Time (*shaking his keys and his scythe*). Enough! Enough! . . . The anchor's raised! . . .

(*The sails of the galley pass and disappear. The voices of the Children in the galley are heard in the distance:* "The Earth! The Earth!! . . . I can see it! . . . How beautiful it is! . . . How bright it is! . . . How big it is!" . . . *Then, as though issuing from the depths of the abyss, an extremely distant song of gladness and expectation.*)

Tyltyl (*to Light*). What is that? . . . It is not they singing. . . . It sounds like other voices. . . .

Light. Yes, it is the song of the mothers coming out to meet them. . . .

(*Meanwhile, Time closes the opalescent doors. He turns to take a last look at the hall and suddenly perceives Tyltyl, Mytyl and Light.*)

Time (*dumbfounded and furious*). What's that? . . . What are you doing here? . . . Who are you? . . . Why are you not blue? . . . How did you get in? . . . (*He comes forward, threatening them with his scythe.*)

Light (*to Tyltyl*). Do not answer! . . . I have the Blue Bird. . . . He is hidden under my cloak. . . . Let us escape. . . . Turn the diamond, he will lose our traces. . . .

(*They slip away on the left, between the columns in the foreground.*)

* * *

Tyltyl, Mytyl, the Animals and the Things are all back in the places they occupied before the Fairy enchanted them. The two children waken up and tell their adventures to Mummy and Daddy—who do not understand. Tyltyl confesses to the old woman who resembled the Fairy that he could not find the Blue Bird. Tyltyl gives his own turtle-dove to a sick child who had been dying to have it for ever so long. As he took the dove down in his cage from the place on the wall, he exclaimed, "Hullo, why, he's blue!"

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS

JOHN FORSTER

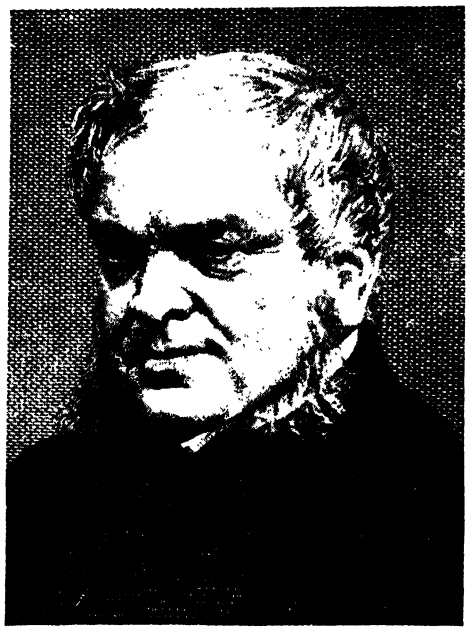

Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

JOHN FORSTER.

Forster was the best friend of Charles Dickens; his exhaustive "Life" remains the standard biography of the great novelist. Dickens was born on the 7th of February, 1812, at Landport in Portsea. His father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the Navy Pay-Office. When the boy was two years old his father removed to London, and Dickens used to say in his later years that he could remember the small front garden to the house at Portsea, and the military parades he saw in the street, while but an infant. When he was about five his home was again changed, this time to Chatham, where he remained until he was nine. "Here," his biographer says, "the most durable of his early impressions were received; and the associations that were around him when he died were those which at the outset of his life had affected him most strongly."

THE house called Gadshill-place stands on the strip of highest ground in the main road between Rochester and Gravesend. Very often had we travelled past it together, many years before it became his home; and never without some allusion to what he told me when first I saw it in his company, that amid the recollections connected with his childhood it held always a prominent place, for, upon first seeing it, as he came from Chatham with his father, and looking up at it with much admiration, he had been promised that he might himself live in it or in some such house when he came to be a man, if he would only work hard enough. Which for a long time was his ambition. The story is a pleasant one, and receives authentication at the opening of one of his essays on travelling abroad, when as he passes along the road to Canterbury there crosses it a vision of his former self.

"So smooth was the old high road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"'Holloa!' said I, to the very queer small boy, 'where do you live?'

"'At Chatham,' says he.

"'What do you do there? says I.

"'I go to school,' says he.

"I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently, the very queer small boy says, 'This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away.'

"'You know something about Falstaff, eh?' said I.

"'All about him,' said the very queer small boy. 'I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us

By courtesy of the Editor of "The Dickensian."

JOHN DICKENS, THE FATHER OF CHARLES DICKENS.

After the painting by John W. Gilbert.

stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!'

"'You admire that house?' said I.

"'Bless you, sir,' said the very queer small boy, 'when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, *If you were to be very persevering, and to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.* Though that's impossible!' said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might.

"I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

The queer small boy was indeed himself. . . .

And here I may at once expressly mention, what already has been hinted, that even as Fielding described himself and his belongings in Captain Booth and Amelia, and protested always that he had writ in his books nothing more than he had seen in life, so it may be said of Dickens in more especial relation to David Copperfield. Many guesses have been made since his death, connecting David's autobiography with his own; accounting, by means of such actual experiences, for the so frequent recurrence in his writings of the prison life, its humour and pathos, described in them with such wonderful reality; and discovering, in what David tells Steerforth at school of the stories he had read in his childhood, what it was that had given the bent to his own genius. There is not only truth in all this, but it will very shortly be seen that the identity went deeper than any had supposed, and covered experiences not less startling in the reality than they appeared to be in the fiction.

Of the "readings" and "imaginations" which he describes as brought away from Chatham, this authority can tell us. It is one of the many passages in *Copperfield* which are literally true, and its proper place is here. "My father had left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs to which I had access (for it adjoined my own) and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Robinson Crusoe* came out, a glorious host to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy, and my hope of something beyond that place and time—they, and the *Arabian Nights* and the *Tales of the Genii*,—and did me no harm; for, whatever harm was in some of them, was not there for me; *I* knew nothing of it. It is astonishing to me now, how I found time, in the midst of my porings

and blunderings over heavier themes, to read those books as I did. It is curious to me how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles (which were great troubles to me) by impersonating my favourite characters in them. . . . I have been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe. I had a greedy relish for a few volumes of voyages and travels —I forget what, now—that were on those shelves; and for days and days I can remember to have gone about my region of our house, armed with the centre-piece out of an old set of boot-trees: the perfect realisation of Captain Somebody, of the royal British navy, in danger of being beset by savages, and resolved to sell his life at a great price. . . . When I think of it, the picture always rises in my mind, of a summer evening, the boys at play in the churchyard, and I sitting on my bed, reading as if for life. Every barn in the neighbourhood, every stone in the church, and every foot of the churchyard, had some association of its own, in my mind, connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them." . . .

The family came back to London, and soon the boy had to pawn the books he loved which had been brought from Chatham. His Micawber-like father became a bankrupt, and was sent to the Marshalsea Prison. "Almost everything, by degrees, was sold or pawned, little Charles being the principal agent in these sorrowful transactions." All the world knows what manner of man Dickens' father was, for his son has immortalised him as "Wilkins Micawber." The boy, stunned by the misfortune, is sent to work in a blacking factory, situated near Hungerford Market. Dickens himself revealed the story of this chapter of his boyhood to his biographer Forster.

"—In an evil hour for me, as I often bitterly thought. Its chief manager, James Lamert, the relative who had lived with us in Bayham Street, seeing how I was employed from day to day, and knowing what our domestic circumstances then were, proposed that I should go into the blacking warehouse, to

By courtesy of the Editor of "The Dickensian."

ELIZABETH DICKENS, THE MOTHER OF CHARLES DICKENS.
After the painting by John W. Gilbert.

be as useful as I could, at a salary, I think, of six shillings a week. I am not clear whether it was six or seven. I am inclined to believe, from my uncertainty on this head, that it was six at first, and seven afterwards. At any rate the offer was accepted very willingly by my father and mother, and on a Monday morning I went down to the blacking warehouse to begin my business life.

"It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me, that, even

after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school. Our friends, I take it, were tired out. No one made any sign. My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so, if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar-school, and going to Cambridge.

"The blacking warehouse was the last house on the left-hand side of the way, at old Hungerford Stairs. It was a crazy, tumble-down old house, abutting of course on the river, and literally overrun with rats. Its wainscotted rooms and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old grey rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visibly before me, as if I were there again. The counting-house was on the first-floor, looking over the coal barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover the pots of paste-blacking; first with a piece of oil paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat, all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label; and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at a similar duty downstairs on similar wages. One of them came up in a ragged apron and a paper cap, on the first Monday morning, to show me the trick of using the string and tying the knot. His name was Bob Fagin; and I took the liberty of using his name, long afterwards, in *Oliver Twist*.

"Our relative had kindly arranged to teach me something in the dinner-hour; from twelve to one, I think it was; every day. But an arrangement so incompatible with counting-house business soon died away, from no fault of his or mine; and for the same reason, my small work-table, and my grosses of pots, my papers, string, scissors, paste-pot, and labels by little and little vanished out of the recess in the counting-house, and kept company with the other work-tables, grosses of pots, papers, string, scissors, and paste-pots, downstairs. It was not long before Bob Fagin and I, and another boy whose name was Paul Green, but who was currently believed to have been christened Poll (a belief which I transferred, long afterwards again, to Mr. Sweedlepipe, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*), worked generally, side by side. Bob Fagin was an orphan, and lived with his brother-in-law, a waterman. Poll Green's father had the additional distinction of being a fireman, and was employed at Drury Lane Theatre; where another relation of Poll's, I think his little sister, did imps in the pantomimes.

"No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship; compared these every day associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more; cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life. . . ."

Forster goes on to give other interesting details.

"No advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no support, from any one that I can call to mind, so help me God.

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A GROUP ON THE LAWN AT GADSHILL PLACE, 1866.

The group consists of Dickens, Miss Hogarth, Miss Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins, Charles Dickens, Junr., Wilkie Collins, Fechter, and Hamilton Hunn.

"Sundays, Fanny and I passed in the prison. I was at the academy in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, at nine o'clock in the morning, to fetch her; and we walked back there together, at night.

"I was so young and childish, and so little qualified—how could I be otherwise?—to undertake the whole charge of my own existence, that, in going to Hungerford Stairs of a morning, I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half-price on trays at the confectioners' doors in Tottenham Court Road; and I often spent in that, the money I should have kept for my dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll, or a slice of pudding. There were two pudding shops between which I was divided, according to my finances. One was in a court close to St. Martin's Church (at the back of the church) which is now removed altogether. The pudding at that shop was made with currants, and was rather a special pudding, but was dear: two penn'orth not being larger than a penn'orth of more ordinary pudding. A good shop for the latter was in the Strand, somewhere near where the Lowther Arcade is now. It was a stout, hale pudding, heavy and flabby; with great raisins in it, stuck in whole, at great distances apart. It came up hot, at about noon every day; and many and many a day did I dine off it.

"We had half-an-hour, I think, for tea. When I had money enough, I used to go to a coffee shop, and have half-a-pint of coffee, and a slice of bread and butter. When I had no money, I took a turn in Covent-Garden market, and stared at the pine-apples. The coffee-shops to which I resorted most were, one in Maiden Lane; one in a court (non-existent now) close to Hungerford-Market; and one in St. Martin's Lane,

of which I only recollect that it stood near the church, and that in the door there was an oval glass-plate, with COFFEE-ROOM painted on it, addressed towards the street. If I ever find myself in a very different kind of coffee-room now, but where there is such an inscription on glass, and read it backward on the wrong side MOOR-EEFFOC (as I often used to do then, in a dismal reverie), a shock goes through my blood.

"I know I do not exaggerate, unconsciously and unintentionally the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked, from morning to night, with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through; by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting house, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labelled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.

"But I held some station at the blacking warehouse too. Besides that my relative at the counting-house did what a man so occupied, and dealing with a thing so anomalous, could, to treat me as one upon a different footing from the rest, I never said, to man or boy, how it was that I came to be there, or gave the least indication of being sorry that I was ever there. That I suffered in secret, and that I suffered exquisitely, no one ever knew but I. How much I suffered, it is, as I have already said, utterly beyond my power to tell. No man's imagination can overstep the reality. But I kept my own counsel, and I did my work. I knew from the first, that if I could not do my work as well as any of the rest, I could not hold myself above slight and contempt. I soon became at least as expeditious and as skilful with my hands as either of the other boys. Though perfectly familiar with them, my conduct and manners were different enough from theirs to place a space between us. They, and the men, always spoke of me as 'the young gentleman.' A certain man (a soldier once) named Thomas, who was the foreman, and another named Harry, who was the carman and wore a red jacket, used to call me 'Charles' sometimes, in speaking to me; but I think it was mostly when we were very confidential and when I had made some efforts to entertain them over our work with the results of some of the old readings, which were fast perishing out of my mind. Poll Green uprose once, and rebelled against the 'young gentleman' usuage; but Bob Fagin settled him speedily. . . .

"From that hour until this at which I write, no word of that part of my childhood which I have now gladly brought to a close, has passed my lips to any human being. I have no idea how long it lasted; whether for a year, or much more, or less. From that hour, until this, my father and my mother have been stricken dumb upon it. I have never heard the least allusion to it, however far off and remote, from either of them. I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with any one, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain I then dropped, thank God.

"Until old Hungerford Market was pulled down, until old Hungerford Stairs were destroyed, and the very nature of the ground changed, I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began. I never saw it. I could not endure to go near it. For many years, when I came to Robert Warren's in the Strand, I crossed over to the opposite side of the way, to avoid a certain smell of the cement they put upon the blacking-corks, which reminded me of what I was once. It was a very long time before I liked to go up Chandos Street. My old way home by the borough made me cry, after my eldest child could speak.

"In my walks at night I have walked there often, since then, and by degrees I have come to write this. It does not seem

a tithe of what I might have written, or of what I meant to write."

At a little over twelve years of age the boy Dickens saw the end of his dreary servitude, of which he would scarcely ever speak in after years, " and he never spoke of it otherwise than as a man might speak of Hell."

was always very weak and never very well. Once he was struck down in the middle of his work with sudden bodily pain. The boy who worked next to him, a coarse and heavy lad named Bob Fagin, who had often attacked Dickens on the not unreasonable ground of his being a 'gentleman,' suddenly showed that enduring sanity of compassion which Dickens had destined to show so often in the characters

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

The early ambition of Dickens was to become an actor. The illustration shows him in the character of Captain Bobadil.

From the painting by Leslie.

Here is a characteristic incident of this time described by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

" At night he returned disconsolately to a lodging-house for such lads, kept by an old lady. It is sufficient to say that she appeared afterwards as Mrs. Pipchin. Once a week only he saw anybody for whom he cared a straw; that was when he went to Marshalsea prison, and that gave his juvenile pride, half manly and half snobbish, bitter annoyance of another kind. Add to this, finally, that physically he of the common and unclean. Fagin made a bed for his sick companion out of the straw in the workroom and filled empty blacking bottles with hot water all day. When the evening came, and Dickens was somewhat recovered, Bob Fagin insisted on escorting the boy home to his father. The situation was as poignant as a sort of tragic farce. Fagin in his wooden-headed chivalry would have died in order to take Dickens to his family; Dickens in his bitter gentility would have died rather than

let Fagin know that his family were in the Marshalsea. So these two young idiots tramped the tedious streets, both stubborn, both suffering for an idea. The advantage certainly was with Fagin, who was suffering for a Christian compassion, while Dickens was suffering for a pagan pride. At last Dickens flung off his friend with desperate farewell and thanks, and dashed up the steps of a strange house on the Surrey side. He knocked and rang as Bob Fagin, his benefactor and his incubus, disappeared round the corner. And when the servant came to open the door, he asked, apparently with gravity, whether Mr. Robert Fagin lived there! It is a strange touch. The immortal Dickens woke in him for an instant in that last wild joke of that weary evening."

The boy was now sent for two years to Wellington House Academy. He studied shorthand and later succeeded in becoming a reporter. When he was nineteen years of age he was reporting for the newspaper "True Sun" and later he became a reporter for "The Morning Chronicle."

Tries to become an Actor.

His attempt to get upon the stage dates immediately before these newspaper engagements. His Doctors' Commons reportership was a living so wearily uncertain, that a possibility of the other calling had occurred to him in quite a businesslike way. He went to theatres almost every night for a long time; studied and practised himself in parts; was so much attracted by the "At Homes" of the elder Mathews, that he resolved to make his first plunge in a similar direction; and finally wrote to make offer of himself to Covent Garden. "I wrote to Bartley, who was stage-manager, and told him how young I was, and exactly what I thought I could do; and that I believed I had a strong perception of character and oddity, and a natural power of reproducing in my own person what I observed in others. This was at a time when I was at Doctors' Commons as a shorthand writer for the proctors. And I recollect I wrote the letter from a little office I had there, where the answer came also. There must have been something in my letter that struck the authorities for Bartley wrote to me almost immediately to say that they were busy getting up the Hunchback (so they were), but that they would communicate with me again, in a fortnight. Punctual to the time another letter came, with an appointment to do anything of Mathews's I pleased, before him and Charles Kemble, on a certain day at the theatre. My sister Fanny was in the secret, and was to go with me to play the songs. I was laid up when the day came, with a terrible bad cold and an inflammation of the face; the beginning, by the bye, of that annoyance in one ear to which I am subject to this day. I wrote to say so, and added that I would resume my application next season. I made a great splash in the gallery soon afterwards; the *Chronicle* opened to me; I had a distinction in the little world of the newspaper, which made one like it; began to write; didn't want money; had never thought of the stage but as a means of getting it; gradually left off turning my thoughts that way, and never resumed the idea. I never told you this, did I? See how near I may have been to another sort of life." . . .

* * *

Dickens had written some sketches which appeared in the "Old Monthly Magazine," the series being continued in "The Evening Chronicle." These were afterwards published successfully as the "Sketches by Boz." His literary career had now begun, although he was still a hand-to-mouth journalist. The origin of "The Pickwick Papers" is described in the extract from Forster given below. Chapman & Hall, the publishers, wished to issue a serial made up mostly of comic illustrations by a popular caricaturist of the day named Seymour. Dickens was asked to write some appropriate matter to illustrate the work of the illustrator. Dickens did not fall in with the plan suggested to him, and he himself has described what took place at the interview with Mr. Hall, the publisher.

The Pickwick Papers.

"The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a

vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour ; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor, that a NIMROD CLUB, the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country I was no great sportsman, except in regard to all kinds of locomotion ; that the idea was not novel, and had already been much used ; that it could be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text ; and that I would like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid that I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being referred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number ; from the proof sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club and his happy portrait of its founder. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion ; and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour."

Mr. Hall was dead when this statement was first made, in the preface to the cheap edition in 1847 ; but Mr. Chapman clearly recollected his partner's account of the interview, and confirmed every part of it, in his letter of 1849, with one exception. In giving Mr. Seymour credit for the figure by which all the habitable globe knows Mr. Pickwick, and which certainly at the outset helped to make him a reality, it had given the artist too much. The reader will hardly be so startled as I was on coming to the closing line of Mr. Chapman's confirmatory letter. "As this letter is to be historical, I may as well claim what little belongs to me in the matter, and that is the figure of Pickwick. Seymour's first sketch was of a long, thin man. The present immortal one he made from my description of a friend of mine at Richmond, a fat old beau who would wear, in spite of the ladies' protests, drab tights and black gaiters. His name was John Forster."

On the coincidences, resemblances, and surprises of life, Dickens liked especially to dwell, and few things moved his fancy so pleasantly. The world, he would say, was so much smaller than we thought it ; we were all so connected by fate without knowing it ; people supposed to be far apart were so constantly elbowing each other ; and to-morrow bore so close a resemblance to nothing half so much as to yesterday. Here were the only two leading incidents of his own life before I knew him, his marriage and the first appearance of his Pickwick ; and it turned out after all that I had some shadowy association with both. He was married on the anniversary of my birthday, and the original of the figure of Mr. Pickwick bore my name. . . .

Between the first and the second numbers of *Pickwick*, the artist, Mr. Seymour, died by his own hand ; and the number came out with three instead of four illustrations. Dickens had seen the unhappy man only once, forty-eight hours before his death ; when he went to Furnival's Inn with an etching for the "stroller's tale" in that number, which, altered at Dickens' suggestion, he brought away again for the few further touches that occupied him to a late hour of the night before he destroyed himself. A notice attached to the number informed the public of this latter fact. There was at first a little difficulty in replacing him, and for a single number Mr. Buss was interposed. But before the fourth number a choice had been made, which as the time went on was so thoroughly justified, that through the greater part of the wonderful career which was then beginning the connection was kept up, and Mr. Hablot Browne's name is not unworthily associated with the masterpieces of Dickens' genius. An incident which I heard related by Mr. Thackeray at one end of the royal-academy dinners belongs to this time. "I can remember when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works in covers which were coloured light green and came out once a month,

that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnival's Inn, with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable." . . .

Of what the reception of the *Pickwick Papers* had been up to this time, and of the popularity Dickens had won as its author, this also will be the proper place to speak. For its kind, its extent, and the absence of anything unreal or factitious in the causes that contributed to it, it is unexampled in literature. Here was a series of sketches, without the pretence to such interest as attends a well-constructed story; put forth in a form apparently ephemeral as its purpose; having none that seemed higher than to exhibit some studies of cockney manners with help from a comic artist; and after four or five parts had appeared, without newspaper notice or puffing, and itself not subserving in the public anything false or unworthy, it sprang into a popularity that each part carried higher and higher, until people at this time talked of nothing else, tradesmen recommended their goods by using its name, and its sale, outstripping at a bound that of all the most famous books of the century, had reached to an almost fabulous number. Of part one, the binder prepared four hundred; and of part fifteen, his order was for more than forty thousand. Every class, the high equally with the low, were attracted to it. The charm of its gaiety and good humour, its inexhaustible fun, its riotous overflow of animal spirits, its brightness and keenness of observation, and, above all, the incomparable ease of its many varieties of enjoyment, fascinated everybody. Judges on the bench and boys in the street, gravity and folly, the young and the old, those who were entering life and those who were quitting it, alike found it to be irresistible. "An archdeacon," wrote Mr. Carlyle afterwards to me, "with his own venerable lips, repeated to me, the other night, a strange profane story; of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person; having finished, satisfactorily as he thought, and got out of the room, he heard the sick person ejaculate: 'Well, thank God, *Pickwick* will be out in ten days any way!'—This is dreadful."

Let me add that there was something more in it all than the gratification of mere fun and laughter, or even than the rarer pleasure that underlies the outbreak of all forms of genuine humour. Another chord had been struck. Over and above the lively painting of manners which at first had been so attractive, there was something that left deeper mark. Genial and irrepressible enjoyment, affectionate heartiness of tone, unrestrained exuberance of mirth, these are not more delightful than they are fleeting and perishable qualities; but the attention eagerly excited by the charm of them in *Pickwick* found itself retained by something more permanent. We had all become suddenly conscious in the very thick of the extravaganza of adventure and fun set before us, that here were real people. It was not somebody talking humorously about them, but they were there themselves. That a number of persons belonging to the middle and lower ranks of life (Wardles, Winkles, Wellers, Tupmans, Bardells, Snubbinses, Perkers, Bob Sawyers, Dodsons and Foggs) had been somehow added to his intimate and familiar acquaintance, the ordinary reader knew before half a dozen numbers were out; and it took not many more to make clear to the intelligent reader, that a new and original genius in the walk of Smollett and Fielding had arisen in England. . . .

Once he had fairly started, Dickens' literary life was one of ceaseless and amazing creation. "Oliver Twist" was published also in monthly parts; it ran its opening course with the closing chapters of "Pickwick," and "Nicholas Nickleby" followed "Oliver Twist." "The Old Curiosity Shop" was written in 1840-41. *How much the character of Little Nell affected him is described by his biographer. Around "Little Nell" a controversy raged then as now; he was implored by all sorts of people not to let her disappear for ever at the end of the story.*

Little Nell.

"You can't imagine (gravely I write and speak) how exhausted I am to-day with yesterday's labours. I went to bed last night utterly dispirited and done up. All night I have been pursued by the child; and this morning I am unrefreshed and miserable. I don't know what to do with myself. . . . I think the close of the story will be great. . . I have only this moment put the finishing touch to it. The difficulty has been tremendous — the anguish unspeakable. . . . The part you cut out in the other number which was sent me this morning, I had put in with a view to Quilp's last appearance on any stage, which is casting its shadow upon my mind; but it will come well enough without such a preparation, so I made no change. I have been solemnly revolving the general story all this morning. The forty-fifth number will certainly be the close. Perhaps this forty-first which I am now at work on, had better contain the announcement of *Barnaby?* I am glad you like Dick and the Marchioness in that sixty-fourth chapter—I thought you would."

Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

CHARLES DICKENS GIVING A READING IN ST. MARTIN'S HALL, 1859.

Fast shortening as the life of little Nell was now, the dying year might have seen it pass away; but I never knew him wind up any tale with such a sorrowful reluctance as this. He caught at any excuse to hold his hand from it, and stretched to the utmost limit the time left to complete it in. Christmas interposed its delays too, so that twelfth-night had come and gone when I wrote to him in the belief that he was nearly done. "Done!" he wrote back to me on Friday the 7th, "done!!! Why bless you, I shall not be done till Wednesday night. I only began yesterday, and this part of the story is not to be galloped

over, I can tell you. I think it will come famously—but I am the wretchedest of the wretched. It casts the most horrible shadow upon me, and it is as much as I can do to keep moving at all. I tremble to approach the place a great deal more than Kit; a great deal more than Mr. Garland; a great deal more than the Single Gentleman. I shan't recover it for a long time. Nobody will miss her like I shall. It is such a very painful thing to me, that I really cannot express my sorrow. Old wounds bleed afresh when I only think of the way of doing it: what the actual doing of it will be, God knows." . . . He had finished, all but the last chapter, on the Wednesday named; that was the 12th of January; and on the following night he read to me the two chapters of Nell's death, the 71st and 72nd, with the result described in a letter of the following Monday, the 17th January, 1841.

"I can't help letting you know how much your yesterday's letter pleased me. I felt sure you liked the chapters when we read them on Thursday night, but it was a great delight to have my impression so strongly and heartily confirmed. You know how little value I should set on what I had done, if all the world cried out that it was good, and those whose good opinion and approbation I value most were silent. The assurance that this little closing of the scene touches and is felt by you so strongly, is better to me than a thousand most sweet voices out of doors. When I first began, *on your valued suggestion*, to keep my thoughts upon this ending of the tale, I resolved to try and do something which might be read by people about whom Death had been, with a softened feeling, and with consolation. . . . After you left last night, I took my desk upstairs; and writing until four o'clock this morning, finished the old story. It makes me very melancholy to think that all these people are lost to me for ever, and I feel as if I never could become attached to any new set of characters." The words printed in italics, as underlined by himself, give me my share in the story which had gone so closely to his heart. I was responsible for its tragic ending. He had not thought of killing her, when about half way through, I asked him to consider whether it did not necessarily belong even to his own conception, after taking so mere a child through such a tragedy of sorrow, to lift her also out of the commonplace of ordinary happy endings, so that the gentle pure little figure and form should never change to the fancy. All that I meant he seized at once, and never turned aside from it again.

The published book was an extraordinary success, and, in America more especially, very greatly increased the writer's fame. The pathetic vein it had opened was perhaps mainly the cause of this, but opinion at home continued still to turn on the old characteristics; the freshness of humour of which the pathos was but another form or product, the grasp of reality with which character had again been seized, the discernment of good under its least attractive forms and of evil in its most captivating disguises, the cordial wisdom and sound heart, the enjoyment and fun, luxuriant yet under proper control. No falling off was found in these, and I doubt if any of his people have been more widely liked than Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. The characters generally indeed work out their share in the purpose of the tale; the extravagances of some of them help to intensify its meaning; and the sayings and doings of the worst and the best alike have their point and applicability. Many an over-suspicious person will find advantage in remembering what a too liberal application of Foxey's principle of suspecting everybody brought Mr. Brass to; and many an over hasty judgment of poor human nature will unconsciously be checked, when it is remembered that Mr. Nubbles *did* come back to work out that shilling. . . .

"Barnaby Rudge," one of the most typical of his early works, appeared in 1841, and is exquisitely characteristic of Dickens. Everybody knows that the light-hearted idiot, Barnaby, had a raven which he prized. The original "Grip" had many accomplishments and Dickens resolved to make it a prominent figure in

"Barnaby," but a calamity befell this bird.

"Grip" the Raven.

Upon his return he had to lament a domestic calamity, which for its connection with a famous personage in *Barnaby*, must be mentioned here. The raven had for some days been ailing, and Topping had reported of him, as Hamlet Maclise under an enormous black seal, for transmission to me.

"You will be greatly shocked" (the letter is dated Friday evening, 12th of March, 1841) "and grieved to hear that Raven is no more. He expired to-day at a few minutes after twelve o'clock at noon. He had been ailing for a few days, but we anticipated no serious result, conjecturing that a portion of the white

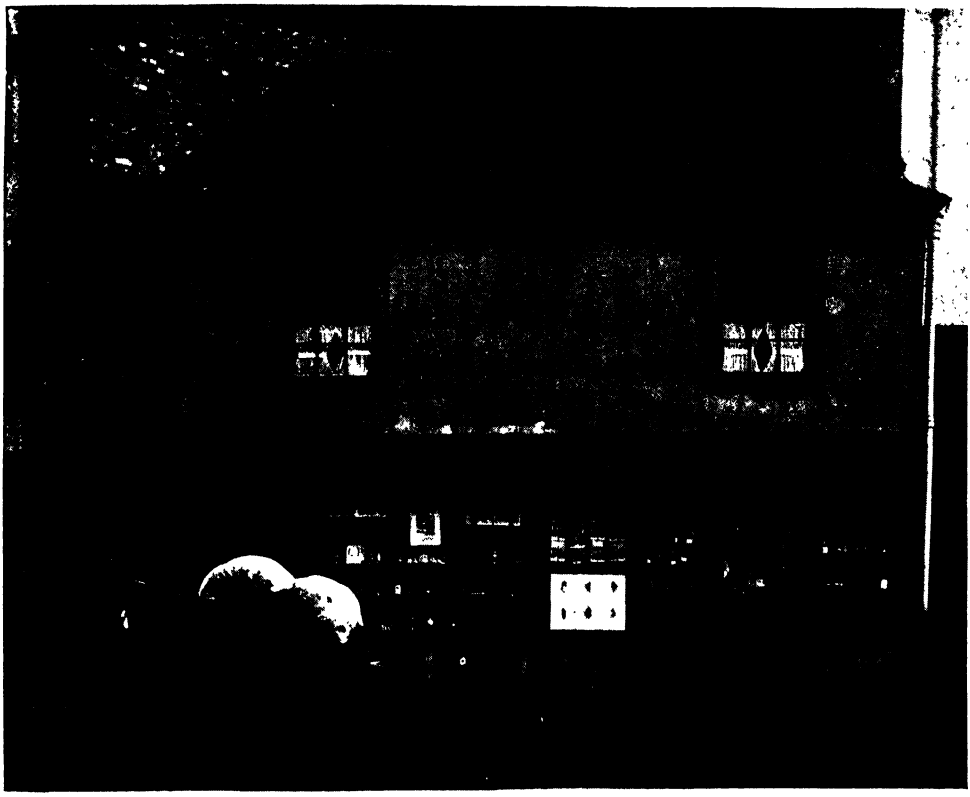


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP: No. 14, PORTSMOUTH STREET.

declares of himself, that he had lost his mirth and foregone all custom of exercises: but Dickens paid no great heed, remembering his recovery from an illness of the previous summer when he swallowed some white paint: so that the graver report which led him to send for the doctor came upon him unexpectedly, and nothing but his own language can worthily describe the result. Unable from the state of his feelings to write two letters, he sent the narrative to paint he swallowed last summer might be lingering about his vitals without having any serious effect upon his constitution. Yesterday afternoon he was taken so much worse that I sent an express for the medical gentleman (Mr. Herring), who promptly attended, and administered a powerful dose of castor oil. Under the influence of this medicine, he recovered so far as to be able at eight o'clock p.m. to bite Topping. His night was peaceful. This morning at daybreak

he appeared better ; received (agreeably to the doctor's directions) another dose of castor oil ; and partook plentifully of some warm gruel, the flavour of which he appeared to relish. Towards eleven o'clock he was so much worse that it was found necessary to muffle the stable-knocker. At half-past, or thereabouts, he was heard talking to himself about the horse and Topping's family, and to add some incoherent expressions which are supposed to have been either a foreboding of his approaching dissolution, or some wishes relative to the disposal of his little property : consisting chiefly of half-pence which he had buried in different parts of the garden. On the clock striking twelve he appeared slightly agitated, but he soon recovered, walked twice or thrice along the coach-house, stopped to bark, staggered, exclaimed *Halloa old girl!* (his favourite expression), and died.

" He behaved throughout with a decent fortitude, equanimity, and self-possession, which cannot be too much admired. I deeply regret that being in ignorance of his danger I did not attend to receive his last instructions. Something remarkable about his eyes occasioned Topping to run for the doctor at twelve. When they returned together our friend was gone. It was the medical gentleman who informed me of his decease. He did it with great caution and delicacy, preparing me by the remark that ' a jolly queer start had taken place ' ; but the shock was very great notwithstanding. I am not wholly free from suspicions of poison. A malicious butcher has been heard to say that he would ' do ' for him : his plea was that he would not be molested in taking orders down the mews, by any bird that wore a tail. Other persons have also been heard to threaten : among others, Charles Knight, who has just started a weekly publication price fourpence : *Barnaby* being, as you know, threepence. I have directed a post-mortem examination, and the body has been removed to Mr. Herring's school of anatomy for that purpose. . . ."

Before he was thirty, Dickens' popularity was very great ; it had spread to America and he paid a memorable visit to that country in 1842. *He had a triumphal reception, but Dickens became angry with America, and America, mainly by reason of his attack on the Copyright Law, became very angry with Dickens. In* 1844 *and* 1845 *he travelled in Italy, but was back again in England in the following year. Meanwhile, he had written " Martin Chuzzlewit," and his memorable " Christmas Carol." The latter was an instant success, but he was terribly upset at the small monetary return it brought. Want of judgment on the part of the publishers had been shown in not adjusting the production expenses to the selling price. He wrote to Forster, " What a wonderful thing it is, that such a great success should occasion me such intolerable anxiety and disappointment ! My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific, that all the energy and determination I can possibly exert will be required to clear me before I go abroad ; which, if next June come and find me alive, I shall do. . . . If I can let the house for this season, I will be off to some seaside place as soon as a tenant offers. I am not afraid, if I reduce my expenses ; but if I do not, I shall be ruined past all mortal hope of redemption."*

Dickens was now anxious to start a periodical, " and I would call it, sir,— ' The Cricket '—a cheerful creature that chirrups on the Hearth." The project was given up, but thus originated the " Cricket on the Hearth."

Forster describes the origin, at this time, of those famous readings to larger audiences in later years. The small beginning was the reading of one of his little books to a small circle of friends which included Carlyle, Jerrold, Maclise, Forster, etc. Quite early in life his thoughts had turned to the stage. How near he was to following another life he has told us. For three years he went to the theatres every night and studied and practised himself in parts ; he received an appointment to rehearse before Mathews and Charles Kemble ; to his great chagrin, illness kept him from keeping the appointment. At this time he was twenty. When he returned to England in 1845, *he actually produced, with some*

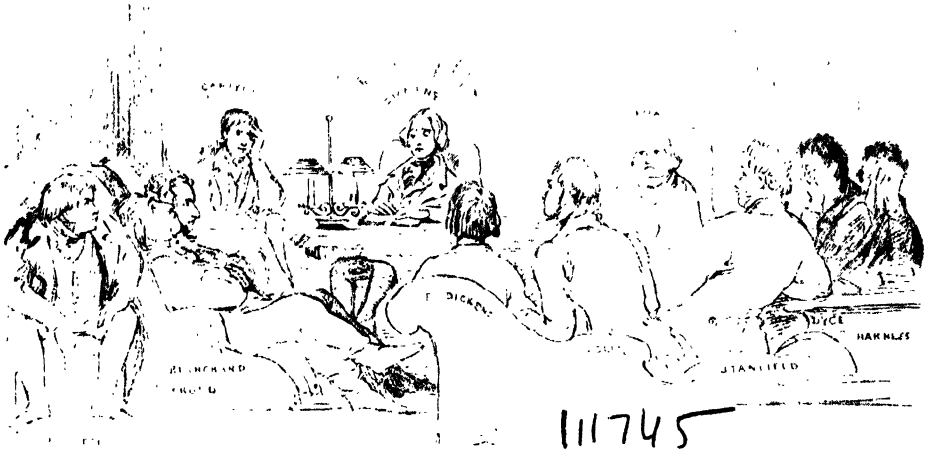


Photo: Kischgate Collection.

CHARLES DICKENS READING "THE CHIMES" TO HIS FRIENDS AT 58, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, MONDAY, THE 2ND DECEMBER, 1844.

After the original sketch by Daniel Maclise.

friends, "Every Man in His Humour," with a success that out-ran the wildest expectations.

His first paid public readings began in 1858. *But meanwhile his fame was as great as ever; he had written "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey & Son," and "David Copperfield." In* 1846 *he became the first Editor of "The Daily News," a position he held for a very short time. He also edited "Household Words" and "All the Year Round."*

He took up his residence at Gadshill Place in 1856, *the place which as a boy he had the ambition of making his own. His one really great tragedy in his mature years was the failure of his marriage; he separated from his wife in* 1858.

The following passage gives some idea of Dickens' amazing popularity in his series of public readings.

His Amazing Popularity.

The reception that awaited him at Manchester had very special warmth in it, occasioned by an adverse tone taken in the comment of one of the Manchester daily papers on the letter which by a breach of confidence had been then recently printed. "My violated letter" Dickens always called it. "When I came to Manchester on Saturday I found seven hundred stalls taken! When I went into the room at night 2,500 people had paid, and more were being turned away from every door. The welcome they gave me was astounding in its affectionate recognition of the late trouble, and fairly for once unmanned me. I never saw such a sight or heard such a sound. When they had thoroughly done it, they settled down to enjoy themselves; and certainly did enjoy themselves most heartily to the last minute." Nor, for the rest of his English tour, in any of the towns that remained, had he reason to complain of any want of hearty greeting. At Sheffield great crowds in excess of the places came. At Leeds the hall overflowed in half an hour. At Hull the vast concourse had to be addressed by Mr. Smith on the gallery stairs, and additional Readings had to be given, day and night, "for the people out of town and for the people in town."

The net profit to himself, thus far, had been upwards of three hundred pounds

a week; but this was nothing to the success in Scotland, where his profit in a week, with all expenses paid, was five hundred pounds. The pleasure was enhanced, too, by the presence of his two daughters, who had joined him over the Border. At first the look of Edinburgh was not promising. "We began with, for us, a poor room. . . . But the effect of that reading (it was the *Chimes*) was immense; and on the next night, for *Little Dombey*, we had a full room. It is our greatest triumph everywhere. Next night (*Poor Traveller*, *Boots*, and *Gamp*) we turned away hundreds upon hundreds of people; and last night, for the *Carol*, in spite of advertisements in the morning that the tickets were gone, the people had to be got in through such a crowd as rendered it a work of the utmost difficulty to keep an alley into the room. They were seated about me on the platform, put into the doorway of the waiting-room, squeezed into every conceivable place, and a multitude turned away once more. I think I am better pleased with what was done in Edinburgh than with what has been done anywhere, almost. . . .

"At Aberdeen we were crammed to the street, twice in one day. At Perth (where I thought when I arrived, there literally could be nobody to come) the gentlefolk came posting in from thirty miles round, and the whole town came besides, and filled an immense hall. They were as full of perception, fire and enthusiasm as any people I have seen. At Glasgow, where I read three evenings and one morning, we took the prodigiously large sum of six hundred pounds! And this at the Manchester prices, which are lower than St. Martin's Hall. As to the effect—I wished you could have seen them after Lilian died in the *Chimes*, or when Scrooge woke in the *Carol* and talked to the boy outside the window. And at the end of *Dombey* yesterday afternoon, in the cold light of day, they all got up, after a short pause, gentle and simple, and thundered and waved their hats with such astonishing heartiness and fondness that, for the first time in all my public career, they took me completely off my legs, and I saw the whole eighteen hundred of them reel to one side as if a shock from without had shaken the hall. Notwithstanding which, I must confess to you, I am very anxious to get to the end of my Readings, and to be at home again, and able to sit down and think in my own study." . . .

Of his personal characteristics Forster gives us many sketches.

Characteristics.

His daily walks were less of rule than of enjoyment and necessity. In the midst of his writing they were indispensable, and especially, as it has often been shown, at night. Mr. Sala is an authority on London streets, and in the eloquent and generous tribute he was among the first to offer to his memory, has described himself encountering Dickens in the oddest places and most inclement weather, in Ratcliffe Highway, on Haverstock Hill, on Camberwell Green, in Gray's Inn Lane, in the Wandsworth Road, at Hammersmith Broadway, in Norton Folgate, and at Kensal New Town. "A hansom whirled you by the Bell and Horns at Brompton, and there he was striding, as with seven-league boots, seemingly in the direction of North End, Fulham. The Metropolitan Railway sent you forth at Lisson Grove, and you met him plodding speedily towards the Yorkshire Stingo. He was to be met rapidly skirting the grim brick wall of the prison in Coldbath Fields, or trudging along the Seven Sisters Road at Holloway, or bearing under a steady press of sail, underneath Highgate Archway, or pursuing the even tenor of his way up the Vauxhall Bridge Road." But he was equally at home in the intricate byways of narrow streets as in the lengthy thoroughfares. Wherever there was "matter to be heard and learned," in back streets behind Holborn, in Borough courts and passages, in City wharves or alleys, about the poorer lodging-houses, in prisons, workhouses, ragged-schools, police-courts, rag-shops, chandlers' shops, and all sorts of markets for the poor, he carried his keen observation and untiring study. "I was

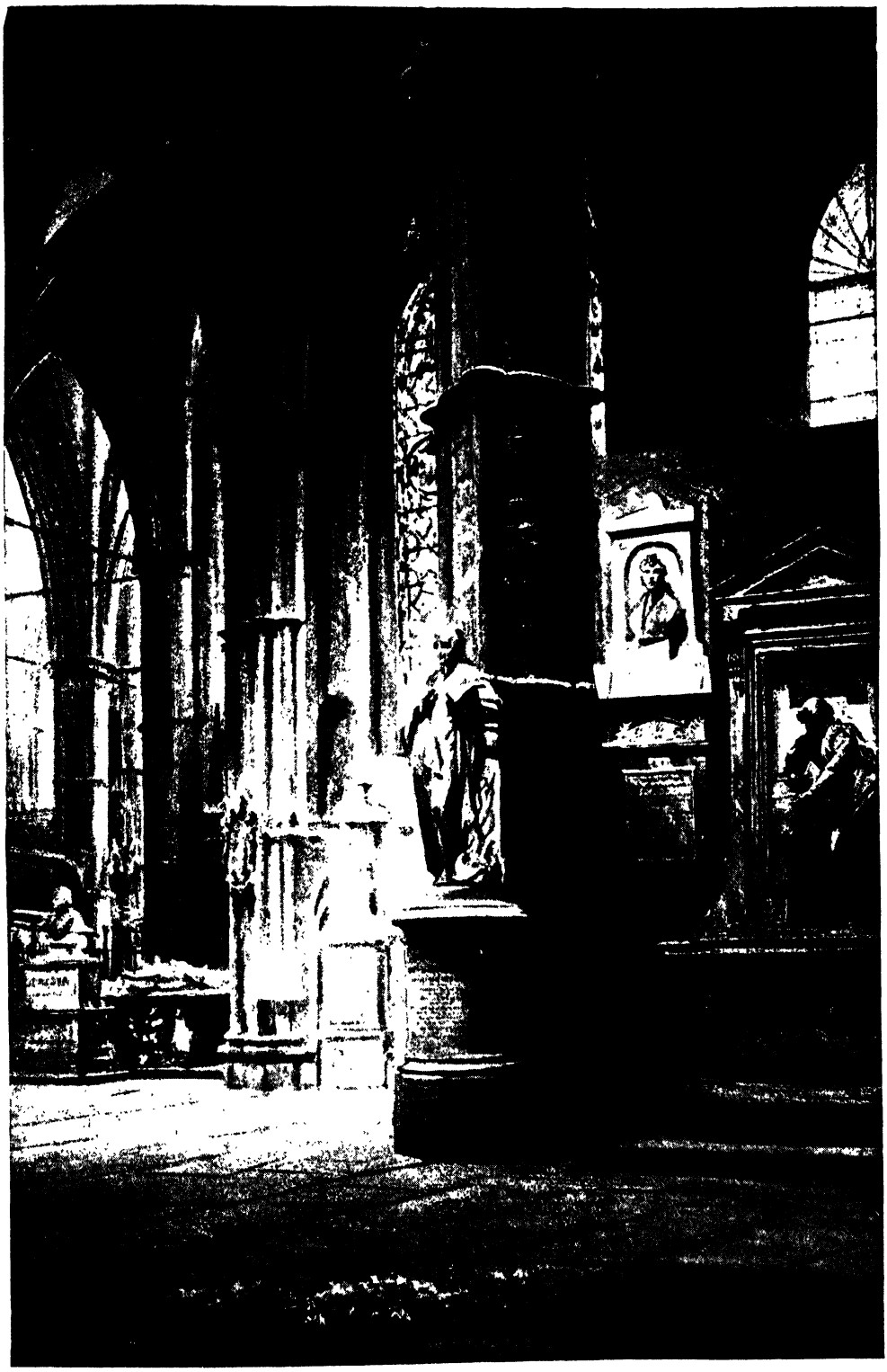


Photo: Riscngitz Collection.

GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From a drawing by Luke Fildes, R.A.

among the Italian boys from 12 to 2 this morning," says one of his letters. "I am going out to-night, in their boat with the Thames Police," says another. It was the same when he was in Italy or Switzerland, as we have seen; and when, in later life, he was in French provincial places. "I walk miles away into the country, and you can scarcely imagine by what deserted ramparts and silent little cathedral closes, or how I pass over rusty drawbridges and stagnant ditches out of and into the decaying town." For several consecutive years I accompanied him every Christmas Eve to see the marketings for Christmas down the road from Aldgate to Bow; and he had a surprising fondness for wandering about in poor neighbourhoods on Christmas Day, past the areas of shabby genteel houses in Somers or Kentish Towns, and watching the dinners preparing or coming in. But the temptations of his country life led him on to excesses in walking. "Coming in just now," he wrote in his third year at Gadshill, "after twelve miles in the rain, I was so wet that I have had to change and get my feet into warm water before I could do anything." Again, two years later: "A south-easter blowing enough to cut one's throat. I am keeping the house for my cold, as I did yesterday. But the remedy is so new to me that I doubt if it does me half the good of a dozen miles in the snow. So, if this mode of treatment fails to-day, I shall try that to-morrow." He tried it perhaps too often. In the winter of 1865 he first had the attack in his left foot which materially disabled his walking power for the rest of his life. He supposed its cause to be overwalking in the snow, and that this had aggravated the suffering is very likely; but, read by the light of what followed, it may now be presumed to have had more serious origin. . . .

It was from a letter of the 21st of February, 1865, I first learnt that he was suffering tortures from a "frost-bitten" foot, and ten days later brought more detailed account. "I got frost-bitten by walking continually in the snow, and getting wet in the feet daily. My boots hardened and softened, hardened and softened, my left foot swelled, and I still forced the boot on; sat in it to write, half the day; walked in it through the snow, the other half; forced the boot on again next morning; sat and walked again; and being accustomed to all sorts of changes in my feet, took no heed. At length, going out as usual, I fell lame on the walk, and had to limp home, dead lame, through the snow, for the last three miles—to the remarkable terror, by-the-bye, of the two big dogs." The dogs were Turk and Linda. Boisterous companions as they always were, the sudden change in him brought them to a stand-still; and for the rest of the journey they crept by the side of their master as slowly as he did, never turning from him. He was greatly moved by the circumstance, and often referred to it. Turk's look upward to his face was one of sympathy as well as fear, he said; but Linda was wholly struck down. . . .

* * *

Dickens died on the 9th of June, 1870, "Edwin Drood" being unfinished at the time of his death.

His Death.

Before the news of his death even reached the remoter parts of England, it had been flashed across Europe; was known in the distant continents of India, Australia, and America; and not in English-speaking communities only, but in every country of the civilised earth, had awakened grief and sympathy. In his own land it was as if a personal bereavement had befallen every one. Her Majesty the Queen telegraphed from Balmoral "her deepest regret at the sad news of Charles Dickens's death"; and this was the sentiment alike of all classes of her people. There was not an English journal that did not give it touching and noble utterance; and the *Times* took the lead in suggesting that the only fit resting place for the remains of a man so dear to England was the Abbey in which the most illustrious Englishmen are laid.

With the expression thus given to a general wish, the Dean of Westminster lost no time in showing ready compliance, and on the morning of the day when it appeared was in communication with the family and the executors. The

public homage of a burial in the Abbey had to be reconciled with his own instructions to be privately buried without previous announcement of time or place, and without monument or memorial. He would himself have preferred to lie in the small graveyard under Rochester Castle wall, or in the little churches of Cobham or Shorne; but all these were found to be closed; and the desire of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester to lay him in their Cathedral had been entertained, when the Dean of Westminster's request, and the considerate kindness of his generous assurance that there should be only such ceremonial as would strictly obey all injunctions of privacy, made it a grateful duty to accept that offer. The spot already had been chosen by the Dean; and before midday on the following morning, Tuesday the 14th of June, with knowledge of those only who took part in the burial, all was done. The solemnity had not lost by the simplicity. Nothing so grand or so touching could have accompanied it, as the stillness and the silence of the vast Cathedral. Then, later in the day and all the following day, came unbidden mourners in such crowds, that the Dean had to request permission to keep open the grave until Thursday; but after it was closed they did not cease to come, and "all day long," Doctor Stanley wrote on the 17th, "there was a constant pressure to the spot, and many flowers were strewn upon it by unknown hands, many tears shed from unknown eyes."

THE BAB BALLADS

AND

SONGS OF A SAVOYARD

W. S. GILBERT

[*By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*]

"The Bab Ballads" was the first work which presented to the world a new and most original humorist named William S. Gilbert, [*see page* 108, *vol.* 3] *who was destined to build up for himself a world-wide fame as the creator, with Arthur Sullivan, of the Savoy Operas. The most popular lyrics from these operas were afterwards published in a book under the title of "Songs of a Savoyard," and, finally, the two works were welded together into the single volume with which we are now dealing. It is interesting to compare the early works with the later as they stand side by side; the two have much in common, the same peculiar tang of topsy-turvy humour, the same polished craftsmanship of verse. The illustrations, which are by Gilbert himself, are in the happiest keeping with the text, and, moreover, serve to show another aspect of his many-sided gift.*

THE BAB BALLADS.

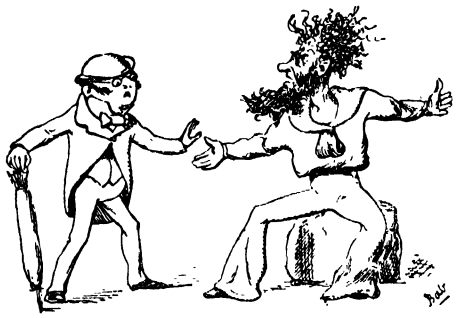
THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:



" Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
But I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

" At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

" 'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

" And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

" There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

" For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

" The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

" And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

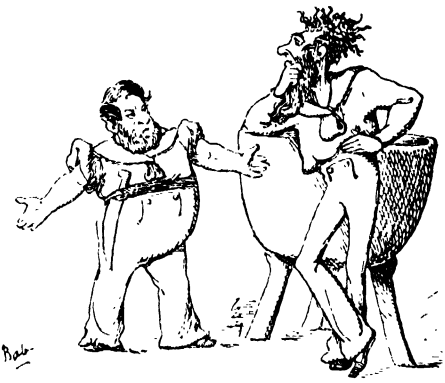
" Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle ?' arose
And we argued it out as sich.

" For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me ;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" 'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,
'Yes that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

" Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will cook *you* !' "

" So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.



" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see,
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

" And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth ;
When I ups with his heels and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth

" And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see !

* * *

" And I never grin, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have which is to say :

" Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, *and* a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig ! "

* * *

ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

Macphairson Clonglockletty Angus M'Clan
Was the son of an elderly labouring man,
You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader, at sight,
And p'raps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the hills of Deeside,
Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of the Clyde,
There wasn't a child or a woman or man
Who could pipe with CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS M'CLAN.

No other could wake such detestable groans,
With reed and with chaunter—with bag and with drones:
All day and all night he delighted the chiels
With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,
And the neighbouring maidens would gather around
To list to his pipes and to gaze in his e'en,
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

All loved their M'CLAN, save a Sassenach brute,
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot;
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way,
Though his name it was PATTISON CORBY TORBAY.

TORBAY had incurred a good deal of expense
To make him a Scotchman in every sense;
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and kilt;
Stick a skean in his hose wear an acre of stripes—
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

CLONGLOCKETTY'S pipings all night and all day
Quite frenzied poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY;
The girls were amused at his singular spleen
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

"MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS, my lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad;
If you really must play on that cursed affair,
My goodness! play something resembling an air."

Boiled over the blood of MACPHAIRSON M'CLAN—
The clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man;
For all were enraged at the insult I ween—
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

"Let's show," said M'CLAN, "to this Sassenach loon
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.
Let's see," said M'CLAN, as he thoughtfully sat,
"'*In My Cottage*' is easy—I'll practise at that."

He blew at his "Cottage," and blew with a will,
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight until
(You'll hardly believe it) M'CLAN, I declare,
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild it was fitful—as wild as the breeze—
It wandered about into several keys;
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware,
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach danced,
He shrieked in his agony bellowed and pranced;
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

"Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around;
And fill a' yer lugs wi' the exquisite sound.
An air frae the bagpipes beat that if ye can!
Hurrah for CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS M'CLAN!"

The fame of his piping spread over the land:
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste),
Divided CLONGLOCKETTY close to the waist.

Oh! loud were the wailings for ANGUS M'CLAN—
Oh! deep was the grief for that excellent man
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

It sorrowed poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY
To find them "take on" in this serious way,
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,
And solaced their souls with the following words:—

"Oh, maidens," said PATTISON, touching his hat,
"Don't snivel, my dears, for a fellow like that;
Observe, I'm a very superior man,
A much better fellow than ANGUS M'CLAN."

They smiled when he winked and addressed them as "dears,"
And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,
A pleasanter gentleman never was seen
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

* * *

THE KING OF CANOODLE-DUM.

THE story of FREDERICK GOWLER,
A mariner of the sea,
Who quitted his ship, the *Howler*,
A-sailing in Caribbee.
For many a day he wandered,
Till he met, in a state of rum,
CALAMITY POP VON PEPPERMINT DROP
The King of Canoodle-Dum.

That monarch addressed him gaily,
"Hum! Golly de do to-day?
Hum! Lily-white Buckra Sailee"—
(You notice his playful way?)—

" What dickens you doin' here, sar ?
Why debbil you want to come ?
Hum ! Picaninnee, dere isn't no sea
In City Canoodle-Dum ! "

And GOWLER he answered sadly,
" Oh, mine is a doleful tale !
They've treated me werry badly
In Lunnon, from where I hail.
I'm one of the Family Royal—
No common Jack Tar you see ;
I'm WILLIAM THE FOURTH, far up in the North,
A King in my own countree ! "

Bang-bang ! How the tom-toms thundered !
Bang-bang How they thumped the gongs !
Bang-bang ! How the people wondered !
Bang-bang ! At it, hammer and tongs!
Alliance with Kings of Europe
Is an honour Canoodlers seek ;
Her monarchs don't stop with PEPPERMINT DROP
Every day in the week !

FRED told them that he was *un*done,
For his people all went insane,
And fired the Tower of London,
And Grinnidge's Naval Fane.
And some of them racked St. James's,
And vented their rage upon
The Church of St. Paul, the Fishmongers' Hall,
And the " Angel " at Islington.

CALAMITY POP implored him
At Canoodle-Dum to remain
Till those people of his restored him
To power and rank again.
CALAMITY POP he made him
A Prince of Canoodle-Dum,
With a couple of caves, some beautiful slaves,
And the run of the royal rum.

POP gave him his only daughter,
HUM PICKETY WIMPLE TIP :
FRED vowed that if over the water
He went, in an English ship,
He'd make her his Queen, — though truly,
It is an unusual thing
For a Caribbee brat who's as black as your hat
To be wife of an English King.

And all the Canoodle-Dummers
They copied his rolling walk,
His method of draining rummers,
His emblematical talk.
For his dress and his graceful breeding,
His delicate taste in rum,
And his nautical way, were the talk of the day
In the Court of Canoodle-Dum.

CALAMITY POP most wisely
Determined in everything
To model his Court precisely
On that of the English King ;
And ordered that every lady
And every lady's lord
Should masticate jacky (a kind of tobaccy)
And scatter its juice abroad.

They signified wonder roundly
At any astounding yarn,

By darning their dear eyes roundly
('Twas all that they had to darn).
They " hoisted their slacks," adjusting
Garments of plaintain-leaves
With nautical twitches (as if they wore—stitches,
Instead of a dress like EVE's !)

They shivered their timbers proudly,
At a phantom fore-lock dragged,
And called for a hornpipe loudly
Whenever amusement flagged.
" Hum ! Golly ! him POP resemble,
Him Britisher sov'reign, hum !
CALAMITY POP VON PEPPERMINT DROP,
De King of Canoodle-Dum ! "

The mariner's lively "Hollo!"
Enlivened Canoodle's plain
(For blessings unnumbered follow
In Civilisation's train).
But Fortune, who loves a bathos,
A terrible ending planned,
For ADMIRAL D. CHICKABIDDY, C.B.,
Placed foot on Canoodle land!

That officer seized KING GOWLER;
He threatened his royal brains,
And put him aboard the *Howler*,
And fastened him down with chains.
The *Howler* she weighed her anchor,
With FREDERICK nicely nailed,
And off to the North with WILLIAM THE FOURTH
That Admiral slowly sailed.

CALAMITY said (with folly)
"Hum! nebber want him again—
Him civilise all of us, golly!
CALAMITY suck him brain!"
The people, however, were pained when
They saw him aboard the ship,
But none of them wept for their FREDDY, except
HUM PICKITY WIMPLE TIP.

THE SONGS OF A SAVOYARD.

THE HIGHLY RESPECTABLE GONDOLIER.

From "The Gondoliers."

I STOLE the Prince, and I brought him here,
And left him, gaily prattling
With a highly respectable Gondolier,
Who promised the Royal babe to rear,
And teach him the trade of a timoneer
With his own beloved bratling.

Both of the babes were strong and stout,
And, considering all things, clever.
Of that there is no manner of doubt -
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

Time sped, and when at the end of a year
I sought that infant cherished,
That highly respectable Gondolier
Was lying a corpse on his humble bier—

I dropped a Grand Inquisitor's tear
That Gondolier had perished!

A taste for drink, combined with gout,
Had doubled him up for ever.
Of *that* there is no manner of doubt -
No probable, possible shadow of doubt
No possible doubt whatever.

But owing, I'm much disposed to fear,
To his terrible taste for tippling,
That highly respectable Gondolier
Could never declare with a mind sincere
Which of the two was his offspring dear,
And which was the Royal stripling!

Which was which he could never make out,
Despite his best endeavour.
Of *that* there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt -
No possible doubt whatever.

The children followed his old career -
(This statement can't be parried)
Of a highly respectable Gondolier:
Well, one of the two (who will soon be here) -
But *which* of the two is not quite clear -
Is the Royal Prince you married!

Search in and out and round about
And you'll discover never
A tale so free from every doubt—
All probable, possible shadow of doubt—
All possible doubt whatever!

* * *

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

From "The Mikado."

ON a tree by a river a little tomtit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?
Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,
Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!

He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

THE CONFESSIONS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

From "Causeries du Lundi"

C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE

The celebrated French writer and critic, Charles Augustus Sainte-Beuve, was born in 1804, and died in 1869. The late Lord Morley once said it was worth a man's while to learn French if only to read Sainte-Beuve. Some of his most interesting essays are to be found in his "Causeries du Lundi" ("Monday Talks"), from which the following essay on "Rousseau's Confessions" is taken. The selected passages from this essay contain some representative quotations from Rousseau's Confessions and may serve the double purpose of illustrating the works of both Sainte-Beuve and Rousseau.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose "Social Contract" has been described as "The Bible of the French Revolution," was born in 1712, and died in 1778. Never did a great writer live such a strange life as Rousseau, and he had a genius for quarrelling with his friends; as David Hume said, he seemed to have been born "without a skin." He wrote his "Confessions" with a candour unrivalled by anyone but our own Pepys. He reveals himself without

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

The most famous French nineteenth century critic.

reticence or reservation; he is his own hero. He declares, "I have ever thought and still think myself, considering everything, the best of men." He cheerfully admits his vices, but he believes that there is no human being who does not "conceal some odious vice." He says of his early life, "Thus I learned to covet, dissemble, lie, and at length steal, a propensity I never felt the least inclination to, though since that time I have never been able entirely to divest myself of it." He is never given to vain boasting and his self-revelation is fascinating, because it is obviously sincere. Professor Saintsbury has depicted him as a "describer of the passions of the human heart, and of the beauties of Nature," and the "direct inspirer of the men who made the French Revolution." His fervid declamation about equality and brotherhood was "seed well suited to the soil in which it was sown." Sainte-Beuve says that "men who have such a far-reaching influence and such a morrow should not be judged according to the emotions and the reactions of a day." The following passages are from Sainte-Beuve's essay.

ALTHOUGH the *Confessions* did not appear until after Rousseau's death and when his influence was already in full sway, it is in them that we can most conveniently study him to-day with all the merits, the fascinations and the defects of his talent. We shall try to do so, limiting ourselves so far as we are able to the consideration of the writer, but without denying ourselves some remarks on the ideas and the character of the man. . . . He makes it very clear wherein consists the originality and the singularity of his design:

"No one can write a man's life but himself. His inner manner of being, his true life, is known only to himself; but, in writing it, he disguises it; under the name of his life he writes his apology: he shows himself as he would be seen, not by any means as he is. The most sincere are truthful at most in what they say, but they lie by their reticence, and what they withhold would put such a different face on what they feign to confess, that in telling only a part of the truth, they tell nothing. I place Montaigne at the head of those *sincere hypocrites* who try to deceive by telling the truth. He shows himself with his faults, but he gives himself only pleasing faults: *there is no man who has not some odious ones.* Montaigne paints a good likeness of himself, but only from one side. Who knows but that some scar on his cheek, or a blind eye on the side he conceals, would have totally altered his physiognomy? . . ."

He claims to do then what no one has planned or dared to do before him. As for the style, he thinks that he would have to invent one as new as his project, one adapted to the diversity and the disparity of the things that he proposes to describe:

"If I try to produce a work written with the same care as the others, I shall not portray, I shall disguise myself. It is here a question of painting my portrait and not of writing a book. I am going to work so to say in a *Camera obscura;* it will need no more art than to follow accurately the lines that I see marked. I choose my own path, therefore, with regard to style as well as to matter. I shall not study to

make it uniform; I shall always adopt that which comes to me; I shall change it according to my humour, without any scruple; I shall set down everything as I feel it, as I see it, without any searching, without any restraint, without troubling myself whether or not it is motley. In yielding at the same time to the recollection of the impression received and to my present feeling, I shall doubly depict the state of my soul, namely at the moment when the event occurred to me and at the moment when I describe it; my style, uneven and natural, now hurried and now diffuse, now sedate and now extravagant, now grave and now gay, will itself form a part of my story. In short, whatever the manner in which this work will be written, it will always be by reason of its subject a valuable book for the philosopher: it is, I repeat, a document for the comparative study of the human heart, *and it is the only one in existence.*"

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

After the painting by Albrier.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau was the son of a watchmaker. Of all writers of the period the influence of Rousseau on literature and life was probably the largest.

Rousseau's mistake is not that he believes that by thus confessing himself aloud to all the world, and with a feeling so different from Christian humility, he was doing a unique thing or even a thing of the greatest interest for the study of the human heart; his error lies in believing that he was doing a *useful* thing. He did not see that he was acting like a physician who should set about describing in an intelligible, fascinating manner, for the benefit of men of the world and the ignorant, some well characterized infirmity or mental malady: that physician would be partly responsible and to blame for all the maniacs and all the madmen by imitation and contagion that his book would produce.

The first pages of the *Confessions* are too accentuated and rather laboured. I find at the very beginning "a void *occasioned* by a defect of memory"; Rousseau speaks of the *authors of his days;* he brings with him at birth the germ of an *incommodity* that the years have *reinforced,* as he says, and which now only occasionally give him any *relaxations,* etc., etc. All that is disagreeable and savours little of that flower of expression that we were breathing and enjoying only the other day under the name of urbanity. But, wait a while, by the side of these harsh accents and these crudities of the soil, what do we find? what a fresh, familiar, and touching simplicity!

"I felt before I thought; that is the common lot of mankind. I experienced it more fully than any other. I know not what I did before the age of five or six. I know not how I learned to read; I remember only my first readings and their effect upon me. . . . My mother had left some novels; we began to read them after supper, my father and I. The original intention was only to give me practice in reading by means of amusing books; but soon the interest became so keen, that we would read by turns without intermission, and spend the nights in this occupation. We could never leave off until we had reached the end of the volume. Sometimes my father, hearing the swallows in the morning, would say quite ashamed: *Come to bed, I am more childish than thou.*"

Mark well that swallow ; it is the first, and it announces a new spring for the language ; in Rousseau we see its first appearance. From him dates with us, in the eighteenth century, the feeling for nature. From him too dates in our literature the feeling for domestic life, that poor, middle-class, still, intimate life, in which are amassed so many sweet and virtuous treasures. In spite of a few details of bad tone, when he speaks of pilferings and gluttony (*mangeaille*), how much we pardon him for the sake of that old song of his childhood of which he remembers only the melody and a few incoherent words, but which he is for ever trying to recover, and which he never recalls, old that he is, without a tender charm !

It is a freak that I cannot understand, he says, but I find it quite impossible to sing it right through without being stopped by my tears. I have intended a hundred times to write to Paris to find the rest of the words, if so be that anybody still knows them : but I am almost certain that the pleasure I take in recalling that air would vanish in great part, if I had a proof that others have sung it besides my good aunt Suzon."

Reproduced from M. Jules Lallanaier's edition of "The Confessions."

The first time that Rousseau was unjustly accused ; he was falsely charged with having broken a lady's comb. This incident had a great effect on all his after-views of life.

There we have the new thing in the author of the *Confessions*, that is what charms us, by opening up quite an unexpected source of intimate and homely sensibility. The other day we were reading together Mme. de Caylus and her *Souvenirs :* but of what memories of her childhood does she speak ? what did she love ? what did she weep over on leaving the home where she was born, where she was reared ? Has she ever the remotest thought of telling us ? Those scions of a refined and aristocratic stock, gifted with so exquisite a tact and so keen a sense of raillery, either did not love these simple things, or did not dare to show it. Their mind we know sufficiently and we enjoy it ; but where is their heart ? One must be a bourgeois, and a provincial, and a man of no extraction like Rousseau, to show oneself thus under the

sway of the affections of the heart and of nature.

So, when we remark with some regret that Rousseau forced, dug, and as it were ploughed the language, we add at once that he sowed it and fertilized it at the same time.

A man of the proud aristocratic race, but a disciple of Rousseau, who had not much more than he the sense and the fear of ridicule, M. de Chateaubriand, resumed in *René* and in his *Memoirs* that more or less direct manner of admissions and confessions, and obtained from it some magic and surprising effects. Note the differences however. Rousseau has not that elevated station to begin with; he is not quite (and far from it) what we call a *well-born* child; he has a leaning to vice and to the low vices; he has some shameful and concealed cupidities which do not savour of the gentleman; he is long a victim to that sort of timidity which suddenly turns into the effrontery of a *blackguard* (*polisson*) and a *good-for-nothing* (*vaurien*) as he calls himself; in a word, he has not that safeguard of honour, that M. de Chateaubriand had from his early childhood, watching over his faults like a sentinel. But Rousseau, with all these disadvantages, which we are not afraid of calling by their names after his example, is better than Chateaubriand in this sense that he is more human, more tender. He has not that incredible hardness (truly a quite feudal hardness) and those oversights of the heart in speaking of his father and mother for example. When he, Jean-Jacques, is on the subject of the wrongs done him by his father, who, an honest man but a man of pleasure, thoughtless and married again, abandons him and leaves him to his fate, with what delicacy he touches upon this painful subject! how the whole matter is touched by the heart! It is not of chivalric delicacy that I speak, it is the true, inner delicacy, of the delicacy which is moral and human. . . .

His speech always retained a trace of

Reproduced from M. Jules Tallandier's edition of "The Confessions."
Rousseau caught stealing apples, which he is harpooning with a spit.

the evil tone of his early years. I distinguish two sorts of corruption in his language: one is merely a result of his provincialism, of his speaking a French born outside of France. Rousseau will write without wincing: *Comme que je fasse, comme que ce fût*, etc., instead of saying: *De quelque manière que je fasse, de quelque manière que ce fût*, etc.; he articulates strongly and with harshness: at times he has a touch of *goitre* in his voice. But that is a defect that we can overlook in him, so completely did he succeed in overcoming it on many a happy page, so thoroughly did he, by dint of hard work and emotion, impart flexibility to his voice and succeed in giving to that learned and laboured style the softness and the semblance of a first casting. The other kind of alteration and corruption we may note in him is more serious, in that it has a moral source: he does not seem to suspect that there are certain things which should not be expressed, that there are certain ignoble, unpleasant, cynical expressions, which the gentleman should avoid and ignore. . . . Rousseau is not only an artisan of the language, an apprentice before becoming a master, showing in places the trace of the weldings: in moral respects he is a man who, in his youth, passed through the most mixed conditions of life, and who can mention certain ugly and unpleasant things without feeling any nausea. I will say no more on this essential vice, on this blot which it is so painful to have to encounter and to denounce in so great a writer and so great a painter, in such a man.

Slow to think, quick to feel, with ardent and suppressed appetites, with daily sufferings and constraints, Rousseau reaches the age of sixteen, and he describes himself in these terms:

"Thus I reached my sixteenth year, uneasy, discontented with myself and everything, with no liking for my condition, without the pleasures of my age, consumed by desires the object of which I knew not, weeping without any cause for tears, sighing without knowing why; in short, tenderly caressing my chimeras, for want of seeing anything around me to compare with them. On Sundays, my comrades would call for me after the sermon to go and play with them. I would gladly have avoided them if I had been able; but, once started in their games, I was more eager, I went further than they; *difficult to start and to hold.*"

Ever in extremes!—Here we recognise the first form of the thoughts and almost of the phrases of René, of those words which had already become a music and which still ring in our ears:

"I had an impetuous humour and an unequal disposition. By turns noisy and gay, silent and melancholy, I gathered around me my young companions; then, suddenly forsaking them, I would sit aloof and contemplate the fleeting clouds, or listen to the rain falling on the foliage. . ."

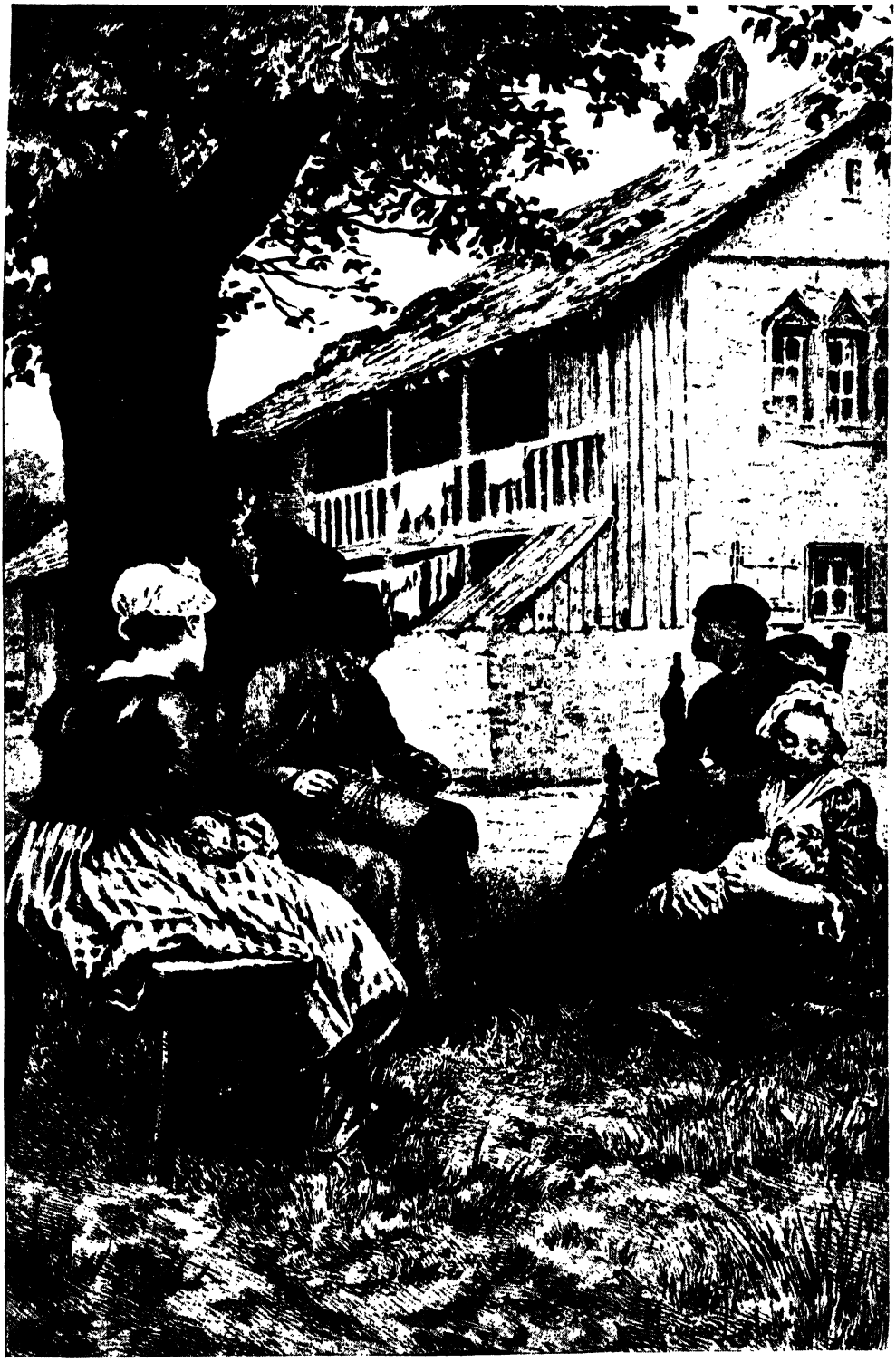
And again:

"Young, I cultivated the Muses; there is nothing more poetical, in the freshness of its passions, than a heart of sixteen. The morning of life is like the morning of the day, full of purity, images and harmonies."

* * *

The first book of the *Confessions* is not the most remarkable, but it already contains the whole Rousseau, with his conceit, his vices in germ, his odd and grotesque humours, his base and unclean actions (you see that I mark everything); with his pride too and that spring of independence and vigour which raises him again; with his happy and healthy childhood, his suffering and tortured youth, with the tirades against society and the vengeful reprisals which it afterwards inspired (we already feel them coming); with his tender sense of domestic and family happiness of which he enjoyed so little, and again with those first puffs of spring and those first breezes, the signal of a natural awakening which will become brilliantly manifest in the literature of the nineteenth century. We are in danger to-day of being too little sensible to those first picturesque pages of Rousseau; we are so spoiled by colours, that we forget how fresh and new those landscapes appeared at the time, and what an event they formed in the midst of that very intellectual, very refined, but barren society, as devoid of imagination as of true sensibility, destitute in itself of that sap which circulates, and which at every season flowers again. Rousseau was the first to bring back and infuse that powerful vegetable sap into the delicate self-exhausting tree. . . .

The beginning of the second book of



Reproduced from M. Jules Tallandier's edition of "The Confessions."

Rousseau, who was being persecuted by the law on account of his writings, hiding himself in the village of Motiers, where he employed his time in making bootlaces.

the *Confessions* is delicious and full of freshness. Mme de Warens appears to us for the first time. In depicting her, Rousseau's style becomes softer and is tinged with grace, and we at the same time discover a feature, an essential vein which is in him and his whole manner: I mean sensuality. "Rousseau had a voluptuous mind," a good critic has said; women play a great part with him; absent or present, they and their charms engross, inspire and soften him, and something of them mingles with everything that he writes. "How, he says of Mme de Warens, on approaching for the first time an agreeable, polished, *dazzling* woman, a lady of a higher rank than my own, the like of whom I had never come near, . . . how is it that I was at once so free from constraint, as much at my ease as if I had been perfectly sure of pleasing her"? This facility, this ease, which will ordinarily be so little true of him when personally in the presence of women, will always be true of his style when describing them. The most adorable pages of the *Confessions* are those which tell of this first meeting with Mme de Warens, and those again in which he describes his reception by Mme Basile, the pretty tradesman's wife of Turin: "She was *brilliant* and beautifully dressed, and, in spite of her gracious air, this splendour had awed me. But her kind reception, her compassionate tone, her gentle and caressing manners, soon put me at my ease; I saw that I was making a good impression, and that made me still more successful." Have you not felt that in this splendour and this brilliant complexion there was a ray of the Italian sun as it were? And he recounts that lively and dumb scene that no one has forgotten—that scene carried on by gestures, and stopped in time, all full of blushes and young desires. Join to this the excursion in the environs of Annecy with the demoiselles Galley and de Graffenried, every detail of which is charming. Such pages were in French literature the discovery of a new world, of a world of sunlight and freshness, which had existed without society having been aware of it; they offered a mixture of sensibility and naturalness, in which the touch of sensuality appeared only so far as was permissible and necessary to free us at last from the false metaphysics of the heart and the conventional cant of immateriality. . . .

* * *

Nature, sincerely felt and loved for itself, forms the groundwork of Rousseau's inspiration, whenever this inspiration is sound and not morbid. When he meets Mme de Warens again, after his return from Turin, he is installed for a time in her house, and the window of the chamber he is given overlooks gardens and the country: "Since Bossey (a place where he had been boarded out in his childhood), it was the first time, he says, that I had *green before my windows.*" It had been a matter of great indifference in French literature whether one had or had not *green* before one's eyes; to Rousseau belongs the honour of having first called attention to it. From this point of view we might define him in a few words: he was the first who put *green* into our literature. Residing thus at the age of nineteen with a beloved woman, to whom he does not dare to declare his ardour, Rousseau yielded to a melancholy "which had nothing gloomy however and was tempered by a flattering hope." One great holiday, having taken a stroll alone outside the town, while the people were at vespers:

"The ringing of the bells, he said, which has always singularly affected me, the song of the birds, the beauty of the day, the softness of the landscape, the *scattered rustic* houses of which I made in imagination our common dwelling, all this made such a vivid, tender, sad and touching impression upon me, that I was transported in an ecstasy to those happy times and that happy abode where my heart, possessing all the felicity it could desire, tasted it with inexpressible rapture, without thinking even of the pleasure of the senses."

* * *

Travelling on foot, with its impressions at every moment, was another of Rousseau's inventions, another of the novelties he imported into literature: it has been much abused since. It did not occur to him until long after he had enjoyed them to relate his feelings. It was only then, he assures us, "when he was travelling on foot, in fine weather, in

a beautiful country, without being hurried," having for the goal of his journeyings a pleasant object that he was not in too great a haste to reach, it was then that he was quite himself, and that ideas, cold and dead in the study, stirred and soared within him:

"There is something in walking that stirs and quickens my ideas; I can hardly think when I remain in one place; my body must be on the move to set my mind going. The sight of the country, the succession of agreeable views, the open air, the big appetite, the good health I win by walking, the freedom of the inn, the absence of everything that makes me feel my dependence, everything that reminds me of my situation, all this loosens my soul, gives me a greater audacity to think, throws me so to say into the immensity of beings to combine them, to choose them, to appropriate them at my will, without fear or constraint. I dispose of all nature like a master...."

Reproduced from M. Jules Tallandier's edition of "The Confessions."

Rousseau, disguised as an Armenian, is recognised and is ridiculed and pelted by the villagers.

Do not expect him at these moments to write down the sublime, extravagant, amiable thoughts that cross his mind: he greatly prefers to taste and enjoy them without expressing them: "Besides, did I carry paper and pens with me? If I had thought of all that, nothing would have occurred to me. I did not foresee that I should have ideas; they come when they please, not when I please." So, in all that he has told since, if we are to believe him, we have only distant recollections and indistinct fragments of himself, as he was in those moments. And yet what is more true, more precise and more delightful at the same time! . . .

I have only been able to point out cursorily the leading features of the author of the *Confessions*, by reason of which he remains a master, to salute on this occasion the creator of the revery, the man who inoculated us with the feeling for nature and the sense of reality, the father of intimate literature and of the painting of interiors. What a pity that pride and misanthropy should have mingled with his work, and that cynical tones should form a blot on so many charming and solid beauties! But these follies and vices of the man cannot prevail against the original merits, or conceal from us the great qualities which still make him superior to his descendants.

MARMION

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WHEN the splendid panorama of this poem begins to roll its scenes before the reader's eyes, he sees the figure of a knight-at-arms riding across the bridge of Norham Castle, his helmet at the saddle-bow, his red-roan charger trapped in gold and azure, the sunset gleaming on his coat-of-mail and on the falcon blazoned on his shield. It is an August evening, in the year 1513. *The knight is Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye, a brave and gallant cavalier, but yet of evil name. His career has been a grim and wild one. Three years before, he carried off a nun named Constance from her convent, and disguised her as his page. But then he fell in love with Clare de Clare, a charming girl who was herself in love with Ralph de Wilton, a young and valiant knight. Marmion laid a plot against his rival. He sent Constance to conceal a packet of forged letters among De Wilton's papers, which, when discovered, seemed to show him as a traitor. He was put on trial, condemned to the ordeal of combat with Lord Marmion, and was struck down by the false knight and left for dead upon the field.*

The Lady Clare took refuge in the convent of St. Hilda. But Constance, in a jealous passion, conspired, together with a worthless monk, to make her drink a draught of poison. The plot was brought to light, the guilty pair were put to trial at Holy Isle before the Abbess and the Chapter, and were condemned to the terrific fate of being tortured and walled up alive. Before the execution of the sentence, Constance made a full confession—

" And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
This packet, to the King convey'd,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

' Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again." . . .

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
" Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!"
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan:
With speed their upward way they take,
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on:
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.

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THE WARNING BEFORE FLODDEN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN FAED, R.S.A., IN THE WOLVERHAMPTON ART GALLERY.

Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

And now the tale returns to Marmion, whom we left at Norham Castle, where he was the guest of Hugh the Heron, on his journey to the Court of Scotland. On proceeding on his way he was guided by a monk, or Palmer, whose thin dark face and burning eyes half muffled in his cowl, struck Marmion's soul with a mysterious awe. That night, as they put up at a hostel by the way, a squire, on being called on after dinner for a song, chose a ballad about faithless love which had been a favourite with Constance. Marmion listened; and strange bodings shook his soul and broke forth into words –

"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?"
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The livelong day he had not spoke,)
"The death of a dear friend."

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scantly brook,
Even from his King, a haughty look;
Whose accent of command controll'd,
In camps, the boldest of the bold;
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now—
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow,
For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps, that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

Well might he falter!—By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.
Not that he augur'd of the doom,
Which on the living closed the tomb:
But, tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;
And wroth, because in wild despair
She practised on the life of Clare;
Its fugitive the Church he gave,
Though not a victim, but a slave;
And deem'd restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge. . . .

His conscience slept – he deem'd her well,
And safe secured in distant cell;
But, waken'd by her favourite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say,
That fell so ominous and drear,
Full on the object of his fear,
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;
And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
All lovely on his soul return'd;
Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
She left her convent's peaceful wall,
Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading alike, escape, pursuit,
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms. . . .

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
Repentance and reviving love,
Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
I've seen Loch Vennacher obey,
Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And, talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
From Scotland's simple land away,
To visit realms afar,
Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star;
Yet might a knight his fortune hear
If, knight-like, he despises fear,
Not far from hence;—if fathers old
Aright our hamlet legend told."—
These broken words the menials move,
(For marvels still the vulgar love,)
And, Marmion, giving license cold,
His tale the Host thus gladly told:—

The Host's tale related how a strange phantom, in the form of King Edward the First, was wont to haunt the neighbouring forest and to give battle to any knight who ventured to the spot at midnight. Ill at ease and eager for excitement, Marmion rode into the haunted wood, met the Apparition, fought like a lion—but was overthrown. But not by supernatural arms. The spectre was the Palmer, who was really Wilton in disguise, recovered from his wounds in the ordeal of battle, and who now, apparelled in a borrowed suit of armour, had thus wreaked vengeance on his felon foe.

* * *

In due course Marmion arrived at Edinburgh. And then comes the celebrated picture of the noble city—

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,
He view'd it with a chief's delight—
Until within him burn'd his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day;
Such glance did falcon never dart,
When stooping on his prey.
"Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade
Were but a vain essay:
For, by St. George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal nor divine,
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine
In glorious battle-fray!"
Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood,—
"Fair is the sight, and yet 'twere good,
That kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
'Tis better to sit still at rest,
Then rise, perchance to fall."

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law:
And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And making demi-volte in air,
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!"

Meanwhile, the Abbess was returning, with the Lady Clare, by sea from Holy Isle, where the trial of Constance had been held. The ship was captured and the ladies taken to Tantallon Castle, which belonged to the Lord Angus. There it chanced that Marmion himself was put in charge of them. While there, the Abbess found a chance to fix a secret meeting with the Palmer—who was, of course, De Wilton—

* *

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who warn'd him by a scroll,
She had a secret to reveal,
That much concern'd the Church's weal,
And health of sinner's soul;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
Above the stately street;
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy Dame.
The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade:
There on their brows the moonbeam broke,
Through the faint wreathes of silvery smoke,
And on the casements play'd.
And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far
Before some chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry
To bowne him for the war.—
A solemn scene the Abbess chose—
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose. . . .

* * *

The secret was the fact that Constance had confessed and had left proofs o Wilton's innocence and of Marmion's plot. These proofs she put into the young man's hands.

A little later Clare, wandering by night upon the battlements, came upon a suit of armour, and then suddenly stood face to face with her own lover, who told her all his

strange adventures, and how he had laid the proofs before Lord Angus, who was to re-knight him the next day. Overjoyed, Clare helped him to put on his armour, and watched him riding forth next morning to battle on the Field of Flodden. For the great fight between the Scots and English was at hand.

At the same hour Lord Marmion rode forth also; and here we have the fine scene of his quarrel with his host, who now knows him for a false and felon knight—

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide,
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew.
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's beest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms! what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, raz'd his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers. . . .

* * *

As Marmion was riding forth, his squire informed him that he had seen a figure very like the Palmer's apparelled in full armour, and mounted on a steed provided by Lord Angus. A light broke suddenly on Marmion's mind; for the first time he saw the truth—

"Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
Must separate Constance from the Nun—
O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!
A Palmer too!—no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

As he rode up the ridge above the field, his practised eye descried the movements of an army—

From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,

And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand? -
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skill'd Bruce to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!—
The precious hour has pass'd in vain;
And England's host has gain'd the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
'Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
Yet more! yet more! how far array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And swept so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."-
'Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount,
"thou'dst best,
And listen to our lord's behest."
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
This instant be our band array'd;
The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry while the battle joins." . . .

* * *

The battle opens. Wherever the fight is thickest there is Marmion in the midst of it -

Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,- forced back, now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By Heaven and all its saints I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Follow'd by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,
The rescued banner rose,-
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too:—yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from hi heads,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scatter'd van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die,- "Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand:
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .

MARMION'S DEFIANCE TO DOUGLAS

"Even in thy pitch of pride, I tell thee thou'rt defied!"
From the painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—" By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."—
" Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
" Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down:—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd,—" Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish ring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears—
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,

Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Gray
Who. built. this. cross. and. well,

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head—
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
" Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
" Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
" Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
" Alas!" she said, " the while,
O, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
" Then it was truth," he said " I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be! this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk. . . .

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted " Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion. . . .

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,

Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

In this passage Scott is at his best. Outside the "Iliad" no battle-picture is so full of life and fire. The very lines, like Homer's, have a sound like trumpet-thunder—and then they die away into the stern lament of warriors mighty even in disaster, of heroes broken yet defiant still.

And now the poem is wound up in a few lines. For his deeds of daring on that day De Wilton wins his rank and lands again. He and Clare are married—and for long afterwards it was held enough to say—

In blessing to a wedded pair
"Love they like Wilton and like Clare."

A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE

F. MARION CRAWFORD

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AMONG the later English novelists with a genius for writing stories but not greatly concerned with any philosophical aspect, Marion Crawford (1854–1909) holds a distinguished place. His chief novels are "Mr Isaacs," "A Roman Singer," "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario," and "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," the two chief characters in which are Vjera, the cigarette maker, and Count Skariatine.

The Count is thirty years old; with grey streaks in his smooth black hair, and a grey tone in the complexion of his tired face, thin and broad-shouldered, with finely modelled features, he moves easily and with a certain elegance. He is a handsome man and looks a gentleman, although he is earning his living in a cigarette-maker's shop in Munich; always with a grave and thoughtful expression on his face. For the Count was a real Russian noble, an educated aristocrat, a man born to be heir to riches. The Count was a source of amusement to his five companions in the cigarette factory; they disbelieved in the Count's anticipation of impending relief from captivity and hard labour. Every Tuesday he spoke of leaving the shop to-morrow. "It is all settled at last, and I have had letters. It is to-morrow—and this is my last hundred." But ever he returned, disappointed, to his occupation, which was a necessity to him in his troubles. No "to-morrow" had yet seen him re-instated in his possessions.

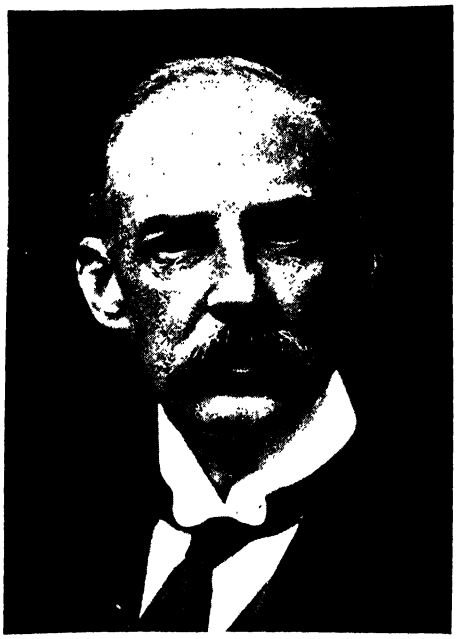


Photo: Thomson.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

On a certain Tuesday he had once more bade his fellow workers good-bye. He believed he was on the eve of recovering a vast fortune and of resuming a high position in the world, his estates restored to him.

Vjera the poor Polish girl, who worked beside the Count in the cigarette making, not only pitied him, but loved him for his gentle ways, his courteous help, and for her great faith in him. The Count was the soul of honour and honesty, he was heroic in all he did. Like other men before him, the Count could not resist the charm of the one woman who believed him to be heroic. While others scoffed, her sympathy was great. The crisis had arrived; it was certain if the Count's release was delayed beyond the morrow, Wednesday, he would become insane many thought him mad already.

Meanwhile, he had asked Vjera to be his wife and join him in the new life of luxury that was coming. Doubting the reality of any such dream, she, pitying, yet loving him, tearfully gave him a sort of promise, to satisfy him for the time being.

Akulina, the wife of the proprietor of the cigarette business, disbelieved that the Count was any high-born gentleman and reviled her husband for his foolish pleasure in employing him. In the shop there was a stuffed musical puppet or doll, a much prized monstrosity which had come into their possession as security for a loan of fifty marks. One day in an altercation with her husband concerning the Count, in an overpowering rage Akulina smashed this thing on the floor. "I think I had better say good-bye," said the Count to Fischelowitz, the woman's husband. . . . "And as for the doll, if you will give it to me, I promise you that you shall have your fifty marks to-morrow." How near this rash promise of the high-souled, honourable man was to driving him to insanity will be seen in the sequel.

The next night, Tuesday, the half-mad Count, dressed with great care, waits calmly in his room in anticipation, as usual, of the official visit which will bring him relief, and reinstatement in his estates. There is colour in his lean cheeks, a slight flush in anticipation of the keen pleasure coming. From time to time voices and footsteps were heard on the stairs and the Count rose gravely from his seat, rubbing his hands in expectation of the emissaries. But the footsteps echoed and died away, the voices were still again. He listened for the chiming of the hours, for the arrival of every imaginary train; calmly expectant as ever, he waited and waited till the last level rays shot over the sea of roofs. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the Count, in a tone of great anxiety. "I have forgotten Fischelowitz and his money." He recalled his debt of honour.

Fifty marks! Where could he find that, to him, enormous sum to pay for the doll, or "Gigerl," as it was called. The drops of perspiration stood on his pale forehead as he went forth to see what could be done, for before midnight the debt must be paid. He was dizzy, hungry, confused and tired, his sanity almost gone.

THE tormenting thought that was driving him recalled his failing consciousness of outer things. He straightened himself again and made a step forward, as though he would cross the street, but paused again before his

foot had left the pavement. Then he asked of his senses how he had got to the place where he stood. He did not remember traversing the familiar highways and byways by which he was accustomed daily to make his way from his lodging to the shop. Every object on the way had long been so well known to him as to cause a permanent impression in his brain, which was distinctly visible to him whenever he thought of the walk in any way, whether he had just been over the ground or not.

He could not now account to himself for his being so near Fischelowitz's shop, and he found it impossible to decide whether he had come thither by his usual route or not. It was still harder to explain the reason for his coming, since the fifty marks were no nearer to his hand than before, and without them it was useless to think of entering. As he stood there, hesitating and trying to grasp the situation more clearly, it grew, on the contrary, more and more confused. At the same time the bells of a neighbouring church struck the hour, and the clanging tone revived in his mind the other impression, which had possessed it all day, the impression that his friends were at that moment arriving at the railway station. The confusion in his thoughts became intolerable, and he covered his eyes with one hand, steadying himself by pressing the other against the wall.

He did not know how long he had stood thus, when an anxious voice recalled him to outer things—a voice in which love, sympathy, tenderness and anxiety for him had taken possession of the weak tones and lent them a passing thrill of touching music.

"In Heaven's name—what is it? Speak to me—I am Vjera—here, beside you."

He looked up suddenly, and seemed to recover his self-possession.

"You came just in time, Vjera—God bless you. I——" he hesitated. "I think—I must have been a little dizzy with the heat. It is a warm evening—a very warm evening." . . .

"Where are you going, Vjera?" he asked, stopping again and looking into her face.

"Wherever you like," she said, trying to speak cheerfully. She saw that something terrible was happening, and it was only by a desperate effort that she controlled the violent hysterical emotion that rose like a great lump in her throat.

"Ah, that is it, Vjera," he answered. "That is it. Where shall I go, child?" Then he laughed nervously. "The fact is," he continued, "that I am in a very absurd position. I do not at all know what to do." . . .

"What is it?" she asked. "Tell me perhaps I can help you—I mean—I beg your pardon," she added, humbly, "perhaps it would help you to speak of it. That sometimes makes things seem clearer just when they have been most confused."

"Perhaps so, Vjera, perhaps so. You are a very good girl, and you came just in time. I love you, Vjera—do not forget that I love you." His voice was by turns sharp and suddenly low and monotonous, like that of a man talking in sleep. Altogether his manner was so strange that poor Vjera feared the very worst. The extremity of her anxiety kept her from losing her self-possession. For the first time in her life she felt that she was the stronger of the two, and that if he was to be saved it must be by her efforts rather than by anything he was now able to do for himself. She loved him, mad or sane, with an admiration and a devotion which took no account of his intellectual state except to grieve over it for his own sake. The belief that in this crisis she might be of use to him, strongly conquered the rising hysterical passion, and drove the tears so far from her eyes that she wondered vaguely why she had been so near to shedding them a few moments sooner. She pressed his arm with her hand.

"And I, too, I love you, with all my heart and soul," she said. "And if you will tell me what has happened, I will do what I can—if it were my life that were needed. I know I can help you, for God will help me."

He raised his head a little and again

stood still, gazing into her eyes with an odd sort of childish wonder.

"What makes you so strong, Vjera? You used to be a weak little thing."

"Love," she answered.

It was strange to see such a man, outwardly lean, tough-looking, well put together and active, though not, indeed, powerful, looking at the poor white-faced girl and asking the secret of her strength, as though he envied it. But at that moment, the natural situation was reversed. His eyes were lustreless, tired, without energy. . . . The man she loved was going mad, and she would save him, cost what it might. . . .

Vjera had made up her mind that she would save the man she loved from the destruction which was coming upon him. How he was to be saved, she knew not, but then and there, on the pavement of the commonplace Munich street, she made her stand and faced the odds, as bravely as ever soldier faced the enemy's triumphant charge, though she was only a forlorn little Polish shell-maker, without much health or strength, and having very little understanding of the danger beyond that which was given to her by her love.

She fixed her eyes upon the Count's face as though she would have him obey her.

"I will help you, and make everything right," she said. "But you must tell me what the trouble is."

"But how can you help me, child?" he asked, beginning to grow calmer under her clear gaze. "It is such a very complicated case," he continued, falling back gradually into his own natural manner. "You see, my friends have probably arrived by this train, and yet I cannot go home until I have set this other matter right with Fischelowitz. It is true, I have left a word written for them on my table, and perhaps they are there now, waiting for me, and if I went home I could have the money at once. But then—it may be too late before I get here again——"

"What money?" asked Vjera, anxious to get at the truth without delay.

"Oh, it is an absurd thing," he answered, growing nervous again. "Quite absurd—and yet, it is fifty marks—and until they come, I do not see what to do. Fifty marks—to-day it seems so much, and to-morrow it will seem so little!" He made a poor attempt to smile, but his voice trembled.

"But these fifty marks—what do you need them for to-night?" Vjera asked, not understanding at all. "Will not to-morrow do as well?"

"No, no! he cried in renewed anxiety. "It must be to-night, now, this very hour. If I do not pay the money, I am ruined, Vjera, disgraced for ever. It is a debt of honour—you do not understand what that means, child, nor how terrible it is for a man not to pay before the day is over—ah, if it were not a debt of honour!—but there is no time to be lost. It is almost dark already. Go home, dear Vjera, go home. I cannot go with you to-night, for I must find this money. Good-night—and then to-morrow—I have not forgotten, and you must not forget—but there is no time now—good-night!"

He suddenly broke away from her side and began walking quickly in the opposite direction, his head bent down, his arms swinging by his side. She ran after him and again took his arm, and looked into his face.

"You must not go away like this," she said, so firmly and with so much authority that he stood still. "You have only half explained the trouble to me, but I can help you. A debt of honour, you say—what will happen if you do not pay it?"

"I must die," answered the Count. "I could never respect myself again."

"You have borrowed this money of Fischelowitz and promised to pay it to-day? Is that it? Tell me."

"No—I never borrowed it. No, no—it was that villain, last winter, who gave him the Gigerl——"

"And Fischelowitz expects you to pay that!" cried Vjera, indignantly. "It is impossible."

"When I took the Gigerl away last night I promised to bring the fifty marks by to-night. I gave my word, my word as a gentleman, Vjera, which I cannot break—my word as a gentleman," he

repeated with something of his old dignity.

"It is monstrous that Fischelowitz should have taken such a promise," said Vjera.

"That does not alter the obligation," answered the Count proudly. "Besides, I gave it of my own accord. I did not wait for him to ask it, after his wife accused me of being the means of his losing the money."

"Oh, how could she be so heartless!" Vjera exclaimed.

"What was the use of telling you? I did not mean to. Good-night, Vjera dear I must be quick." He tried to leave her, but she held him fast.

"I will get you the money at once," she said desperately and without the least hesitation. He started, in the utmost astonishment, staring at her as though he fancied that she had lost her senses.

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co. *From Sir John Martin Harvey's production of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance."*

"You! Why, Vjera, how can you imagine that I would take it from you, or how do you think it would be possible for you to find it? You are mad, my dear child, quite mad!" . . .

"You say you love me you know that I love you. Do you trust me? . . . Only wait here—or no, go into the shop and talk to Fischelowitz—I will bring it to you in less than an hour, I promise you that I will——"

"But how? Oh, Vjera—I am in such trouble that I could almost bring myself to borrow it of you if you could lend it—I despise myself, but it is growing so late, and it will only be until to-morrow, only for a few hours perhaps. If you will wait to-night I may bring it to you before bedtime. But—are you sure, Vjera? Have you really got it? If I should wait here and you should not find it—and my word should be broken——"

"For your word I give you mine. You shall have it in an hour." She tried to throw so much certainty into her tone as might persuade him, and she succeeded. "Where will you wait for me? In the shop?" she asked.

"No—not there. In the Café here—I am tired I will sit down and drink a cup of coffee." . . .

Vjera turned her head when she had reached the corner of the street, and saw that the Count had disappeared. He had entered the Café, and had evidently

accepted her assurance that she would bring the money without delay. So far, at least, she had been successful. Though by far the most difficult portion of the enterprise lay before her, she was convinced that if she could really produce the fifty marks, the approaching catastrophe of total madness would be averted. Her determination was still so strong that she never doubted the possibility of performing her promise. Without hesitation, she returned to the shop, in search of Johann Schmidt, to whose energies and kindness she instinctively turned for counsel and help. As she came to the door she saw that he was just bidding good-night to his employer. She waited a moment and met him on the pavement as he came out.

"I must have fifty marks in an hour, Herr Schmidt," she said, boldly. "If I do not get it, something dreadful will happen."

"Fifty marks!" exclaimed the Cossack in a tone of amazement. If she had said fifty millions, the shock to his financial sense could not have been more severe. "It is an enormous sum," he said, slowly, while she fixed her eyes upon him, waiting for an answer. "What is the matter, Vjera? Have you not been able to pay your rent this year, and has old Homolka threatened to turn you out?"

"Oh no! It is worse than that, far worse than that! If it were only myself— —" she hesitated.

"What is it? Who is it? Perhaps it is not so serious as you think. Tell me all about it."

"There is very little time only an hour. He is going mad—really mad, Herr Schmidt, because he has given his word of honour to pay Herr Fischelowitz that money this evening. I only calmed him, by promising to bring the money at once."

"You promised that?" exclaimed Schmidt. "It was a very wild promise——"

"I will keep it, and you must help me. We have an hour. If we do not succeed he will never be himself again."

"But fifty marks!" Schmidt could not recover from his astonishment. "Oh, Vjera!" he exclaimed at last, in the simplicity of his heart, "how you must love him!"

"I would do more than that- if I could," she answered. "But come, you will help me, will you not? I have a ten-mark piece and an old thaler put away at home. That makes thirteen, and two I have in my pocket, fifteen and —I am afraid that is all," she concluded after a slight hesitation.

"And five are twenty," said the Cossack, producing the six which he had, and taking one silver piece out of the number to be returned to his pocket. The children must not starve on the morrow.

"Oh, thank you, Herr Schmidt!" cried poor Vjera in a joyful voice as she eagerly took the proffered coins. "Twenty already! Why, twenty-five will be half, will it not? And I am sure that we can find the rest, then."

"There is Dumnoff," said Schmidt. "He probably has something, too."

"But I could not borrow of him - besides, if he knew it was for the Count and he is so rough he would not give it to us."

"We shall see," answered the other, who knew his man. "Wait a moment. He is still inside." . . .

Dumnoff was still doggedly working, making up for the time he had lost by coming late in the morning. He was alone at his little table.

"How much money have you got?" asked the Cossack, briefly. Dumnoff looked up rather stupidly, dropped the cigarette he was making, and felt in his pocket for his change. He produced five marks, an unusual sum for him to have in his possession, and which would not have found itself in his hands had not his arrest on the previous evening prevented his spending considerably more than he had spent in his favourite corn-brandy.

"I want it all," said Schmidt.

"You are a cool-blooded fellow," laughed Dumnoff, making as though he would return the coins to his pocket.

"Look here, Dumnoff," answered the Cossack, his bright eyes gleaming. "I want that money. You know me, and

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co. *From Sir John Martin Harvey's production of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance."*

Akulina falls sprawling on the floor.

you had better give it to me without making any trouble."

Dumnoff seemed confused by the sharpness of the demand, and hesitated.

"You seem in a great hurry," he said, with an awkward laugh, "I suppose you mean to give it back to me?"

"You shall have it at the rate of a mark a day in the next five work days. You will get your pay this evening and that will be quite enough for you to get drunk with to-night."

"That is true," said Dumnoff, thoughtfully. "Well, take it," he added, slipping the money into the other's outstretched palm. . . .

Vjera was standing as he had left her, absorbed in the contemplation of the financial crisis.

"Five more," said he, giving her the silver. "That is one half. Now for the other. But are you quite sure, Vjera, that it is as bad as you think? I know that Fischelowitz does not in the least expect the money."

"N - I daresay not. But I know this, if I had not met him just now and promised to bring him the fifty marks, he would have been raving mad before morning." Schmidt saw by her look that she was convinced of the fact.

"Very well," he said. "I am not going to turn back now. The poor Count has done me many a good turn in his time, and I will do my best, though I do not exactly see what more I can do, at such short notice."

"Have you got anything worth pawning, Herr Schmidt?" asked Vjera, ruthless, as devoted people can be when the object of their devotion is in danger.

"Well--I have not much that I can spare. There is the bed—but my wife cannot sleep on the floor, though I would myself. And there are a few pots and pans in the kitchen—not worth much, and I do not know what we should

do without them. I do not know, I am sure. I cannot take the children's things, Vjera, even for you."

"No," said Vjera doubtfully. "I suppose not. Of course not!" she exclaimed, immediately afterwards, with an attempt to express conviction.

"There is one thing– there is the old samovar," continued the Cossack. "It has a leak in one side, and we make the tea as we can, when we have any. But I remember that I once pawned it, years ago, for five marks."

"That would make thirty," said Vjera promptly.

"I do not believe they would lend so much on it now, though it is good metal. It is a little battered, besides being leaky."

"Let us get it," said Vjera, beginning to walk briskly on. "I have something, too, though I do not know what it is worth. It is an old skin of a wolf my father killed it inside the village, just before we came away."

"A wolf skin!" exclaimed Schmidt. "That may be worth something, if it is good."

"I am afraid it is not very good," answered Vjera doubtfully. "The hair comes out. I think it must have been a mangy wolf. And there is a bad hole on one side."

"It was probably badly cured," said the Cossack, who understood furs. "But I can mend the hole in five minutes, so that nobody will see it."

"We will get it, too. But I am afraid that it will not be nearly enough to make up the twenty-five marks. They could not possibly give us twenty marks for the skin, could they?"

"No, indeed, unless you could sell it to some one who does not understand those things. And the samovar will not bring five, as I said. We must find something else."

"Let us get the samovar first," said Vjera decisively. "I will wait downstairs till you get it, and then you will wait for me where I live, and after that we will go together. I may find something else. Indeed, I must, or we shall not have enough.". . .

They did not speak again during the next few minutes, until they reached the door of the house in which the Cossack lived. . . .

He emerged into the street with the body of the samovar under one arm. The movable brass chimney of the machine was sticking out of one of his pockets, and in his left hand he had its little tray, with the rings and other pieces belonging to the whole. Amongst those latter objects, which he grasped tightly in his fingers, there figured also the fragment of a small spoon of which the bowl had been broken from the handle.

"It is silver," he said, referring to the latter utensil, as he held up the whole handful before Vjera's eyes. "But if we can find a jeweller's shop open, we will sell it. We can get more for it in that way. And now your wolf's skin, Vjera. And be sure to bring me a needle and some strong thread when you come down. I can mend the hole by the gaslight in the street, for Homolka would not understand it if he saw me going to your room, you know."

She helped him to put all the smaller things into his pockets, so that he had only the samovar itself and its metal tray to carry in his hands, and then they went briskly on towards Vjera's lodging. . . .

Without a word Schmidt entered the shop, while the girl stood outside. In less than five minutes he came out again with something in his hand.

"Three and a half," he said, handing her the money.

"I had hoped it would be worth more," she answered, putting the coins with the rest.

"No. He weighed it with silver marks. It weighed just four of them, and he said he must have half a mark to make it worth his while."

"Very well," said Vjera, "it is always something. I have twenty-eight and a half now."

When they reached her lodging Schmidt set down the samovar upon the pavement and made himself a cigarette, while he waited for her. . . .

"I am sorry I was so long," she said. "The little sister cried because I would

not stay, and I had to quiet her. Here is the skin. Do you see? I am afraid this is a very big hole and the hair comes out in handfuls. Look at it."

"It was a very old wolf," remarked the Cossack, holding the skin up under the gaslight.

"Does that make it worth less?" asked Vjera anxiously.

"Not of itself; on the contrary. And I can mend the hole, if you have the thread and needle. The worst thing about it all is the way the hairs fall out. I am afraid the moths have been at it, Vjera." He shook his head gravely. "I am afraid the moths have done a great deal of damage."

He took the threaded needle, which she had not forgotten, and sitting down upon the edge of the pavement spread the skin upon his knees with the fur downwards. Then he quickly began to draw the hole together, sewing it firmly with the furrier's cross stitch, and so neatly that the seam looked like a single straight line on the side of the leather, while it was quite invisible in the fur on the other.

"What is the other thing you have brought?" he inquired without looking up from his work. The light was bad, and he had to bend his eyes close to the sewing.

"It is something I may be able to sell," said Vjera in a rather unsteady voice.

"Silver?" asked Schmidt, cheerfully.

"Oh no not silver – something dearer," she said, almost under her breath. "I am afraid it is very hard for you to see," she added quickly, attempting to avoid his questions. "Do you not think that I could hold a match for you, to make a little more light? You always have some with you."

"Wait a moment—yes—I have almost finished the seam –here is the box. Now, if you can hold the match just there, just over the needle, and keep it from going out, I can finish the end off neatly." . . .

"There," said Schmidt triumphantly. "It is done, and very well done. And now for the pawn-shop, Vjera!" . . .

The place was half full of people, most of them with anxious faces, and all having some object or other in their hands. . . .

In spite of their unctuous tones the Hebrew and his wife did their business rapidly, with sharpness and decision. Either one of them would have undertaken to name the precise pawning value of anything on earth and, possibly, of most things in heaven, provided that the universe were brought piecemeal to their counter. Both Vjera and Schmidt had been made acquainted by previous necessities with the establishment. Vjera held her paper parcel in her hand. The other things were laid together upon the counter. The Hebrew woman glanced at the samovar, felt the weight of it and turned it once round.

"Leaky," she observed in her smooth voice. "Old brass. One mark and a half." Her husband put out his hand, touched the machine, lifted it, and nodded.

"Only a mark and a half!" exclaimed Vjera. "And the skin, how much for that?"

"It is a genuine Russian wolf," Schmidt put in. "And it is very large."

"Moth-eaten," said the Jewess. "And there is a hole in the side. Five marks."

Schmidt held the fur up to the light and blew into it with a professional air, as furriers do.

"Look at that!" he cried, persuasively. "Why, it is worth twenty!"

The Hebrew lady, instead of answering extended a fat thumb and a plump, pointed forefinger, and pinching a score of hairs between the two, pulled them out without effort, and then held them close to the Cossack's eyes.

"Five marks," she repeated, getting the money out and preparing to fill in a couple of pawn-tickets.

"Make it ten, with the samovar!" entreated Vjera. The Jewess smiled.

"Do you think the samovar is of gold?" she inquired. "Six and a half for the two. Take it or leave it."

Vjera looked at Schmidt anxiously as though to ask his opinion.

"They will not give more," he said, in Russian.

The girl took the money and the flimsy

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co. *From Sir John Martin Harvey's production of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance."*

THE "GIGERL" IS SMASHED IN AN ALTERCATION BETWEEN HERR FISCHELOWITZ AND HIS WIFE CONCERNING THE COUNT.

tickets and they went out into the street. Vjera hesitated as to the direction she should take, and Schmidt looked to her as though awaiting her orders.

"Twenty-eight and a half and six and a half are thirty-five," she said, thoughtfully. "And we have nothing more to give, but this. I must sell it, Herr Schmidt."

"Well, what is it?" he asked, glad to know the secret at last.

"It is my mother's hair. She cut it off herself when she knew she was dying and she told me to sell it if ever I needed a little money."

The girl's voice trembled violently, and she turned her head away. Schmidt was silent and very grave. Then Vjera began to move on again, clutching the precious thing to her bosom and drawing her shawl over it.

"The best man for this lives in the Maffei Strasse," said Schmidt after a few minutes.

"Show me the way." Vjera turned as he directed. At that moment she would have lost herself in the familiar streets, had he not been there to guide her.

The hairdresser's shop was brilliantly lighted, and as good fortune would have it, there were no customers within. With an entreating glance which he obeyed, Vjera made Schmidt wait outside.

"Please do not look!" she whispered. "I can bear it better alone." The good fellow nodded and began to walk up and down.

As Vjera entered the shop, the chief barber in command waltzed forward, as hairdressers always seem to waltz. At the sight of the poor girl, however, he assumed a stern appearance which, to tell the truth, was out of character with his style of beauty. His rich brown

locks were curled and anointed in a way that might have aroused envy in the heart of an Assyrian dandy in the palmy days of Sardanapalus.

"Do you buy hair?" asked Vjera, timidly offering her limp parcel.

"Oh, certainly, sometimes," answered the barber. The youth in attendance—the barber tadpole of the hairdresser frog—abandoned the cleansing of a comb and came forward with a leer, in the hope that Vjera might turn out to be pretty on a closer inspection. In this he was disappointed.

The man took the parcel and laid it on one of the narrow marble tables placed before a mirror in a richly gilt frame. He pushed aside the blue glass powder-box, the vial of brilliantine and the brushes. Vjera untied the bit of faded ribband herself and opened the package. The contents exhaled a faint, sickly odour. . . .

The barber eyed the thick plait with a business-like expression. . . .

"It is worth nothing at all," said the barber decisively. "It is a pity, for it is a very pretty colour."

Vjera started, and steadied herself against the back of the professional chair which stood by the table.

"Nothing?" he repeated, half stupid with the pain of her disappointment. "Nothing? not even fifteen marks?"

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.

From Sir John Martin Harvey's production of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance."

AKULINA REVILES THE COUNT, IN WHOM SHE DISBELIEVES.

"Nothing. It is rotten, and could not be worked. The hairs break like glass."

Vjera pressed her left hand to her side as though something hurt her. The tadpole youth grinned idiotically and the barber seemed anxious to end the interview.

With a look of broken-hearted despair the girl turned to the table and began to do up her parcel again. Her shawl fell to the ground as she moved. Then the

tadpole nudged his employer and pointed at Vjera's long, red-brown braid, and grinned again from ear to ear.

"Is it fifteen marks that you want?" asked the man.

"Fifteen—yes—I must have fifteen," repeated Vjera in dull tones.

"I will give it to you for your own hair," said the barber with a short laugh.

"For my own?" cried Vjera, suddenly turning round. It had never occurred to her that her own tress could be worth anything. "For my own?" she repeated as though not believing her ears.

"Yes—let me see," said the man. "Turn your head again, please. Let me see. Yes, yes, it is good hair of the kind, though it has not the gold lights in it that the other had. But, to oblige you, I will give you fifteen for it."

"But I must have the money now," said Vjera, suspiciously. "You must give me the money now, to take with me. I cannot wait."

The barber smiled, and produced a gold piece and five silver ones.

"You may hold the money in your hand," he said, offering it to her, "while you sit down and I do the work." . . .

"Wait a minute!" cried Vjera, with sudden anxiety, and turning her head as though to draw away her hair from his grasp. "One minute—please—fifteen and thirty-five are really fifty, are they not?"

The tadpole began to count on his fingers, whispering audibly.

"Yes," answered the barber. "Fifteen and thirty-five are fifty."

The tadpole desisted, having already got into mathematical difficulties in counting from one hand over to the other.

"Then cut it off quickly, please!" said poor Vjera, settling herself in the chair again, and giving her head to the shears.

In the silence that followed, only the soft jingle of the scissors was heard. . . .

"I have got it—I have got it all!" cried Vjera, as she came up with Schmidt on the pavement. His quick eye caught sight of the parcel, only half hidden by her shawl.

"But you have brought the hair away with you," he said, in some anxiety, and fearing a mistake or some new trouble.

"Yes," she answered. "That is the best of it." Her tears had disappeared as suddenly as they had come, and she could now hardly restrain the nervous laughter that rose to her lips.

"But how is that?" asked Schmidt, stopping.

"I gave them my own," she laughed, hysterically. "I gave them my own—instead. Quick, quick—there is no time to lose. Is it an hour yet, since I left him?" She ran along, and Schmidt found it hard to keep beside her without running, too. At last he broke into a sort of jog-trot. In five minutes they were at the door of the café.

The Count was sitting at a small table near the door, an empty coffee-cup before him, staring with a fixed look at the opposite wall. There were few people in the place, as the performances at the theatres had already begun. Vjera entered alone.

"I have brought you the money," she said, joyfully, as she stood beside him and laid a hand upon his arm to attract his attention, for he had not noticed her coming.

"The money?" he said, excitedly. "The fifty marks? You have got it?"

She sat down at the table, and began to count the gold and silver, producing it from her pocket in instalments of four or five coins, and making little heaps of them before him.

"It is all there—every penny of it," she said, counting the piles again.

The poor man's eyes seemed starting from his head, as he leaned eagerly forward over the money.

"Is it real? Is it true?" he asked in a low voice. "Oh, Vjera, do not laugh at me—is it really true, child?"

"Really true—fifty marks." Her pale face beamed with pleasure. "And now you can go and pay Fischelowitz at once," she added.

But he leaned back a moment in his chair, looking at her intently. Then his eyes grew moist, and, when he spoke, his voice quivered.

"May God forgive me for taking it

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co. *From Sir John Martin Harvey's production of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance."*

THE COUNT BEFRIENDS "POOR VJERA."

of you," he said. "You have saved me, Vjera—saved my honour, my life—all. God bless you, dear, God bless you! I am very, very thankful."

He put the coins carefully together and wrapped them in his silk handkerchief, and rose from his seat. He had already paid for his cup of coffee. They went out together. The Cossack had disappeared. . . .

The Count had drawn Vjera's willing arm through his, and they were walking slowly away together.

"I must be going home," she said, reluctantly. "The little sister will be crying for me. I cannot leave her any longer."

"Not till I have thanked you, dear," he answered, pressing her arm to his side. "But I will go with you to your door, and thank you all the way—though the way is far too short for all I have to say."

"I have done nothing—it has really cost me nothing." Vjera squeezed her limp parcel under her shawl, and felt that she was speaking the truth.

"I cannot believe that, Vjera," said the Count. "You could not have found so much money so quickly, without making some great sacrifice. But I will give it back to you —"

"Oh no—no," she cried, earnestly. "Make no promises to me. Think what this promise has cost you. When you have the money, you may give it back if you choose—but it would make me so unhappy if you promised."

"Would it, child? And yet, my friends are waiting for me, and they have money for me, too. Then, I will only say that I will give it back to you as soon as possible. Is that right?"

"Yes—and nothing more than that." . . .

"Will you take my love for thanks—and my devotion for gratitude? Will you, dear? Will you remember what you promised and what I promised last night? As soon as all is right, to-morrow, will you be my wife?"

"If it could ever be!" sighed the poor

girl, recalled suddenly to the remembrance of his pitiful infirmity.

"It can be, it shall be and it will be," he answered in tones of conviction. "They are waiting for me now, Vjera, in my little room—but they may wait, for I will not lose a moment of your dear company for them all. They are waiting for me with the money and the papers and the orders. I have waited long for them, they can afford to have a little patience now. And to-morrow, at this time, we shall be together, Vjera, in the train—I will have a special carriage for you and me, and then, a night and a day and another night and we shall be at home—for ever. How happy we shall be!" . . .

They reached her door and stopped in their walk. She looked up sadly into his eyes, as she held out her hand. He hesitated a moment, and then threw both his arms round her and drew her to his heart and kissed her passionately again and again. She tried to draw back.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "It cannot be so to-morrow—why should you kiss me to-day?" But he would not let her go. She loved him, though she knew he was mad, and she let her head fall upon his shoulder, and allowed herself to believe in love for a moment.

Suddenly she felt that he was startled by something.

"Vjera!" he cried. "Have you cut off your beautiful hair? What have you done, child? How could you do it?"

"It was so heavy," she said, looking up with a bright smile. "It made my head ache—it is best so."

But he was not satisfied, for he guessed something of the truth, and the pain and horror that thrilled him told him that he had guessed rightly.

"You have cut it off—and you have sold it—you have sold your hair for me—" he stammered in a broken voice.

She hung her head a little.

"I always meant to cut it off. I did not care for it, you know. And besides," she added, suddenly looking up again, "you will not love me less, will you? They said it would grow again—you will not love me less?"

"Love you less? Ah, Vjera, that promise I may make at least—never—to the end of ends!"

"And yet," she answered, "if it should all be true—if it only should—you could not—oh, I should not be worthy of you—you could never marry me."

The Count drew back a step and held out his right hand, with a strangely earnest look in his weary eyes. She laid her fingers in his almost unconsciously. Then, as though he were in a holy place, he took off his hat, and stood bare-headed before her.

"If I forsake you, Vjera," he said very solemnly, "if I forsake you ever, in riches or in poverty, in honour or in disrepute, may the God of heaven forsake me in the hour of my death."

He swore the great oath deliberately, in a strong, clear voice, and then was silent for a moment, his eyes turned upwards, his attitude unchanged. Then he raised the poor girl's thin hand to his lips and kissed it, three times, reverently, as devout persons kiss the relics of departed saints.

"Good-night, Vjera," he said, quietly, "We shall meet to-morrow."

The Count's dream was no dream. There came a day when two Russian gentlemen brought him the news that his father was dead and he could at last resume his position and claim the estates. The wicked woman, Akulina, had played a practical joke by writing the weekly letter every Tuesday telling the Count to expect the messengers the following day.

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co. *From Sir John Martin Harvey's production of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance."*

THE COUNT TAKES HIS LEAVE OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN HIS COMPANIONS FOR SO LONG.

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS

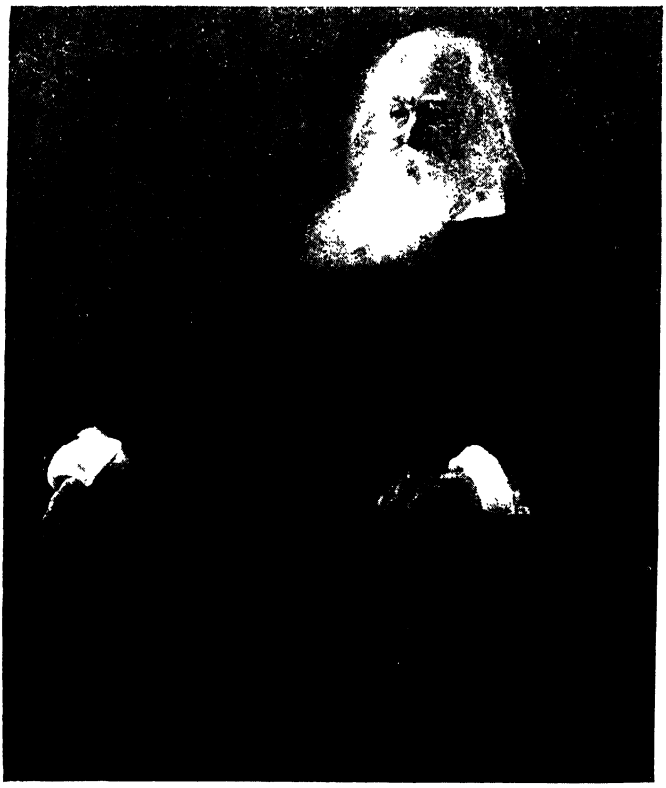


Photo: Riscgitz Collection.

WALT WHITMAN, BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

The Good Grey Poet of America.

Walt Whitman has been called "The Poet of Democracy." He chose a peculiar medium of expression and broke away from tradition. "He was a rebel in his art as he was a rebel in his message." He was a large man shouting at the world. In everything he wrote there is the clean open air and the simplicity of sincerity. He was entirely undisciplined, hated restraint and cared nothing for the rules of verse-writing. Sometimes he is flat, sometimes he is turgid, sometimes he is ridiculous.

He was born in New York in 1819 *and died in* 1892. *His best known volume is "Leaves of Grass," and, next in importance, "Drum Taps" and "Democratic Vistas." The poem, "O Captain! My Captain!" is from his "Memories of President Lincoln," which also contains his famous dirge for the President, "When lilacs last in the Dooryard bloom'd." "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" is taken from "Birds of Passage."*

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

COME my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd,
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless, restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry mistress, (bend your heads all),
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive, weapon'd mistress,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

See my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly fill'd,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement beat,
Holding single or together, steady moving to the front, all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Life's involved and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
Through these shores amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting, bowling orb!
Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you have done your work),
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast ?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep ? have they lock'd and bolted doors ?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

Has the night descended ?
Was the road of late so toilsome ? did we stop discouraged nodding on our way ?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in yours tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark ! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift ! to the head of the army !—swift ! spring to your places,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;

But O heart ! heart ! heart !
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning :

Here Captain ! dear father !
This arm beneath your head !
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

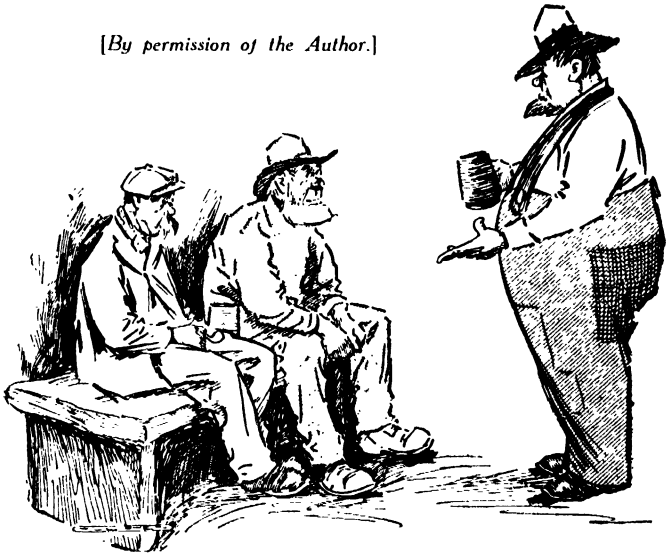
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

THE DREAMER

W. W. JACOBS

[*By permission of the Author.*]



Of all the comic characters Mr. Jacobs has created, the Night Watchman is his best and greatest. His fat rolling body, his wooden-headed conceit, his propensity to become the butt and the laughing-stock of all who come across him, have put him in the rank of many characters of Dickens. And no more typical adventure in his experience can be found than that related in "The Dreamer."

DREAMS and warnings are things I don't believe in, said the night watchman. The only dream I ever 'ad that come anything like true was once when I dreamt I came in for a fortune, and next morning I found half a crown in the street, which I sold to a man for fourpence. And once, two days arter my missis 'ad dreamt she 'ad spilt a cup of tea down the front of 'er Sunday dress, she spoilt a pot o' paint of mine by sitting in it.

The only other dream I know of that come true happened to the cook of a barque I was aboard of once, called the *Southern Belle*. He was a silly, pasty-faced sort o' chap, always giving hisself airs about eddication to sailormen who didn't believe in it, and one night, when we was homeward-bound from Sydney, he suddenly sat up in 'is bunk and laughed so loud that he woke us all up.

"Wot's wrong, cookie?" ses one o' the chaps.

"I was dreaming," ses the cook, "such a funny dream. I dreamt old Bill Foster fell out o' the foretop and broke 'is leg."

"Well, wot is there to laugh at in that?" ses old Bill, very sharp.

"It was funny in my dream," ses the cook. "You looked so comic with your leg doubled up under you, you can't think. It would ha' made a cat laugh."

Bill Foster said he'd make 'im laugh the other side of his face if he wasn't careful, and then we went off to sleep agin and forgot all about it.

If you'll believe me, on'y three days arterwards pore Bill did fall out o' the foretop and break his leg. He was surprised, but I never see a man so surprised as the cook was His eyes was nearly starting out of 'is head, but by the time the other chaps 'ad picked Bill up and asked 'im whether he was hurt, cook 'ad pulled 'imself together agin and was giving himself such airs it was perfectly sickening.

"My dreams always come true," he ses. "It's a kind o' second sight with

me. It's a gift, and, being tender-'arted it worries me terrible sometimes."

He was going on like that, taking credit for a pure accident, when the second officer came up and told 'em to carry Bill below. He was in agony, of course, but he kept 'is presence of mind, and as they passed the cook he gave 'im such a clip on the side of the 'ead as nearly broke it.

"That's for dreaming about me," he ses.

The skipper and the fust officer and most of the hands set 'is leg between

"'That's for dreaming about me,' he ses."

them, and arter the skipper 'ad made him wot he called comfortable, but wot Bill called something that I won't soil my ears by repeating, the officers went off and the cook came and sat down by the side o' Bill and talked about his gift.

"I don't talk about it as a rule," he ses, "'cos it frightens people."

"It's a wonderful gift, cookie," ses Charlie Epps.

All of 'em thought the same, not knowing wot a fust-class liar the cook was, and he sat there and lied to 'em till he couldn't 'ardly speak, he was so 'oarse.

"My grandmother was a gipsy," he ses, "and it's in the family. Things that are going to 'appen to people I know come to me in dreams, same as pore Bill's did. It's curious to me sometimes when I look round at you chaps, seeing you going about 'appy and comfortable, and knowing all the time 'orrible things that is going to 'appen to you. Sometimes it gives me the fair shivers."

"Horrible things to us, slushy?" ses Charlie, staring.

"Yes," ses the cook nodding. "I never was on a ship afore with such a lot of unfortunit men aboard. Never. There's two pore fellows wot'll be dead corpses inside o' six months, sitting 'ere laughing and talking as if they was going to live to ninety. Thank your stars you don't 'ave such dreams."

"Who — who are the two, cookie?" ses Charlie, arter a bit.

"Never mind, Charlie," ses the cook, in a sad voice; "it would do no good if I was to tell you. Nothing can alter it."

"Give us a hint," ses Charlie.

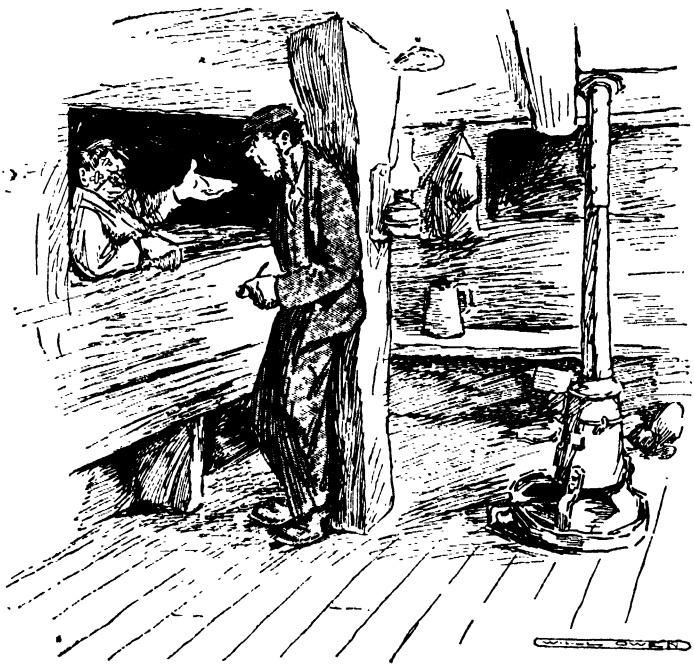
"Well, I'll tell you this much," ses the cook, arter sitting with his 'ead in his 'ands, thinking; "one of 'em is nearly the ugliest man in the fo'c's'le and the other aint."

O' course, that didn't 'elp 'em much, but it caused a lot of argufying, and the ugliest man aboard, instead o' being grateful, behaved more like a wild beast than a Christian when it was pointed out to him that he was safe.

Arter that dream about Bill, there was no keeping the cook in his place. He 'ad dreams pretty near every night, and talked little bits of 'em in his sleep. Little bits that you couldn't make head nor tail of, and when we asked 'im next morning he'd always shake his 'ead and say, "Never mind." Sometimes he'd

mention a chap's name in 'is sleep and make 'im nervous for days.

It was an unlucky v'y'ge that, for some of 'em. About a week arter pore Bill's accident Ted Jones started playing catch-ball with another chap and an empty beer-bottle and about the fifth chuck Ted caught it with his face. We thought 'e was killed at fust—he made such a noise; but they got 'im down below, and, arter they 'ad picked out as much broken glass as Ted would let 'em, the second officer did 'im up in sticking-plaster and told 'im to keep quiet for an hour or two.



"'Why didn't you tell me, then?' ses Ted

Ted was very proud of 'is looks, and the way he went on was alarming. Fust of all he found fault with the chap 'e was playing with, and then he turned on the cook.

"It's a pity you didn't see *that* in a dream," he ses, tryin' to sneer, on'y the sticking-plaster was too strong for 'im."

"But I did see it," ses the cook, drawin' 'imself up.

"*Wot?*" ses Ted, starting.

"I dreamt it night afore last, just exactly as it 'appened," ses the cook, in an off-hand way.

"Why didn't you tell me, then?" ses Ted, choking.

"It 'ud ha' been no good," ses the cook, smiling and shaking his 'ead. "Wot I see must 'appen. I on'y see the future, and that must be."

"But you stood there watching me chucking the bottle about," ses Ted, getting out of his bunk. "Why didn't you stop me?"

"You don't understand," ses the cook, "if you'd 'ad more education——"

He didn't have time to say any more afore Ted was on him, and cookie, being no fighter, 'ad to cook with one eye for the next two or three days. He kept quiet about 'is dreams, for some time arter that, but it was no good, because George Hall, wot was a firm believer, gave 'im a licking for not warning 'im of a sprained ankle he got skylarking, and Bob Law took it out of 'im for not telling 'im that he was going to lose 'is suit of best togs at cards.

The only chap that seemed to show any good feeling for the cook was a young feller named Joseph Meek, a steady young chap wot was goin' to be married to old Bill Foster's niece as soon as we got 'ome. Nobody else knew it, but he told the cook all about it on the quiet. He said she was too good for 'im, but, do all he could, he couldn't get her to see it.

"My feelings 'ave changed," he ses.

"P'r'aps they'll change agin," ses the cook, trying to comfort 'im.

Joseph shook his 'ead. "No, I've made up my mind," he ses, very slow. "I'm young yet, and, besides, I can't

afford it; but 'ow to get out of it I don't know. Couldn't you 'ave a dream agin it for me?"

"Wot d'ye mean?" ses the cook, firing up. "Do you think I make my dreams up?"

"No, no; certinly not," ses Joseph, patting 'im on the shoulder; "but couldn't you do it just for once? 'Ave a dream that me and Emily are killed a few days arter the wedding. Don't say in wot way, 'cos she might think we could avoid it; just dream we are killed. Bill's always been a superstitious man, and since you dreamt about his leg he'd believe anything; and he's that fond of Emily I believe he'd 'ave the wedding put off, at any rate—if I put him up to it."

It took 'im three days and a silver watch-chain to persuade the cook, but he did at last; and one arternoon, when old Bill, who was getting on fust-class, was resting 'is leg in 'is bunk, the cook went below and turned in for a quiet sleep.

For ten minutes he was as peaceful as a lamb, and old Bill, who 'ad been laying in' is bunk with an eye open watching 'im, was just dropping off 'imself, when the cook began to talk in 'is sleep, and the very fust words made Bill sit up as though something 'ad bit 'im.

"There they go," ses the cook, "Emily Foster and Joseph Meek—and there's old Bill, good old Bill, going to give the bride away. How 'appy they all look, especially Joseph!"

Old Bill put his 'and to his ear and leaned out of his bunk.

"There they go," ses the cook agin; "but wot is that 'orrible black thing with claws that's 'anging over Bill?"

Pore Bill nearly fell out of 'is bunk, but he saved 'imself at the last moment and lay there as pale as death, listening.

"It must be meant for Bill," ses the cook. "Well, pore Bill; he won't know of it, that's one thing. Let's 'ope it'll be sudden."

He lay quiet for some time and then he began again.

"No," he ses, "it isn't Bill; it's Joseph and Emily, stark and stiff, and they've on'y been married a week. 'Ow awful they look! Pore things. Oh! ho! o-oh!"

He woke up with a shiver and began to groan, and then 'e sat up in his bunk and saw old Bill leaning out and staring at 'im.

"You've been dreaming, cook," ses Bill, in a trembling voice.

"'Ave I?" es the cook. "How do you k[illegible] w?"

"About me and my niece," ses Bill; "you was talking in your sleep."

"You oughtn't to 'ave listened," ses the cook, getting out of 'is bunk and going over to 'im. "I 'ope you didn't 'ear all I dreamt. 'Ow much did you hear?"

Bill told 'im, and the cook sat there, shaking his 'ead. "Thank goodness, you didn't 'ear the worst of it," he ses.

"*Worst!*" ses Bill. "Wot, was there any more of it?"

"Lots more," ses the cook. "But promise me you won't tell Joseph, Bill. Let 'im be happy while he can; it would on'y make 'im miserable, and it wouldn't do any good."

"I don't know so much about that," ses Bill, thinking about the arguments some of them had 'ad with Ted about the bottle. "Was it arter they was married, cookie, that it 'appened? Are you sure?"

"Certain sure. It was a week arter," ses the cook.

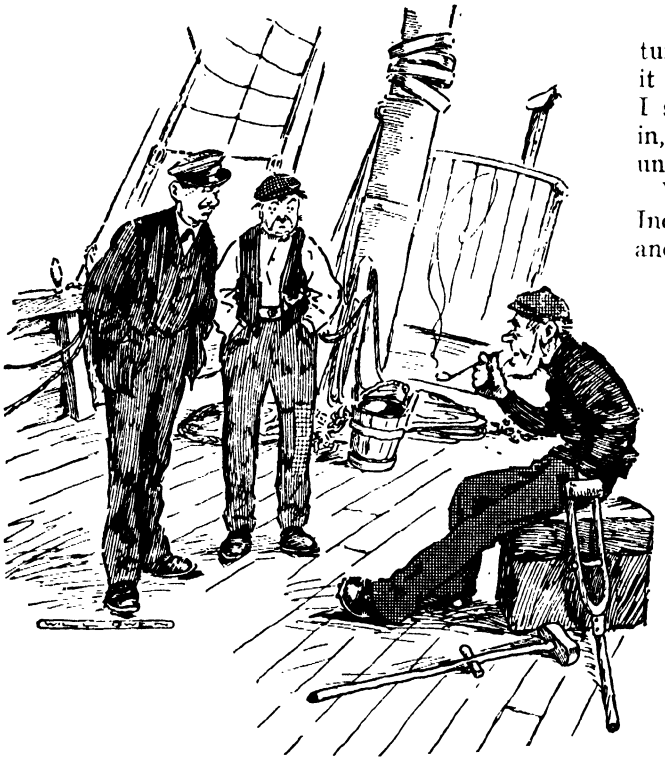
"Very well, then," ses Bill, slapping 'is bad leg in mistake; "if they didn't marry, it couldn't happen, could it?"

"Don't talk foolish," ses the cook: "they must marry. I saw it in my dream."

"Well, we'll see," ses Bill. "I'm going to 'ave a quiet talk with Joseph about it, an see wot he ses. I ain't a-going to 'ave my pore gal murdered just to please you and make your dreams come true."

He 'ad a quiet talk with Joseph, but Joseph wouldn't 'ear of it at fust. He said it was all the cook's nonsense, though 'e owned up that it was funny that the cook should know about the wedding and Emily's name, and at last he said that they would put it afore Emily and let her decide.

That was about the last dream the cook had that v'y'ge, although he told



"'I shall take my opportunity,' he ses, 'and break it to gentle like.'"

old Bill one day that he had 'ad the same dream about Joseph and Emily agin, so that he was quite certain they 'ad got to be married and killed. He wouldn't tell Bill 'ow they was to be killed, because 'e said it would make 'im an old man afore his time; but, of course, he 'ad to say that *if* they wasn't married the other part couldn't come true. He said that as he 'ad never told his dreams afore – except in the case of Bill's leg—he couldn't say for certain that they couldn't be prevented by taking care, but p'r'aps they could; and Bill pointed out to 'im wot a useful man he would be if he could dream and warn people in time.

By the time we got into the London river old Bill's leg was getting on fust-rate, and he got along splendid on a pair of crutches the carpenter 'ad made for him. Him and Joseph and the cook had 'ad a good many talks about the dream, and the old man 'ad invited the cook to come along 'ome with 'em to be referred to when he told the tale.

"I shall take my opportunity," he ses, "and break it to 'er gentle like. When I speak to you, you chip in, and not afore. D'ye understand?"

We went into the East India Docks that v'y'ge, and got there early on a lovely summer's evening. Everybody was 'arf crazy at the idea o' going ashore agin, and working as cheerful and as willing as if they liked it. There was a few people standing on the pier-head as we went in, and among 'em several very nice-looking young wimmen.

"My eye, Joseph," ses the cook, who 'ad been staring hard at one of 'em, "there's a fine gal—lively, too. Look 'ere!"

He kissed 'is dirty paw—which is more than I should 'ave liked to 'ave done if it 'ad been mine—and waved it, and the gal turned round and shook her 'ead at 'im.

"Here, that'll do," ses Joseph, very cross. "That's my gal; that's my Emily."

"Eh?" says the cook. "Well, 'ow was I to know? Besides, you're a-giving of her up."

Joseph didn't answer 'im. He was staring at Emily, and the more he stared the better-looking she seemed to grow. She really was an uncommon nice-looking gal, and more than the cook was struck with her.

"Who's that chap standing alongside of her?" ses the cook.

"It's one o' Bill's sister's lodgers," ses Joseph, who was looking very bad-tempered. "I should like to know wot right he 'as to come 'ere to welcome me 'ome. I don't want 'im."

"Perhaps he's fond of 'er," ses the cook. "I could be, very easy."

"I'll chuck 'im in the dock if he ain't careful," ses Joseph, turning red in the face.

He waved his 'and to Emily, who didn't 'appen to be looking at the moment, but the lodger waved back in a careless sort of way and then spoke to Emily, and they both waved to old Bill, who was standing in his crutches further aft.

By the time the ship was berthed and everything snug it was quite dark, and old Bill didn't know whether to take the cook 'ome with 'im and break the news that night, or wait a bit. He made up his mind at last to get it over and done with, and arter waiting till the cook 'ad cleaned 'imself they got a cab and drove off.

Bert Simmons, the lodger 'ad to ride on the box, and Bill took up so much room with 'is bad leg that Emily found it more comfortable to sit on Joseph's knee; and by the time they got to the 'ouse he began to see wot a silly mistake he was making.

"Keep that dream o' yours to yourself till I make up my mind," he ses to the cook, while Bill and the cabman was calling each other names.

"Bill's going to speak fust," whispers the cook.

The lodger and Emily 'ad gone inside, and Joseph stood there, fidgeting, while the cabman asked Bill, as a friend, why he 'adn't paid twopence more for his face, and Bill was wasting his time trying to think of something to say to 'urt the cabman's feelings. Then he took Bill by the arm as the cab drove off and told 'im not to say nothing about the dream, because he was going to risk it.

"Stuff and nonsense," ses Bill. "I'm going to tell Emily. It's my dooty. Wot's the good o' being married if you're going to be killed?"

He stumped in on his crutches afore Joseph could say any more, and, arter letting his sister kiss 'im, went into the front room and set down. There was cold beef and pickles on the table and two ju - o' beer, and arter just telling his sister 'ow he fell and broke 'is leg, they all sat down to supper.

Bert Simmons sat on one side of Emily and Joseph the other, and the cook couldn't 'elp feeling sorry for 'er, seeing as he did that sometimes she was 'aving both hands squeezed at once under the table and could 'ardly get a bite in edgeways.

Old Bill lit his pipe arter supper, and then, taking another glass o' beer, he told 'em about the cook dreaming of his accident three days afore it happened.

"'Are you coming along now?' he ses to the cook."

They couldn't 'ardly believe it at fust, but when he went on to tell 'em the other things the cook 'ad dreamt, and that everything 'ad 'appened just as he dreamt it, they all edged away from the cook and sat staring at him with their mouths open.

"And that ain't the worst of it," ses Bill.

"That's enough for one night, Bill," ses Joseph, who was staring at Bert Simmons as though he could eat him. "Besides, I believe it was on'y chance. When cook told you 'is dream it made you nervous, and that's why you fell."

"Nervous be blowed!" ses Bill; and then he told 'em about the dream he 'ad heard while he was laying in 'is bunk.

Bill's sister gave a scream when he 'ad finished, and Emily, wot was sitting next to Joseph, got up with a shiver and went and sat next to Bert Simmons and squeezed his coat-sleeve.

"It's all nonsense!" ses Joseph, starting up. "And if it wasn't, true love would run the risk. I ain't afraid!"

"It's too much to ask a gal," ses Bert Simmons, shaking his 'ead.

"I couldn't dream of it," ses Emily. "Wot's the use of being married for a week? Look at uncle's leg—that's enough for me!"

They all talked at once then, and Joseph tried all he could to persuade Emily to prove to the cook that 'is dreams didn't always come true; but it was no good. Emily said she wouldn't marry 'im if he 'ad a million a year, and her aunt and uncle backed her up in it—to say nothing of Bert Simmons.

"I'll go up and get your presents, Joseph," she ses; and she ran upstairs afore anybody could stop her.

Joseph sat there as if he was dazed, while everybody gave 'im good advice, and said 'ow thankful he ought to be that the cook 'ad saved him by 'is dreaming. And by and by Emily came downstairs agin with the presents he 'ad given 'er and put them on the table in front of 'im.

"There's everything there but that little silver brooch you gave me, Joseph," she ses, "and I lost that the other evening when I was out with——for a walk."

Joseph tried to speak, but couldn't.

"It was six-and-six, 'cos I was with you when you bought it," ses Emily; "and as I've lost it, it's on'y fair I should pay for it."

She put down 'arf a sovereign with the presents, and Joseph sat staring at it as if he 'ad never seen one afore.

"And you needn't mind about the change, Joseph," ses Emily; "that'll 'elp to make up for your disappointment."

Old Bill tried to turn things off with a bit of a laugh. "Why, you're made o' money, Emily," he ses.

"Ah! I haven't told you yet," ses Emily, smiling at him; "that's a little surprise I was keeping for you. Aunt Emma—pore Aunt Emma, I should say—died while you was away and left me all 'er furniture and two hundred pounds."

Joseph made a choking noise in his throat and then 'e got up, leaving the presents and the 'arf-sovereign on the table, and stood by the door, staring at them.

"Good-night all," he ses. Then he went to the front door and opened it, and arter standing there a moment came back as though he 'ad forgotten something.

"Are you coming along, now?" he ses to the cook.

"Not just yet," ses the cook, very quick.

"I'll wait outside for you, then," ses Joseph, grinding his teeth.

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After the Armada, Amyas pursued the *Santa Catherina* round the Orkneys, down to Lundy Island. There the Spaniard struck the Shutter Rock and vanished for ever. "Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right, when it was in my very grasp!"

WESTWARD HO!

CHARLES KINGSLEY

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AMYAS TELLS HOW HE "FLESHED HIS MAIDEN SWORD" UPON A FRENCHMAN WHO SLANDERED THE QUEEN.

This prose-epic, as it may be called, follows the fortunes of Amyas Leigh of Bideford, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, that time of wild adventures. To adventures of all kinds the boy was born and dedicated. He was the godson of Sir Richard Grenville, the hero who was to end his days in such a blaze of glory, among the shattered hulks of Spanish galleons, upon the deck of the "Revenge." At eighteen, already a young giant, Amyas took ship with Drake on the first English vessel to sail round the world. At the end of this adventure he, with some companions of his age, banded themselves into the Brotherhood of the Rose, so called after Rose Salterne, a sweet and lovely damsel who was the idol of them all. The members of this League were sworn to win their spurs wherever a good fight was going forward. Such a fight Amyas found in Ireland, which the Spanish armies had invaded. In a hand-to-hand encounter with a Spanish knight, Don Guzman, he dragged his foeman, in full armour, into camp and despatched him to his godfather, Sir Richard Grenville, to be held to ransom. This act, like the stealing of Achilles' maiden, was the spring of woes unnumbered. When Amyas returned to Bideford he discovered that the ransom had been paid and that the Don, set free, had disappeared—and Rose Salterne with him!

Amyas, with his companions of the League, half mad with jealous fury, and

believing Rose to have been carried off by force or fraud, at once fitted out a rescue vessel for La Guayra in the Indies, where Don Guzman had been sent as Governor. In due course they reached their destination. Amyas, on landing with a party, found Don Guzman absent from his house, which was posted like a fortress on a cliff, and learnt, alas, from Rose herself, that she had no mind to leave her lord and master. Then the little party were attacked by the fierce negro soldiers of the Don. A terrific fight took place. Amyas, with but two survivors, was beaten to the boat, where he was dragged on board, stunned, weak, half blind with blood. "And so ended," says the story, "that fatal venture of mistaken chivalry." The whole scene is painted with a fire and vigour which the reader will not soon forget.

But this was only the beginning of adventures wilder still. Amyas and his followers resolved to seek the fabled city of Manoa, a place reported to be crammed with Spanish gold. For three years they wandered like Ulysses; but the golden city ever faded from their vision like the fabric of a dream. And now the reader is desired to fancy them as starting out one morning from their bivouac among the tropic forests of the Cordilleras, upon the verge of an adventure stranger still than any they had yet encountered.

THEY started next morning cheerfully enough, and for three hours or more paddled easily up the glassy and windless reaches, between two green flower-bespangled walls of forest, gay with innumerable birds and insects; while down from the branches which overhung the stream, long trailers hung to the water's edge, and seemed admiring in the clear mirror the images of their own gorgeous flowers. River, trees, flowers, birds, insects—it was all a fairyland: but it was a colossal one; and yet the voyagers took little note of it. It was now to them an everyday occurrence, to see trees full two hundred feet high one mass of yellow or purple blossom to the highest twigs, and every branch and stem one hanging garden of crimson and orange orchids, or vanillas. . . . The long processions of monkeys, who kept pace with them along the tree tops, and proclaimed their wonder in every imaginable whistle and grunt and howl, had ceased to move their laughter, as much as the roar of the jaguar and the rustle of the boa had ceased to move their fear; and when a brilliant green and rose-coloured fish, flat-bodied like a bream, flab-finned like a salmon, and saw-toothed like a shark, leapt clean on board of the canoe to escape the rush of the huge alligator (whose loathsome snout, ere he could stop, actually rattled against the canoe within a foot of Jack Brimblecombe's hand), Jack, instead of turning pale, as he had done at the sharks upon a certain memorable occasion, coolly picked up a fish, and said, "He's four pound weight! If you can catch 'pirai' for us like that, old fellow, just keep in our wake, and we'll give you the cleanings for wages."

They paddled onward hour after hour, sheltering themselves as best they could under the shadow of the southern bank, while on their right hand the full sunglare lay upon the enormous walls of mimosas, figs, and laurels, which formed the northern forest, broken by the slender shafts of bamboo tufts, and decked with a thousand gaudy parasites; bank upon bank of gorgeous bloom piled upward to the sky, till where its own outline cut the blue, flowers and leaves, too lofty to be distinguished by the eye, formed a broken rainbow of all hues quivering in the ascending streams of azure mist, until they seemed to melt and mingle with the very heavens.

And as the sun rose higher and higher, a great stillness fell upon the forest. The jaguars and the monkeys had hidden themselves in the darkest depths of the woods. The birds' notes died out one by one; the very butterflies ceased their flitting over the tree-tops, and slept with outspread wings upon the glossy leaves, undistinguishable from the flowers around them. Now and then a colibri whirred downward toward the water, hummed for a moment around some pendent flower, and then the living gem

was lost in the deep blackness of the inner wood, among tree-trunks as huge and dark as the pillars of some Hindoo shrine; or a parrot swung and screamed at them from an overhanging bough; or a thirsty monkey slid lazily down a liana to the surface of the stream, dipped up the water in his tiny hand, and started chattering back, as his eyes met those of some foul alligator peering upward through the clear depths below. In shaded nooks beneath the boughs, the capybaras, rabbits as large as sheep, went paddling sleepily round and round, thrusting up their unwieldy heads among the blooms of the blue water-lilies; while black and purple water-hens ran up and down upon the rafts of floating leaves. The shining snout of a fresh-water dolphin rose slowly to the surface; a jet of spray whirred up; a rainbow hung upon it for a moment; and the black snout sank lazily again. Here and there, too, upon some shallow pebbly shore, scarlet flamingoes stood dreaming knee-deep on one leg; crested cranes pranced up and down, admiring their own finery; and ibises and egrets dipped their bills under water in search of prey: but before noon even those had slipped away, and there reigned a stillness which might be heard—such a stillness (to compare small things with great) as broods beneath the rich shadows of Amyas's own Devon woods, or among the lonely sweeps of Exmoor, when the heather is in flower.

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Amyas discovers Jack Brimblecombe, the schoolmaster's son, listening at the door, while he and his companions were banding themselves together to form the Brotherhood of the Rose.

* * *

They came upon an Indian canoe lying under the lee of an island. But when Amyas, with a native boy, their guide, landed to find the owner, a figure much more startling than anything he had expected rose from behind a rock and met him face to face.

It was an Indian girl; and yet, when

he looked again—was it an Indian girl? Amyas had seen hundreds of those delicate, dark-skinned daughters of the forest, but never such a one as this. Her stature was taller, her limbs were fuller and more rounded; her complexion, though tanned by light, was fairer by far than his own sunburnt face; her hair crowned with a garland of white flowers, was not lank, and straight, and black, like an Indian's, but of a rich glossy brown, and curling richly and crisply from her very temples to her knees. Her forehead, though low, was upright and ample; her nose was straight and small; her lips, the lips of a European; her whole face of the highest and richest type of a Spanish beauty; a collar of gold mingled with green beads hung round her neck, and golden bracelets were on her wrists. All the strange and dim legends of white Indians, and of nations of a higher race than Carib, or Arrowake, or Solimo, which Amyas had ever heard, rose up in his memory. She must be the daughter of some great cacique, perhaps of the lost Incas themselves—why not? And full of simple wonder he gazed upon that fairy vision, while she, unabashed in her free innocence, gazed fearlessly in return, as Eve might have done in Paradise, upon the mighty stature, and the strange garments and, above all, on the bushy beard and flowing yellow locks of the Englishman.

He spoke first, in some Indian tongue, gently and smilingly, and made a half-step forward; but quick as light she caught up from the ground a bow, and held it fiercely toward him, fitted with the long arrow, with which, as he could see, she had been striking fish, for a line of twisted grass hung from its barbed head. Amyas stopped, laid down his own bow and sword, and made another step in advance, smiling still, and making all Indian signs of amity: but the arrow was still pointed straight at his breast, and he knew the mettle and strength of the forest-nymphs well enough to stand still and call for the Indian boy; too proud to retreat, but in the uncomfortable expectation of feeling every moment the shaft quivering between his ribs.

The boy, who had been peering from above, leaped down to them in a moment, and began, as the safest method, grovelling on his nose upon the pebbles, while he tried two or three dialects, one of which at last she seemed to understand, and answered in a tone of evident suspicion and anger.

"What does she say?"

"That you are a Spaniard and a robber, because you have a beard."

"Tell her that we are no Spaniards, but that we hate them; and are come across the great waters to help the Indians to kill them."

The boy translated his speech. The nymph answered by a contemptuous shake of the head.

"Tell her, that if she will send her tribe to us, we will do them no harm. We are going over the mountains to fight the Spaniards, and we want them to show us the way."

The boy had no sooner spoken, than, nimble as a deer, the nymph had sprung up the rocks, and darted between the palm stems to her canoe. Suddenly she caught sight of the English boat, and stopped with a cry of fear and rage.

"Let her pass!" shouted Amyas, who had followed her close. "Push your boat off, and let her pass. Boy, tell her to go on, they will not come near her."

But she hesitated still, and with arrow drawn to the head, faced first on the boat's crew and then on Amyas, till the Englishman had shoved off full twenty yards. . . .

A full hour passed before they saw anything more of their Indian neighbours; and then from under the bushes shot out a canoe, on which all eyes were fixed in expectation.

Amyas, who expected to find there some remnant of a higher race, was disappointed enough at seeing on board only the usual half-dozen of low-browed, dirty Orsons, painted red with arnotto; but a gray-headed elder at the stern seemed, by his feathers and gold ornaments, to be some man of note in the little woodland community.

The canoe came close up to the island; Amyas saw that they were unarmed, and,

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THE DUEL BETWEEN CARY, ONE OF THE BRET OF THE ROSE, AND DON GUZMAN.

laying down his weapons, advanced alone to the bank, making all signs of amity. They were returned with interest by the old man, and Amyas's next care was to bring forward the fish which the fair nymph had left behind, and, through the medium of the Indian lad, to give the cacique (for so he seemed to be) to understand that he wished to render everyone his own. This offer was received, as Amyas expected, with great applause, and the canoe came alongside; but the crew still seemed afraid to land. Amyas bade his men throw the fish one by one into the boat; and then proclaimed by the boy's mouth, as was his custom with all Indians, that he and his were enemies of the Spaniards, and on their way to make war against them—and that all which they desired was a peaceable and safe passage through the dominions of the mighty potentate and renowned warrior whom they beheld before them; for Amyas argued rightly enough, that even if the old fellow aft was not the cacique, he would be none the less pleased, at being mistaken for him.

Whereon the ancient worthy, rising in the canoe, pointed to heaven, earth, and the things under, and commenced a long sermon, in tone, manner, and articulation, very like one of those which the great black-bearded apes were in the habit of preaching every evening when they could get together a congregation of little monkeys to listen, to the great scandal of Jack, who would have it that some evil spirit set them on to mimic him; which sermon, being partly interpreted by the Indian lad, seemed to signify, that the valour and justice of the white men had already reached the ears of the speaker, and that he was sent to welcome them into those regions by the Daughter of the Sun.

"The Daughter of the Sun!" quoth

Amyas; "then we have found the lost Incas after all."

"We have found something," said Cary; "I only hope it may not be a mare's nest, like many another of our finding."

"Or an adder's," said Yeo. "We must beware of treachery."

"We must beware of no such thing," said Amyas, pretty sharply. "Have I not told you fifty times, that if they see that we trust them, they will trust us, and if they see that we suspect them, they will suspect us? And when two parties are watching to see who strikes the first blow, they are sure to come to fisticuffs from mere dirty fear of each other."

Amyas spoke truth; for almost every atrocity against savages which had been committed by the Spaniards, and which was in later and worse times committed by the English, was wont to be excused in that same base fear of treachery. Amyas's plan, like that of Drake, and Cook, and all great English voyagers, had been all along to inspire at once awe and confidence, by a frank and fearless carriage, and he was not disappointed here. He bade the men step boldly into their canoes, and follow the old Indian whither he would. The simple children of the forest bowed themselves reverently before the mighty strangers, and then led them smilingly across the stream, and through a narrow passage in the covert, to a hidden lagoon, on the banks of which stood, not Manoa, but a tiny Indian village.

Here they are met by a Piache, a kind of devil-priest, dressed in a jaguar-skin, with tail, teeth and a pair of horns, a plume of black and yellow feathers and a huge rattle. Foaming at the mouth, rolling his eyes as if in strong convulsions, he leads them to the door of a closed hut.

And from the interior of the hut rose a low, sweet song, at which all the simple Indians bowed their heads in reverence; and the English were hushed in astonishment; for the voice was not shrill or guttural, like that of an Indian, but round, clear and rich, like a European's; and as it swelled and rose louder and louder, showed a compass and power which would have been extraordinary anywhere (and many a man of the party, as was usual in musical old England, was a good judge enough of such a matter, and could hold his part right well in glee, and catch, and roundelay, and psalm). And as it leaped, and ran, and sank again, and rose once more to fall once more, all but inarticulate, yet perfect in melody, like the voice of bird on bough, the wild wanderers were rapt in new delight, and did not wonder at the Indians as they bowed their heads, and welcomed the notes as messengers from some higher world. A last one triumphant burst, so shrill that all ears rang again, and then dead silence. . . .

The door of the hut opened, and the Indians prostrated themselves to the earth, as there came forth the same fair apparition which they had encountered upon the island, but decked now in feather-robes, and plumes of every imaginable hue.

Slowly and stately, as one accustomed to command, she walked up to Amyas, glancing proudly round on her prostrate adorers, and pointing with graceful arms to the trees, the gardens, and the huts, gave him to understand by signs (so expressive were her looks, that no words were needed) that all was at his service; after which, taking his hand, she lifted it gently to her forehead.

At that sign of submission a shout of rapture rose from the crowd; and as the mysterious maiden retired again to her hut, they pressed round the English, caressing and admiring, pointing with equal surprise to their swords, to their Indian bows and blow-guns, and to the trophies of wild beasts with which they were clothed; while women hastened off to bring fruit and flowers, and cassava and (to Amyas's great anxiety) calabashes of intoxicating drink; and, to make a long story short, the English sat down beneath the trees, and feasted merrily, while the drums and trumpets made hideous music, and lithe young girls and lads danced uncouth dances, which so scandalised both Brimble-

combe and Yeo that they persuaded Amyas to beat an early retreat. He was willing enough to get back to the island while the men were still sober; so there were many leave-takings and promises of return on the morrow, and the party paddled back to their island-fortress, racking their wits as to who or what the mysterious maid could be.

They visited the village again next day; and every day for a week or more: but the maiden appeared but rarely, and when she did, kept her distance as haughtily as a queen.

Amyas, of course, as soon as he could converse somewhat better with his new friends, was not long before he questioned the Cacique about her. But the old man made an owl's face at her name, and intimated, by mysterious shakes of the head, that she was a very strange personage, and the less said about her the better. She was "a child of the Sun," and that was enough.

"Tell him, boy," quoth Cary, "that we are the children of the Sun by his first wife; and have orders from him to inquire into how the Indians have behaved to our step-sister, for he cannot see all their tricks down here, the trees are so thick. So let him tell us, or all the cassava plants shall be blighted."

"Will, Will, don't play with lying!" said Amyas, but the threat was enough for the Cacique, and taking them in his canoe a full mile down the stream, as if in fear that the wonderful maiden should overhear him, he told them, in a sort of rhythmic chant, how, many moons ago (he could not tell how many), his tribe was a mighty nation, and dwelt in Papamene, till the Spaniards drove them forth. And now, as they wandered northward, far away upon the mountain spurs beneath the flaming cone of Cotopaxi, they had found this fair creature wandering in the forest, about the bigness of a seven years' child. Wondering at her white skin and her delicate beauty, the simple Indians worshipped her as a god, and led her home with them. And when they found that she was human like themselves, their wonder scarcely lessened. How could so tender a being have sustained life in those forests, and escaped the jaguar and the snake? She must be under some Divine protection; she must be a daughter of the Sun, one of that mighty Inca race, the news of whose fall had reached even those lonely wildernesses; who had, many of them, haunted for years as exiles the eastern slopes of the Andes, about the Ucalayi and the Maranon; who would, as all Indians knew, rise again some day to power, when bearded white men should come across the seas to restore them to their ancient throne.

So, as the girl grew up among them, she was tended with royal honours, by command of the conjurer of the tribe that so her forefather the Sun might be propitious to them, and the Incas might show favour to the poor ruined Omaguas, in the day of their coming glory. As she grew, she had become, it seemed, somewhat of a prophetess among them, as well as an object of fetish-worship; for she was more prudent in council, valiant in war, and cunning in the chase, than all the elders of the tribe; and those strange and sweet songs of hers, which had so surprised the white men, were full of mysterious wisdom about the birds, and the animals, and the flowers, and the rivers, which the Sun and the Good Spirit taught her from above. So she had lived among them, unmarried still, not only because she despised the addresses of all Indian youths, but because the conjurer had declared it to be profane in them to mingle with the race of the sun, and had assigned her a cabin near his own, where she was served in state, and gave some sort of oracular responses, as they had seen, to the questions which he put to her.

Amyas had no wish to stay where he was, longer than was absolutely necessary to bring up the sick men from the Orinoco; but this, he well knew, would be a journey probably of some months, and attended with much danger.

Cary volunteered at once, however, to undertake the adventure, if half a dozen men would join him, and the Indians

would send a few young men to help in working the canoe; but this latter item was not an easy one to obtain; for the tribe with whom they now were, stood in some fear of the fierce and brutal Guahibas, through whose country they must pass; and every Indian tribe, as Amyas knew well enough, looks on each tribe of different language to itself as natural enemies, hateful, and made only to be destroyed wherever met. This strange fact, too, Amyas and his party attributed to delusion of the devil, the divider and the accuser; and I am of opinion that they were perfectly right: only let Amyas take care that while he is discovering the devil in the Indians, he does not give place to him in himself, and that in more ways than one. But of that more hereafter.

Whether, however, it was pride or shyness which kept the maiden aloof, she conquered it after awhile; perhaps through mere woman's curiosity; and perhaps, too, from mere longing for amusement in a place so unspeakably stupid as the forest. She gave the English to understand, however, that though they all might be very important personages, none of them was to be her companion but Amyas. And ere a month was past, she was often hunting with him far and wide in the neighbouring forest, with a train of chosen nymphs, whom she had persuaded to follow her example and spurn the dusky suitors around. . . .

So a harmless friendship sprang up between Amyas and the girl, which soon turned to good account. For she no sooner heard that he needed a crew of Indians, than she consulted the Piache, assembled the tribe, and, having retired to her hut, commenced a song, which (unless the Piache lied) was a command to furnish young men for Cary's expedition, under penalty of the sovereign displeasure of an evil spirit with an unpronounceable name — an argument which succeeded on the spot, and the canoe departed on its perilous errand.

John Brimblecombe had great doubts whether a venture thus started by direct help and patronage of the fiend would succeed; and Amyas himself, disliking the humbug, told Ayacanora that it would be better to have told the tribe that it was a good deed, and pleasing to the Good Spirit.

But the Piache threatened to go off to another tribe, taking with him his enchanted trumpet, leaving their palms to wither and themselves to the Spirit of Evil.

Dire was the wailing, and dire the wrath, throughout the village. Jack's words were allowed to be good words; but what was the Gospel in comparison of the trumpet? The rascal saw his advantage, and began a fierce harangue against the heretic strangers. As he maddened, his hearers maddened; the savage nature, capricious as a child's, flashed out in wild suspicion. Women yelled, men scowled, and ran hastily to their huts for bows and blow-guns. The case was grown critical. There were not more than a dozen men with Amyas at the time, and they had only their swords while the Indian men might muster nearly a hundred. Amyas forbade his men either to draw or to retreat; but poisoned arrows were weapons before which the boldest might well quail; and more than one cheek grew pale which had seldom been pale before.

"It is God's quarrel, sirs all," said Jack Brimblecombe; "let Him defend the right."

As he spoke from Ayacanora's hut arose her magic song, and quivered aloft among the green heights of the forest.

The mob stood spellbound still growling fiercely but not daring to move. Another moment and she had rushed out like a very Diana into the centre of the ring, bow in hand, and arrow on the string.

The fallen "children of wrath" had found their match in her; for her beautiful face was convulsed with fury. Almost foaming in her passion, she burst forth with bitter revilings; she pointed with admiration to the English, and then with fiercest contempt to the Indians; and at last, with fierce gestures, seemed to cast off the very dust of her feet against them, and springing to Amyas's side,

placed herself in the forefront of the English battle.

The whole scene was so sudden, that Amyas had hardly discovered whether she came as friend or foe, before her bow was raised. He had just time to strike up her hand, when the arrow flew past the ear of the offending Piache, and stuck quivering in a tree.

"Let me kill the wretch!" said she, stamping with rage; but Amyas held her hand firmly.

"Fools!" cried she to the tribe, while tears of anger rolled down her cheeks. "Choose between me and your trumpet! I am a daughter of the Sun; I am white; I am companion for Englishmen! But you! your mothers were Guahibas, and ate mud; and your fathers — they were howling apes! Let them sing to you! I shall go to the white men, and never sing you to sleep any more; and when the little spirit misses my voice, he will come and tumble you out of your hammocks, and make you dream of ghosts every night till you grow as thin as blow-guns, and as stupid as aye-ayes

This terrible counter-threat, in spite of the slight bathos involved, had its effect; for it appealed to that dread of the sleep-world which is common to all savages: but the conjurer was ready to outbid the prophetess, and had begun a fresh oration, when Amyas turned the tide of war. Bursting into a huge laugh at the whole matter, he took the conjurer by his shoulders, sent him with one crafty kick half a dozen yards off upon his nose; and then, walking out of the ranks, shook hands round with all his Indian acquaintances.

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AMYAS TELLING HIS MOTHER OF THE COMING OF THE ARMADA.

Whereon, like grown-up babies, they all burst out laughing too, shook hands with all the English, and then with each other; being, after all, as glad as any bishops to prorogue the convocation,

* Two-toed sloths.

and let unpleasant questions stand over till the next session. The Piache relented, like a prudent man ; Ayacanora returned to her hut to sulk ; and Amyas to his island to long for Cary's return, for he felt himself on dangerous ground.

At last Will returned, safe and sound, and as merry as ever, not having lost a man (though he had a smart brush with the Guahibas). He brought back three of the wounded men, now pretty nigh cured ; the other two, who had lost a leg apiece, had refused to come. They had Indian wives ; more than they could eat ; and tobacco without end : and if it were not for the gnats (of which Cary said that there were more mosquitoes than there was air) they should be the happiest men alive. Amyas could hardly blame the poor fellows ; for the chance of their getting home through the forests with one leg each was very small, and, after all, they were making the best of a bad matter. And a very bad matter it seemed to him, to be left in a heathen land ; and a still worse matter, when he overheard some of the men talking about their comrades' lonely fate, as if, after all, they were not so much to be pitied. He said nothing about it then, for he made a rule never to take notice of any facts which he got at by eavesdropping, however unintentional ; but he longed that one of them would say as much to him, and he would give them " a piece of his mind." And a piece of his mind he had to give within the week ; for while he was on a hunting party, two of his men were missing, and were not heard of for some days ; at the end of which time the old Cacique came to tell him that he believed they had taken to the forest, each with an Indian wife.

Amyas was very wroth at the news. First, because it had never happened before : he could say with honest pride, as Raleigh did afterwards when he returned from his Guinea voyage, that no Indian woman had ever been the worse for any man of his. He had preached on this point month after month, and practised what he preached ; and now his pride was sorely hurt.

Moreover, he dreaded offence to the Indians themselves : but on this score the Cacique soon comforted him, telling him that the girls, as far as he could find, had gone off of their own free will ; intimating that he thought it somewhat an honour to the tribe that they had found favour in the eyes of the bearded men ; and moreover that late wars had so thinned the ranks of their men, that they were glad enough to find husbands for their maidens, and had been driven of late years to kill many of their female infants. This sad story, common perhaps to every American tribe, and one of the chief causes of their extermination, reassured Amyas somewhat : but he could not stomach either the loss of his men, or the breach of discipline ; and look for them he would. Did anyone know where they were ? If the tribe knew, they did not care to tell : but Ayacanora, the moment she found out his wishes, vanished into the forest, and returned in two days, saying she had found the fugitives ; but she would not show him where they were, unless he promised not to kill them. . . .

So forth Amyas went, with Ayacanora as a guide, some five miles upward along the forest slopes, till the girl whispered, " There they are " ; and Amyas, pushing himself gently through a thicket of bamboo, beheld a scene, which, in spite of his wrath, kept him silent, and perhaps softened, for a minute.

On the farther side of the little lawn, the stream leapt through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foaming into a clear rock-basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its farther side, the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which drooped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with reflection of their gorgeousness. At its more quiet outfall, it was half-hidden in huge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems ; but near the waterfall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream, and there, on palm-leaves strewed upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas

sought, and whom, now he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream.

For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth, or the deep toll of the bell-bird, came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plaintains bent beneath their load of fruit.

There, on the stream bank, lay the two renegades from civilised life. They had cast away their clothes, and painted themselves, like the Indians, with arnotto and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side; the other sat, his back against a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded languidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of the narcotic cocoa-juice, with half-shut dreamy eyes fixed on the everlasting sparkle of the waterfall—

"While beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Did pass into his face."

Somewhat apart crouched their two dusky brides, crowned with fragrant flowers, but working busily, like true women, for the lords whom they delighted to honour. One sat plaiting palm fibres into a basket; the other was boring the stem of a huge milk-tree, which rose like some mighty column on the right hand of the lawn, its broad canopy of leaves unseen through the dense underwood of laurel and bamboo, and betokened only by the rustle far aloft, and by the mellow shade in

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. John Long, Ltd., from their edition of "Westward Ho!" illustrated by Harold Copping.

After Amyas is blinded he asks to be led to a place among the rocks, facing the Shutter, where he can be left alone without fear of falling.

which it bathed the whole delicious scene.

Amyas stood silent for awhile, partly from noble shame at seeing two Christian men thus fallen of their own self-will; partly because—and he could not but confess that—a solemn calm brooded above that glorious place, to break through which seemed sacrilege even while he felt it duty. Such, he thought, was Paradise of old; such our first parents' bridal bower! Ah! if man had not fallen, he too might have dwelt for ever in such a home—with whom? He started, and shaking off the spell advanced sword in hand.

The women saw him, and springing to their feet, caught up their long pocunas, and leapt like deer each in front of her beloved. There they stood, the deadly tubes pressed to their lips, eying him like tigresses who protect their young, while every slender limb quivered, not with terror, but with rage.

Amyas paused, half in admiration, half in prudence; for one rash step was death. But rushing through the canes, Ayacanora sprang to the front, and shrieked to them in Indian. At the sight of the prophetess the women wavered, and Amyas, putting on as gentle a face as he could, stepped forward, assuring them in his best Indian that he would harm no one.

"Ebsworthy! Parracombe! Are you grown such savages already, that you have forgotten your Captain? Stand up, men, and salute!"

Ebsworthy sprang to his feet, obeyed mechanically, and then slipped behind his bride again, as if in shame. The dreamer turned his head languidly, raised his hand to his forehead, and then returned to his contemplation.

Amyas rested the point of his sword on the ground, and his hands upon the hilt, and looked sadly and solemnly upon the pair. Ebsworthy broke the silence, half reproachfully, half trying to bluster away the coming storm.

"Well, noble Captain, so you've hunted out us poor fellows; and want to drag us back again in a halter, I suppose?"

"I came to look for Christians, and I find heathens; for men, and I find swine. I shall leave the heathens to their wilderness, and the swine to their trough. Parracombe!"

"He's too happy to answer you, sir. And why not? What do you want of us? Our two years' vow is out, and we are free men now."

"Free to become like the beasts that perish? You are the Queen's servants still, and in her name I charge you—"

"Free to be happy," interrupted the man. "With the best of wives, the best of food, a warmer bed than a duke's, and a finer garden than an emperor's. As for clothes, why the plague should a man wear them when he don't need them? As for gold, what's the use of it where Heaven sends everything ready-made to your hands? Hearken, Captain Leigh. You've been a good captain to me, and I'll repay you with a bit of sound advice. Give up your gold-hunting, and toiling and moiling after honour and glory, and copy us. Take that fair maid behind you there to wife; pitch here with us; and see if you are not happier in one day than ever you were in all your life before."

"You are drunk, sirrah! William Parracombe! Will you speak to me, or shall I heave you into the stream to sober you?"

"Who calls William Parracombe?" answered a sleepy voice.

"I, fool! your Captain."

"I am not William Parracombe. He is dead long ago of hunger, and labour, and heavy sorrow, and will never see Bideford town any more. He is turned into an Indian now; and he is to sleep, sleep, sleep for a hundred years, till he gets his strength again, poor fellow—"

"Awake, then, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light! A christened Englishman, and living thus the life of a beast?"

"Christ shall give thee light!" answered the same unnatural, abstracted voice. "Yes; so the parsons say. And they say too, that He is the Lord of heaven and earth. I should have thought His light was as near us here as anywhere, and nearer too, by the look of the place. Look round!" said he, waving

a lazy hand, "and see the works of God, and the place of Paradise, whither poor, weary souls go home and rest, after their masters in the wicked world have used them up, with labour and sorrow, and made them wade knee-deep in blood—I'm tired of blood, and tired of gold. I'll march no more; I'll fight no more; I'll hunger no more after vanity and vexation of spirit. What shall I get by it? Maybe I shall leave my bones in the wilderness. I can but do that here. Maybe I shall get home with a few pezos, to die an old cripple in some stinking hovel, that a monkey would scorn to lodge in here. You may go on; it'll pay you. You may be a rich man, and a knight, and live in a fine house, and drink good wine, and go to Court, and torment your soul with trying to get more, when you've got too much already; plotting and planning to scramble upon your neighbour's shoulders as they all did. . . ."

"And will you live here, shut out from all Christian ordinances?"

"Christian ordinances! Adam and Eve had no parsons in Paradise. The Lord was their priest, and the Lord was their shepherd, and He'll be ours too. But go your ways, sir, and send up Sir John Brimblecombe, and let him marry us here Church fashion (though we have sworn troth to each other before God already) and let him give us the Holy Sacrament once and for all, and then read the funeral service over us, and go his ways, and count us for dead, sir—for dead we are to the wicked, worthless world we came out of three years ago. And when the Lord chooses to call us, the little birds will cover us with leaves, as they did the babes in the wood, and fresher flowers will grow out of our graves, sir, than out of yours in that bare Northam churchyard there beyond the weary, weary, weary sea."

His voice died away to a murmur, and his head sank on his breast.

Amyas stood spell-bound. The effect of the narcotic was all but miraculous in his eyes. The sustained eloquence, the novel richness of diction in one seemingly drowned in sensual sloth, were, in his eyes, the possession of some evil spirit. And yet he could not answer the Evil One. His English heart, full of the divine instinct of duty and public spirit told him that it must be a lie: but how to prove it a lie? And he stood for full ten minutes searching for an answer, which seemed to fly farther and farther off the more he sought for it.

His eye glanced upon Ayacanora. The two girls were whispering to her smilingly. He saw one of them glance a look towards him, and then say something, which raised a beautiful blush in the maiden's face. With a playful blow at the speaker she turned away. Amyas knew instinctively that they were giving her the same advice as Ebsworthy had given to him. Oh, how beautiful she was! Might not the renegades have some reason on their side after all?

He shuddered at the thought: but he could not shake it off. It glided in like some gaudy snake, and wreathed its coils round all his heart and brain. He drew back to the other side of the lawn, and thought and thought—

Should he ever get home? If he did, might he not get home a beggar? Beggar or rich, he would still have to face his mother, to go through that meeting, to tell that tale, perhaps, to hear those reproaches, the forecast of which had weighed on him like a dark thunder-cloud for two weary years; to wipe out which by some desperate deed of glory he had wandered the wilderness, and wandered in vain.

Could he not settle here? He need not be a savage. He and his might Christianise, civilise, teach equal law, mercy in war, chivalry to women; found a community which might be hereafter as strong a barrier against the encroachments of the Spaniard, as Manoa itself would have been. Who knew the wealth of the surrounding forests? Even if there were no gold, there were boundless vegetable treasures. What might he not export down the rivers? This might be the nucleus of a great commercial settlement—

And yet, was even that worth while? To settle here only to torment his soul with fresh schemes, fresh ambitions;

not to rest, but only to change one labour for another? Was not your dreamer right? Did they not all need rest? What, if they each sat down among the flowers beside an Indian bride? They might live like Christians, while they lived like the birds of heaven.

What a dead silence! He looked up and round; the birds had ceased to chirp; the parroquets were hiding behind the leaves; the monkeys were clustered motionless upon the highest twigs; only out of the far depths of the forest, the campanero gave its solemn toll once, twice, thrice, like a great death-knell rolling down from far cathedral towers. Was it an omen? He looked up hastily at Ayacanora. She was watching him earnestly. Heavens! was she waiting for his decision? Both dropped their eyes. The decision was not to come from them.

A rustle! a roar! a shriek! and Amyas lifted his eyes in time to see a huge, dark bar shoot from the crag above the dreamer's head, among the group of girls.

A dull crash, as the group flew asunder; and in the midst, upon the ground, the tawny limbs of one were writhing beneath the fangs of a black jaguar, the rarest and most terrible of the forest kings. Of one? But of which? Was it Ayacanora? And sword in hand Amyas rushed madly forward: before he reached the spot those tortured limbs were still.

It was not Ayacanora; for with a shriek which rang through the woods, the wretched dreamer, wakened thus at last, sprang up and felt for his sword. Fool! he had left it in his hammock! Screaming the name of his dead bride, he rushed on the jaguar, as it crouched above its prey, and seizing its head with teeth and nails, worried it, in the ferocity of his madness, like a mastiff dog.

The brute wrenched its head from his grasp, and raised its dreadful paw. Another moment, and the husband's corpse would have lain by the wife's.

But high in the air gleamed Amyas's blade; down, with all the weight of his huge body and strong arm, fell that most trusty steel; the head of the jaguar dropped grinning on its victim's corpse—

> "And all stood still, who saw him fall,
> While men might count a score."

"O Lord Jesus," said Amyas to himself, "Thou hast answered the devil for me! And this is the selfish rest for which I would have bartered the rest which comes by working where Thou has put me!"

In due course the party sailed for home, and Ayacanora with them. Amyas learned that his brother Frank, whom he had left for dead at La Guayra, had been taken prisoner, had recovered and, together with Rose Salterne, had been burnt alive as heretics by the Spanish Inquisition. Amyas swore a solemn oath before his men that as long as he had eyes to see and hands to kill Spaniards he would not rest from vengeance on that accursed race. Then came the great Armada. He learnt that Don Guzman was present, on his galleon, the "Santa Catherina." In his ship "Vengeance" he pursued the Don. The galleon struck the rocks on Lundy Island, and went down with all on board. Amyas, mad with fury at the loss of his revenge, hurled a curse at heaven—and the same instant was struck blind by lightning.

His sight had gone for ever. But Ayacanora who became his wife, became also his ministering angel. And the story closes with these deep and quiet, and yet most stirring words:—

From that hour Ayacanora's power of song returned to her; and day by day, year after year, her voice rose up within that happy home, and soared, as on a skylark's wings, into the highest heaven, bearing with it the peaceful thoughts of the blind giant back to the paradises of the west, in the wake of the heroes who from that time forth sailed out to colonise another and a vaster England to the Heaven-prospered cry of Westward Ho!

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

ARNOLD BENNETT

[By permission of the Author.]

Photo: Central News.

THE DEATH OF CARVE'S VALET.

Carve, a great painter, allows it to be believed that it was he himself who had died; he then impersonates the valet.

THIS is Mr. Arnold Bennett's most amusing play. It contains two leading characters, both intensely human and alive, Ilam Carve and Janet Cannot. Carve is a painter and a man of genius, but so nervous and retiring that he finds his fame a burden and flies from the world's eye to hide himself in Spain. In fact, he lives so long abroad that when he returns in secret to his house in London, there is no one to remember him.

On the very night of his return he is in the house alone, except for Albert Shawn, his valet, who is taken with a sudden illness. Carve rushes in his shirt-sleeves for the doctor, who, not unnaturally, mistakes him for the valet, and believes the sick man to be Ilam Carve. So, too, does Janet Cannot, a young widow, who has been corresponding with the valet with a view to marriage. Calling at the house to interview him she finds, as she conceives, the valet present, but the master lying at the point of death.

The patient dies. The will of Ilam Carve is found to leave two hundred thousand pounds to charities. He is regarded as a public benefactor as well as a great artist — and under the name of Ilam Carve the body of Albert Shawn, the valet,

receives a splendid burial in Westminster Abbey.

For Carve has seized occasion by the forelock; he has resolved that he will be *the valet for whom everyone mistakes him. As Albert Shawn, he marries Janet, and so the reader finds him, in the Act which follows, leading a happy and secluded life in her little house at Putney.*

ACT III.

Parlour in Janet's house in Putney. A perfectly ordinary suburban interior of a small house; but comfortable.

Time — Morning in early autumn. Rather more than two years have elapsed.

Discovered Carve reading newspaper at breakfast-table. Janet in an apron is hovering busily near him.

Janet (*putting cigarettes and matches down beside Carve*). Want anything else, dear? (*No answer from Carve.*) Because I must set about my morning's work. (*Carve continues to read.*) Albert, are you sure you don't want anything else?

[*As he still gives her no sign of attention, she snatches the paper away from him, and throws it on the floor.*]

Carve (*not having moved his eyes*). The pattern of this jug is really not so bad . . . Yes, my soul?

Janet. I've asked you I don't know how many times whether you want anything else, because I must set about my morning's work.

Carve. Is there any more coffee?

Janet. Yes, plenty.

Carve. Hot?

Janet. Yes.

Carve. Then I don't want any. Got any bacon?

Janet. No, but I can cook a slice in a minute.

Carve (*with an affectation of martyrdom*). Doesn't matter.

Janet. Oh yes, I will. (*Moving away.*)

Carve (*drawing her to him by her apron*). Can't you see he's teasing you?

Janet. She's got no time in the morning for being teased.

[*She takes a cigarette, lights it and immediately puts it in his mouth.*]

Carve. And now you're going to leave me?

Janet. Sure you're all right? (*He nods.*) Quite sure you're happy?

Carve. Jane ---

Janet. I wish you wouldn't call me Jane.

Carve. But I will call you Jane. Jane, why do you ask me if I'm sure I'm happy? When a man has first-class food and first-class love, together with a genuine French bed, really waterproof boots, a constant supply of hot water in the bathroom, enough money to buy cigarettes and sixpenny editions, the freedom to do what he likes all day and every day - and - let me see, what else - a complete absence of domestic servants - - then either that man is happy or he is a silly cuckoo!

Janet. You aren't getting tired -

Carve. My sweet child, what's the matter with you?

Janet. Nothing, nothing. Only today's the second anniversary of our wedding - and you've - you've said nothing about it.

Carve (*after a shocked pause.*) And I forgot it last year, didn't I? I shall be forgetting my dinner next.

Janet. Oh no, you won't!

Carve. And yet all last week I was thinking about this most important day, and telling myself I must remember it.

Janet. Very easy to say that. But how can you prove it?

Carve. Well, it does just happen that the proof is behind the sideboard.

Janet. A present?

Carve. A present. It was all ready and waiting five days ago.

Janet (*drawing a framed picture from behind the sideboard, and trying to hide her disappointment, but not quite succeeding*). Oh! A picture! Who is it? (*Examines it with her nose close to it.*)

Carve. No, no. You can't take a picture like snuff! Get away from it. (*He jumps up, snatches the picture from her, and exposes it on a chair at the other side of the room.*) Now! (*He sits down again.*)

Janet. Yes, it doesn't look quite so queer like that. Those are my cooking sleeves, and that seems a bit like my kitchen—that's my best copper pan! Is the young woman meant to be me?

After the painting by William Nicholson.

THE MASTERPIECE.

Carve. Well, not to beat about the bush, yes.

Janet. I don't consider it very flattering.

Carve. How many times have you told me you hate flattery?

Janet (*running to him*). Now he's hurt. Oh! he's hurt. (*Kissing him.*) It's a beautiful picture, and the frame's lovely! And she's so glad he didn't forget.

Carve. It is pretty good. In fact it's devilish good. It's one of the best things I ever did in my life. Old Carve would have got eight hundred for that like a shot.

Janet (*sceptically*). Would he? It's wonderful how wonderful people are when they're dead.

Carve. And now will she let him finish reading his paper?

Janet (*handing him the paper, then putting her head close to his and looking at the paper*). What was it he was reading that made him so deaf he couldn't hear his wife when she spoke to him?

Carve. This.

Janet (*reading*). "Ilam Carve's princely bequest. The International Gallery of Art. Foundation stone laying.

Eloquent speech by Lord Rosebery." Oh! So they've begun it at last?

Carve. Yes, they've begun it at last.

Janet. Well, if you ask me, I should have thought he could have found something better to do with his money.

Carve. As for example?

Janet. Well, I should have thought there were more than enough picture galleries as it is. Who wants 'em? Even when they're free, people won't go into them unless it's a wet day. I've never been in a free picture gallery yet that wasn't as empty as a church. Stands to reason! It isn't even a cinematograph. When I see rows of people in Trafalgar Square waiting to get into the National Gallery, then I shall begin to think it's about time we had some more galleries. If I'd been Ham Carve—

Carve. Well, what could you have done, witch?

Janet. I should have left a bit more to you, for one thing.

Carve. I don't want more. If he'd left me eight hundred a year instead of eighty, I shouldn't be any happier. That's just what I've learnt since I took lodgings in your delightful wigwam, Jane—money and fame have no connection whatever with happiness.

Janet. Money has, when you haven't got enough.

Carve. But I have. You won't hear of me paying more than half the household expenses, and you say they're never more than thirty shillings a week. Half thirty—fifteen. Look at the balance it leaves me.

Janet. And supposing I had to ask you to pay more?

Carve (*in a serious sympathetic tone, startled*). Anything wrong?

Janet. Well there's nothing *wrong*, as it were—yet——

Carve. Jane, I do believe you've been hiding something from me.

Janet (*with difficulty pulls a letter from her pocket*). No——

Carve. I've felt it for several days.

Janet. You just haven't then. Because I only got it this morning. Here, you may as well read it. (*Handing him the letter.*) It's about the brewery.

Carve (*reading*). "Mrs. Albert Shawn. Sir or Madam."—Why are shareholders never supposed to have any particular sex?—"Sir or Madam. Cohoon's Brewery, Ltd.,—I am directed by the shareholders' provisional committee of investigation to request your attendance at an informal meeting of shareholders to be held in room 2009 Winchester House on Friday the 20th inst. at noon. If you cannot be present, will you kindly write stating whether or not you will be prepared to support the committee of investigation at the annual meeting. In view of the probability that the directors' report will be unfavourable, and the ordinary dividend either passed or much reduced, the committee wishes to be thoroughly prepared and armed. Believe me, Sir or Madam." Oh! So that's it, is it?

Janet. Yes. My father said to me before he died, "Keep the money in beer, Janet"; he said, "Beer'll never fail in this country." And there you are!

[*She goes to fireplace, opens coal scuttle, takes out a piece of paper ready placed within, and sticks it on the handle so as to keep her hands from being soiled as she replenishes the fire.*]

Carve (*lightly*). Oh, well! We must wait and see what happens.

Janet. Supposing the dividend doesn't happen?

Carve. I never worry about money.

Janet. But we shall want to eat once or twice pretty nearly every day, I suppose?

Carve. Personally, I am quite satisfied with a plain but perfect table.

Janet. You needn't tell me what you are satisfied with. You're satisfied with the very best at one shilling and sixpence a pound.

Carve. I can place eighty pounds per annum at your absolute disposal. That alone will pay for over a thousand best cuts.

Janet. Yes, and what about your clothes, and my clothes, and the rates and taxes, and bus-fares, and holidays, and your cigarettes, and doctor, and errand boys' Christmas-boxes, and gas, and coal, and repairs? Repairs! A *hundred* and eighty is more like what we want.

Carve. And yet you have several times taken your Bible oath that my half-share of it all came to less than forty pounds.

Janet. Well—er—I was thinking of food. (*She begins to collect the breakfast things.*)

Carve. Jane, you have been a deceitful thing. But never mind. I will draw a veil over this sinful past. Let us assume that beer goes all to pieces, and that you never get another cent out of Cohoon's. Well, as you need a hundred and eighty a year, I will give you a hundred and eighty a year.

Janet. And where shall you get the extra hundred?

Carve. I shall earn it.

Janet. No, you don't. I won't have you taking any more situations.

Carve. I shall earn it here.

Janet. How?

Carve. Painting!

Janet (*stopping her work and coming towards him, half-caressing and half-chiding*). I don't *mind* this painting business. Don't think I object to it in the least. There's a strong smell with it now and then, but it does keep you quiet in the attic while I'm cleaning the house, and that's something. And then going out making sketches you get exercise and fresh air. Being with Ilam Carve so long, I expect you picked up the habit as it were, and I'm sure I don't want you to drop it. I love to see you enjoying yourself. But you don't suppose people'll *buy* these things (*pointing vaguely to picture on chair*), do you? No; there's far too many amateur artists about for *that*!

Carve. If I wanted, I could take a cab and sell that in Bond Street inside sixty minutes at my own price. Only I don't want.

Janet. Now, just listen to me. You remember that picture you did of Putney Bridge with the saloon entrance of the Reindeer Public House showing in the corner? It was one of the first you did here.

Carve. Yes, I was looking for it the other day, and I couldn't find it.

Janet. I'm not surprised. Because it's sold.

Carve. Sold? (*Excited.*) What in the name of —

Janet (*soothing him*). Now—now! Do you remember you said Ilam Carve would have got £1000 for a thing just like that?

Carve. So he would. It was absolutely characteristic.

Janet. Well, I said to myself, "He seems mighty sure of himself. Supposing it's me that's wrong?" So one day I quietly took that picture round to Bostock's, the second-hand furniture man, you know,—he was a friend of father's,—and I asked him what he'd give me for it. He wouldn't take it at any price. Not at any price. Then I asked him if he'd keep it in his shop and sell it for me on commission. Well, it stuck in Bostock's shop—in his window and out of his window—for twelve months and more, and then one day the landlord of the Reindeer saw it and he bought it for six shillings, because his public-house was in it. He was half-drunk. Mr. Bostock charged me eighteenpence commission, and I bought you two neckties with the four and six, and I said nothing because I didn't want your feelings to be hurt. And that reminds me, last week but one they took the landlord of the Reindeer off to the lunatic asylum . . . So, you see!

Carve (*serious, preoccupied*). And where's the picture now?

Janet. I shouldn't be surprised if it's in the private bar of the Reindeer.

Carve. I must get hold of it.

Janet. Albert, you aren't vexed, are you?

Carve (*forcing himself to adopt a light tone*). How could I be vexed with two neckties to the good? But don't do it again, Jane. I shall go round to the Reindeer this morning and have a drink. If that picture ever found its way to a Bond Street expert's, the consequences might be awkward—devilish awkward. Because it's dated, you see.

Janet. No, I don't see. I shouldn't have said a word about it only I wanted to save you from being disappointed later on.

Carve (*in a new casual tone*). Just get me my cash-box, will you?

[*Janet at once produces the cash-box from a drawer.*]

Janet. And what now? I'm not broke yet, you great silly. (*Laughs, but is rather intimidated by Carve's air.*)

Carve (*having unlocked box and taken a bag from it*). You see that? (*He showers gold out of it.*) Well, count it!

Janet. Gracious! Ten—fifteen—eighteen—twenty?—two—four—twenty-six pounds. These your savings?

Carve. That's what I've earned with painting just at odd times.

Janet. Really? (*Carve nods.*) You could knock me down with a feather!

Carve. I'll tell you. You know the frame-maker's next to Salmon and Gluckstein's. I buy my colours and canvases and things there. They cost money. I owed the chap two pounds once, and one morning, in the shop, when I was opening my box to put some new tubes in, he saw one of my pictures all wet. He offered of his own accord to take it for what I owed him. I wouldn't let him have it. But I was rather hard up, so I said I'd do him another instead, and I did him one in a different style and not half as good, and of course he liked it even better. Since then, I've done him quite a few. It isn't that I've needed the money; but it's a margin, and colours and frames, etc., come to a dickens of a lot in a year.

Janet (*staggered*). And whatever does he do with them?

Carve. With the pictures? Don't know. I've never seen one in his window. I haven't been selling him any lately.

Janet. Why?

Carve. Oh, I didn't feel like it. And the things were getting too good. But, of course, I can start again any time.

Janet (*still staggered*). Two pounds a piece? (*Carve nods.*) Would he give you two pounds for that? (*Pointing to portrait.*)

Carve. You bet he would.

Janet. Why! Two pounds would keep us for the best part of a week. How long does it take you to do one?

[*Noise of motor car outside.*]

Carve. Oh, three or four hours. I work pretty quickly.

Janet. Well, it's like a fairy tale. Two pounds! I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels!

[*Violent ringing at front door bell.*]

Carve. There's one of your tradesmen.

Janet. It isn't. They know better than come to my front door. They know I won't have it.

[*Exit, throwing off apron.*]

[*Carve examines the portrait of his wife with evident pleasure.*]

Carve (*to himself*). That 'ud make 'em sit up in Bond Street. (*Laughs grimly.*)

[*Voices off. Re-enter Janet, followed by Ebag, carrying a picture.*]

Janet. Well, it never rains but it pours. Here's a gentleman in a motor car wants to know if you've got any pictures for sale. (*She calmly conceals her apron.*)

Ebag (*with diplomatic caution and much deference*). Good-morning.

Carve (*whose entire demeanour has suddenly changed into hostility*). Good-morning.

Ebag. I've been buying some very delightful little things of yours from a man that calls himself a picture-dealer and frame maker (*ironically*) in the High Street here. I persuaded him not without difficulty to give me your address. And I've ventured to call just to see if by chance you have anything for sale.

Carve. By chance I haven't!

Ebag. Nothing at all?

Carve. Not a square inch.

Ebag (*catching sight of Janet's portrait*). Pardon me. May I look?

Janet. Oh, do!

Ebag. A brilliant likeness.

Janet. Who of?

Ebag. Why, madam—yourself? The attitude is extraordinarily expressive. And if I may say so (*glancing at Carve*) the placing of the high lights—those white sleevelets—what d'you call them?

Janet. Why! Those are my cooking-sleeves!

Ebag (*quietly*). Yes—well—it's genius—mere genius.

Janet (*looking at picture afresh*). It *is* rather pretty when you come to look at it.

Ebag. It is a masterpiece, madam.

(*To Carve.*) Then I may not make an offer for it?

Carve. No.

Janet. Excuse me, Albert. Why shouldn't the gentleman make an offer for it?

Ebag (*quickly seizing an opportunity*). If you cared to consider, say, five hundred pounds.

Janet. Five hundred p —

Ebag. I came down quite prepared to spend—and to pay cash. (*Fingers his pocket-book.*)

much sooner be done without the cooking sleeves. (*Entreatingly.*) Albert!

Carve (*shy, nervous, and tongue-tied*). Well!

Janet (*endearingly*). That's right! That's all right.

Ebag (*putting down notes*). If you will kindly count these— . . .

Janet (*taking the notes*). Nay, I'm too dizzy to count them. (*As if giving up any attempt to realize the situation.*) It fairly beats me! I never *did* understand this art business, and I never shall. . . .

Photo: Central News.

Ham Carve (Mr. Henry Ainley) explains to Dr. Pascoe (Mr. Claude King) the sufferings of a shy celebrity.

Janet (*sitting down*). And if it isn't a rude question—do you generally go about with five hundred pounds in your pocket, as it were?

Ebag (*raising his hands*). In my business, madam— . . .

Carve. It's not for sale. (*Turns it round.*)

Janet (*vivaciously*). Oh yes, it is. *Somebody* in this house must think about the future. (*Cajolingly.*) If this gentleman can show me five hundred pounds it's for sale. After all, it's my picture. And you can do me another one. I'd

(*To Ebag.*) Why are you so interested in my portrait? You've never seen me before.

Ebag. Madam, your portrait happens to be one of the very finest modern paintings I ever saw. (*To Carve.*) I have a picture here as to which I should like to ask your opinion. (*Exposing picture.*) I bought it ten years ago.

Carve (*after seeing picture*). Janet, would you mind leaving us a minute?

Janet (*triumphant with her money*). Not a bit.

[*Exit*, L.]

Ebag (*bowing to Janet. Then to Carve*). It's signed "Ilam Carve." Should you say it's a genuine Carve?

Carve (*more and more disturbed*). Yes.

Ebag. Where was it painted?

Carve. Why do you ask me?

Ebag (*quietly dramatic*). Because you painted it. (*Pause. He approaches Carve.*) Master——

Carve. What's that?

Ebag. Master!

[*Pause.*]

Carve (*impulsively*). Look here! I never could stick being called "master"! It worse even than "maitre." Have a cigarette? How did you find out who I was?

Ebag (*pointing to Janet's portrait*). Isn't that proof enough?

Carve. Yes, but you knew before you saw that.

Ebag (*after lighting cigarette*). I did. I knew from the very first picture I bought from our friend the "picture-dealer and frame-maker" in the early part of last year.

Carve. But I'd completely altered my style. I altered it on purpose.

Ebag (*shaking his head*). My dear sir, there was once a well-known man who stood six feet ten inches high. He shaved off his beard and dyed his hair, and invented a very ingenious costume, and went to a Fancy Dress Ball as Tom Thumb. Strange to say, his disguise was penetrated immediately.

Carve. Who are you?

Ebag. My name is Ebag—New Bond Street.

Carve. What! You're my old dealer!

Ebag. And I'm delighted at last to make your acquaintance, sir. It wasn't until I'd bought several of those small canvases from the Putney man that I began to inquire closely into their origin. As a general rule it's a mistake for a dealer to be too curious. But my curiosity got the better of me. And when I found out that the pictures were being produced week by week, fresh, then I knew I was on the edge of some mystery.

Carve (*awkwardly*). The fact is, perhaps, I ought to explain.

Ebag. Pardon me. I ask nothing. It isn't my affair. I felt certain, solely from the evidence of what I was buying, that the great painter who was supposed to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and whose somewhat premature funeral I attended, must be alive and painting vigorously. I wanted the assurance from your lips. I have it. The rest does not concern me—at any rate, for the moment.

Carve. I'll say this—you know a picture when you see it.

Ebag (*proudly*). I am an expert, nothing else.

Carve. All right! Well, I'll only ask you to persevere in your discretion. As you say, it isn't your affair. Thank goodness, I didn't put a date on any of these things. I won't sell any more. I'd take an oath never to paint again, only I know I should go and break it next week. I shall rely on this famous discretion of yours to say nothing—nothing whatever.

Ebag. I'm afraid it's too late.

Carve. How too late?

Ebag. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to state publicly that you are Ilam Carve, and that there must have been—er—some misapprehension, somewhere, over that funeral.

Carve (*aghast*). Publicly? Why?

Ebag. It's like this, I've been selling those pictures to Texel in New York. You remember, he's always been one of your principal collectors. He's getting old, and he's half-blind, but he still buys. Now, I rely on my judgment, and I guaranteed those pictures to be genuine Carves. Well, somebody over there must have had suspicions.

Carve. What does that matter? There isn't a date on any of them.

Ebag. Just so. But in one of those pictures there's most distinctly a taxi-cab. It isn't a private motor car. It's a taxi.

Carve. And if there is? No law against painting a taxi, I hope!

Ebag (*again quietly dramatic*). No. But at the date of your funeral there wasn't a single taxi on the streets of London.

Carve. The devil!

Ebag. Exactly. Texel is bringing an action against me for misrepresentation. I shall have to ask you to give evidence and say who you are.

Carve (*angrily*). But I won't give evidence! You've brought this on yourself. How much did you sell those little pictures for?

Ebag. Oh, an average of between four and five hundred.

Carve. And what did you pay for them? I ask you, what did you pay for them?

Ebag (*smoothly*). Four pounds a piece. The fact is—I did rather well out of them.

Carve. Damned Jew!

Ebag (*smoothly*). Damned—possibly. Jew—most decidedly. But in this particular instance I behaved just like a Christian. I paid a little less than I was asked, and sold for the highest I could get. I am perfectly innocent, and my reputation is at stake.

Carve. I don't care.

Ebag. But I do. It's the reputation of the greatest expert in Europe. And I shall have to insist on you going into the witness-box.

Carve (*horrified*). Me in the witness-box! Me cross-examined! No. That's always been my nightmare!

Ebag. Nevertheless— —

Carve. Please go. (*Commandingly.*) Please go.

[*Ebag, intimidated by Carve's demeanour, picks up his pictures to depart.*]

Ebag (*at door*). Your wife will perhaps be good enough to post me a receipt for that trifle. (*Very respectfully.*) Good-morning.

[*Exit*, R.]

[*Carve goes to door and opens it. Janet is standing behind it.*]

[*Enter Janet.*]

Carve. You've been listening?

Janet (*counting her banknotes*). Well, naturally! (*Puts notes in her purse.*)

Carve. Here's a perfect Hades of a mess.

Janet. And it all comes of this painting. Art as it's called. (*She finds her apron and puts it on.*)

Carve (*with an air of discovery*). Your faculty for keeping calm really is most singular.

Janet. Somebody has to keep calm.

[*Voice off*: "Butcher."]

Carve. Anybody would say you didn't care a cent whether I'm Ilam Carve or whether I'm somebody else.

Janet. What does it matter to me who you are so long as you're *you?* Men are so unpractical. You can be the Shah of Persia if you like—I don't mind.

Carve. But aren't you convinced now?

[*Voice off*. "Butcher."]

Janet (*with an enigmatic smile at Carve*). Coming! Coming!

[*Exit.*]

[*The stage is darkened to indicate the passage of several months.*]

SCENE 2.

Time.—Before daylight on a morning in February. Fire burning in grate. Also a speck of gas. Otherwise it is dark.

Carve is discovered reposing in an easy chair. Enter Janet with a candle.

Janet (*stiffly*). So *you've* not been to sleep either?

Carve (*stiffly*). Oh yes; had an excellent night in this chair.

Janet (*going to fire*). Now, you're only boasting. If you've had such an excellent night (*imitating him*), who's kept up such an excellent fire?

Carve (*lamely*). Well, of course I looked after it now and then. I didn't want to perish in my solitude.

Janet. Then why didn't you come to bed, great baby?

Carve (*sitting up with great solemnity*). Janet, we are a pair of great babies to have quarrelled like that,—especially at bedtime.

Janet (*simply*). Quarrelled?

Carve. Well, didn't we?

Janet. I didn't. I agreed with everything you said.

Carve. What did you agree with? I should like to know.

Janet. You said I didn't really believe after all that you are Ilam Carve, and I assured you in the most soothing manner that I did believe you are Ilam Carve.

Carve. And do you call that agreeing with me? I know perfectly well from your tone that in spite of all my explanations and reiterations during the last three months you *don't* believe I'm Ham Carve. You only say you do in order to soothe me. I hate being soothed. You're as convinced as ever that Ebag is a rascal, and that I've got a bee in my bonnet.

Janet. But what does it matter?

Carve (*cold and hard*). Well, I like that!

Janet (*weeping*). It's not my fault if I don't believe you're Ham Carve. I would if I could, but I can't! You're very cruel.

Carve (*jumping up and embracing her*). Hush, hush! There! (*Cajolingly.*) Who's being an infant now?

Janet. I don't pretend to understand this art.

Carve. I hope you never will. One of the chief charms of existence in your wigwam, my child, is that I never hear any confounded chatter about art. Now—are we pals?

Janet (*smiling reconciliation*). Darling, do turn the gas up.

Carve (*obeying, struck by her attire*). Why—what are you dressed like that for?

Janet. I was thinking of going away.

[*Exit,* L.]

[*She re-enters immediately with kettle and puts it on the fire.*]

Carve. Going away?

Janet (*smiling*). Now do listen, darling. Let's go away. We can't stop here. This Ebag case is getting more and more on your nerves, and on mine too. I'm sure that's what's the matter with us. What it'll be next week when the trial comes on, I don't know—upon my soul I don't. It's all very well for you to refuse to see callers and never go out. But I can tell you one thing—we shall have those newspaper people on the roof in a day or two, and looking down the chimney to see how I lay the fire. Lawyers are nothing to them. Do you know—no you don't, because I didn't want you to be upset—last night's milk was brought by a journalist—with a camera. They're beginning to bribe the tradesmen. I tremble to think what *will* be in this morning's papers.

Carve (*trying to make light of it*). Oh, nothing will upset me now. But you might let me know at once if the editor of the *Spectator* calls round with the bread.

Janet. And I'll tell you another thing. That Mr. Horning—you know the breathless man on the *Evening Courier* that came to the Grand Babylon—he's taken lodgings opposite—arrived last night.

Carve. Oh, for a machine gun—one simple little machine gun!

[*Exit Janet,* L.]

[*She immediately returns with a tray containing bread, etc., and a toasting fork.*]

Janet. So I thought if we just vanished—

Carve. It's too late. I've had the subpœna. If I hooked it, everybody would say I was an adventurer.

Janet. We could come back for the trial.

Carve. We should be followed.

Janet. Not if we start now.

Carve. Now?

Janet. Yes, *now!* The back door. Before it gets light.

Carve. Creep away in the dark! No! I'll go through with the thing.

Janet. Well, I shall travel alone, then. Here's my bunch of keys. I'll just explain to you where everything is. I daresay Mrs. Simpson will come in and clean up. She's not bad, as charwomen go.

Carve. Jane!

Janet. Well!

Carve. You're taking an unfair advantage of me.

Janet (*putting tea leaves in teapot.*) What if I am?

Carve. You're only a woman after all . . . And I'd thought so highly of you!

Janet (*sweetly*). Then you'll come. Better brush yourself up first.

Carve. What time is it?

Janet (*looking at clock*). Seven o'clock.

Carve. Where do you mean to drag me to?

Janet. Well, what about this Continent of yours that I've heard so much of?

Carve. There's a train from Victoria at 8.30.

Janet. Very well then. We'll have another breakfast at Victoria.

Carve. And the cab?

Janet. There isn't going to be any cab *nor* luggage rousing the whole street! (*Carve goes to window.*) For goodness' sake don't draw those curtains—with the gas flaring up!

Carve. Why not?

Janet (*conspiratorial*). Supposing there's some journalist on the watch outside!

Carve. I wanted to look at the weather.

Janet. Well, go to the front door, and mind you open it quietly.

[*Exit Carve*, R.]

[*Janet pours water on tea.*]

[*Exit*, L.]

[*Re-enter Carve quickly.*]

Carve. I say, here's a curate pushed himself in at the front door!

[*Re-enter Janet*, L.]

Janet. No, he's come in at the back.

Carve. But I tell you he's *here*!

[*Enter James Shawn*, L. *Then enter John Shawn*, R. *Pause.*]

James. Now let me entreat everybody to remain perfectly calm.

Janet. Oh, don't worry about that. Nothing startles us now. A few curates more or less. . . .

Carve (*sinking into chair*). I suppose this is the very newest journalism. Would you mind me asking a question?

Photo: Central News.

papers a demand for his burial in Westminster buried there, in the belief that he was Carve.

James. What is it?

[*Janet makes the tea.*]

Carve. Why did you wait till the door was opened? Seems a pity to stand on ceremony. Why not have broken a window or so and climbed right in?

James. John, is mother there?

John (*at door*, R). Mother, how often shall I have to ask you to keep close to me?

[*Enter Mrs. Shawn*, R.]

Mrs. S. I'm all of a tremble.

John (*firmly*). Come now, you mustn't give way. This is he (*pointing to Carve*). Do you recognise him as our father?

(*Janet, who is cutting a slice of bread, stops and looks from one to the other.*)

Mrs. S. (*to Carve*). Albert, don't you know me? To think that next Tuesday it'll be six and twenty years since you walked out o' the house casual like and—and—— (*Stops from emotion.*)

Carve. Go on. Go on . . . To think that I was once shy!

Janet (*to Mrs. Shawn*). Here, you'd better come and sit a bit nearer the fire. (*Very kindly.*) Come along now!

Mrs. S. (*obeying*). Thank you, m'm.

Janet (*to John*). And which of you boys was it that had the idea of keeping a middle-aged woman perishing on a doorstep before daylight in February?

John. How else could we ——

James (*interrupting him*). Excuse me, John.

John (*subsiding*). I beg your pardon, James.

James (*to Janet*). All questions should be addressed to me. My brother John is here solely to take charge of our mother. We have done our best, by careful forethought, to ensure that this painful interview shall be as brief and as dignified as possible.

Janet. And couldn't you think of anything cleverer than to give your poor mother her death of cold for a start?

James. How else could we have arranged it? I myself rang at your door for a quarter of an hour yesterday afternoon.

Janet. We never heard you.

James. Strange!

Janet. No, it isn't. We took the bell off three days ago.

James. I was told that it was impossible to effect an entrance in the ordinary way. Hence, we had to use craft. I argued that food must come into the house, and that it probably came in early.

Janet. Well, it's a good thing for you I happened to hear the cat mewing, or you might have had another couple of hours in my back yard. You're the eldest, I suppose.

James. We are twins.

Janet. Really!

Carve. As you say—really!

James. I am the older, but the difference between us is not considerable.

John. Now, mother, please don't cry.

Janet (*having poured out a cup of tea, holds it before Mrs. Shawn*). Sugar? (*Mrs. Shawn signifies an affirmative—Janet drops sugar into cup, which Mrs. Shawn takes.*) You'll drink it easier if you lift your veil.

James. Now, mother—you are sure you recognise this gentleman?

Mrs. S. (*not very positively*). Yes—yes. It's a rare long while . . .

James. He is your husband and our father?

Mrs. S. (*more positively*). Yes. And sorry I am to say it. (*Janet eyes her carefully.*)

James. I think that suffices. (*To Janet*). Madam, you are in a most unfortunate position. You supposed yourself to be a married woman, whereas you are nothing of the kind. I needn't say that as the victim of a heartless bigamist you have our deepest . . .

Janet (*handing him a slice of bread on toasting-fork*). Just toast this for your mother, will you, and mind the bars. I'll get another cup or two. (*Goes to sideboard and gets crockery.*)

Carve. And so these are my two sons! They show little emotion in beholding the author of their being for the first time. As for me, I hardly recognise them.

Mrs. S. And is it likely, seeing they were born six months after you deserted me, Albert?

Carve. I see. If it isn't indiscreet, am I a grandfather?

James (*toasting.*) No, sir.

Carve. I only wanted to know the worst. Silly joke about the fertility of curates—you've met with it, no doubt!

James. Your tone is simply lamentable, sir.

Janet (*to James.*) Mind! You can do the other side. Now, take care; the fire's very hot. (*In the same mild tone to Mrs. Shawn.*) Twenty-six years, you say?

Mrs. S. Yes. Albert was twenty-two then, weren't you, Albert?

Carve. Undoubtedly.

Janet. And how did you come to find us out at last?

Mrs. S. It was through an advertise-

ment put in the paper by that Mr. Texel —him that's in this law case—offering a reward for information about a Mr. Albert Shawn who'd been valet to that artist man that died.

Janet. Oh! So Mr. Texel has been advertising, has he? (*Giving a cup of tea to John Shawn.*)

Mrs. S. Yes, for anybody that knew Albert Shawn when he was young. "Albert Shawn," I says, "that's my husband's name." I'd been told he'd gone off in service with a painter or something of that kind. I married him as a valet.

Janet (*pouring out tea*). A valet?

Mrs. S. A valet, ma'am . . . And the struggle I've had to bring up my children. (*Whimpering.*)

James. Now, mother!

Janet (*stopping James*). That will do now! Give it me. (*Taking toast and fork.*) Here's some tea. Now don't pretend you've never seen a cup of tea before—you a curate!

[*James accepts tea.*]

Mrs. S. Yes, they *would* go into the church, both of them! I don't know how we've managed it, but managed it we have, surplices and all. And very happy they were, I'm sure. And now there's this dreadful scandal. Oh, Albert, you might at least have changed your name! I—I— – (*Partially breaks down.*)

John. Mother, I beg—— (*Mrs. Shawn breaks down entirely.*) Mother, I absolutely insist. You know you promised not to speak at all except in answer to questions.

James. I think, mother, you really might try——

John. Leave her to me! Now, mother!

(*Loud double knock off.*)

Janet (*to John Shawn.*) There's the post! Just go and bring me the letters in, will you? (*John hesitates.*) You'll find them scattered about the floor in the hall. Don't miss any.

[*Exit John Shawn,* R.]

[*Mrs. Shawn recovers.*]

James. And what do you propose to do, madam?

Janet (*who has been soothing Mrs. Shawn*). Me? What about?

James. About this—this bigamy.

Janet. Oh, nothing. What are you thinking of doing?

[*Re-enter John Shawn with post, which Carve takes and begins to read.*]

James. Well, I suppose you're aware that bigamy is a criminal offence?

Janet. There's a police-station in the Upper Richmond Road. Better call there. It'll be so nice for you two, when you're flourishing about in the pulpit, to think of your father in prison—won't it now?

James. We, of course, should not prosecute. If you are prepared to go on living with this gentleman as though nothing had happened——

Janet. Oh, I don't mind.

James. Well, then, I doubt if we should interfere. But Mr. Texel's lawyers are already in communication with the police.

Janet (*stiffly*). I see. (*An awkward pause during which everybody except Carve, who is reading his post, looks at everybody else.*) Well, then, I think that's about all, isn't it. (*A shorter pause.*) Good morning. (*She bows to the curates, and shakes hands with Mrs. Shawn.*) (*To Mrs. Shawn.*) Now do take care of yourself.

Mrs. S. (*weakly*). Thank you.

John. Good-morning. Mother, take my arm, please.

James. Good-morning.

Janet. Albert, they're going.

Carve (*looking up absently and only half rising, perfunctorily and quickly*). Good-morning. Good-morning. (*Sits down.*)

Janet (*to James Shawn, who is hovering near door L, uncertain of his way out*). *This* way, *this* time!

[*Exeunt the Shawns followed by Janet.*]

[*Carve rises and draws curtains of window apart.*]

[*Re-enter Janet.*]

Janet (*cheerfully*). Oh, it's quite light! (*Turns out gas.*)

Carve (*gazing at her*). Incomparable woman!

Janet. So it's true after all!

Carve. What?

Janet. All that rigmarole about you being Ilam Carve?

Carve. You're beginning to come round at last?

Janet. Well, I think they were quite honest people—those three. There's no doubt the poor creature once had a husband who *did* run off. And it seems fairly clear his name was Albert Shawn, and he went away as valet to an artist. But, then, on the other hand, if there is one thing certain in this world, it is that you were never married before you married me. That I *will* swear to.

Carve. And yet she identified me. She was positive.

Janet. Positive? That's just what she wasn't! And didn't you notice the queer way she looked at you as they went out? As much as to say, "I wonder now whether it *is* him after all?"

Carve. Then you really think she could be mistaken on such a point?

Janet. Pooh! After twenty-six years. Besides, all men of forty-seven look more or less alike. . . . And so I'm the wife of Ilam Carve that's supposed to be buried in Westminster Abbey and royalty went to his funeral! We'll have some tea ourselves. I say, why did you do it? (*Pours out tea.*)

Carve (*casually*). I don't know. It was to save worry to begin with, and then it went on by itself and somehow I couldn't stop it. . . I don't know!

Janet (*endearingly*). Well, I've always told you frankly you've got a bee in your bonnet. (*Drinking tea and turning over the post.*) More letters from these newspaper people! What's this lovely crest on this envelope?

Carve. It's from Lord Leonard Alcar. He says if we'll go up and see him tomorrow afternoon he'll be very much obliged indeed, and he may be able to be of assistance to us.

Janet (*deeply impressed*). Lord Leonard Al . . . Where's the letter? (*Searches for it hurriedly. As she reads it.*) Well I never! (*Reading*) "And Mrs. Shawn." I've got nothing to go in.

Carve. Oh, I shan't go!

Janet. Why not?

Carve. Well, what about this trip to the Continent?

Janet. Continent fiddlesticks. I've never been asked to go and see a Lord before . . .

Carve. Now listen, Jane. What earthly good can it do? I sha'nt go.

Janet. I shall. So there! Six Dukes in the family! I wouldn't miss it for anything.

Texel threatens Ebag with a lawsuit for selling him forged paintings as the work of Carve. The artist is informed that he will be summoned as a witness, a threat which shakes him to the centre. Under this pressure he admits that he is Carve and that the pictures are his handiwork. It is agreed to keep the fact a secret. And so, with that pearl of women, his sweet and simple, yet extremely clever little wife, he goes back to the homely ways of living which are dearest to his heart.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

OLIVE SCHREINER

[*By permission of Mr. S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner and Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.*]

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OLIVE SCHREINER.

From a passport photograph (enlarged and retouched by W. & D. Downey). Taken in London in August, 1920.

Olive Schreiner was born in 1855 *in a little mud-floored room of the mission house at Witteberg, in South Africa. She was the daughter of the Rev. Gottlob Schreiner, a missionary, in humble circumstances, among the natives of the Transvaal. In "The Story of an African Farm," Otto, the old German, is a wonderfully accurate portrait, it is said, of the author's father. Of Olive Schreiner, her husband has said, "She was a woman of genius, strange and incredible in her personality"; she had "extraordinary intensity" and possessed "a serious, direct, merciless intelligence"; there was "something awesomely elemental about her." Cecil Rhodes "was unable to account for the 'splendour' of 'An African Farm,' 'that creation of genius' with which he was 'enraptured,' pointing out that it had been written 'amid desert surroundings, with which alone, practically speaking, she had been surrounded.'" The novel in every way is a remarkable one, original, and powerfully written.*

Here is the opening chapter, "Shadows from Child Life."

THE full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk-bushes with their long finger-like leaves, all were touched by a weird and an almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain broken. Near the centre a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round iron-stones piled one upon another, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones, and on the very summit a clump of prickly-pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moon-light on their broad fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled "sheep kraals" and Kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling-house—a square red-brick build-ing with thatched roof. Even on its bare red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty, and quite

etherealised the low brick wall that ran before the house, and which enclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers. On the zinc roof of the great open waggon-house, on the roofs of the outbuildings that jutted from its side, the moonlight glinted with a quite peculiar brightness, till it seemed that every rib in the metal was of burnished silver.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farm-house, on her great wooden bedstead, Tant' Sannie, the Boer-woman, rolled heavily in her sleep.

She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes, and the night was warm and the room close, and she dreamed bad dreams. Not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich-camps, nor of her first, the young Boer; but only of the sheep's trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side, and snorted horribly. . . .

In one of the outbuildings that jutted from the waggon-house there was someone who was not asleep. The room was dark; door and shutter were closed; not a ray of light entered anywhere. The German overseer, to whom the room belonged, lay sleeping soundly on his bed in the corner, his great arms folded, and his bushy grey and black beard rising and falling on his breast. But one in the room was not asleep. Two large eyes looked about in the darkness, and two small hands were smoothing the patchwork quilt. The boy, who slept on a box under the window, had just awakened from his first sleep. He drew the quilt up to his chin, so that little peered above it but a great head of silky black curls and the two black eyes. He stared about in the darkness. Nothing was visible, not even the outline of one worm-eaten rafter, nor of the deal table, on which lay the Bible from which his father had read before they went to bed. No one could tell where the tool-box was, and where the fireplace. There was something very impressive to the child in the complete darkness.

At the head of his father's bed hung a great silver hunting watch. It ticked loudly. The boy listened to it, and began mechanically to count. Tick—tick—tick! one, two, three, four! He lost count presently, and only listened. Tick—tick—tick—tick!

It never waited; it went on inexorably; and every time it ticked *a man died!* He raised himself a little on his elbow and listened. He wished it would leave off.

How many times had it ticked since he came to lie down? A thousand times, a million times, perhaps.

He tried to count again, and sat up to listen better.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He heard it distinctly. Where were they going to, all those people?

He lay down quickly, and pulled the cover up over his head; but presently the silky curls reappeared.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He thought of the words his father had read that evening—"*For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.*"

"Many, many, many!" said the watch.

"*Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*"

"Few, few, few!" said the watch.

The boy lay with his eyes wide open. He saw before him a long stream of people, a great dark multitude, that moved in one direction; then they came to the dark edge of the world, and went over. He saw them passing on before him, and there was nothing that could stop them. He thought of how that stream had rolled on through all the long ages of the past—how the old Greeks and Romans had gone over; the countless millions of China and India, they were going over now. Since he had come to bed, how many had gone!

And the watch said, "Eternity, eternity, eternity!"

"Stop them! stop them!" cried the child.

And all the while the watch kept ticking on; just like God's will, that never changes or alters, you may do what you please.

Great beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead. He climbed out of bed and lay with his face turned to the mud floor.

"Oh, God, God! save them!" he cried in agony. "Only some; only a few! Only for each moment I am praying here, one!" He folded his little hands upon his head. "God! God! save them!"

He grovelled on the floor.

Oh, the long, long ages of the past, in which they had gone over! Oh, the long, long future, in which they would pass away! Oh, God! the long, long eternity, which has no end!

The child wept, and crept closer to the ground.

* * *

The boy was Waldo, the son of the beloved, simple-minded Otto, a German farm overseer. The boy's work was to herd the ewes and lambs, away beyond the "Kopje." He was awesomely troubled in his mind, for the primitive religious beliefs in which he was instructed appalled the lonely, ignorant boy, whose keen, hungry mind was unsatisfied. Life becomes even harder for the lad when a stranger, Bonaparte Blenkins, comes to displace his father, and the beloved, simple, childlike Otto dies.

The novel has vivid, graphic pictures of South African colonial life; Boers, Kaffirs, Dutchmen, a sheep and ostrich farm, and unfamiliar scenes and surroundings which are the background of the moving drama, the chief characters in which are Waldo and Lyndall, whose enquiring minds and imaginative ambition lead them through troublous waters. Em, the step-daughter of Sannie, the Boer-woman, was quite a different type; she was unlettered and primitive, a daughter of the "veld." Lyndall was her little orphan cousin, the daughter of an Englishman who had married a Boer woman.

The first book tells the story of the childhood of these three on the lonely African farm, and the coming of Bonaparte Blenkins, the roving scoundrel who was installed as schoolmaster in Tant' Sannie's household.

By and by Lyndall goes to a boarding-school in the South, where she remains four years, leaving Waldo to wrestle with his child problems on the lonely, far-off farm, till a stranger arrives, giving him new ideas, new hopes and ambitions.

Although still very young, Lyndall is full of ideals and theories; she is of a metaphysical and analytical turn of mind. When she returns from the outer world she has learned much, and is far in advance of Waldo, whom she meets carrying a bag of mealies slung over his shoulder, to feed the ostriches. They walked on over the dewy ground. "Have you learnt much?" he asked her simply, remembering how she had once said, "When I come back again I shall know everything that a human being can." In some way she was still the little Lyndall who had worn the check pinafores, although she was more like a princess, and she wore a ring on her forefinger with a

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OLIVE SCHREINER'S FATHER, NOT LONG BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1876.

diamond cross let into gold, with the initials "R. R." below it. She was the same wistful, quivering, metaphysical Lyndall, her mind now stored with knowledge, still questioning and unsatisfied. Her talk revealed to Waldo a world of passion and feeling wholly new to him. "When I was a baby, I fancy my parents left me out in the cold in the frost one night, and I got nipped internally—it feels so!" She confided to Waldo, "The only thing about which I think or feel much is the position of women," and here is one of her cynical speeches to him.

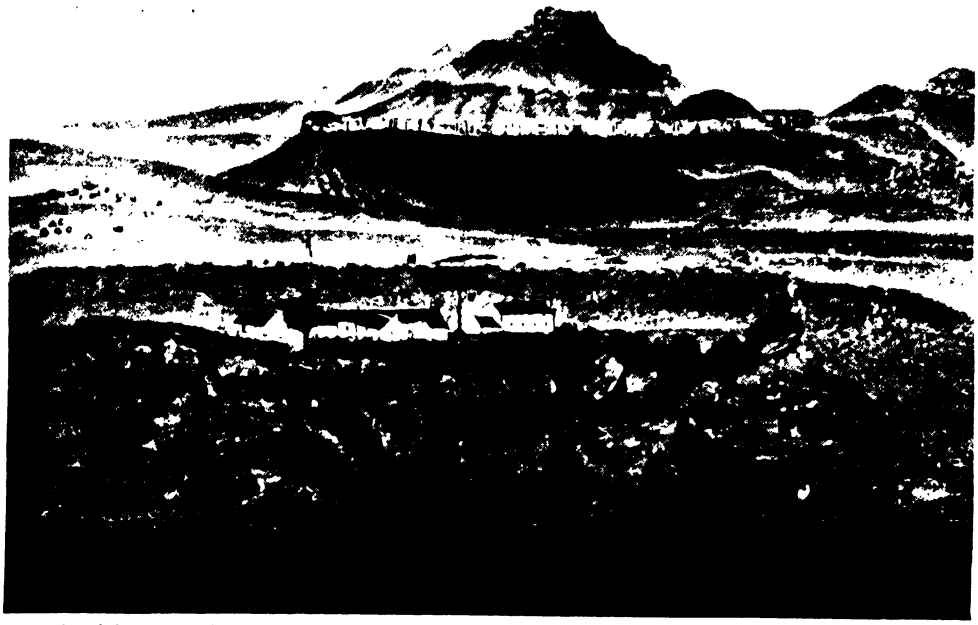
"Look at this little chin of mine, Waldo, with the dimple in it. It is but a small part of my person; but though I had a knowledge of all things under the sun, and the wisdom to use it, and the deep loving heart of an angel, it would not stead me through life like this little chin. I can win money with it, I can win love; I can win power with it, I can win fame. What would knowledge help me? The less a woman has in her head the lighter she is for climbing. I once heard an old man say, that he never saw intellect help a woman so much as a pretty ankle; and it was the truth. They begin to shape us to our cursed end," she said, with her lips drawn in to look as though they smiled, "when we are tiny things in shoes and socks. We sit with our little feet drawn up under us in the window, and look out at the boys in their happy play. We want to go. Then a loving hand is laid on us: 'Little one, you cannot go,' they say; 'your little face will burn, and your nice white dress be spoiled.' We feel it must be for our good, it is so lovingly said; but we cannot understand; and we kneel still with one little cheek wistfully pressed against the pane. Afterwards we go and thread blue beads, and make a string for our neck; and we go and stand before the glass. We see the complexion we were not to spoil, and the white frock, and we look into our own great eyes. Then the curse begins to act on us. It finishes its work when we are grown women, who no more look out wistfully at a more healthy life; we are contented. We fit our sphere as a Chinese woman's foot fits her shoe, exactly, as though God had made both—and yet he knows nothing of either. In some of us the shaping to our end has been quite completed. The parts we are not to use have been quite atrophied, and have even dropped off; but in others, and we are not less to be pitied, they have been weakened and left. We wear the bandages, but our limbs have not grown to them; we know that we are compressed, and chafe against them.

"But what does it help? A little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work, a little passionate striving for room for the exercise of our powers, and then we go with the drove. A woman must march with her regiment. In the end she must be trodden down or go with it; and if she is wise she goes."

* * *

Meanwhile there had come to the farm Gregory Rose, a somewhat foolish man, who had fled from sorrows in England, and had hired half the farm from the old Dutch-woman. He fell in love, or thought so, with the step-daughter Em, who scarcely understood him, or his wild protestations of love. They became betrothed in Lyndall's absence, but when the latter appears on the scene Gregory finds his affinity in her and not in Em. Almost on the eve of the wedding he offers marriage to Lyndall. She mocks the ridiculous sort of man. But he is amazed and over-joyed when, saying he would be utterly happy "just to be near and serve her," Lyndall answers, "You could serve me by giving me your name." Such a pact was made, and the clear proposal was that it was to be only a marriage in name. The knowledge that he was serving her was to be his sole reward.

Next, Waldo goes out into the world to taste life, and by and by a stranger, an Englishman, comes to the homestead, comes from the South, it would seem, in reply to a message from Lyndall, answering one from him, "Come, if you wish." It was another meeting renewed. He ridicules the idea of Lyndall's arrangement with Gregory, pleads passionately for himself, but fails to move her to marriage. "I cannot marry you," she said slowly, "because I cannot be tied; but if you wish, you may take me away with you."



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WITTEBERGEN NATIVE RESERVE MISSION STATION IN 1855.

From a sketch made on the spot by Mr. Oswald Brigg. Note the white krantz from which the mountain is named.

And so they disappeared in the night, and Lyndall is lost to Gregory, and to Waldo, who returns to find her gone.

Gregory determines to go in search of Lyndall; he is mad with despair. "I will find out where she went," he said to Em, "and then, and then! I will have her." How he succeeded the following chapter shows.

Slowly over the flat came a cart. On the back seat sat Gregory, his arms folded, his hat drawn over his eyes. A Kaffir boy sat on the front seat driving, and at his feet sat Doss, who, now and again, lifted his nose and eyes above the level of the splashboard, to look at the surrounding country; and then, with an exceedingly knowing wink of his left eye, turned to his companions, thereby intimating that he clearly perceived his whereabouts. No one noticed the cart coming. Waldo, who was at work at his carpenter's table in the waggon-house, saw nothing, till chancing to look down he perceived Doss standing before him, the legs trembling, the little nose wrinkled, and a series of short suffocating barks giving utterance to his joy at reunion.

Em, whose eyes had ached with looking out across the plain, was now at work in a back room, and knew nothing till, looking up, she saw Gregory, with his straw hat and blue eyes, standing in the doorway. He greeted her quietly, hung his hat up in its old place behind the door, and for any change in his manner or appearance he might have been gone only the day before to fetch letters from the town. Only his beard was gone, and his face was grown thinner. He took off his leather gaiters, said the afternoon was hot and the roads dusty, and asked for some tea. They talked of wool, and the cattle, and the sheep, and Em gave him the pile of letters that had come for him during the months of absence, but of the thing that lay at their hearts neither said anything. Then he went out

to look at the kraals, and at supper Em gave him hot cakes and coffee. They talked about the servants, and then eat their meal in quiet. She asked no questions. When it was ended Gregory went into the front room, and lay in the dark on the sofa.

"Do you not want a light?" Em asked, venturing to look in.

"No," he answered; then presently called to her, "Come and sit here; I want to talk to you."

She came and sat on a footstool near him.

"Do you wish to hear anything?" he asked.

She whispered, "Yes, if it does not hurt you."

"What difference does it make to me?" he said. "If I talk or am silent, is there any change?"

Yet he lay quiet for a long time. The light through the open door showed him to her, where he lay, with his arm thrown across his eyes. At last he spoke. Perhaps it was a relief to him to speak.

To Bloemfontein in the Free State, to which through an agent he had traced them, Gregory had gone. At the hotel where Lyndall and her stranger had stayed he put up; he was shown the very room in which they had slept. The coloured boy who had driven them to the next town told him in which house they had boarded, and Gregory went on. In that town he found they had left the cart, and bought a spider and four greys, and Gregory's heart rejoiced. Now indeed it would be easy to trace their course And he turned his steps northwards.

At the farmhouses where he stopped the "ooms" and "tantes" remembered clearly the spider with its four grey horses. At one place the Boer-wife told how the tall, blue-eyed Englishman had bought milk, and asked the way to the next farm. At the next farm the Englishman had bought a bunch of flowers, and given half-a-crown for them to the little girl. It was quite true; the Boer-mother made her get it out of the box and show it. At the next place they had slept. Here they told him that the great bull-dog, who hated all strangers, had walked in in the evening and laid its head on the lady's lap. So at every place he heard something, and traced them step by step.

At one desolate farm the Boer had a good deal to tell. The lady had said she liked a waggon that stood before the door. Without asking the price the Englishman had offered a hundred and fifty pounds for the old thing, and bought oxen worth ten pounds for sixteen. The Dutchman chuckled, for he had the "Salt-reim's" money in the box under his bed. Gregory laughed too, in silence; he could not lose sight of them now, so slowly they would have to move with that cumbrous ox-waggon. Yet, when that evening came, and he reached a little wayside inn, no one could tell him anything of the travellers.

The master, a surly creature, half-stupid with Boer-brandy, sat on the bench before the door smoking. Gregory sat beside him, questioning, but he smoked on. He remembered nothing of such strangers. How should he know who had been there months and months before? He smoked on. Gregory, very weary, tried to awake his memory, said that the lady he was seeking for was very beautiful, had a little mouth, and tiny, very tiny, feet. The man only smoked on as sullenly as at first. What were little, very little, mouths and feet to him. But his daughter leaned out in the window above. She was dirty and lazy, and liked to loll there when travellers came, to hear the men talk, but she had a soft heart. Presently a hand came out of the window, and a pair of velvet slippers touched his shoulder, tiny slippers with black flowers. He pulled them out of her hand. Only one woman's feet had worn them, he knew that.

"Left here last summer by a lady," said the girl; "might be the one you are looking for. Never saw any feet so small."

Gregory rose and questioned her.

They might have come in a waggon and spider, she could not tell. But the gentleman was very handsome, tall, lovely figure, blue eyes, wore gloves always when he went out. An English officer, perhaps; no Africander, certainly.

Gregory stopped her.

The lady? Well, she was pretty, rather, the girl said; very cold, dull air, silent. They stayed for, it might be, five days; slept in the wing over against the "stoep"; quarrelled sometimes, she thought—the lady. She had seen everything when she went in to wait. One day the gentleman touched her hair; she drew back from him as though his fingers poisoned her. Went to the other end of the room if he came to sit near her. Walked out alone. Cold wife for such a handsome husband, the girl thought; she evidently pitied him, he was such a beautiful man. They went away early one morning, how, or in which way, the girl could not tell.

Gregory inquired of the servants, but nothing more was to be learnt; so the next morning he saddled his horse and went on. At the farms he came to the good old "ooms" and "tantes" asked him to have coffee, and the little shoeless children peeped out at the stranger from behind ovens and gables; but no one had seen what he asked for. This way and that he rode to pick up the thread he had dropped; but the spider and the waggon, the little lady and the handsome gentleman, no one had seen. In the towns he fared yet worse.

Once indeed hope came to him. On the "stoep" of an hotel at which he stayed the night in a certain little village, there walked a gentleman, grave and kindly-looking. It was not hard to open conversation with him about the weather, and then—— Had he ever seen such and such people, a gentleman and lady, a spider and waggon, arrive at that place? The kindly gentleman shook his head. What was the lady like, he inquired.

Gregory painted. Hair like silken floss, small mouth, underlip very full and pink, upper lip pink but very thin and curled; there were four white spots on the nail of her right hand forefinger, and her eyebrows were very delicately curved.

The gentleman looked thoughtful, as if trying to remember.

"Yes; and a rose-bud tinge in the cheeks; hands like lilies, and perfectly seraphic smile."

"That is she! that is she!" cried Gregory.

Who else could it be? He asked where she had gone to. The gentleman most thoughtfully stroked his beard. He would try to remember. Were not her ears—— . . .

Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, from the dirty little hotel where he had dropped the thread, to this farm and to that, rode Gregory, till his heart was sick and tired. That from that spot the waggon might have gone its own way and the spider another was an idea that did not occur to him. At last he saw it was no use lingering in that neighbourhood, and pressed on.

One day, coming to a little town, his horses knocked up, and he resolved to rest them there. The little hotel of the town was a bright and sunny place, like the jovial face of the clean little woman who kept it, and who trotted about talking always—talking to the customers in the tap-room, and to the maids in the kitchen, and to the passers-by when she could hail them from the windows; talking, as good-natured women with large mouths and small noses always do, in season and out.

There was a little front parlour in the hotel, kept for strangers who wanted to be alone. Gregory sat there to eat his breakfast, and the landlady dusted the room and talked of the great finds at the Diamond Fields, and the badness of maid-servants, and the shameful conduct of the Dutch parson in that town to the English inhabitants. Gregory ate his breakfast and listened to nothing. He had asked his one question, had had his answer; now she might talk on.

Presently a door in the corner opened and a woman came out—a Mozambiquer, with a red handkerchief twisted round her head. She carried in her hand a tray, with a slice of toast crumbled fine, and a half-filled cup of coffee, and an egg broken open, but not eaten. Her ebony face grinned complacently as she shut the door softly and said "Good morning."

The landlady began to talk to her.

"You are not going to leave her really, Ayah, are you?" she said. "The maids say so; but I'm sure you wouldn't do such a thing."

The Mozambiquer grinned.

"Husband says I must go home."

"But she hasn't got any one else, and won't have any one else. Come now," said the landlady, "I've no time to be sitting always in a sick room, not if I was paid anything for it."

The Mozambiquer only showed her white teeth good-naturedly for answer, and went out, and the landlady followed her.

Gregory, glad to be alone, watched the sunshine as it came over the fuchsias in the window, and ran up and down on the panelled door in the corner. The Mozambiquer had closed it loosely behind her, and presently something touched it inside. It moved a little, then it was still, then moved again; then through the gap a small nose appeared, and a yellow ear over-lapping one eye; then the whole head obtruded, placed itself critically on one side, wrinkled its nose disapprovingly at Gregory, and withdrew. Through the half-open door came a faint scent of vinegar, and the room was dark and still.

Presently the landlady came back.

"Left the door open," she said, bustling to shut it; "but a darkey will be a darkey, and never carries a head on its shoulders like other folks. Not ill, I hope, sir?" she said, looking at Gregory when she had shut the bedroom door.

"No," said Gregory, "no."

The landlady began putting the things together.

"Who," asked Gregory, "is in that room?"

Glad to have a little innocent piece of gossip to relate, and some one willing to hear it, the landlady made the most of a little story as she cleared the table. Six months before a lady had come alone to the hotel in a waggon, with only a coloured leader and driver. Eight days after a little baby had been born. If Gregory stood up and looked out at the window he would see a blue gum-tree in the graveyard; close by it was a little grave. The baby was buried there. A tiny thing, only lived two hours, and the mother herself almost went with it. After a while she was better; but one day she got up out of bed, dressed herself without saying a word to any one, and went out. It was a drizzly day; a little time after some one saw her sitting on the wet ground under the blue gum-tree, with the rain dripping from her hat and shawl. They went to fetch her, but she would not come until she chose. When she did she had gone to bed, and had not risen again from it; never would, the doctor said.

She was very patient, poor thing. When you went in to ask her how she was she said always "Better," or "Nearly well!" and lay still in the darkened room, and never troubled any one. The Mozambiquer took care of her, and she would not allow any one else to touch her; would not so much as allow any one else to see her foot uncovered. She was strange in many ways, but she paid well, poor thing; and now the Mozambiquer was going, and she would have to take up with some one else.

The landlady prattled on pleasantly, and now carried away the tray with the breakfast-things. When she was gone Gregory leaned his head on his hands, but he did not think long.

Before dinner he had ridden out of the town to where on a rise a number of transport-waggons were out-spanned.

Gregory sold his horses to the Dutchman driver; he struck out of the road and walked across the "Veld" and sprang down into a deep gulley. He shaved off his brown beard, dressed himself in an old-fashioned gown and a great pinked-out collar; his sixpenny looking-glass showed a face surrounded by a frilled cap, white as a woman's, with a little mouth, a very short underlip and a receding chin. Presently a rather tall woman's figure was making its way across the "Veld." Thus, Gregory made his way back to the hotel. He walked in and wanted lodgings for the night. It was a deliberate lie, glibly told. The new-comer was communicative. She was a nurse by profession, she said, and looking for work. The landlady put down her knitting and smote her fat hands together. Here was the finger of God's Providence, for a nurse was what she wanted to take charge of the sick lady abandoned by the Mozambiquer.

The landlady opened the door of the next room, and Gregory followed her. A table stood near the bed, and a lamp burning low stood on it; the bed was a great four-poster with white curtains, and the quilt was of rich crimson satin. But Gregory stood just inside the door with his head bent low, and saw no further.

"Come nearer! I'll turn the lamp up a bit, that you can have a look at her. A pretty thing, isn't it?" said the landlady.

Near the foot of the bed was a dent in the crimson quilt, and out of it Doss's small head and bright eyes looked knowingly.

"See how the lips move; she is in pain," said the landlady.

Then Gregory looked up at what lay on the cushion. A little white, white face, transparent as an angel's, with a cloth bound round the forehead, and with soft short hair tossed about on the pillow.

"We had to cut it off," said the woman, touching it with her fore-finger. "Soft as silk, like a wax doll's."

But Gregory's heart was bleeding.

"Never get up again, the doctor says," said the landlady.

Gregory uttered one word. In an instant the beautiful eyes opened widely, looked round the room and into the dark corners.

"Who is here? Whom did I hear speak?"

Gregory had sunk back behind the curtain; the landlady drew it aside, and pulled him forward.

"Only this lady, ma'am—a nurse by profession. She is willing to stay and take care of you, if you can come to terms with her."

Lyndall raised herself on her elbow, and cast one keen scrutinizing glance over him.

"Have I never seen you before?" she asked.

"No."

She fell back wearily.

"Perhaps you would like to arrange the terms between yourselves," said the landlady. "Here is a chair. I will be back presently."

Gregory sat down, with bent head and quick breath. She did not speak, and lay with half-closed eyes, seeming to have forgotten him.

"Will you turn the lamp down a little?" she said at last; "I cannot bear the light."

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CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER, THE HUSBAND OF OLIVE SCHREINER (WITH THE THREE-MONTHS-OLD VAN DIJK BABY), AT THE SARCOPHAGUS ON THE SUMMIT OF BUFFELS KOP, 13th AUGUST, 1921.

Then his heart grew braver in the shadow, and he spoke. Nursing was to him, he said, his chosen life's work. He wanted no money: if—— She stopped him.

"I take no service for which I do not pay," she said. "What I gave to my last nurse I will give to you; if you do not like it you may go."

And Gregory muttered humbly, he would take it.

Afterwards she tried to turn herself. He lifted her. Ah! a shrunken little body, he could feel its weakness as he touched it. His hands were to him glorified for what they had done.

"Thank you! that is so nice. Other people hurt me when they touch me," she said. "Thank you!" Then after a little while she repeated humbly, "Thank you; they hurt me so."

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THE COTTAGE, GANNA HOEK, AS SEEN WHEN APPROACHING THROUGH THE VELD FROM FOUCHE'S.

Gregory sat down trembling. His little ewe-lamb, could they hurt her?

The doctor said of Gregory four days after, "She is the most experienced nurse I ever came in contact with."

Gregory, standing in the passage, heard it, and laughed in his heart. What need had he of experience? Experience teaches us in a millennium what passion teaches us in an hour. A Kaffir studies all his life the discerning of distant sounds; but he will never hear my step, when my love hears it, coming to her window in the dark over the short grass,

At first Gregory's heart was sore when day by day the body grew lighter, and the mouth he fed took less; but afterwards he grew accustomed to it, and was happy. For passion has *one* cry, one only —"Oh, to touch thee, Beloved!"

In that quiet room Lyndall lay on the bed with the dog at her feet, and Gregory sat in his dark corner watching.

She seldom slept, and through those long, long days she would lie watching the round streak of sunlight that came through the knot in the shutter, or the massive lion's paw on which the wardrobe rested. What thoughts were in those eyes? Gregory wondered; he dared not ask.

Sometimes Doss where he lay on her feet would dream that they two were in the cart, tearing over the "veld," with the black horses snorting, and the wind in their faces; and he would start up in his sleep and bark aloud. Then awaking, he would lick his mistress's hand almost remorsefully, and slink quietly down into his place.

Gregory thought she had no pain, she never groaned; only sometimes, when the light was near her, he thought he could see slight contractions about her lips and eyebrows.

He slept on the sofa outside her door.

One night he thought he heard a sound, and, opening it softly, he looked in. She was crying out aloud, as if she and her pain were alone in the world. The light fell on the red quilt, and the little hands that were clasped over the head. The wide-open eyes were looking up, and the heavy drops fell slowly from them.

"I cannot bear any more, not any

more," she said in a deep voice. "Oh, God, God! have I not borne in silence? Have I not endured these long, long months? But now, now, oh God, I cannot!"

Gregory knelt in the doorway listening.

"I do not ask for wisdom, not human love, not work, not knowledge, not for all things I have longed for," she cried; "only a little freedom from pain! only one little hour without pain! Then I will suffer again." . . .

The next day, when they asked her how she was, she answered "Better."

"Some one ought to tell her," said the landlady; "we can't let her soul go out into eternity not knowing, especially when I don't think it was all right about the child. You ought to go and tell her, Doctor."

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OLIVE SCHREINER'S ROOM AT KLEIN GANNA HOEK IN 1875-6.

Its window shows to the left of ladder. To right of ladder is the bread oven.

So, the little doctor, edged on and on, went in at last. When he came out of the room he shook his fist in the landlady's face.

"Next time you have any Devil's work to do, do it yourself," he said, and shook his fist in her face again, and went away swearing.

When Gregory went into the bedroom he only found her moved, her body curled up, and drawn close to the wall. He dared not disturb her. At last, after a long time, she turned.

"Bring me food," she said, "I want to eat. Two eggs, and toast, and meat—two large slices of toast, please."

Wondering, Gregory brought a tray with all that she had asked for.

"Sit me up, and put it close to me," she said; "I am going to eat it all." She tried to draw the things near her with her fingers, and re-arranged the plates. She cut the toast into long strips, broke open both eggs, put a tiny morsel of bread into her own mouth, and fed the dog with pieces of meat put into his jaws with her fingers.

"Is it twelve o'clock yet?" she said; 'I think I do not generally eat so early. Put it away, please, *carefully*—no, do not take it away—only on the table. When the clock strikes twelve I will eat it."

She lay down trembling. After a little while she said—

"Give me my clothes."

He looked at her.

"Yes; I am going to dress to-morrow. I should get up now but it is rather late. Put them on that chair. My collars are in the little box, my boots behind the door."

Her eyes followed him intently as he collected the articles one by one, and placed them on the chair as she directed.

"Put it nearer," she said; "I cannot see it;" and she lay watching the clothes, with her hand under her cheek.

"Now open the shutter wide," she said; "I am going to read."

The old, old tone was again in the sweet voice. He obeyed her; and opened the shutter, and raised her up among the pillows. . . .

When Gregory went to his sofa that night, she told him to wake her early; she would be dressed before breakfast. Nevertheless, when morning came, she

said it was a little cold, and lay all day watching her clothes upon the chair. Still she sent for her oxen in the country; they would start on Monday and go down to the Colony.

In the afternoon she told him to open the window wide, and draw the bed near it.

It was a leaden afternoon, the dull rain-clouds rested close to the roofs of the houses, and the little street was silent and deserted. Now and then a gust of wind eddying round caught up the dried leaves, whirled them hither and thither under the trees, and dropped them again into the gutter: then all was quiet. She lay looking out. Presently the bell of the church began to toll, and up the village street came a long procession. They were carrying an old man to his last resting-place. She followed them with her eyes till they turned in among the trees at the gate.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"An old man," he answered, "a very old man; they say he was ninety-four; but his name I do not know."

She mused a while, looking out with fixed eyes.

"That is why the bell rang so cheerfully," she said. "When the old die it is well; they have had their time. It is when the young die that the bells weep drops of blood."

"But the old love life?" he said; for it was sweet to hear her speak.

She raised herself on her elbow.

"They love life, they do not want to die," she answered; "but what of that? They have had their time. They knew that a man's life is three-score years and ten; they should have made their plans accordingly! But the young," she said, "the young, cut down, cruelly, when they have not seen, when they have not known—when they have not found—it is for them that the bells weep blood. I heard in the ringing it was an old man. When the old die—— Listen to the bell! it is laughing—'It is right, it is right; he has had his time.' They cannot ring so for the young."

She fell back exhausted; the hot light died from her eyes, and she lay looking out into the street. By-and-bye stragglers from the funeral began to come back and disappear here and there among the houses; then all was quiet, and the night began to settle down upon the village street. Afterwards, when the room was almost dark, so that they could not see each other's faces, she said, "It will rain to-night;" and moved restlessly on the pillows. "How terrible when the rain falls down on you."

He wondered what she meant, and they sat on in the still darkening room. She moved again.

"Will you presently take my cloak—the new grey cloak from behind the door—and go out with it. You will find a little grave at the foot of the tall blue gum-tree; the water drips off the long pointed leaves; you must cover it up with that."

She moved restlessly as though in pain.

Gregory assented, and there was silence again. It was the first time she had ever spoken of her child.

"It was so small," she said; "it lived such a little while—only three hours. They laid it close by me, but I never saw it; I could feel it by me." She waited; "Its feet were so cold; I took them in my hand to make them warm, and my hand closed right over them they were so little." There was an uneven trembling in the voice. "It crept close to me; it wanted to drink, it wanted to be warm." She hardened herself—"I did not love it; its father was not my prince; *I* did not care for it; but it was so little." She moved her hand. "They might have kissed it, one of them, before they put it in. It never did any one any harm in all its little life. They might have kissed it, one of them."

Gregory felt that some one was sobbing in the room.

Late on in the evening, when the shutter was closed and the lamp lighted, and the rain-drops beat on the roof, he took the cloak from behind the door and went away with it. On his way back he called at the village post-office and brought back a letter. In the hall he stood reading the address. How could he fail to know whose hand had written it? Had he not long ago studied those characters on the torn fragments of paper in the old parlour? A burning pain was at Gregory's heart. If now, now at

the last, one should come, should step in between! He carried the letter into the bedroom and gave it her. "Bring me the lamp nearer," she said. When she had read it she asked for her desk.

Then Gregory sat down in the lamplight on the other side of the curtain, and heard the pencil move on the paper. When he looked round the curtain she was lying on the pillow musing. The open letter lay at her side; she glanced at it with soft eyes. The man with the languid eyelids must have been strangely moved before his hand set down those words: "Let me come back to you! My darling, let me put my hand round you, and guard you from all the world. As my wife they shall never touch you. I have learnt to love you more wisely, more tenderly, than of old; you shall have perfect freedom. Lyndall, grand little woman, for your own sake be my wife!

"Why did you send that money back to me? You are cruel to me; it is not rightly done."

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OLIVE SCHREINER AND HER HUSBAND, WITH POINTER "DAPHNE," IN THE BED OF THE FISH RIVER IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF KRANTZ PLAATS HOUSE, EARLY IN 1894.

She rolled the little red pencil softly between her fingers, and her face grew very soft. Yet——

"It cannot be," she wrote; "I thank you much for the love you have shown me; but I cannot listen. You will call me mad, foolish—the world would do so; but I know what I need and the kind of path I must walk in. I cannot marry you.

I will always love you for the sake of what lay by me those three hours; but there it ends. I must know and see, I cannot be bound to one whom I love as I love you. I am not afraid of the world—I will fight the world. One day—perhaps it may be far off—I shall find what I have wanted all my life; something nobler, stronger than I, before which I can kneel down. You lose nothing by not having me now; I am a weak, selfish, erring woman. One day I shall find something to worship, and then I shall be——"

"Nurse," she said; "take my desk away; I am suddenly so sleepy; I will write more to-morrow." She turned her face to the pillow; it was the sudden drowsiness of great weakness. . . .

Gregory told the landlady the next morning that the patient had been wandering all night. Yet, when he came in to give her her breakfast, she was sitting up against the pillows, looking as he had not seen her look before.

"Put it close to me," she said, "and when I have had breakfast I am going to dress."

She finished all he had brought her eagerly.

"I am sitting up quite by myself," she said. "Give me his meat," and she fed the dog herself, cutting his food small for him. She moved to the side of the bed.

"Now bring the chair near and dress me. It is being in this room so long, and looking at that miserable little bit of sunshine that comes in through the shutter, that is making me so ill. Always that lion's paw!" she said, with a look of disgust at it. "Come and dress me." Gregory knelt on the floor before her, and tried to draw on one stocking, but the little swollen foot refused to be covered.

"It is very funny that I should have grown so fat since I have been so ill," she said, peering down curiously. "Perhaps it is want of exercise?" She looked troubled and said again, "Perhaps it is want of exercise." She wanted Gregory to say so too. But he only found a larger pair; and then tried to force the shoes, oh so tenderly! on to her little feet.

"There," she said, looking down at them when they were on, with the delight of a small child over its first shoes, "I could walk far now. How nice it looks!"

"No," she said, seeing the soft gown he had prepared for her, "I will not put that on. Get one of my white dresses—the one with the pink bows. I do not even want to think I have been ill. It is thinking and thinking of things that makes them real," she said. "When you draw your mind together, and resolve that a thing shall not be, it gives way before you; it is not. Everything is possible if one is resolved," she said. She drew in her little lips together, and Gregory obeyed her; she was so small and slight now it was like dressing a small doll. He would have lifted her down from the bed when he had finished, but she pushed him from her, laughing very softly. It was the first time she had laughed in those long dreary months.

"No, no; I can get down myself," she said, slipping cautiously on to the floor. "You see!" She cast a defiant glance of triumph when she stood there. "Hold the curtain up high, I want to look at myself."

He raised it, and stood holding it. She looked into the glass on the opposite wall. Such a queenly little figure in its pink and white. Such a transparent little face, refined by suffering into an almost angel-like beauty. The face looked at her; she looked back, laughing softly. Doss, quivering with excitement, ran round her, barking. She took one step towards the door, balancing herself with outstretched hands.

"I am nearly there," she said.

Then she groped blindly.

"Oh, I cannot see! I cannot see! Where am I?" she cried.

When Gregory reached her she had fallen with her face against the sharp foot of the wardrobe and cut her forehead. Very tenderly he raised the little crushed heap of muslin and ribbons, and laid it on the bed. Doss climbed up, and sat looking down at it. Very softly Gregory's hands disrobed her.

"You will be stronger to-morrow, and then we shall try again," he said, but she neither looked at him nor stirred.

When he had undressed her, and laid her in bed, Doss stretched himself across her feet and lay whining softly.

So she lay all that morning, and all that afternoon.

Again and again Gregory crept close to the bedside and looked at her; but she did not speak to him. Was it stupor or was it sleep that shone under those half-closed eyelids? Gregory could not tell.

At last in the evening he bent over her.

"The oxen have come," he said; "we can start to-morrow if you like. Shall I get the waggon ready to-night?"

Twice he repeated his question. Then she looked up at him, and Gregory saw that all hope had died out of the beautiful eyes. It was not stupor that shone there, it was despair.

"Yes, let us go," she said.

"It makes no difference," said the doctor; "staying or going; it is close now."

So the next day Gregory carried her out in his arms to the waggon which stood "inspanned" before the door. As he laid her down on the "kartel" she looked far out across the plain. For the first time she spoke that day.

"That blue mountain, far away; let us stop when we get to it, not before." She closed her eyes again. He drew the sails down before and behind, and the waggon rolled away slowly. The landlady and the niggers stood to watch it from the "stoep."

Very silently the great waggon rolled along the grass-covered plain. The driver on the front box did not clap his whip or call to his oxen, and Gregory sat beside him with folded arms.

* * *

In a wonderfully beautiful passage, the author describes the end of Waldo, of which we can only give the final passage. He had remained at the homestead, engaged in his ordinary occupations.

Sitting there with his arms folded on his knees, and his hat slouched down over his face, Waldo looked out into the yellow sunshine that tinted even the very air with the colour of ripe corn, and was happy.

He was an uncouth creature with small learning, and no prospect in the future but that of making endless tables and stone walls, yet it seemed to him as he sat there that life was a rare and very rich thing. He rubbed his hands in the sunshine. Ah, to live on so, year after year, how well! Always in the present; letting each day glide, bringing its own labour, and its own beauty; the gradual lighting up of the hills, night and the stars, firelight and the coals! To live on so, calmly, far from the paths of men; and to look at the lives of clouds and insects; to look deep into the heart of flowers, and see how lovingly the pistil and the stamens nestle there together; and to see in the thorn-pods how the little seeds suck their life through the delicate curled-up string, and how the little embryo sleeps inside! Well, how well, to sit so on one side, taking no part in the world's life; but when great men blossom into books looking into those flowers also, to see how the world of men too opens beautifully, leaf after leaf. Ah! life is delicious; well to live long, and see the darkness breaking, and the day coming! The day when soul shall not thrust back soul that would come to it; when men shall not be driven to seek solitude, because of the crying-out of their hearts for love and sympathy. Well to live long and see the new time breaking. Well to live long; life is sweet, sweet, sweet! In his breast pocket, where of old the broken slate used to be, there was now a little dancing shoe of his friend who was sleeping. He could feel it when he folded his arm tight against his breast; and that was well also. He drew his hat lower over his eyes, and sat so motionless that the chickens thought he was asleep, and gathered closer around him. One even ventured to peck at his boot; but he ran away quickly. Tiny, yellow fellow that he was, he knew that men were dangerous; even sleeping they might awake. But Waldo did not sleep, and coming back from his sunshiny dream, stretched out his hand for the tiny thing to mount. But the chicken eyed the hand askance, and then ran off to hide under its mother's wing, and from beneath it it sometimes put out its round head to peep at the great figure sitting there. Presently its brothers ran off after a little white moth, and it ran out to join them; and when the moth fluttered away over their heads they stood looking up disappointed, and then ran back to their mother.

Waldo through his half-closed eyes

looked at them. Thinking, fearing, craving, those tiny sparks of brother life, what were they, so real there in that old yard on that sunshiny afternoon? A few years—where would they be? Strange little brother spirits! He stretched his hand towards them, for his heart went out to them; but not one of the little creatures came nearer him, and he watched them gravely for a time; then he smiled, and began muttering to himself after his old fashion. Afterwards he folded his arms upon his knees, and rested his forehead on them. And so he sat there in the yellow sunshine, muttering, muttering, muttering to himself.

It was not very long after when Em came out at the back-door with a towel thrown across her head, and in her hand a cup of milk.

"Ah," she said, coming close to him, "he is sleeping now. He will find it when he wakes, and be glad of it."

She put it down upon the ground beside him. The mother-hen was at work still among the stones, but the chickens had climbed about him, and were perching on him. One stood upon his shoulder, and rubbed its little head softly against his black curls; another tried to balance itself on the very edge of the old felt hat. One tiny fellow stood upon his hand, and tried to crow; another had nestled itself down comfortably on the old coat-sleeve, and gone to sleep there.

Em did not drive them away; but she covered the glass softly at his side. "He will wake soon," she said, "and be glad of it."

But the chickens were wiser.

AN ODE

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY

JOHN DRYDEN

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

JOHN DRYDEN.

From the painting by Kneller, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

John Dryden (1631–1700) *was the greatest poet of his own day. His peculiar gift "in which no poet of any language has surpassed him, is the faculty of treating any subject which he does treat poetically, and his range is enormous." Two of his best known poems in these days are "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," and "Alexander's Feast," also an ode in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day. St. Cecilia is the patron saint of music, and she is honoured as the inventress of the organ. Mr. David Nichol Smith says: "The subject of the poem is taken from a passage in Plutarch's 'Life of Alexander': When Alexander was at Persepolis 'he diverted himself with his officers at an entertainment of drinking, and other pastimes, and indulged so far as to have every one his mistress sit by and drink with them. The most celebrated of them was Thais, an Athenian, Ptolemy's mistress, who was afterwards king of Egypt.' She flattered Alexander, and then, in affection for her*

country, proposed to set fire to the palace of Xerxes, who had reduced the city of Athens to ashes. 'What she said was received with such universal liking and murmurs of applause, and so seconded by the encouragement and eagerness of the company, that the king himself, persuaded to be of the party, started from his seat, and with a chaplet of flowers on his head, and a lighted torch in his hand, led the way.' The quotations are from the translation of Plutarch to which Dryden contributed the introductory Life of Plutarch, 1683."

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
(So should desert in arms be crowned:)
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sat like a blooming eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS

Bacchus blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

V

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble.
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

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ST. CECILIA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS

J. G. LOCKHART

Photo: T. R. Annan & Sons.

THE MOTHER OF ROBERT BURNS.

J. G. Lockhart, the biographer of Sir Walter Scott, was also the biographer of Robert Burns. The books opens thus:

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of the Kirk of Alloway, and the "Auld Brig o' Doon." About a week afterwards, part of the frail dwelling, which his father had constructed with his own hands, gave way at midnight; and the infant poet and his mother were carried through the storm, to the shelter of a neighbouring hovel. . . .

"In my infant and boyish days (says the poet himself) I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was 'The Vision of Mirza,' and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' The first two books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were, 'The Life of Hannibal,' and 'The History of Sir William Wallace.' Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

* * *

In his youth Burns had not much education; his father and a few neighbours engaged between them, for two years, a young itinerant teacher for their children; later the father himself taught the boy, who had a precocious passion for reading. He had short spells at other schools between the age of thirteen and fourteen, but this did not

amount to much, owing to the straitened circumstances of the family.

Gilbert Burns gives his brother's situation at this period (that is, when he was thirteen or fourteen years of age): "To the buffetings of misfortune," says he, "we could only oppose hard labour and the most rigid economy. We lived very sparingly. For several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and rather beyond it, in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in thrashing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind we felt at our tender years, under these straits and difficulties, was very great. To think of our father growing old (for he was now above fifty), broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances, these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress. I doubt not but the hard labour and sorrow of this period of his life, was in a great measure the cause of that depression of spirits with which Robert was so often afflicted through his whole life afterwards."

At the age of seventeen, Burns attended a school at Kirkoswald to learn surveying and mensuration. "But," he says, "I made greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. . . . Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me. . . . I learnt to fill my glass and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble." Also he met a platonic charmer. "I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her."

"My life," he adds, "flowed on in the same course till the twenty-third year." But he had begun to write poems. "My passions raged like so many devils, till they found vent in rhyme, and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet."

He went to Irvine where "he had a single room for his lodgings, rented, perhaps, at the rate of a shilling a week. He passed his days in constant labour as a flax-dresser, and his food consisted chiefly of oatmeal, sent to him from his father's family."

Three months before his father's death, in 1784, Robert and his brother Gilbert took the farm of Mossgiel. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary labourer's wages for the work he did on the farm. Robert and his brother's allowance was £7 per annum, and "Robert's expenses never, in any one year, exceeded his slender income." "I entered on this farm," says the poet, "with a full resolution, Come, go to! I will be wise. *I read farming books, I calculated crops, I attended markets, and, in short, in spite of the* devil, and the world, and the flesh, *I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned* like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to his wallowing in the mire."

Burns was now twenty-five years of age; meanwhile, he had read widely and wisely; it was now that his genius developed its highest energies. He now began to know that Nature had meant him for a poet.

"From this time," Burns says, "I began to be known in the country as a maker of rhymes . . . 'Holy Willie's Prayer' next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, and see if any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers"——: and to a place among profane rhymers, the author of this terrible infliction had unquestionably established his right. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as "a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns ever afterwards wrote—but unfortunately cast in a form too daringly profane to be received into Dr. Currie's collection." Burns's reverend editor, Mr. Paul, nevertheless, presents "Holy Willie's Prayer" at full length; and even calls on the friends of religion to bless the

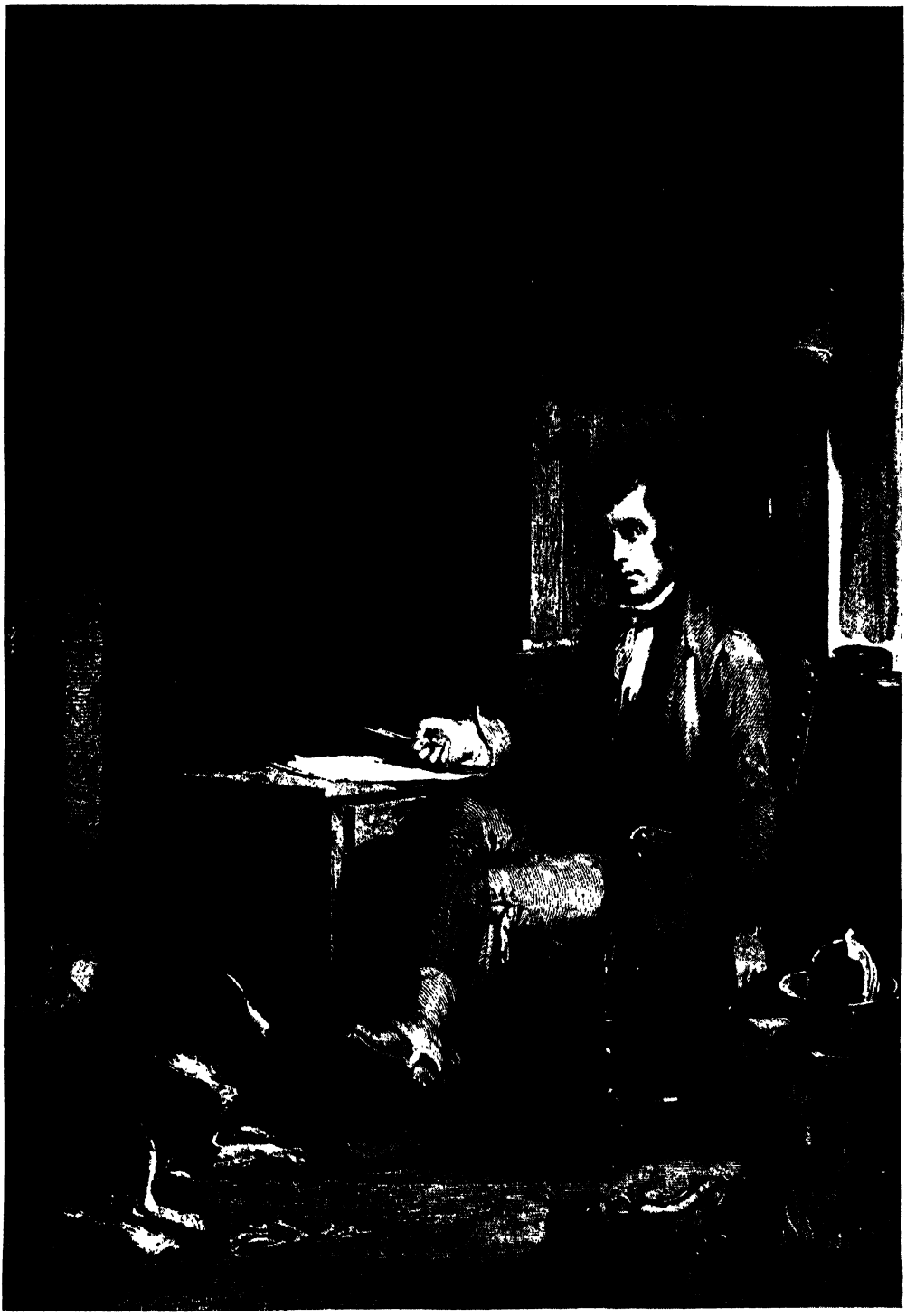


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

ROBERT BURNS IN HIS COTTAGE COMPOSING THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

After the picture by Wm. Allen.

memory of the poet who took such a judicious method of "leading the liberal mind to a rational view of the nature of prayer."

"This," says that bold commentator, "was not only the prayer of Holy Willie, but it is merely the metrical version of every prayer that is offered up by those who call themselves the pure reformed church of Scotland. In the course of his reading and polemical warfare, Burns embraced and defended

Photo: W. F. Mansell.

INTERIOR OF BURNS' COTTAGE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET.

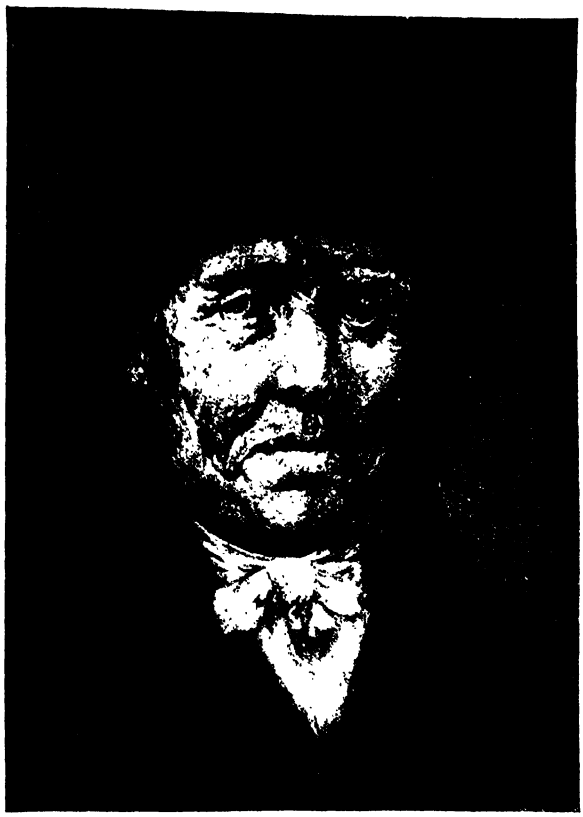
The cottage is situated in the valley of Alloway, near the town of Ayr. It has been carefully preserved and has been made a place of pilgrimage by countless admirers of the poet.

the opinions of Taylor of Norwich, Macgill, and that school of divines. He could not reconcile his mind to that picture of the Being, whose very essence is love, which is drawn by the High Calvinists, or the representatives of the Covenanters—namely, that he is disposed to grant salvation to none but a few of their sect; that the whole Pagan world, the disciples of Mahomet, the Roman Catholics, the Lutherans, and even the Calvinists who differ from them in certain tenets, must, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, descend to the pit of perdition, man, woman, and child, without the possibility of escape; but such are the identical doctrines of the Cameronians of the present day, and such was Holy Willie's style of prayer. The hypocrisy and dishonesty of the man, who was at the time a reputed saint, were perceived by the discerning penetration of Burns, and *to expose them he considered it his duty*. The terrible view of the Deity exhibited in that able production is precisely the same view which is given of him, in different words, by many devout preachers at present. They inculcate that the greatest sinner is the greatest favourite of heaven – that a reformed bawd is more acceptable to the Almighty than a pure virgin, who has hardly ever transgressed even in thought – that the lost sheep alone will be saved, and that the ninety-and-nine out of the hundred will be left in the wilderness, to perish without mercy—that the Saviour of the world loves the elect, not from any lovely qualities which they possess, for they are hateful in his sight, but 'he loves them because he loves them.' Such are the sentiments which are breathed by those who are denominated High Calvinists, and from which the soul of a poet who loves mankind, and who has not studied the system in all its bearings recoils with horror. . . . The gloomy, forbidding representation which they give of the Supreme Being, has a tendency to produce insanity, and lead to suicide."

* * *

The "Epistle to Davie" was written in 1785; "he and I," says his brother Gilbert, "were weeding in the garden and he repeated to me the principal part of the epistle. I believe the first idea of Robert's turning an author was started on this occasion." The closing stanzas have reference to the poet's consuming passion for Jean Armour. His brother Gilbert tells of the poet's further progress.

"It was, I think, in the winter following, as we were going together with carts for coal to the family (and I could yet point out the particular spot), that the author first repeated to me, the 'Address to the Deil.' The curious idea of such an address was suggested to him, by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have, from various quarters, of this august personage. 'Death and Doctor Hornbook,' though not published in the Kilmarnock edition, was produced early in the year 1785. The schoolmaster of Tarbolton parish, to eke up the scanty subsistence allowed to that useful class of men, had set up a shop of grocery goods. Having accidentally fallen in with some medical books, and become most hobby-horsically attached to the study of medicine, he had added the sale of a few medicines to his little trade. He had got a shop bill printed, at the bottom of which, overlooking his own incapacity, he had advertised, that 'advice would be given in common disorders at the shop gratis.' Robert was at a mason-meeting in Tarbolton, when the Dominie unfortunately made too ostentatious a display of his medical skill. As he parted in the evening from this mixture of pedantry and physic, at the place where he describes his meeting with Death, one of those floating ideas of apparitions, he mentions in his Autobiography, crossed his mind: this set him to work for the rest of the way home. These circumstances he related when he repeated the verses to me next afternoon, as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me.". . .



By permission of Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., from the Centenary edition of "The Poems of Burns."

HOLY WILLIE.

After the etching by William Hole, R.S.A.

"The verses to the 'Mouse' and 'Mountain Daisy' were composed on the occasions mentioned, and while the author was holding the plough; I could point out the particular spot where each was composed. Holding the plough was a favourite situation with Robert for poetic compositions, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise. Several of the poems were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favourite sentiment of the author. He used to remark to me, that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life, than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, 'Man was made to mourn,' was composed. Robert had frequently remarked to me, that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment

of the author the world is indebted for the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' The hint of the plan, and title of the poem, were taken from Fergusson's 'Farmer's Ingle.'" . . .

With reference to the satire "Death and Dr. Hornbook" Lockhart says:

It may be mentioned here, that John Wilson, alias Dr. Hornbook, was not merely compelled to shut up shop as an apothecary, or druggist rather, by the satire which bears his name; but so irresistible was the tide of ridicule, that his pupils, one by one, deserted him, and he abandoned his school craft also. Removing to Glasgow, and turning himself successfully to commercial pursuits, Dr. Hornbook survived the local storm which he could not effectually withstand, and was often heard in his latter days, when waxing cheerful and communicative over a bowl of punch "in the Saltmarket," to bless the lucky hour in which the dominie of Tarbolton provoked the castigation of Robert Burns.

* * *

After his failure of farming at Mossgiel, Burns decided to abandon the plough and try his fortunes in the West Indies where many of his countrymen had gone. A post was secured for him, but he had not the money to pay his passage to Jamaica, and to secure this he set about publishing his first book. An edition of six hundred copies was printed and sold at three shillings each.

His landlord, Gavin Hamilton, Mr. Aiken, and other friends, encouraged him warmly; and after some hesitation, he at length resolved to hazard an experiment which might perhaps better his circumstances; and, if any tolerable number of subscribers were procured, could not make them worse than they were already. His rural patrons exerted themselves with success in the matter; and so many copies were soon subscribed for, that Burns entered into terms with a printer in Kilmarnock, and began to copy out his performances for the press. He carried his MSS. piecemeal to the printer; and, encouraged by the ray of light which unexpected patronage had begun to throw on his affairs, composed, while the printing was in progress, some of the best poems of the collection. The tale of the "Twa Dogs," for instance, with which the volume commenced, is known to have been written in the short interval between the publication being determined on and the printing begun. His account of the business, in his Autobiography, is as follows:—

"I gave up my part of the farm to my brother: in truth, it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But before leaving my native land, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power: I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver—or, perhaps, a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits. I can truly say, that, *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. . . . I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, for which I got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde; for

"'Hungry ruin had me in the wind.'

I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had

uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the way to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The gloomy night is gathering fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition." . . .

The poems were received with favour, even with rapture, in Ayrshire, and ere long over the adjoining counties. "Old and young," thus speaks Robert Heron, "high and low, grave and gay, learned

Photo: Photochrom Co., Ltd.

BURNS' COTTAGE NEAR AYR.

or ignorant, were alike delighted, agitated, transported. I was at that time resident in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire, and I can well remember how even ploughboys and maid-servants would have gladly bestowed the wages they earned the most hardly, and which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing, if they might but procure the works of Burns." The poet soon found that his person also had become an object of general curiosity, and that a lively interest in his personal fortunes was excited among some of the gentry of the district, when the details of his story reached them—a circumstance pretty sure to happen—along with his modest and manly preface.

The success of the Kilmarnock Edition put an end to the poet's project of emigration. His fame was rising when he paid a visit to Edinburgh, where he became the lion of a season in Society comprising a genuine aristocracy of lineage and intellect.

In due time he returned to Mossgiel and married Jean Armour. It was during the honeymoon that Burns wrote

"O! a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best."

With his Jean he took a farm at Ellieslaud in Dumfriesshire. Here, among other poems, he composed his famous "Tam o' Shanter." He was wont to say that the most happy period of his life was the first winter he spent at Ellieslaud where he had composed a good deal. Here he wrote that noblest of all his ballads, "To Mary in Heaven."

This celebrated poem was, it is on all hands admitted, composed by Burns in 1789, on the anniversary day of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell. Mrs. Burns, the only person who could appeal to personal recollection on this occasion, and whose recollections of all circumstances connected with the history of her husband's poems are represented as being remarkably distinct and vivid, gave the following account to Mr. M'Diarmid concerning the composition of this remarkable production:—Burns spent that day, though labouring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow "very sad about something," and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was

singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon"; and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote, exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses: -

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O, Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

* * *

It was during his life in Dumfriesshire that he engaged in the extensive correspondence in which his celebrity had engaged him. The father of Allan Cunningham, a brother poet, was a near neighbour of Burns, and Cunningham describes his recollections of Burns at this time.

"I said that Burns and my father conversed about poetry and farming. The poet had newly taken possession of his farm of Ellieland,—the masons were busy building his house,—the applause of the world was with him, and a little of its money in his pocket,—in short, he had found a resting-place at last. He spoke with great delight about the excellence of his farm, and particularly about the beauty of its situation. 'Yes,' my father said, 'the walks on the river banks are fine, and you will see from your windows some miles of the Nith; but you will also see several farms of fine rich holm, any one of which you might have had. You have made a poet's choice rather than a farmer's.'

"If Burns had much of a farmer's skill, he had little of a farmer's prudence and economy. I once inquired of James Corrie, a sagacious old farmer, whose ground marched with Ellieland, the cause of the poet's failure. 'Faith,' said he, 'how could he miss but fail, when his servants ate the bread as fast as it was baked? I don't mean figuratively, I mean literally. Consider a little. At that time close economy was necessary to have enabled a man to clear twenty pounds a year by Ellieland. Now, Burns's own handywork was out of the question; he neither ploughed, nor sowed, nor reaped, at least, like a hard-working farmer; and then he had a bevy of servants from Ayrshire. The lassies did nothing but bake bread, and the lads sat by the fireside, and ate it warm, with ale. Waste of time and consumption of food would soon reach to twenty pounds a year.'

"The truth of the case," says Mr. Cunningham, in another letter with which he has favoured me, "the truth is, that if Robert Burns liked his farm, it was more for the beauty of its situation than for the labours which it demanded. He was too wayward to attend to the stated duties of a husbandman, and too impatient to wait till the ground returned in gain the cultivation he bestowed upon upon it.

"The condition of a farmer, a Nithsdale one I mean, was then very humble. His one-story house had a covering of straw, and a clay floor; the furniture was from the hands of a country carpenter; and, between the roof and floor, there seldom intervened a smoother ceiling than of rough rods and grassy turf—while a huge lang-settle of black oak for himself, and a carved armchair for his wife, were the only matters out of keeping with the homely looks of his residence. He took all his meals in his own kitchen, and presided regularly among his children and domestics. He performed family worship every evening—except during the hurry of harvest, when that duty was perhaps limited to Saturday night. A few religious books, two or three favourite poets, the history of his country, and his Bible, aided him in forming the minds and manners of the family. To domestic education, Scotland owes as much as to the care of her clergy, and the excellence of her parish-schools.

"The picture out of doors was less interesting. The ground from which the farmer sought support, was generally in a very moderate state of cultivation. The implements with which he tilled his land

By permission of Mr. James Thin, Edinburgh, from "The Edinburgh Illustrated Edition of the Poetical Works of Robert Burns."

TAM O' SHANTER.

From the drawing in the above-mentioned edition by W. Marshall Brown.

were primitive and clumsy, and his own knowledge of the management of crops exceedingly limited. He plodded on in the regular slothful routine of his ancestors; he rooted out no bushes, he dug up no stones; he drained not, neither did he enclose; and weeds obtained their full share of the dung and the lime, which he bestowed more like a medicine than a meal on his soil. His plough was the rude old Scotch one; his harrows had as often teeth of wood as of iron; his carts were heavy and low-wheeled, or were, more properly speaking, tumbler-cars, so called to distinguish them from trail-cars, both of which were in common use. On these rude carriages his manure was taken to the field and his crop brought home. The farmer himself corresponded in all respects with his imperfect instruments. His poverty secured him from risking costly experiments; and his hatred of innovation made him intrench himself behind a breastwork of old maxims and rustic saws, which he interpreted as oracles delivered against *improvement*. With ground in such condition, with tools so unfit, and with knowledge so imperfect, he sometimes succeeded in wringing a few hundred pounds *Scots* from the farm he occupied.

* * *

He was given an appointment which required part of his time to be given as exciseman. From that date the poet more and more neglected his farming; occasionally he might be seen holding the plough, but more often engaged in other pursuits.

Burns, in his perpetual perambulations over the moors of Dumfriesshire, had every temptation to encounter, which bodily fatigue, the blandishments of hosts and hostesses, and the habitual manners of those who acted along with him in the duties of the Excise, could present. He was, moreover, wherever he went, exposed to perils of his own, by the reputation which he had earned as a poet, and by his extraordinary

powers of entertainment in conversation; and he pleased himself with thinking, in the words of one of his letters to the Lady Harriet Don, that "one advantage he had in this new business was, the knowledge it gave him of the various shades of character in man—consequently assisting him in his trade as a poet." From the castle to the cottage, every door flew open at his approach; and the old system of hospitality, then flourishing, rendered it difficult for the most soberly inclined guest to rise from any man's board in the same trim that he sat down to it. The farmer, if Burns were seen passing, left his reapers, and trotted by the side of Jenny Geddes, until he could persuade the bard that the day was hot enough to demand an extra libation. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled round the ingle; the largest punch-bowl was produced; and

"Be ours this night—who knows what comes to-morrow?"

was the language of every eye in the circle that welcomed him. The stateliest gentry of the county, whenever they had especial merriment in view, called in the wit and eloquence of Burns to enliven their carousals. The famous song of "The Whistle of worth," commemorates a scene of this kind, more picturesque in some of its circumstances than every day occurred, yet strictly in character with the usual tenor of life among this jovial *squirearchy*. Three gentlemen of ancient descent, had met to determine, by a solemn drinking-match, who should possess *the Whistle*, which a common ancestor of them all had earned ages before, in a Bacchanalian contest of the same sort with a noble toper from Denmark; and the poet was summoned to watch over and celebrate the issue of the debate—

"Then up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink,
Craigdarroch! thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime."

Nor, as has already been hinted, was he safe from temptations of this kind, even when he was at home, and most disposed to enjoy in quiet the society of his wife and children. Lion-gazers from all quarters beset him; they ate and drank at his cost, and often went away to criticize him and his fare, as if they had done Burns and his *black-bowl* great honour in condescending to be entertained for a single evening, with such company and such liquor.

We have on record various glimpses of him, as he appeared while he was half-farmer, half-exciseman; and some of these present him in attitudes and aspects on which it would be pleasing to dwell. For example, the circumstances under which the verses on "The Wounded Hare," were written, are mentioned generally by the poet himself. James Thomson, son of the occupier of a farm adjoining Ellisland, told Allan Cunningham that it was he who wounded the animal. "Burns" (said this person) "was in the custom, when at home, of strolling by himself in the twilight every evening, along the Nith, and by the *march* between his land and ours. The hares often came and nibbled our wheat —*braird*; and once, in the gloaming, it was in April, I got a shot at one and wounded her; she ran bleeding by Burns, who was pacing up and down by himself, not far from me. He started, and with a bitter curse, ordered me out of his sight, or he would throw me instantly into the Nith; and had I stayed, I'll warrant he would have been as good as his word, though I was both young and strong."

* * *

The poet's accurate knowledge of Scottish phraseology was of much use to the researches of a humorous and celebrated antiquarian, Captain Grose, wont to visit Burns; and it is to this acquaintance that we owe "Tam o' Shanter."

Burns told the story as he had heard it in Ayrshire, in a letter to the Captain, and was easily persuaded to versify it. The poem is said to have been the work of one day; and Mrs. Burns well remembers the circumstances. He spent most of the day on his favourite walk

by the river, where, in the afternoon, she joined him with some of her children. "He was busily engaged *crooning to himsel;* and Mrs. Burns, perceiving that her presence was an interruption, loitered behind with her little ones among the broom. Her attention was presently attracted by the strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who now, at some distance, was agonized with an ungovernable access of joy. He was reciting very loud, and with the tears rolling down his cheeks, those animated verses which he had just conceived:

Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

MRS. BURNS AND ER GRANDCHILD.

'Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans
A' plump and strappin in their teens;
Their sarks, instead of creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seven teen-hunder linen,
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, good blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies.'"

To the last, Burns was of opinion that "Tam o' Shanter" was the best of his productions; and although it does not often happen that poet and public come to the same conclusion on such points, I believe the decision in question has been all but unanimously approved of.

The admirable execution of the piece, so far as it goes, leaves nothing to wish for; the only criticism has been, that the catastrophe appears unworthy of the preparation. Burns might have avoided this error—if error it be—had he followed not the Ayrshire, but the Galloway edition of the legend. According to that tradition, the *Cutty-Sark* who attracted the special notice of the bold intruder on the Satanic ceremonial, was no other than the pretty wife of a farmer residing in the same village with himself, and of whose unholy propensities no suspicion had ever been whispered. The "Galloway *Tam*" being thoroughly sobered by terror, crept to his bed the moment he reached home after his escape, and said nothing of what had happened to any of his family. He was awakened in the morning with the astounding intelligence that his horse had been found dead in the stable, and a woman's hand, clotted with blood, adhering to the tail. Presently it was reported that *Cutty-Sark* had burnt her hand grievously over-night, and was ill in bed, but obstinately refused to let her wound be examined by the village leech. Hereupon Tam, disentangling the bloody hand from the hair of his defunct favourite's tail, proceeded to the

residence of the fair witch, and forcibly pulling her stump to view, showed his trophy, and narrated the whole circumstances of the adventure. The poor victim of the black art was constrained to confess her guilty practices in presence of the priest and the laird, and was forthwith burnt alive under their joint auspices, within water mark, on the Solway Firth.*. . .

Burns lays the scene of this remarkable performance almost on the spot where he was born ; and all the terrific circumstances by which he has marked the progress of Tam's midnight journey are drawn from local tradition.

" By this time he was cross the ford
Wherein the snaw the chapman smoor'd,
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn ;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel."

None of these tragic memoranda were derived from imagination. Nor was " Tam o' Shanter " himself an imaginary character. Shanter is a farm close to Kirkoswald, that smuggling village, in which Burns, when sixteen years old, studied mensuration, and " first became acquainted with scenes of swaggering riot." The then occupier of Shanter, by name Douglas Graham, was, by all accounts, equally what the Tam of the poet appears, —a jolly, careless rustic, who took much more interest in the contraband traffic of the coast than the rotation of crops. Burns knew the man well ; and to his dying day Graham, nothing loath, passed among his rural compeers by the name of Tam o' Shanter.

* * *

Towards the close of 1791 *the poet, finally despairing of his farm, became wholly an exciseman at a salary of £70 a year, and took up residence in Dumfries, a town at that time of taverns and meridian drams and rude noctes ambrosianae. He readily fell into its dissipated habits, for he had just left a solitary existence, with little social intercourse. Now all sorts of people flocked eagerly about him in convivial evenings to enjoy his wit. He gave offence to the stately Tories of the town by too free expression of democratic principles, and the indiscretion almost lost him his appointment of exciseman. An inquiry was held on his political conduct. The result he considered, utterly blasted, for the moment, all hopes of promotion ; this made him desperate, and his tendency to dissipation hurried him precipitately into those excesses which shortened his life. These excesses have been greatly exaggerated. There is nothing in his correspondence more amusing than his reply to a certain solemn lecture of William Nicol, the same exemplary schoolmaster who " brewed the peck o' maut" which " Rob and Allan cam to pree."*

" O thou, wisest among the wise, meridian blaze of prudence, full moon of discretion, and chief of many councillors ! how infinitely is thy puddle-headed, rattle-headed, wrong-headed, round-headed slave indebted to thy supereminent goodness, that from the luminous path of thy own right-lined rectitude thou lookest benignly down on an erring wretch, of whom the zig-zag wanderings defy all the powers of calculation, from the simple copulation of units, up to the hidden mysteries of fluxions! May one feeble ray of that light of wisdom which darts from thy sensorium, straight as the arrow of heaven, and bright as the meteor of inspiration, may it be my portion, so that I may be less unworthy of the face and favour of that father of proverbs and master of maxims, that antipode of folly, and magnet among the sages, the wise and witty Willy Nicol ! Amen ! amen ! Yea, so be it !

" For me ! I am a beast, a reptile, and know nothing ! " &c., &c., &c.

Burns did not live to see more than a mere fraction of his poetry in collected form. He died on 21st July, 1796, *as the result of rheumatic fever, just when an excise*

* Note by William Scott Douglas : This pretended "Galloway version" of the legend is a mere invention of Allan Cunningham, who tried here to impose on Mr. Lockhart, as in former years he had hoaxed Cromek.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

THE INAUGURATION OF ROBERT BURNS

collectorship was in sight for him, and "a life of literary leisure with a decent competence." He was only thirty-seven years of age. After many weeks of a sick bed, he was beginning to go about again.

But a few days after this, Burns was so exceedingly imprudent as to join a festive circle at a tavern dinner, where he remained till about three in the morning. The weather was severe, and he, being much intoxicated, took no precaution in thus exposing his debilitated frame to its influence. It has been said, that he fell asleep upon the snow on his way home. It is certain, that next morning he was sensible of an icy numbness through all his joints -that his rheumatism returned with tenfold force upon him—and that from that unhappy hour, his mind brooded ominously on the fatal issue. The course of medicine to which he submitted was violent; confinement—accustomed as he had been to much bodily exercise—preyed miserably on all his powers; he drooped visibly, and all the hopes of his friends that health would return with summer, were destined to disappointment.

"*4th June*, 1796 (King's Birthday).—I am in such miserable health as to be utterly incapable of showing my loyalty in any way. Rackt as I am with rheumatisms, I meet every face with a greeting like that of Balak to Balaam—'Come, curse me Jacob: and come defy me Israel.'"

"*7th July.*—I fear the voice of the Bard will soon be heard among you no more. For these eight or ten months I have been ailing, sometimes bedfast and sometimes not; but these last three months I have been tortured with an excruciating rheumatism, which has reduced me to nearly the last stage. You actually would not know me if you saw me—pale, emaciated, and so feeble, as occasionally to need help from my chair.—My spirit's fled! fled! But I can no more on the subject."

This last letter was addressed to Mr. Cunningham of Edinburgh, from the small village of Brow on the Solway Firth, about ten miles from Dumfries, to which the poet removed on Monday, 4th of July; "the medical folks," as he says, "having told him that his last and only chance was bathing, country quarters, and riding." In separating himself by their advice from his family for these purposes, he carried with him a heavy burden of care. "The deuce of the matter," he writes, "is this, when an exciseman is off duty, his salary is reduced. What way, in the name of thrift, shall I maintain myself and keep a horse in country quarters on £35?" He implored his friends in Edinburgh to make interest with the Board to grant him his full salary; "if they do not, I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poete*—if I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger." The application was, I believe, successful; but Burns lived not to profit by the indulgence, or the justice, of his superiors. . . .

He went to the sea-side hoping to receive some benefit. On the 18th July the poet came back to Dumfries.

Mr. Allan Cunningham, who saw him arrive, "visibly changed in his looks, being with difficulty able to stand upright, and reach his own door," has given a striking picture, in one of his essays, of the state of popular feeling in the town during the short space which intervened between his return and his death. "Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history -of his person -of his works -of his family- of his fame- and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians, were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

"His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow-volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with

his eyes wet, and said, 'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me.' He repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager, yet decorous solicitude of his fellow-townsmen, increased. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them on some important points were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius — of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more."

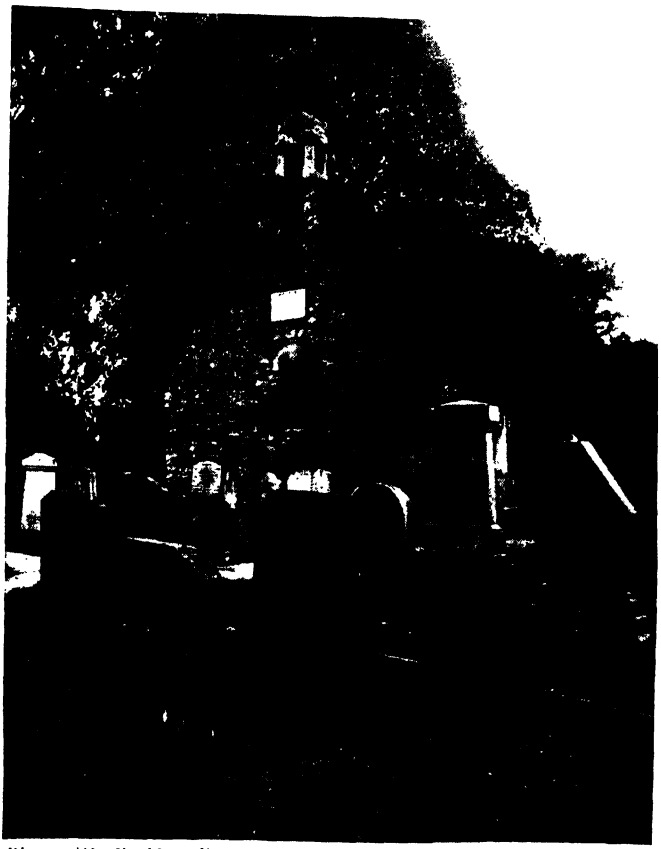


Photo: W. F. Mansell.

ALLOWAY KIRK AND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF BURNS' FATHER.

It was in Alloway Kirkyard that Tam o' Shanter saw "an unco' ht: Warlocks and witches in a dance" and "auld Nick in shape o' beast."

* * *

Wordsworth asks "What is a poet?" and answers his own question. "He is a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them."

That Burns *lived fast*, in both senses of the phrase, we have abundant evidence from himself; and that the more earthly motion was somewhat accelerated as it approached the close, we may believe, without finding it at all necessary to mingle anger with our sorrow. "Even in his earliest poems," as Mr. Wordsworth says, in a beautiful passage of his letter to Mr. Gray, "through the veil of assumed habits and pretended qualities, enough of the real man appears to show that he was conscious of sufficient cause to dread his own passions, and to bewail his errors! We have rejected as false sometimes in the letter,

and of necessity as false in the spirit, many of the testimonies that others have borne against him; but, by his own hand—in words the import of which cannot be mistaken—it has been recorded that the order of his life but faintly corresponded with the clearness of his views. It is probable that he would have proved a still greater poet, if, by strength of reason, he could have controlled the propensities which his sensibility engendered; but he would have been a poet of a different class: and certain it is, had that desirable restraint been early established, many peculiar beauties which enrich his verses could never have existed, and many accessary influences, which contribute greatly to their effect, would have been wanting. For instance, the momentous truth of the passage,

'Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentlier sister woman—
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang;
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark
The moving *why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it,'

could not possibly have been conveyed with such pathetic force by any poet that ever lived, speaking in his own voice, unless it were felt that, like Burns, he was a man who preached from the text of his own errors; and whose wisdom, beautiful as a flower, that might have risen from seed sown from above, was, in fact, a scion from the root of personal suffering."

POEMS

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

What chiefly separates Shelley's pictures from those of other poets is his amazingly fine sense of tenderness of colour. There is nothing equal to his work in this respect; nothing that glows like it. Yet it is so delicate. For those whose spirit is attuned to Shelley's music there is nothing like it, for others it is idle to speak, for who can "explain" a melody of Chopin to a man who has no ear?

Shelley was born in 1792, *at Horsham; he was drowned at the age of* 31 *off Leghorn. His body was washed ashore and burnt in antique fashion on the shore. His heart was conveyed to Rome and buried near the resting-place of Keats. In addition to his "Ode to the West Wind" and "Ode to a Skylark," given elsewhere in this work, we give the following selections:—*

SONG

I

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

II

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

III

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou are not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

IV

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

V

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

VI

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

VII

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

VIII

I love Love — though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

TO JANE: THE RECOLLECTION

Now the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
Up, to thy wonted work! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled, —
For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam.
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A Light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath,
That under Heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was!—the silence there
By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced,—
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling, silent life,—
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife;

And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,—
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulfed in a world below;
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew,
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved, the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast,
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth expressed;
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcomed thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots our dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
Than calm in waters, seen.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

II

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart;—
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

III

O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale,
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

TO ——

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection. *By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.*

THE BURNING OF SHELLEY'S BODY.

The body of Shelley (he was drowned off Leghorn) being consumed on a funeral pyre in the presence of Leigh Hunt, Byron and Trelawny on the 19th July, 1822. His heart was rescued from the flames, and conveyed to Rome, where it was buried near the resting-place of Keats.

From the painting by Louis Edward Fournier in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

A LAMENT

I

O WORLD! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
  Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
    No more—Oh, never more!

II

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
  Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
    No more—Oh, never more!

THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS

SWIFT—GOLDSMITH—POPE

W. M. THACKERAY

Photo: B. P. C.

"SWIFT AND STELLA," BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

Dean Swift, the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, first met Stella while he was living with Sir William Temple, and she was quite a child. She afterwards became a great and tragic figure in the drama of his life.

"The English Humourists" was first delivered as a series of lectures, and afterwards published in book form in 1853. *These lectures are professedly critical. Of Thackeray's qualities as a critic, Professor Saintsbury says, "it has been pointed out that, in consequence of his peculiar impulsiveness, his strong likes and dislikes, his satiric-romantic temperament, and perhaps certain deficiencies in all-round literary and historical learning, his critical light was apt to be rather uncertain, and his critical deductions by no means things from which there should be no appeal."*

The lecture on Swift "is an instance of that excessive 'taking sides' with or against his characters which has been

noticed, and will be noticed again and again." Mr. Saintsbury adds, "I do not believe that anyone has a greater admiration for Swift than I have: and all that I can say is, that I know no estimate of his genius anywhere more adequate than Thackeray's."

Thackeray's idea in treating of the English Humourists was to speak of the men and their lives, rather than of their books. "You will not look to find," he says, "a story that is otherwise than serious, and often very sad . . . The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jonathan Swift, an amazing character, was born in Dublin in 1667. *"He married Hester Johnson (Stella) and buried Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) who had followed him to Ireland from London, where she had contracted a violent passion for him." Swift died in* 1745, *having passed the last five years of his life with an impaired intellect, and keepers to watch him.*

YOU know, of course, that Swift has had many biographers; his life has been told by the kindest and most good-natured of men, Scott, who admires but can't bring himself to love him; and by stout old Johnson, who, forced to admit him into the company of poets, receives the famous Irishman, and takes off his hat to him with a bow of surly recognition, scans him from head to foot, and passes over to the other side of the streets. Dr. Wilde, of Dublin, who has written a most interesting volume on the closing years of Swift's life, calls Johnson "the most malignant of his biographers": it is not easy for an English critic to please Irishmen—perhaps to try and please them. And yet Johnson truly admires Swift: Johnson does not quarrel with Swift's change of politics, or doubt his sincerity of religion: about the famous Stella and Vanessa controversy the Doctor does not bear very hardly on Swift. But he could not give the Dean that honest hand of his; the stout old man puts it into his breast, and moves off from him.

Would we have liked to live with him? That is a question, which, in dealing with these people's works, and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to have been a friend of the great Dean? I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latchkey, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition—but Swift? If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and had not the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue ribbon, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humour, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you! and made fun

of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence; he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronising you, and after fighting your battles masked in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo.

He says as much himself in one of his letters to Bolingbroke: "All my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue ribbon or a coach-and-six."

Could there be a greater candour? It is an outlaw, who says, "These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold"; and he hears the sound of coaches-and-six, takes the road like Macheath, and makes society stand and deliver. They are all on their knees before him. Down go my lord bishop's apron, and his grace's blue ribbon, and my lady's brocade petticoat in the mud. He eases the one of a living, the other of a patent place, the third of a little snug post about the Court, and gives them over to followers of his own. The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crosier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from St. James's; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country.

* * *

Thackeray proceeds to speak of the lax morality of Swift's day; public society was in a strange, disordered condition.

His bitterness, his scorn, his rage, his subsequent misanthropy, are ascribed by some panegyrists to a deliberate conviction of mankind's unworthiness, and a desire to amend them by castigating. His youth was bitter, as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence; his age was bitter, like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in a lonely exile. A man may attribute to the gods, if he likes, what is caused by his own fury, or disappointment, or self-will. What public man—what statesman projecting a *coup*—what king determined on an invasion of his neighbour—what satirist meditating an onslaught on a society or an individual, can't give a pretext for his move? . . .

As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck—as strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to Swift. I am glad, for one, that fate wrested the prey out of his claws, and cut his wings and chained him. One can gaze, and not without awe and pity, at the lonely eagle chained behind the bars.

That Swift was born at No. 7, Hoey's Court, Dublin, on the 30th November, 1667, is a certain fact, of which nobody will deny the sister island the honour and glory; but it seems to me, he was no more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo. Goldsmith was an Irishman, and always an Irishman: Steele was an Irishman, and always an Irishman: Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English; his statement is elaborately simple; he shuns tropes and metaphors, and uses his ideas and words with a wise thrift and economy, as he used his money; with which he could be generous and splendid upon great occasions, but which he husbanded when there was no need to spend it. He never indulges in needless extravagance of rhetoric, lavish epithets, profuse imagery. He lays his opinion before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness.

Swift resided for a term of years as amanuensis to Sir William Temple, as a dependent at Moor Park. (It was here he met Stella.) He wrote "A Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books," and as a

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

DEAN SWIFT.

From the painting by Francis Bindon.
The man scrambling for money at his feet is supposed to represent Wood, who was exposed by Swift in the Drapier's Letters. In the background Hibernia is on the left, and the Temple of Fame on the right.

reward received the Deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin. It was when "he was writing at Temple's table, or following his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the men who had governed the great world—measured himself with them, gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them and tied them and marked them. . . . What small men they must have seemed to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary." Thackeray describes Swift's life at Temple's: "how he must have lashed and growled and torn the household with his gibes and scorn!" He was a terrible man, with traits of goodness.

This picture of the great Dean seems a true one, and is harsh, though not altogether unpleasant. He was doing good, and to deserving men too, in the midst of these intrigues and triumphs. His journals and a thousand anecdotes of him relate his kind acts and rough manners. His hand was constantly stretched out to relieve an honest man - he was cautious about his money, but ready. If you were in a strait would you like such a benefactor? I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner. He insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces. No, the Dean was no Irishman - no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart. . . .

But Swift? *His* mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guard-room, and he did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the *Tale of a Tub*, when he said, "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" I think he was admiring not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius, a genius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong—to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men—an awful, an evil spirit. . . .

It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostasy out to hire. The paper left behind him, called *Thoughts on Religion*, is merely a set of excuses for not professing belief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets: they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him: he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life, he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain.

The Bishops advised Queen Anne not to appoint this wild man to a bishopric. Thackeray proceeds to refer to that "abounding book," "Gulliver's Travels." "It is truth topsy-turvy, entirely logical and absurd. As for the humour and conduct of this famous fable, I suppose there is no person who reads but must admire; as for the moral, I think it horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him." Into "Gulliver's Travels" Swift put all his satirical rage and venom; and this is the book generations of children

have read with avidity, unable of course to grasp the satirical intention of the allegory —" of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate and imbecile, and his boasted powers so mean that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes." What secret remorse, asks Thackeray, was rankling at Swift's heart? What fever was boiling in him?

A remarkable story is told by Scott, of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance, upon which the archbishop said to Delany, " You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question."

The most unhappy man on earth — *Miserrimus*—what a character of him! And at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet. All Ireland had shouted after him, and worshipped as a liberator, a saviour, the greatest Irish patriot and citizen. Dean Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver—the most famous statemen, and the greatest poets of his day, had applauded him, and done him homage; and at this time writing over to Bolingbroke from Ireland, he says, " It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, *and not to die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.*"

We have spoken about the men, and Swift's behaviour to them; and now it behoves us not to forget that there are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great Dean. Two women whom he loved and injured are known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who hasn't in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature: pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you, now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief—boots it to you now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady, so lovely, so loving, so unhappy! you have had countless champions; millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your tragedy, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

And if Stella's love and innocence are charming to contemplate, I will say that in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart—in the teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous complexity—in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who as far as my experience and conversation go, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy—in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that true love from running smoothly—the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally, of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love-making, as it has been described in various languages, and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls " his little language " in his journal to Stella. He writes to her night and morning often. He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He can't bear to let go her kind little hand as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him, and longing for him far away in Dublin yonder.

He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them, familiarly, paternally, with fond epithets and pretty caresses—as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. "Stay," he writes one morning—it is the 14th of December, 1710—"stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed—let me see. Come and appear little letter! Here I am, says he, and what say you to Stella this morning fresh and fasting! And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?" he goes on, after more kind prattle and fond whispering. The dear eyes shine clearly upon him then—the good angel of his life is with him and blessing him. Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom. A hard fate: but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her whilst he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone; of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching; in contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos; his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry, and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel, whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love. . . .

Photo: Kirchgitz Collin

POLLY'S CHOP HOUSE IN QUEEN'S HEAD COURT, PATERNOSTER ROW.

A famous house much frequented by Oliver Goldsmith. Pulled down in 1883.

From a water colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd.

And yet to have had so much love, he must have given some. Treasures of wit and wisdom, and tenderness, too, must that man have had locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shown fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place. People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there. He shrank away from all affections sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both died

near him, and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ear after sevenscore years. He was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius: and awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention—none, I think, however, so great or so gloomy.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The following extracts are from Thackeray's lecture on Goldsmith, to whose genius, gentle nature and sufferings he pays tribute.

Who of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however, busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music. . . .

A relative—kind Uncle Contarine, took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his school days righteously doing as little work as he could: robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous "Mistake of a Night," when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the "best house" in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness—and called him Aesop, and little Noll made his repartee of "Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—See Aesop dancing and his monkey playing." One can fancy a queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon, he surveys them in the glass ruefully; and presently assumes the most

comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the Church, because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat: in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendours the heirs and assignees of Mr: Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day; perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled the little account in Hades.

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's, who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless and fond of pleasure: he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street-singers, who paid him a crown for a poem: and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart, that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

After college he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public-house. Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple; but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given to him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home.

Goldsmith's college career was stormy and unhappy; he meditated emigration to America, but thought better of it; he went to Edinburgh to study medicine; his restless spirit drove him abroad in 1754, *and during two years he was lost in mysterious wanderings; finally he established his fame as a poet on the publication of "The Traveller." "His sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm and rain and bitter weather."*

The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbour: he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers: he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from gaol: when he was a school-usher, he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. "Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?" he asked of one of his old pupils. "Not seen it? not bought it! Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half an hour." His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. . . .

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire,

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S TOMB ADJOINING THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

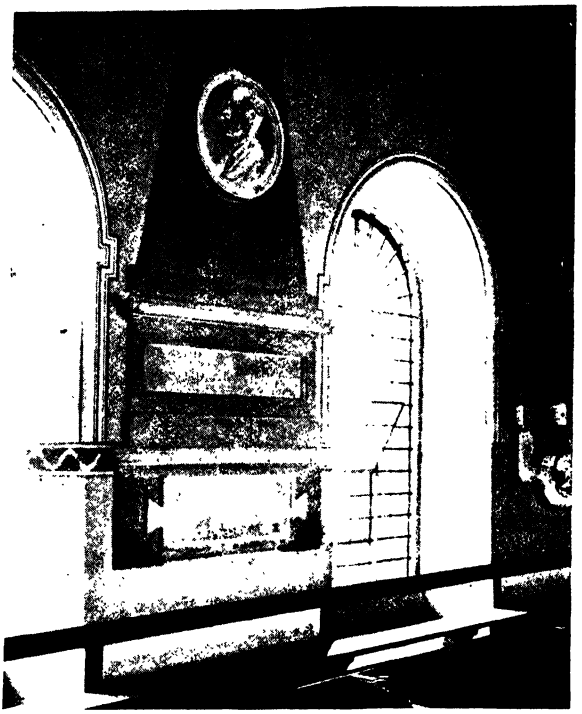
brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions: he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault, and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. "He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart, "Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir, but he is so no more." Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished cover his face and pass on.

Goldsmith had been a hack-writer living in a garret. Dr. Johnson had become his visitor and close friend, and it was Johnson who rescued him from the hands of bailiffs, and the threat of prison; it was Johnson who, having read the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield," sold it to a bookseller for £60, to extricate Goldsmith from his monetary troubles.

Staggering under a load of debt and labour, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependants, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and-forty, death seized him and closed his career. I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson, and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their

kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door. Ah, it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with heart yearning for home, those charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn. . . .

Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain if you like — but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still: his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benvolent spirit seems still to smile upon us: to do gentle kindnesses: to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.



Rischgitz Collection.

Alexander Pope lies buried by the side of his beloved mother in the central aisle of the Parish Church of Twickenham, and his epitaph, composed by himself, is inscribed on a white marble tablet above the gallery.

Poeta loquitur
For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Heroes and Kings your distance keep
In peace let one poor Poet sleep
Who never flattered folks like you
Let Horace blush and Virgil too.

POPE.

"The English Humourists" contains also Thackeray's lectures on Congreve, Addison and Steele; Prior, Gay and Pope; Smollett, Fielding and Sterne. The following passages are from his essay on Alexander Pope, one of the greatest versifiers of all ages. His character was as malformed as his puny body; his life was a long disease; his lifelong bitterness must be charitably excused. He had a "noble rage" for learning, and an insatiable curiosity for exploring human nature.

We are now come to the greatest name on our list—the highest among the poets, the highest among the English wits and humourists with whom we have to rank him. If the author of the *Dunciad* be not a humourist, if the poet of the *Rape of the Lock* be not a wit, who deserves to be called so? Besides that brilliant genius and immense fame, for both of which we should respect him, men of letters should admire him as being the greatest literary *artist* that England has seen. He polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, stream, or any object which struck him in his walk, or contemplation of Nature. He began to imitate at an early age; and taught himself to write by copying printed books. Then he

passed into the hands of the priests, and from his first clerical master, who came to him when he was eight years old, he went to a school at Twyford, and another school at Hyde Park, at which places he unlearned all that he had got from his first instructor. At twelve years old, he went with his father into Windsor Forest, and there learned for a few months under a fourth priest. "And this was all the teaching I ever had," he said, "and God knows it extended a very little way."

When he had done with his priests he took to reading by himself, for which he had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry. He learned versification from Dryden, he said. In his youthful poem of *Alcander*, he imitated every poet, Cowley, Milton, Spenser, Statius, Homer, Virgil. In a few years he had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. "This I did," he says, "without any design, except to amuse myself; and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I looked upon as the happiest in my life." Is not here a beautiful holiday picture? The forest and the fairy story-book—the boy spelling Ariosto or Virgil under the trees, battling with the Cid for the love of Chimène, or dreaming of Armida's garden—peace and sunshine round about—the kindest love and tenderness waiting for him at his quiet home yonder—and Genius throbbing in his young heart, and whispering to him, "You shall be great; you shall be famous; you, too, shall love and sing; you will sing her so nobly that some kind heart shall forget you are weak and ill-formed. Every poet had a love. Fate must give one to you too"—and day by day he walks the forest, very likely looking out for that charmer. "They were the happiest days of his life," he says, when he was only dreaming of his fame: when he had gained that mistress she was no consoler.

That charmer made her appearance, it would seem, about the year 1705, when Pope was seventeen. Letters of his are extant, addressed to a certain Lady M— —, whom the youth courted, and to whom he expressed his ardour in language, to say no worse of it, that is entirely pert, odious, and affected. He imitated love compositions as he had been imitating love poems just before—it was a sham mistress he courted, and a sham passion, expressed as became it. These unlucky letters found their way into print years afterwards, and were sold to the congenial Mr. Curll. If any of my hearers, as I hope they may, should take a fancy to look at Pope's correspondence, let them pass over that first part of it; over, perhaps, almost all Pope's letters to women; in which there is a tone of not pleasant gallantry, and amidst a profusion of compliments and politenesses, a something which makes one one distrust the little pert, prurient bard. There is very little indeed to say about his loves, and that little not edifying. He wrote flames and raptures and elaborate verse and prose for Lady Mary Wortley Montague; but that passion probably came to a climax in an impertinence and was extinguished by a box on the ear, or some such rebuff, and he began on a sudden to hate her with a fervour much more genuine that that of his love had been. . . .

In Johnson's *Life of Pope* you will find described with rather a malicious minuteness some of the personal habits and infirmities of the great little Pope. His body was crooked, he was so short that it was necessary to raise his chair in order to place him on a level with other people at table. He was sewed up in a buckram suit every morning and required a nurse like a child. His contemporaries reviled these misfortunes with a strange acrimony, and made his poor deformed person the butt for many a bolt of heavy wit. The facetious Mr. Dennis, in speaking of him, says, "If you take the first letter of Mr. Alexander Pope's Christian name, and the first and last letters of his surname, you have A.P.E." Pope catalogues at the end of the *Dunciad*, with a rueful precision,

other pretty names, besides Ape, which Dennis called him. That great critic pronounced Mr. Pope was a little ass, a fool, a coward, a Papist, and therefore a hater of Scripture, and so forth. It must be remembered that the pillory was a flourishing and popular institution in those days. Authors stood in it in the body sometimes: and dragged their enemies thither morally, hooted them with foul abuse, and assailed them with garbage of the gutter. Poor Pope's figure was an easy one for those clumsy caricaturists to draw. Any stupid hand could draw a hunchback, and write Pope underneath. They did. A libel was published against Pope with such a frontispiece. This kind of rude jesting was an evidence not only of an ill-nature, but a dull one. When a child makes a pun, or a lout breaks out into a laugh, it is some very obvious combination of words, or discrepancy of objects, which provokes the infantine satirist, or tickles the boorish wag; and many of Pope's revilers laughed, not so much because they were wicked, as because they knew no better. . . .

The tastes and sensibilities of Pope, which led him to cultivate the society of persons of fine manners, or wit, or taste, or beauty, caused him to shrink equally from that shabby and boisterous crew which formed the rank and file of literature in his time: and he was as unjust to these men as they to him. The delicate little creature sickened at habits and company which were quite tolerable to robuster men; and in the famous feud between Pope and the Dunces, and without attributing any peculiar wrong to either, one can quite understand how the two parties should so hate each other. As I fancy, it was a sort of necessity that when Pope's triumph passed, Mr. Addison and his men should look rather contemptuously down on it from their balcony; so it was natural for Dennis and Tibbald, and Welsted, and Cibber, and the worn and hungry pressmen in the crowd below, to howl at him and assail him. And Pope was more savage to Grub Street than Grub Street to Pope. The thong with which he lashed them was dreadful; he fired upon that howling crew such shafts of flame and poison, he slew and wounded so fiercely, that in reading the *Dunciad* and the prose lampoons of Pope, one feels disposed to side against the ruthless little tyrant, at least to pity those wretched folks upon whom he was so unmerciful. It was Pope, and Swift to aid him, who established among us the Grub Street tradition.

He revels in base descriptions of poor men's want; he gloats over poor Dennis's garret, and flannel nightcap, and red stockings; he gives instructions how to find Curll's authors, the historian at the tallow-chandler's under the blind arch in Petty France, the two translators in bed together, the poet in the cock-loft in Budge-Row, whose landlady keeps the ladder. It was Pope, I fear, who contributed, more than any man who ever lived, to depreciate the literary calling. It was not an unprosperous one before that time, as we have seen; at least there were great prizes in the profession which had made Addison a minister, and Prior an ambassador, and Steele a commissioner, and Swift all but a bishop. The profession of letters was ruined by that libel of the *Dunciad*. If authors were wretched and poor before, if some of them lived in haylofts, of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret, the third at any rate appeared decently at the coffee-house, and paid his twopence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world (delighted with the mischief, as who would not be that reads it?) believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cowheel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children and clamorous landladies, were always associated together.

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"O MISTRESS MINE."

Song in "Twelfth Night." Act II., Scene 3.

FAMOUS PASSAGES FROM SHAKESPEARE

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

MALVOLIO AND OLIVIA.

Scene from "Twelfth Night."

From the painting by Maclise, in the Tate Gallery, London.

Malvolio, Olivia's steward, receives a forged letter, leading him to suppose that his mistress is in love with him. When Olivia shows her astonishment at his absurd behaviour he quotes passages from the letter he has received. Eventually he is shut up as a lunatic.

Several of Shakespeare's plays are represented elsewhere in this work. It seems fitting to close with a final selection of famous passages from Shakespeare, who was "not of an age, but for all time." It would have been easy, indeed much easier, had space permitted, to have given in these pages a more extended selection of what used to be called "The Beauties of Shakespeare." But Shakespeare cannot be properly represented by isolated passages: he would not be Shakespeare if he could.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

(ACT II., SCENE 3.)

One of Shakespeare's bursts of exquisite song.

O MISTRESS MINE.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

* * *

AS YOU LIKE IT.

(ACT II., SCENE 7.)

Of "As You Like It" it was said by Hazlitt, "There is hardly any of Shakespeare's plays that contain a greater number of passages that have been quoted in books of extracts, or a greater number of phrases that have become in a manner proverbial. If we were to give all the striking passages, we should give half the play." Here is the most "proverbial" of all.

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
In second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

* * *

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

(ACT II., SCENE 1.)

One of the most beautiful passages in the play on which, more than any other, Shakespeare lavished his airy and exquisite fancies.

Oberon. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,

Photo: Kirchgitz Collection.

ROSALIND AND CELIA.
Scene from "As You Like It."
After the painting by Millais.

Rosalind, daughter of a banished Duke who lives in the Forest of Arden, becomes the companion of her cousin, Celia. When Rosalind also is banished from the Court, Celia resolves to follow her, dressing as a boy for

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.
Oberon. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.* [* The Pansy.]
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle* round about the earth [* *i.e.* Travel.]
In forty minutes.

* * *

KING HENRY VIII.

(ACT III., SCENE 2.)

The greatness of Wolsey's speech lies in the fact that he turns from the taunts of his enemies to answer the questions put to him by his own conscience.

Wolsey. Farewell? A long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride,
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

* * *

Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHERINE—QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

(The Kemble Family and Mrs. Siddons.)

Catherine Parr, the sixth wife of Henry VIII. and a Protestant, was charged with heresy and treason by the Catholic Party. She cleared herself to the faction of the [illegible] retained her ascendency till his death.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

KING HENRY V.

(ACT III., SCENE 1.)

Of all Shakespeare's plays "King Henry the Fifth" is the most directly English and patriotic, therefore one of the most popular; but Henry's doubts concerning the wisdom and justice of war-making (Act I., Scene 2) are at least as English to-day as his battle-cries.

King Henry. Once more unto the breach,
dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage* of the head [* Porthole.]
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm* it [* Overhang.]
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty* his confounded base, [* Just over.]
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English.
Whose blood is fet* from fathers of war proof, [* Fetched.]
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument!
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture*: let us swear [* Breeding.]
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge,
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

TITANIA AND BOTTOM.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act IV., Scene I.

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

Titania was Queen of the Fairies and wife of Oberon. As the result of a fairy quarrel Oberon anointed her eyes during sleep with "Love in Idleness," the effect of which was to make her fall in love with the first person she saw on waking. The first person happened to be a country bumpkin, whom Puck had dressed up with an ass's head.

OTHELLO.

(ACT III., SCENE 3.)

Shakespeare excelled in descriptions of human defeat and delusion. Witness Macbeth's "To-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow," Hamlet's "To be or not to be?" Wolsey's confession, Cleopatra's lament for Antony, Richard the Second's reflections of despair, Timon's last message to Athens, and Othello's farewell.

Othello. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

* * *

JULIUS CÆSAR.

(ACT III., SCENE 2.)

Shakespeare, it is probable, could never have made a subtle and persuasive political speech to an Elizabethan audience. It was his genius only to divine the genius of others. Following Plutarch, he here reports Antony in terms of Antony's genius for high diplomacy and intimate appeal.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir

Photo: Stage Photo Co.

MARK ANTONY'S SPEECH AFTER THE SUICIDE OF BRUTUS.

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

* * *

If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

* * *

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, not utterance, not the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Photo: Foulsham & Banfield, Ltd.

SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

Juliet wakes from the effect of the sleeping draught to find Romeo dead.

FRIAR LAWRENCE: "A greater power than we can contradict, hath thwarted our intents; come, come away."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

(ACT II., SCENE 2.)

Hazlitt has justly said (in effect) that "Romeo and Juliet" presents a picture of new and untried love, but that "Shakespeare has given a picture of human life, such as it is in the order of nature." There are many pictures within the picture, and this, in Capulet's orchard, is one of the most beautiful.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet. Ay me!

Romeo. She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Juliet. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Juliet. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Romeo. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Romeo. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Juliet. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Romeo. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "ay,"
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay. . . .

Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo. What shall I swear by ?,
Juliet. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Romeo. If my heart's dear love –
Juliet. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night ;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say " it lightens." Sweet, good night !
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

Photo : Emsham & Banfield, Ltd.

SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST."
"Toads, beetles, bats, light on you."
Caliban reviles Prospero, while Miranda sleeps.

THE TEMPEST.

(ACT IV SCENE 1.)

Shakespeare may well have written " The Tempest " in his retirement at Stratford. Was it his own wand that Prospero broke, his own last weakness that he felt, and was it in his own garden he walked to still the last beatings of his " myriad mind " ?

Prospero. You do look, my son in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd ; be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

DEAD MAN'S ROCK

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

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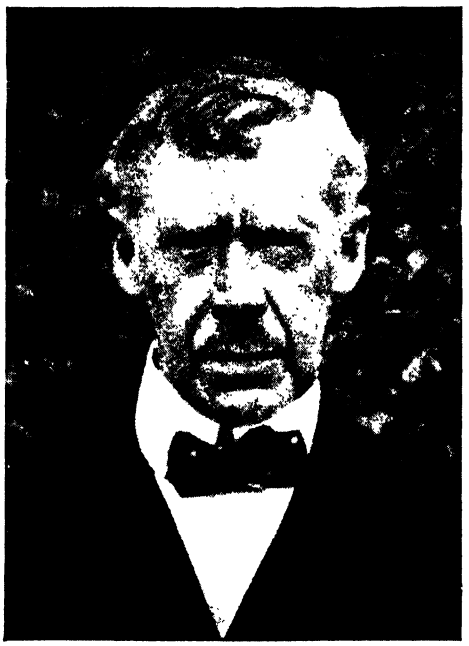

Photo: Central Press.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, novelist, poet and essayist, is known to many readers as "Q." He was born in 1863, and among his chief works are "Troy Town," "The Blue Pavilions," and "The Splendid Spur."

The plot of this story of many thrills centres round The Quest of the Great Ruby. The grandfather of Jasper Trenoweth left a will, discovered amongst his papers after his death. No stranger or more perplexing document was ever penned. Jasper's grandfather had led a hot and riotous youth, fearing neither God, man, nor devil, but in later years he had "got religion." He bequeathed his house, farm, and all his worldly goods to his son, Ezekiel. The will also contained the following enigmatic passage.

" . . . But, knowing also the mutability of earthly things, I do hereby command and enjoin that, if at any time He or his Descendants be in stress and tribulation of poverty, the Head of our Family of Trenoweth shall strictly and faithfully obey these my Latest Directions. He shall take ship and go unto Bombay in India, to

the house of Elihu Sanderson, Esquire, or his Heirs, and there, presenting in person this my last Will and Testament, together with the Holy Bible now lying in the third drawer of my Writing Desk, shall duly and scrupulously execute such instructions as the said Elihu Sanderson or his Heirs shall lay upon him.

"Also, I command and enjoin under pain of my Dying Curse, that the Iron Key now hanging from the Middle Beam in the Front Parlour be not touched or moved, until he who undertakes this Task shall have returned and have crossed the threshold of Lantrig, having duly performed all the said Instructions. And furthermore that the said Task be not undertaken lightly or except in direst Need, under pain of Grievous and Sore Affliction. This I say, knowing well the Spiritual and worldly Perils that shall beset such an one, and having myself been brought near to Destruction of Body and Soul, which latter may Christ in His Mercy avert.

"Thus, having eased my mind of great and pressing Anguish, I commend my soul to God, before Whose Judgment Bar I shall be presently summoned to stand, the greatest of sinners, yet not without hope of Everlasting Redemption, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The eventuality thus forecasted actually happened. Ezekiel, the son, fell upon bad times and sailed away in the good ship "Golden Wave" in search of his inheritance. Book I. tells the amazing adventures of Ezekiel and his success. Returning, he was drowned within sight of home, or, rather, murdered as the ship foundered, by a strange man, Georgio Rhodojani, who had dogged Ezekiel's footsteps at every turn in his search for the Great Ruby, and had sailed home on the same ship as his victim, Ezekiel. Ezekiel's journal of his search, and its results, came into possession of his son Jasper, who, only a boy, consulted his uncle, Loveday. Part of the clue to the whereabouts of the Great Ruby was contained in a tin box, and part in the cryptic writing upon one half of a golden clasp which had been given to Jasper on the Dead Man's Rock by a man saved with Georgio from the wrecked ship, who also gave Jasper his father's journal. To hide his identity, this rascal, Georgio, changed his name to Simon Colliver; this man was supposed to have the second half of the golden clasp which had on it the remainder of the writing, without which the other half was not intelligible.

The second book deals with Jasper's search for the villain Colliver, and the finding of the Great Ruby. He tramped the streets of London day by day, and night by night, hoping to fall in with this man, determined to revenge his father's murder. He pursued his search for weary months, his companion being his cousin, Tom Loveday. The two lived in a garret, sharing their few pounds while they pursued their medical studies at Guy's. Neither of their hearts yearned towards the medical profession; Tom was more concerned with verse and play-writing; while Jasper still harked on the search for his mortal enemy, hoping that he would yet find the secret of his inheritance, the Great Ruby. The young men's exchequer was reduced to sixteen and eightpence-halfpenny; then they resolved to visit a gambling hell in Leicester Square to try their luck with their all. At the head of the table where rouge-et-noir was played there presided a most extraordinary woman of immense age and deeply wrinkled face. She beckoned to Jasper and begged him to stake, saying she was convinced he would break the luck of the table. He lost his all; then staked his last remaining possession, the half of the golden clasp he carried with him, worthless without the counterpart he despaired of finding. He flung the accursed clasp after the rest; it brought him luck and he won a great pile of money. The old woman evinced great interest in the clasp and Jasper barely escaped the gambling den with his life.

To relieve his mind Jasper one summer Sunday afternoon went up the river to Pangbourne. Here, seeing a young lady in distress by reason of her boat floating away down stream while she rested on the bank, he plunged into the water and recovered the refractory boat. Further meetings at the spot followed, and this Hero and Leander fell violently in love. After one of these meetings Jasper goes joyfully home to tell Tom of his great love, and his engagement to Claire.

STILL rapt with the glory of my great triumph, and drunk with the passion of that farewell kiss, I walked into our lodgings and laid my hand on Tom's shoulder.

"Tom, I have news for you."

Tom started up. "And so have I for you."

"Great news."

"Glorious news!"

"Tom, listen: I am accepted."

"Bless my soul! Jasper, so am I."

"You?"

"Yes."

"When? Where?"

"This afternoon. Jasper, our success has come at last: for you the Loves, for me the Muses; for you the rose, for me the bay. Jasper, dear boy, they have learnt her worth at last."

"Her! Who?"

"Francesca. Jasper, three months I shall famous; for next November 'Francesca: a Tragedy' will be produced at the Coliseum.

Tom, it appears, is madly in love with Clarissa Lambert, a young actress, who is to take the leading rôle in his new play, "Francesca," at the Coliseum. "Is the passion returned?" asked Jasper.

"Jasper, don't talk like that and don't be a fool. Of course I have never breathed a word to her. Why, she hardly knows me, has hardly spoken to me beyond a few simple sentences. How should I, a miserable author without even a name, speak to her? Jasper, do you like the name Clarissa?"

* * *

Jasper is in the habit of telling his fiancée everything about his cousin Tom, and he tells her this bit of intriguing news also. Claire begs Jasper to come and see "Francesca" produced; she will be there herself but cannot accompany him; she says she knows the actress Clarissa Lambert.

The great night arrived and this Clarissa achieves a great success as "Francesca." There, in the blaze of light, radiant, lovely, a glorified and triumphant queen stepped forward before the eyes of Jasper—his love, his Claire!

"Poor Tom! Poor Tom!" thought Jasper. "How can I tell him?

Buoyant and excited, Tom, intoxicated with the success of his play, became jocular, caught Jasper's hat from off his head and clapped his own on his—a little thing that had a terrible sequence. For meanwhile, between the acts, a black and yellow fan waved in one of the boxes invited Jasper

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JASPER AND HIS UNCLE FIND THE JOURNAL OF EZEKIEL TRENOWETH IN A TIN BOX CAST UP BY THE SEA.

thither; mystified as to who the friend could be, he went to the box and found himself face to face with the mistress of the gambling-hell. A long conversation followed; she asked again to look at the golden buckle he had staked in her rooms; he took it from his pocket and showed it to her. Jasper was dimly aware of the presence of a third party as he left to resume his seat. As Jasper and Tom emerged from the theatre there was a scuffle, a curse; as Jasper dashed forward, a dull, dim gleam —and Tom, with a groan, sank back into his arms. It all happened in a moment, but in the blackness of the fog Jasper recognised the face of Simon Colliver. The story proceeds as follows: –

Tom was dying. His depositions had been taken and signed with his failing hand; the surgeon had given his judgment, and my friend was lying upon his bed, face to face with the supreme struggle.

The knife had missed his heart by little more than an inch, but the inward bleeding was killing him and there was no hope. He knew it, and though the reason of that cowardly blow was a mystery to him, he asked few questions, but faced his fate with the old boyish pluck. His eyes as they turned to mine were lit with the old boyish love.

Once only since his evidence was taken had his lips moved, and then to murmur *her* name. I had sent for her; a short note with only the words "Tom is dying and wants to speak with you." So, while we waited, I sat holding my friend's hand and busy with my own black thoughts.

I knew that he had received the blow meant for me, and that the secret of this too, as well as that other assault in the gambling-den, hung on the Golden Clasp and the Great Ruby. Whatever that secret was, the yellow woman knew of it, and held it beneath the glitter of her awful eyes. She it was that had directed the murderous knife in the hands of Simon Colliver. Bitterly I cursed the folly which had prompted my rash words in the theatre, and so sacrificed my friend. With what passion, even in my despair, I thanked Heaven that the act which led to Colliver's mistake had been Tom's and not mine! Yet, what consolation was it? It was I, not he, that should be lying there. He had given his life for his friend – a friend who had already robbed him of his love. O false and traitorous friend!

In my humiliation I would have taken my hand from his, but a feeble pressure and a look of faint reproach restrained me. So he lay there and I sat beside him, and both counted the moments until Claire should come – or death.

A knock at the door outside. Tom heard it and in his eyes shone a light of ineffable joy. In answer to his look I dropped his hand and went to meet her.

"Claire, how can I thank you for this speed?"

"How did it happen?"

"Murdered!" said I. "Foully struck down last night as he left the theatre."

Her eyes looked for a moment as though they would have questioned me further, but she simply asked–

"Does he want to see me?"

"When he heard he was to die he asked for you. Claire, if you only knew how he longs to see you; had you only seen his eyes when he heard you come! You know why——"

She nodded gravely.

"I suppose," she said slowly, "we had better say nothing of——"

"Nothing," I answered; "it is better so. If there be any knowledge beyond the grave he will know all soon."

Claire was silent.

"Yes," she assented at length, "it is better so. Take me to him."

I drew back as Claire approached the bed, dreading to meet Tom's eyes; but I saw them welcome her in a flash of thankful rapture, then slowly close as though unable wholly to bear this glad vision.

Altogether lovely she was as she bent and lifted his nerveless hand, with the light of purest compassion on her face.

"You have come then," said the dying man. "God bless you for that!"

"I am come, and oh! I am so very, very sorry."

"I saw Jasper write and knew he had

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SIMON COLLIVER COMES UPON EZEKIEL AT THE MOMENT HE DISCOVERS THE GOLDEN BUCKLE.

sent, but I hardly dared to hope. I am — very weak — and am going—fast."

For answer, a tear of infinite pity dropped on the white hand.

"Don't weep—I can't bear to see you weeping. It is all for the best. I can see that I have had hopes and visions, but I should never have attained them—never. Now I shall not have to strive. Better so—better so."

For a moment or two the lips moved inaudibly; then they spoke again—

"It was so good of you—to come; I was afraid—afraid—but you are good. You saved my play last night, but you cannot save me." A wan smile played over the white face and was gone.

"Better so, for I can speak now and be pardoned. Do you know why I sent for you? I wanted to tell something before I died. Do not be angry—I shall be dead soon, and in the grave, they say, there is no knowledge. Clarissa! oh, pity me—pity me, if I speak!"

The eyes looked up imploringly and met their pardon.

"I have loved you—yes, loved you. Can you forgive? It need not distress you—now. It was mad—mad—but I loved you. Jasper, come here."

I stepped to the bed.

"Tell her I loved her, and ask her to forgive me. Tell her I knew it was hopeless. Tell her so, Jasper."

Powerless to meet those trustful eyes, weary with the anguish of my remorse, I stood there helpless.

"Jasper is too much—upset just now to speak. Never mind, he will tell you later. He is in love himself. I have never seen her, but I hope he may be happier than I. Forgive me for saying that. I am happy now—happy now.

"You do not know Jasper," continued the dying man after a pause; "but he saw you last night—and admired—how could he help it? I hope you will be friends—for my sake. Jasper is my only friend."

There was a grey shadow on his face now—the shadow of death. Tom must have felt it draw near, for suddenly raising himself upon his elbow, he cried—

"Ah, I was selfish—I did not think. They are waiting at the theatre—go to them. You will act your best—for my

sake. Forget what I have said, if you cannot forgive."

"Oh, why will you think that?"

"You do forgive? Oh, God bless you, God bless you for it! Clarissa, if that be so, grant one thing more of your infinite mercy. Kiss me once—once only—on the lips. I shall die happier so. Will you—can you—do this?"

The film was gathering fast upon those eyes once so full of laughter; but through it they gazed in passionate appeal. For answer, my love bent gravely over the bed and with her lips met his; then, still clasping his hand, sank on her knees beside the bed.

"Thank God! My love—oh, let me call you that—you cannot—help—my loving you. Do not pray—I am happy now and they are waiting for you."

Slowly Claire rose to her feet and stood waiting for his last word—

"They are waiting—waiting. Good-bye, Jasper—old friend—and Clarissa—Clarissa—my love—they are waiting—I cannot come—Clar——"

Slowly Claire bent and once more touched his lips, then without a word passed slowly out. As she went Death entered and found on its victim's face a changeless, rapturous smile.

So "Francesca" was played a second time and, as the papers said next morning, with even more perfect art and amid more awed enthusiasm than on the first night. But as the piece went on, a rumour passed through the house that its young author was dead—suddenly and mysteriously dead while the dawn of his fame was yet breaking—struck down, some said, outside the theatre by a rival, while others whispered that he had taken poison, but none knew for certain. Only, as Claire passed from one heart-shaking scene to another, the rumour grew and grew, so that when the curtain fell the audience parted in awed and murmured speculations.

And all the while I was kneeling beside the body of my murdered friend.

* * * * *

A week had passed and I was standing with Claire beside Tom's grave. We had met and spoken at the funeral, but some restraint had lain upon our tongues. For myself, I was still as one who had sold his brother for a price, and Claire had forborne from questioning my grief.

The coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of "Murder by a certain person unknown," and now the police were occupied in following such clues as I could give them. All the daily papers assigned robbery as the motive, and the disappearance of Tom's watch-chain gave plausibility to the theory. But I knew too well why that chain had disappeared, and even in my grief found consolation in the thought of Colliver's impotent rage when he should come to examine his prize. I had described the face and figure of my enemy and had even identified him with the long-missing sailor Georgio Rhodojani, so that they promised to lay hands on him in a very short space. But the public knew nothing of this. The only effect of the newspapers' version of the murder was to send the town crowding in greater numbers than ever to see the dead man's play.

Since the first night of "Francesca," Claire and I had only met by Tom's bedside and at his funeral. But as I entered the gloomy cemetery that afternoon I spied a figure draped in black beside the yet unsettled mound, and as I drew near knew it to be Claire.

So we stood there facing one another for a full minute, at a loss for words. A wreath of *immortelles* lay upon the grave. In my heart I thanked her for the gift, but could not speak. It seemed as though the hillock that parted us were some impassable barrier to words. Had I but guessed the truth I should have known that, unseen and unsuspected, across that foot or two of turf was stretched a gulf we were never more to cross: between our lives lay the body of my friend; and not his only, but many a pallid corpse that with its mute lips cursed our loves.

Presently Claire raised her head and spoke.

"Jasper, you have much to forgive me, and I hardly dare ask your forgiveness. It is too late to ask forgiveness of a dead man, but could he hear now I

would entreat him to pardon the folly that wrought this cruel mistake."

"Claire you could not know. How was it possible to guess?"

"That is true, but it is no less cruel. And I deceived you. Can you ever forgive?"

"Forgive! forgive what? That I found my love peerless among women? Oh, Claire, Claire, 'forgive'?"

"Yes; what matters it that for the moment I have what is called fame? I deceived you—yet, believe me, it was only because I thought to make the surprise more pleasant. I thought but it is too late. Only believe I had no other thought, no other wish. My poor scheme seemed so harmless at first: then as the days went on I began to doubt. But until you told me, as we stood beside the river, of—*him*, I never guessed; -oh, believe me, I never guessed!"

"Love, do not accuse yourself in this way. It hurts me to hear you speak so. If there was any fault it was mine; but the Fates blinded us. If you had known Tom, you would know that he would forgive could he hear us now. For me, Claire, what have I to pardon?"

Claire did not answer for a moment. There was still a trouble in her face, as though something yet remained to be said and she had not the courage to utter it.

"Jasper, there is something besides which you have to pardon if you can."

"My love!"

"Do you remember what I asked you that night, when you first told me about *him?*"

"You asked me a foolish question, if I remember rightly. You asked if I could ever cease to love you."

"No, not foolish; I really meant it seriously, and I believed you when you answered me. Are you of the same mind now? Believe me, I am not asking lightly."

"I answer you as I answered you then: 'Love is strong as death.' My love, put away these thoughts and be sure that I love you as my own soul."

"But perhaps, even so, you might be so angry that—oh, Jasper, how can I tell you?"

"Tell me all, Claire."

"I told you I was called, or that they called me Claire. Were you not surprised when you saw my name as Clarissa Lambert?"

"Is that all?" I cried. "Why, of course, I knew how common it is for actresses to take another name. I was even glad of it; for the name I know, your own name, is now a secret, and all the sweeter so. All the world admires Clarissa Lambert, but I alone love Claire Luttrell, and know that Claire Luttrell loves me."

"But that is not all," she expostulated, whilst the trouble in her eyes drew deeper. "Oh, why will you make it so hard for me to explain? I never thought, when I told you so carelessly on that night when we met for the first time, that you would grow to care for me at all. And it was the same afterwards, when I introduced you to my mother; I gave you the name Luttrell, without ever dreaming——"

"Was Luttrell not your mother's name?" I asked, perplexed.

"That is the name by which she is always called now; and I am always called Claire; in fact, it is my name, but I have another, and I ought to have told you."

"Why, as Claire I know you, and as Claire I shall always love you. What does it matter if your real name be Lambert? You will change it, love, soon, I trust."

But my poor little jest woke no mirth in her eyes.

"No, it is not Lambert. That is only the name I took when I went on the stage. Nor am I called Luttrell. It is a sad story; but let me tell it now, and put an end to all deception. I meant to do so long ago; but lately I thought I would wait until after you had seen me on the stage; I thought I would explain all together, not knowing that *he*—— but it has all gone wrong. Jasper, I know you will pity poor mother, even though she had allowed you to be deceived. She has been so unhappy. But let me tell it first, and then you will judge. She calls herself Luttrell to avoid persecution, to avoid a man who is——"

"A villain, I am sure."

"A villain, yes; but worse. He is her husband; not my father, but a second husband. My father died when I was quite a little child, and she married again. Ever since that day she has been miserable. I remember her face—oh, so well! when she first discovered the real character of the man. For years she suffered—we were abroad then—until at last she could bear it no longer, so she fled—fled back to England, and took me with her. I think, but I am not sure, that her husband did not dare to follow her to England, because he had done something against the laws. I only guess this, for I never dare to ask mother about him. I did so once, and shall never forget the look of terror that came into her eyes. I only guess he has some strong reason for avoiding England, for I remember we went abroad hastily, almost directly after that night when mother first discovered that she had been deceived. However that may be, we came to England, my mother and I, and changed our name to Luttrell, which was her maiden name. After this, our life became one perpetual dread of discovery. We were miserably poor, of course, and I was unable to do anything to help for many years. Mother was so careful; why, she even called me by my second name, so desperately anxious was she to hide all traces from that man. Then suddenly we were discovered—not by him, but by his mother, whom he set to search for us, and she—for she was not wholly bad—promised to make my fortune on the single condition that half my earnings were sent to him. Otherwise, she threatened that Mother should have no rest. What could I do? It was the only way to save ourselves. Well, I promised to go upon the stage, for this woman fancied she discovered some talent in me. Why, Jasper, how strangely you are looking!"

"Tell me—tell me," I cried, "who is this woman?"

"You ought to know that, for you were in the box with her during most of the first night of 'Francesca.'"

A horrible, paralysing dread had seized me.

"Her name, and his? Quick—tell me, for God's sake!"

"Colliver. He is called Simon Colliver. But, Jasper, what is it? What——"

I took the chain and Golden Clasp and handed them to Claire without speech.

"Why, what is this?" she cried. "He has a piece exactly like this, the fellow to it; I remember seeing it when I was quite small. Oh, speak! what new mystery, what new trouble is this?"

"Claire, Colliver is here in London, or was but a week ago."

"Here!"

"Yes, Claire; and it was he that murdered Thomas Loveday!"

"Murdered Thomas Loveday! I do not understand." She had turned a deathly white, and spread out her hands as if for support. "Tell me——"

"Yes, Claire," I said, as I stepped to her, and put my arm about her; "it is truth, as I stand here. Colliver, your mother's husband, foully murdered my innocent friend for the sake of that piece of gold; and more, Simon Colliver, for the sake of this same accursed token, murdered my father!"

"Your father!"

She shook off my arm, and stood facing me there, by Tom's grave, with a look of utter horror that froze my blood.

"Yes, my father; or stay, I am wrong. Though Colliver prompted, his was not the hand that did the deed. That he left to a poor wretch whom he afterwards slew himself—one Railton—John Railton."

"What!"

"Why, Claire, Claire! What is it? Speak!"

"I am Janet Railton!"

For a moment I staggered back as though buffeted in the face, then, as our eyes met and read in each other the desperate truth, I sprang forward just in time to catch her as she fell. Blindly, as if in some hideous trance, reeling and stumbling over the graves, I carried her in my arms to the cemetery gate and stood there panting and bewildered.

Cold and white as marble she lay in my arms, so that for one terrible moment I thought her dead. "Better so," my heart had cried, and then I laughed aloud

(God forgive me!) at the utter cruelty of it all. But she was not dead. As I watched the lovely ashen face, the slow blood came trickling back and throbbed faintly at her temples, the light breath flickered and went and came once more. Feebly and with wonder the dark eyes opened to the light of day, then closed again as the lips parted in a moaning whisper.

"Claire!" I cried, and my voice seemed to come from far away, so hollow and unnatural was it, "I must take you to your home; are you well enough to go?"

I had laid her on the stone upon which the bearers were used to set down the coffins when weary. Scarcely a week ago poor Tom's corpse had rested for a moment upon this grim stone. As I bent to catch the answer, and saw how like to death her face was, I thought how well it were for both of us, should we be resting there so together; not leaving the acre of the dead, but entering it as rightful heirs of its oblivion.

After a while, as I repeated my question, the lips again parted and I heard.

I looked down the road. The cemetery lay far out in one of the northern suburbs, and just now the neighbourhood seemed utterly deserted. By good chance, however, I spied an old four-wheeler crawling along in the distance. I ran after it, hailed it, brought it back, and with the help of the wondering driver, placed my love inside; then I gave the man the address, and bidding him drive with all speed, sprang in beside Claire.

Still faint, she was lying back against the cushion. The cab crawled along at a snail's pace, but long as the journey was, it was passed in utter silence. She never opened her eyes, and as for me, what comfortable words could I speak? Yet as I saw the soft rise and fall of her breast, I longed for words, Heaven knows how madly! But none came, and in silence we drew up at length before a modest doorway in Old Kensington.

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JASPER STAKES HIS ALL AT THE GAMBLING DEN IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

Here Claire summoned all her strength lest her mother should be frightened. Still keeping her eyes averted, she stepped as bravely as she could from

the cab, and laid her hand upon the door-handle.

I made as if to follow.

"No, no," she said hastily, "leave me to myself—I will write to-morrow and perhaps see you; but, oh, pray, not to-day!"

Before I could answer she had passed into the house.

* * * *

Twenty-four hours had passed and left me as they found me, in torture. Despite my doubt, I swore she should not cast me off; then knelt and prayed as I had never prayed before, that Heaven would deny some of its cruelty to my darling. In the abandonment of my supplication I was ready to fling the secret from me and forgive all, to forgive my father's murderer, my life-long enemy, and let him go unsought, rather than give up Claire. Yet as I prayed, my entreaties and my tears went up to no compassionate God, but beat themselves upon the adamantine face of Dead Man's Rock that still rose inexorable between me and Heaven.

That night the crowd that gathered in the Coliseum to see the new play, went away angry and disappointed; for Clarissa Lambert was not acting. Another actress took her part—but how differently! And all the while she, for whose sake they had come, was on her knees wrestling with a grimmer tragedy than "Francesca," with no other audience than the angels of pity.

Twenty-four hours had passed, and found me hastening towards Old Kensington; for in my pocket lay a note bearing only the words "Come at 3.30—Claire," and on my heart rested a load of suspense unbearable. For many minutes beforehand, I paced up and down outside the house in an agony, and as my watch pointed to the half-hour, knocked and was admitted.

Mrs. Luttrell met me in the passage. She seemed most terribly white and worn, so that I was astonished when she simply said, "Claire is slightly unwell, and in fact could not act last night, but she wishes to see you for some reason."

Wondering why Claire's mother should look so strangely if she guessed nothing of what had happened, but supposing illness to be the reason, I stopped for an instant to ask.

"Am I pale?" she answered. "It is nothing—nothing—do not take any notice of it. I am rather weaker than usual to-day, that is all—a mere nothing. You will find Claire in the drawing-room there." And so she left me.

I knocked at the drawing-room door, and hearing a faint voice inside, entered. As I did so, Claire rose to meet me. She was very pale, and the dark circles around her eyes told of a long vigil; but her manner at first was composed and even cold.

"Claire!" I cried, and stretched out my hands.

"Not yet," she said, and motioned me to a chair. "I sent for you because I have been thinking of—of—what happened yesterday, and I want you to tell me all; the whole story from beginning to end."

"But——"

"There is no 'but' in the case, Jasper. I am Janet Railton, and you say that my father killed yours. Tell me how it was."

Her manner was so calm that I hesitated at first, bewildered. Then, finding that she waited for me to speak, I sat down facing her and began my story.

I told it through, without suppression or concealment, from the time when my father started to seek the treasure, down to the cowardly blow that had taken my friend's life. During the whole narrative she never took her eyes from my face for more than a moment. Her very lips were bloodless, but her manner was as quiet as though I were reading her some story of people who had never lived. Once only she interrupted me. I was repeating the conversation between her father and Simon Colliver upon Dead Man's Rock.

"You are quite sure," she asked, "of the words? You are positive he said, 'Captain, it was your knife'?"

"Certain," I answered sadly.

"You are giving the very words they both used?"

"As well as I can remember; and I have cause for a good memory."

"Go on," she replied simply.

So I unrolled the whole chronicle of

our unhappy fates, and even read to her Lucy Railton's letter which I had brought with me. Then, as I ceased, for full a minute we sat in absolute silence, reading each other's gaze.

"Let me see the letter," she said, and held out her hand for it.

I gave it to her. She read it slowly through and handed it back.

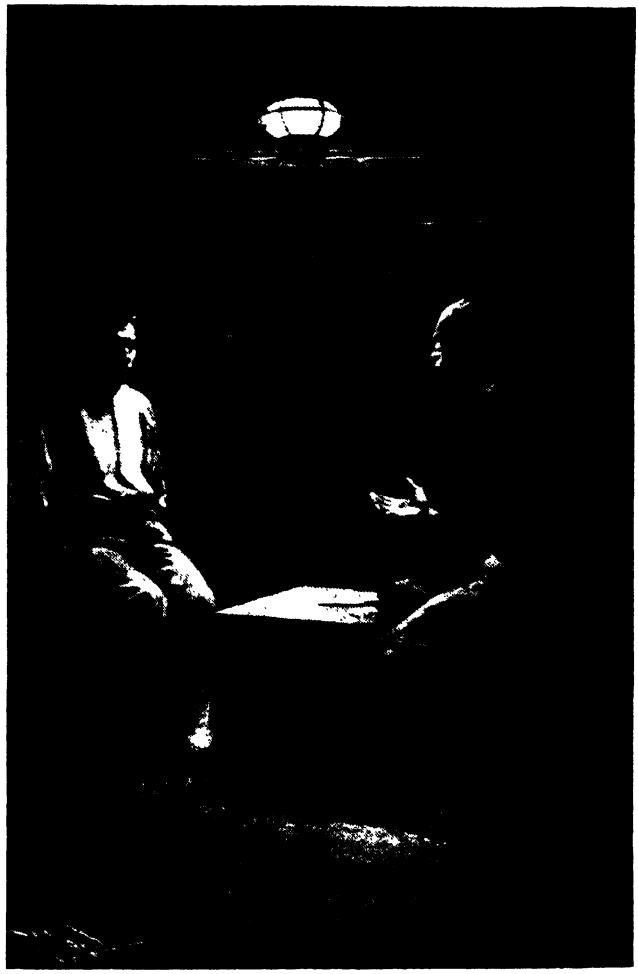
"Yes, it is my mother's letter," she said, slowly.

Then again silence fell upon us. I could hear the clock tick slowly on the mantelpiece, and the beating of my own heart that raced and outstripped it. That was all; until at length the slow measured footfall of the timepiece grew maddening to hear; it seemed a symbol of the unrelenting doom pursuing us, and I longed to rise and break it to atoms.

I could stand it no longer.

"Claire, tell me that this will not—cannot alter you that you are mine yet, as you were before."

"This is impossible," she said, very gravely and quietly.



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JASPER, A PRISONER ON COLLIVER'S BOAT, IS TAUNTINGLY TOLD OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE TREASURE.

"Impossible? Oh, no, no do not say that! You cannot, you must not say that!"

"Yes, Jasper," she repeated, and her face was pallid as snow; "it is impossible."

But as I heard my doom, I arose and fought it with blind despair.

"Claire, you do not know what you are saying. You love me, Claire; you have told me so, and I love you as my very soul. Surely, then, you will not say this thing. How were we to know? How could you have told? Oh, Claire! is it that you do not love me?"

Her eyes were full of infinite compassion and tenderness, but her lips were firm and cold.

"You know that I love you."

"Then, oh, my love! how can this come between us? What does it matter that our fathers fought and killed each other, if only we love? Surely, surely Heaven cannot fix the seal of this crime upon us for ever? Speak, Claire, and tell me that you will be mine in spite of all!"

"It cannot be," she answered, very gently.

"Cannot be!" I echoed. "Then I was right, and you do not love, but fancied that you did for a while. Love, love, was that fair? No power on earth—no, nor

in heaven—should have made me cast you off so."

My rage died out before the mute reproach of those lovely eyes. I caught the white hand.

"Forgive me, Claire; I was desperate, and knew not what I was saying. I know you love me—you have said so, and you are truth itself; truth and all goodness. But if you have loved, then you can love me still. Remember our text, Claire, 'Love is strong as death.' Strong as death, and can it be overcome so easily?"

She was trembling terribly, and from the little hand within mine I could feel her agitation. But though the soft eyes spoke appealingly as they were raised in answer, I could see, behind all their anguish, an immutable resolve.

"No, Jasper; it can never be—never. Do you think I am not suffering—that it is nothing to me to lose you? Try to think better of me. Oh, Jasper, it is hard indeed for me, and—I love you so."

"No, no," she went on; "do not make the task harder for me. Why can you not curse me? It would be easier then. Why can you not hate me as you ought? Oh, if you would but strike me and go, I could better bear this hour!"

There was such abandonment of entreaty in her tones that my heart bled for her; yet I could only answer—

"Claire, I will not give you up; not though you went on your knees and implored it. Death alone can divide us now; and even death will never kill my love."

"Death!" she answered. "Think, then, that I am dead; think of me as under the mould. Ah, love, hearts do not break so easily. You would grieve at first, but in a little while I should be forgotten."

"Claire!"

"Forgive me, love; not forgotten. I wronged you when I said the word. Believe me, Jasper, that if there be any gleam of day in the blackness that surrounds me it is the thought that you so love me; and yet it would have been far easier otherwise—far easier."

Little by little my hope was slipping from me; but still I strove with her as a man battles for his life. I raved, protested, called earth and heaven to witness her cruelty; but all in vain.

"It would be a sin—a horrible sin!" she kept saying. "God would never forgive it. No, no; do not try to persuade me—it is horrible!" and she shuddered.

Utterly beaten at last by her obstinacy, I said—

"I will leave you now to think it over. Let me call again and hear that you repent."

"No, love; we must never meet again. This must be our last good-bye. Stay!" and she smiled for the first time since that meeting in the cemetery. "Come to 'Francesca' to-night; I am going to act."

"What! to-night?"

"Yes. One must live, you see, even though one suffers. See, I have a ticket for you—for a box. You will come? Promise me."

"Never, Claire."

"Yes, promise me. Do me this last favour; I shall never ask another."

I took the card in silence.

"And now," she said, "you may kiss me. Kiss me on the lips for the last time, and may God bless you, my love."

Quite calmly and gently she lifted her lips to mine, and on her face was the glory of unutterable tenderness.

"Claire! My love, my love!" My arms were round her, her whole form yielded helplessly to mine, and as our lips met in that one passionate, shuddering caress, sank on my breast.

"You will not leave me?" I cried.

And through her sobs came the answer—

"Yes, yes; it must be, it must be."

Then drawing herself up, she held out her hand and said—

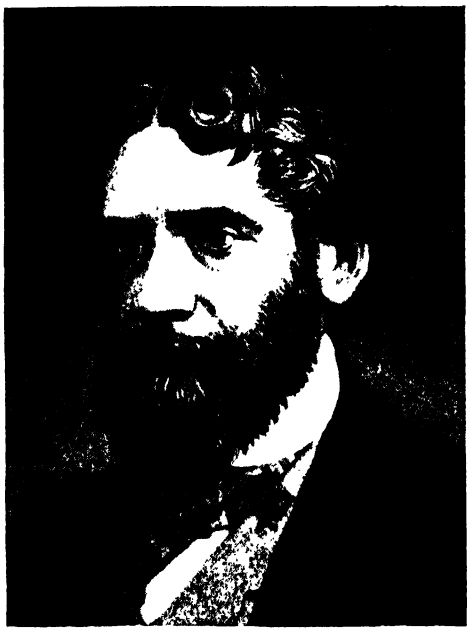
"To-night, remember, and so—farewell."

And so, in the fading light of that grey December afternoon I left her standing there.

The reader must go to the book for the rest of the story, but it may be said that Jasper lost Claire, for she committed suicide while playing "Francesca."

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY



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J. L. MOTLEY.

When this book appeared in 1856 *it was reviewed by Froude: "A history as complete as industry and genius can make it, one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any other language." Motley took ten years to write it, and it is, beyond question, the greatest work of history that an American has produced. But although Motley was a pure American, being born in Boston in the year* 1814, *he passed a great portion of his life in England, and, dying in* 1877, *was laid to rest at Kensal Green.*

Briefly, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" tells the story of the great fight for freedom, religious and political, which took place in Holland, very much on the lines of our own English Revolution, although some eighty years before it, in which Philip the Second corresponded with our Charles the First, and William the Silent with Oliver Cromwell. As Motley has himself expressed it, the English and the Dutch Revolutions "form but a single chapter in the great volume of human life."

The hero of his history is William the Silent. And no better idea of Motley's gift of dramatic story-telling can be selected than his account of William's death at the hand of an assassin.

IT was a quiet, cheerful, yet somewhat drowsy little city, that ancient burgh of Delft. The placid canals by which it was intersected in every direction were all planted with whispering, umbrageous rows of limes and poplars, and along these watery highways the traffic of the place glided so noiselessly that the town seemed the abode of silence and tranquillity. The streets were clean and airy, the houses well built, the whole aspect of the place thriving.

One of the principal thoroughfares was called the old Delft-street. It was shaded on both sides by lime-trees, which in that midsummer season covered the surface of the canal which flowed between them with their light and fragrant blossoms. On one side of this street was the "old kirk," a plain, antique structure of brick, with lancet windows, and with a tall, slender tower, which inclined, at a very considerable angle, towards a house upon the other side of the canal. That house was the mansion of William the Silent. It stood directly opposite the church, being separated by a spacious courtyard from the street, while the stables and other offices in the rear extended to the city wall. A narrow lane, opening out of Delft-street, ran along the side of the house and court, in the direction of the ramparts. The house was a plain, two-storied edifice of brick, with red-tiled

roof, and had formerly been a cloister dedicated to Saint Agatha, the last prior of which had been hanged by the furious Lumey de la Marck.

The news of Anjou's death had been brought to Delft by a special messenger from the French court. On Sunday morning, the 8th of July, 1584, the Prince of Orange, having read the despatches before leaving his bed, caused the man who had brought them to be summoned, that he might give some particular details by word of mouth concerning the last illness of the Duke. The courier was accordingly admitted to the Prince's bed-chamber, and proved to be one Francis Guion, as he called himself. This man had, early in the spring, claimed and received the protection of Orange, on the ground of being the son of a Protestant at Besançon, who had suffered death for his religion, and of his own ardent attachment to the reformed faith. A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty seven years of age, low of stature, meagre, mean-visaged, muddy complexioned, and altogether a man of no account—quite insignificant in the eyes of all who looked upon him. If there were one opinion in which the few who had taken the trouble to think of the puny, somewhat shambling stranger from Burgundy at all coincided, it was that he was inoffensive, but quite incapable of any important business. He seemed well educated, claimed to be of respectable parentage, and had considerable facility of speech, when any person could be found who thought it worth while to listen to him; but on the whole he attracted little attention.

Nevertheless, this insignificant frame locked up a desperate and daring character; this mild and inoffensive nature had gone pregnant seven years with a terrible crime, whose birth could not much longer be retarded. Francis Guion, the Calvinist, son of a martyred Calvinist, was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living at Vellefans in Burgundy. Before reaching man's estate, he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion."

When but twenty years of age, he had struck his dagger with all his might into a door, exclaiming, as he did so, "Would that the blow had been in the heart of Orange!" For this he was rebuked by a bystander, who told him it was not for him to kill princes, and that it was not desirable to destroy so good a captain as the Prince, who, after all, might one day reconcile himself with the King.

As soon as the ban against Orange was published, Balthazar, more anxious than ever to execute his long-cherished design, left Dôle and came to Luxemburg. Here he learned that the deed had already been done by John Jaureguy. He received this intelligence at first with a sensation of relief, was glad to be excused from putting himself in danger, and believing the Prince dead, took service as clerk with one John Duprel, secretary to Count Mansfeld, governor of Luxemburg. Ere long, the ill success of Jaureguy's attempt becoming known, the "inveterate determination" of Gérard aroused itself more fiercely than ever. He accordingly took models of Mansfeld's official seals in wax, in order that he might make use of them as an acceptable offering to the Orange Party, whose confidence he meant to gain.

Various circumstances detained him, however. A sum of money was stolen, and he was forced to stay till it was found, for fear of being arrested as the thief. Then his cousin and employer fell sick, and Gérard was obliged to wait for his recovery. At last, in March, 1584, "the weather," as he said, "appearing to be fine," Balthazar left Luxemburg and came to Trèves. While there, he confided his scheme to the regent of the Jesuit college—a "red-haired man" whose name has not been preserved. That dignitary expressed high approbation of the plan, gave Gérard his blessing, and

promised him that, if his life should be sacrificed in achieving his purpose, he should be enrolled among the martyrs. Another Jesuit, however, in the same college, with whom he likewise communicated, held very different language, making great efforts to turn the young man from his design, *on the ground of the inconveniences which might arise from the forging of Mansfeld's seals* —adding, that neither he nor any of the Jesuits liked to meddle with such affairs, but advising that the whole matter should be laid before the Prince of Parma. It does not appear that this personage, "an excellent man and a learned," attempted to dissuade the young man from his project by arguments drawn from any supposed criminality in the assassination itself, or from any danger, temporal or eternal, to which the perpetrator might expose himself.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

WILLIAM I, PRINCE OF ORANGE
From the painting by Mierevelt, at the Hag

Not influenced, as it appears, except on one point, by the advice of this second ghostly confessor, Balthazar came to Tournay, and held counsel with a third —the celebrated Franciscan, Father Géry — by whom he was much comforted and strengthened in his determination. His next step was to lay the project before Parma, as the "excellent and learned" Jesuit at Trèves had advised. This he did by a letter, drawn up with much care, and which he evidently thought well of as a composition. One copy of this letter he deposited with the guardian of the Franciscan convent at Tournay; the other he presented with his own hand to the Prince of Parma.

"The vassal," said he, "ought always to prefer justice and the will of the king to his own life." That being the case, he expressed his astonishment that no man had yet been found to execute the sentence against William of Nassau, "except the gentle Biscayan, since defunct." To accomplish the task, Balthazar observed, very judiciously, that it was necessary to have access to the person of the Prince — wherein consisted the difficulty. Those who had that advantage, he continued, were therefore bound to extirpate the pest at once, without obliging his Majesty to send to Rome for a chevalier, because not one of them was willing to precipitate himself into the venomous gulf, which by its contagion infected and killed the souls and bodies of all poor abused subjects exposed to its influence. Gérard avowed himself to have been so long goaded and stimulated by these considerations — so extremely nettled with displeasure and bitterness at seeing the obstinate wretch still escaping his just judgment—as to have formed the design of baiting a trap for the fox, hoping thus to gain access to him, and to take him unawares. He added—without explaining the nature of

the trap and the bait—that he deemed it his duty to lay the subject before the most serene Prince of Parma, protesting at the same time that he did not contemplate the exploit for the sake of the reward mentioned in the sentence, and that he preferred trusting in that regard to the immense liberality of his Majesty.

Parma had long been looking for a good man to murder Orange, feeling—as Philip, Granvelle, and all former governors of the Netherlands had felt—that this was the only means of saving the royal authority in any part of the provinces. Many unsatisfactory assassins had presented themselves from time to time, and Alexander had paid money in hand to various individuals—Italians, Spaniards, Lorrainers, Scotchmen, Englishmen who had generally spent the sums received without attempting the job. Others were supposed to be still engaged in the enterprise, and at that moment there were four persons -each unknown to the others, and of different nations -in the city of Delft, seeking to compass the death of William the Silent. Shag-eared, military, hirsute ruffians—ex-captains of free companies and such marauders—were daily offering their services; there was no lack of them, and they had done but little. How should Parma, seeing this obscure, under-sized, thin-bearded, run-away clerk before him, expect pith and energy from *him?* He thought him quite unfit for an enterprise of moment, and, declared as much to his secret councillors and to the King. He soon dismissed him, after receiving his letters, and it may be supposed that the bombastic style of that epistle would not efface the unfavourable impression produced by Balthazar's exterior. The representations of Haultepenne and others induced him so far to modify his views as to send his confidential councillor, D'Assonleville, to the stranger, in order to learn the details of the scheme. Assonleville had accordingly an interview with Gérard, in which he requested the young man to draw up a statement of his plan in writing, and this was done upon the 11th of April, 1584.

In this letter Gérard explained his plan of introducing himself to the notice of Orange, at Delft, as the son of an executed Calvinist; as himself warmly, though secretly, devoted to the reformed faith, and as desirous, therefore, of placing himself in the Prince's service, in order to avoid the insolence of the Papists. Having gained the confidence of those about the Prince, he would suggest to them the great use which might be made of Mansfeld's signet in forging passports for spies and other persons whom it might be desirous to send into the territory of the royalists. "With these or similar feints and frivolities," continued Gérard, "he should soon obtain access to the person of the said Nassau," repeating his protestation that nothing had moved him to his enterprise "save the good zeal which he bore to the faith and true religion guarded by the Holy Mother Church Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, and to the service of his Majesty." He begged pardon for having purloined the impressions of the seals—a turpitude which he would never have committed, but would sooner have suffered a thousand deaths, except for the great end in view. He particularly wished forgiveness for that crime before going to his task, "in order that he might confess, and receive the holy communion at the coming Easter, without scruples of conscience." He likewise begged the Prince of Parma to obtain for him absolution from his Holiness for this crime of pilfering—the more so "as he was about to keep company for some time with heretics and atheists, and in some sort to conform himself to their customs."

From the general tone of the letters of Gérard, he might be set down at once as a simple, religious fanatic, who felt sure that, in executing the command of Philip publicly issued to all the murderers of Europe, he was meriting well of God and his King. There is no doubt that he was an exalted enthusiast, but not purely an enthusiast. The man's character offers more than one point of interest, as a psychological phenomenon. He had convinced himself that the work which he had in hand was eminently meritorious, and he was utterly

Photo: Anderson.

EMPEROR CHARLES V, AND CHARLES I OF SPAIN.
Born at Ghent in 1500.
From the painting by Titian, in the Prado, Madrid.

without fear of consequences. He was, however, by no means so disinterested as he chose to represent himself in letters which, as he instinctively felt, were to be of perennial interest. On the contrary, in his interviews with Assonleville, he urged that he was a poor fellow, and that he had undertaken this enterprise in order to acquire property—to make himself rich—and that he depended upon the Prince of Parma's influence in obtaining the reward promised by the ban to the individual who should put Orange to death.

This second letter decided Parma so far that he authorised Assonleville to encourage the young man in his attempt and to promise that the reward should be given to him in case of success, and to his heirs in the event of his death. Assonleville, in the second interview, accordingly made known these assurances in the strongest manner to Gérard, warning him at the same time, on no account, if arrested, to inculpate the Prince of Parma. The councillor, while thus exhorting the stranger, according to Alexander's commands, confined himself, however, to generalities, refusing even to advance fifty crowns, which Balthazar had begged from the Governor-General in order to provide for the necessary expenses of his project. Parma had made similar advances too often to men who had promised to assassinate the Prince and had then done little, and he was resolute in his refusal to this new adventurer, of whom he expected absolutely nothing. Gérard, notwithstanding this rebuff, was not disheartened. "I will provide myself out of my own purse," said he to Assonleville, "and within six weeks you will hear of me." "Go forth, my son," said Assonleville, paternally, upon this spirited reply, "and if you succeed in your enterprise, the King will fulfil all his promises, and you will gain an immortal name besides."

The "inveterate deliberation," thus thoroughly matured, Gérard now proceeded to carry into effect. He came to Delft, obtained a hearing of Villers, the clergyman and intimate friend of Orange, showed him the Mansfeld seals, and was, somewhat against his will, sent to France, to exhibit them to Maréchal Biron, who, it was thought, was soon to be appointed Governor of Cambray. Through Orange's recommendation, the Burgundian was received into the suite of Noel de Caron, Seigneur de Schoneval, then setting forth on a special mission to the Duke of Anjou. While in France, Gérard could rest neither by day nor night, so tormented was he by the desire of accomplishing his project, and at length he obtained permission, upon the death of the Duke, to carry this important intelligence to the Prince of Orange. The despatches having been entrusted to him, he travelled post haste to Delft, and, to his astonishment, the letters had hardly been delivered before he was summoned in person to the chamber of the Prince. Here was an opportunity such as he had never dared to hope for. The arch-enemy to the Church and to the human race, whose death would confer upon his destroyer wealth and nobility in this world, besides a crown of glory in the next, lay unarmed, alone, in bed, before the man who had thirsted seven long years for his blood.

Balthazar could scarcely control his emotions sufficiently to answer the questions which the Prince addressed to him concerning the death of Anjou, but Orange, deeply engaged with the despatches, and with the reflections which their deeply-important contents suggested, did not observe the countenance of the humble Calvinist exile, who had been recently recommended to his patronage by Villers. Gérard had, moreover, made no preparation for an interview so entirely unexpected, had come unarmed, and had formed no plan for escape. He was obliged to forego his prey when most within his reach, and after communicating all the information which the Prince required, he was dismissed from the chamber.

It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the courtyard, furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirious of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that, without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gérard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the Prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him. Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied—a fund for carrying out his purpose!

Next morning, with the money thus procured, he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price because the vender could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, with the motto, "*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace,*" while a loose surcoat of grey frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and

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SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

ROMEO: Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. Act III., Scene 5.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

(*See page* 252.)

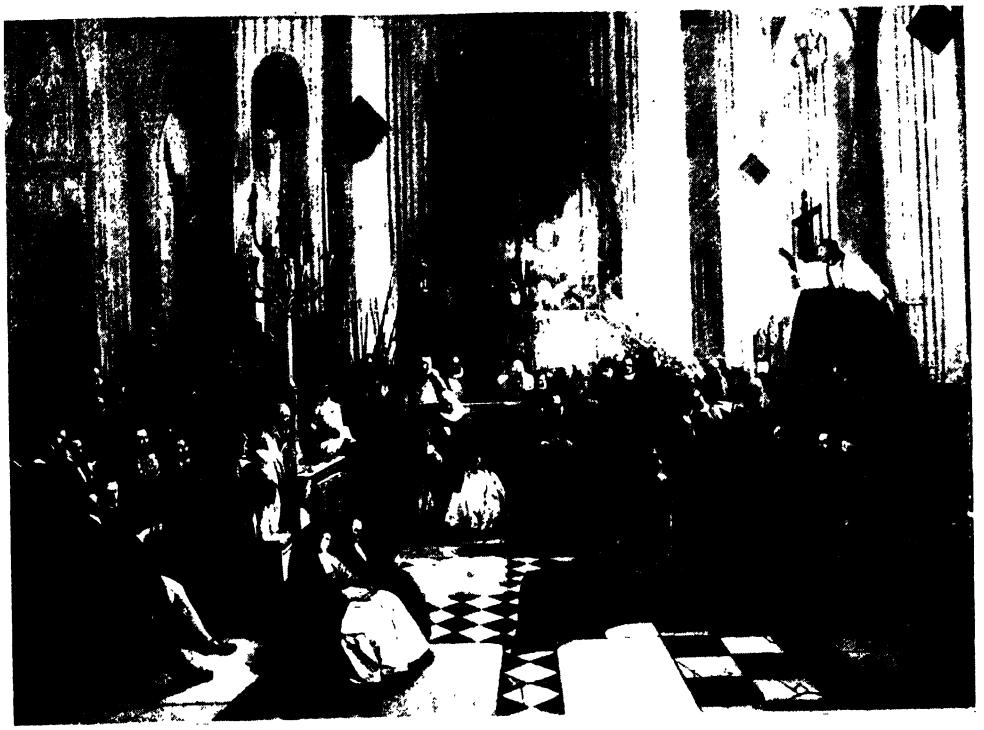

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

RESTORATION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SERVICE IN ANTWERP CATHEDRAL IN 1560.

From the painting by H. Leys, in the Brussels Museum.

agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The Princess, still not relieved, observed in an under-tone that "she had never seen so villainous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half way up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

These were th last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose, he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person were found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe, with which he had intended to assist himself across the moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterwards subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the Father of the country was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede— as he had often done before— in behalf of those who assailed his life.

The organisation of Balthazar Gérard would furnish a subject of profound study, both for the physiologist and the metaphysician. Neither wholly a fanatic, nor entirely a ruffian, he combined the most dangerous elements of both characters. In his puny body and mean exterior were enclosed considerable mental powers and accomplishments, a daring ambition, and a courage almost superhuman. Yet those qualities led him only to form upon the threshold of life a deliberate determination to achieve greatness by the assassin's trade. The rewards held out by the ban, combining with his religious bigotry and his passion for distinction, fixed all his energies with patient concentration upon the one great purpose for which he seemed to have been born, and after seven years' preparation, he had at last fulfilled his design.

Upon being interrogated by the magistrates, he manifested neither despair nor contrition, but rather a quiet exultation. "Like David," he said, "he had slain Goliath of Gath." When falsely informed that his victim was not dead, he showed no credulity or disappointment. He had discharged three poisoned balls into the Prince's stomach, and he knew that death must have already ensued. He expressed regret, however, that the resistance of the halberdiers had prevented him from using his second pistol, and avowed that if he were a thousand leagues away he would return in order to do the deed again, if possible. He deliberately wrote a detailed confession of his crime, and of the motives and manner of its commission, taking care, however, not to implicate Parma in the transaction. After sustaining day after day the most horrible tortures, he subsequently related his interviews with Assonleville and with the president of the Jesuit college at Trèves, adding that he had been influenced in his work by the assurance of obtaining the rewards promised by the ban. During the intervals of repose from the rack he conversed with ease, and even eloquence, answering all questions addressed to him with apparent sincerity. His constancy in suffering so astounded his judges that they believed him supported by witchcraft. "Ecce homo!" he exclaimed, from time to time, with insane blasphemy as he raised his blood-streaming head from the bench. In order to destroy the charm which seemed to render him insensible to pain, they sent for the shirt of a hospital patient, supposed to be a sorcerer. When clothed in this garment, however, Balthazar was none the less superior to the arts of the tormentors, enduring all their inflictions, according to an eye-witness, "without once exclaiming, Ah me!" and avowing that he

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

THE BRUSSELS GUILD OF MARKSMEN PAYING THE LAST HONOURS TO COUNTS EGMONT AND HORN FOLLOWING THEIR EXECUTION BY THE DUKE OF ALVA, 1568.

From the painting by L. Gallait, in the Antwerp Museum.

would repeat his enterprise, if possible, were he to die a thousand deaths in consequence. Some of those present refused to believe that he was a man at all. Others asked him how long since he had sold himself to the devil? to which questions he replied mildly, that he had no acquaintance whatever with the devil. He thanked the judges politely for the food which he received in prison, and promised to recompense them for the favour. Upon being asked how that was possible, he replied, that he would serve as their advocate in Paradise.

The sentence pronounced against the assassin was execrable—a crime against the memory of the great man whom it professed to avenge. It was decreed that the right hand of Gérard should be burned off with a red-hot iron, that his flesh should be torn from his bones with pincers in six different places, that he should be quartered and disembowelled alive, that his heart should be torn from his bosom and flung in his face, and that, finally, his head should be taken off. Not even his horrible crime, with its endless consequences, nor the natural frenzy of indignation which it had excited, could justify this savage decree, to rebuke which the murdered hero might have almost risen from the sleep of death. The sentence was literally executed on the 14th of July, the criminal supporting its horrors with the same astonishing fortitude. So calm were his nerves, crippled and half roasted as he was ere he mounted the scaffold, that when one of the executioners was slightly injured in the ear by the flying from the handle of the hammer with which he was breaking the fatal pistol in pieces, as the first step in the execution—a circumstance which produced a general laugh in the crowd—a smile was observed upon Balthazar's face in sympathy with the general hilarity. His lips were seen to move up to the moment when his heart was thrown in his face—"Then," said a looker-on, "he gave up the ghost."

The reward promised by Philip to the man who should murder Orange was paid to the heirs of Gérard. Parma informed his sovereign that the "poor man" had been executed, but that *his father and mother* were still living, to whom he recommended the payment of that "merced" which "the laudable and generous deed had so well deserved." This was accordingly done, and the excellent parents, ennobled and enriched by the crime of their son, received, instead of the twenty-five thousand crowns promised in the ban, the three seignories of Lievremont, Hostal, and Dampmartin, in the Franche Comté, and took their place at once among the landed aristocracy.

Thus the bounty of the Prince had furnished the weapon by which his life was destroyed, and his estates supplied the fund out of which the assassin's family received the price of blood. At a later day, when the unfortunate eldest son of Orange returned from Spain after twenty-seven years' absence, a changeling and a Spaniard, the restoration of those very estates was offered to him by Philip the Second, provided he would continue to pay a *fixed proportion of their rents to the family of his father's murderer*. The education which Philip William had received, under the King's auspices, had, however, not entirely destroyed all his human feelings, and he rejected the proposal with scorn. . . .

William of Orange at the period of his death, was aged fifty-one years and sixteen days. He left twelve children. By his first wife, Anne of Egmont, he had one son, Philip, and one daughter, Mary, afterwards married to Count Hohenlo. By his second wife, Anna of Saxony, he had one son, the celebrated Maurice of Nassau, and two daughters, Anna, married afterwards to her cousin, Count William Louis, and Emilie, who espoused Emanuel, son of the Pretender of Portugal. By Charlotte of Bourbon, his third wife, he had six daughters; and by his fourth, Louisa de Coligny, one son, Frederic William, afterwards stadholder of the republic in her most palmy days. The Prince was entombed on the 3rd of August, at Delft, amid the tears of a whole nation. Never was a more extensive, unaffected, and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being.

The life and labours of Orange had established the emancipated commonwealth upon a secure foundation, but his death rendered the union of all the

Netherlands into one republic hopeless. The efforts of the Malcontent nobles, the religious discord, the consummate ability, both political and military, of Parma, all combined with the lamentable loss of William the Silent to separate for ever the southern and Catholic provinces from the northern confederacy. So long as the Prince remained alive, he was the father of the whole country; the Netherlands—saving only the two Walloon provinces—constituting a whole. Notwithstanding the spirit of faction life of William there was union in the policy, unity in the history of the country.

In the following year, Antwerp, hitherto the centre around which all the national interests and historical events group themselves, fell before the scientific efforts of Parma. The city which had so long been the freest, as well as the most opulent, capital in Europe, sank for ever to the position of a provincial town. With its fall, combined with other circumstances, which it is not necessary

Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

DEMOLITION OF THE CITADEL OF ANTWERP, 1577.
From the painting by Peter Goetkint, in Antwerp Museum.

and the blight of the long civil war, there was at least one country, or the hope of a country, one strong heart, one guiding head, for the patriotic party throughout the land. Philip and Granvelle were right in their estimate of the advantage to be derived from the Prince's death; in believing that an assassin's hand could achieve more than all the wiles which Spanish or Italian statesmanship could teach, or all the armies which Spain or Italy could muster. The pistol of the insignificant Gérard destroyed the possibility of a united Netherland state, while during the to narrate in anticipation, the final separation of the Netherlands was completed. On the other hand, at the death of Orange, whose formal inauguration as sovereign Count had not yet taken place, the states of Holland and Zealand reassumed the sovereignty.

The commonwealth which William had liberated for ever from Spanish tyranny continued to exist as a great and flourishing republic during more than two centuries, under the successive stadholderates of his sons and descendants. . . .

The history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same

Photo: Hanfstaengl.

THE DUKE OF ALVA.

A General of the Armies of Charles V and Philip of Spain
From the painting by Antonio Mor, at Brussels.

time the biography of William the Silent. This, while it gives unity to the narrative, renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic; inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fulness, but retaining all its original purity. A few general observations are all which are necessary by way of conclusion. . . .

Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he, that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of as unequal a struggle as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favourite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessaries of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. Ten years after his death, the account between his executors and his brother John amounted to one million four hundred thousand florins due to the Count, secured by various pledges of real and personal property, and it was finally settled upon this basis. He was besides largely indebted to every one of his powerful relatives, so that the payment of the incumbrances upon his estate very nearly justified the fears of his children. While on the one hand, therefore, he poured

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF ALVA DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS OF ANTWERP.

The cruelty of the Duke of Alva was merciless. He was "very busy cutting off high heads in Brabant, and stirring up the Dutch to such fury as was needful for exploding Spain and him."

From the painting by C. Verlat, in the Antwerp Museum.

out these enormous sums like water, and firmly refused a hearing to the tempting offers of the royal government, upon the other hand he proved the disinterested nature of his services by declining, year after year, the sovereignty over the provinces; and by only accepting, in the last days of his life, when refusal had become almost impossible, the limited, constitutional supremacy over that portion of them which now makes the realm of his descendants. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country. . . .

Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the inquisition in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle, while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. . . .

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty Emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay, and while he lived, Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb. . . .

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle—in the deadly air of pestilential cities—in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labour and anxiety—amid the countless conspiracies of assassins—he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years, five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in his mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honour during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him for His glory and my salvation." . . .

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY
OF
JOHN GILPIN
WILLIAM COWPER

Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

WILLIAM COWPER.

From the painting by G. Romney, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Cowper (1731 1800) *had little artifice of style; many of his best-known lines have a certain grandeur of simplicity and can never be forgotten. He wrote the favourite hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," and the dirge on the loss of the "Royal George" beginning "Toll for the brave!" He was one of the most melancholy of poets; he suffered from hysteria, and for a time was shut up in a private asylum. But that he could write with humour "John Gilpin" is witness. The story—a "diverting history," as Cowper calls it—was told to him by Lady Austen. The hero, most likely, was Mr. John Beyer, a real Cheapside linen-draper.*

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE

From the painting by Thomas Stothard, R.A.,

"Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack," quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he called in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

TO EDMONTON.

in the South Kensington Museum, London.

He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired";
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at this friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or, why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again:
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

CRANFORD

MRS. GASKELL.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

MRS. GASKELL.

From the drawing by G. Richmond, in the in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

THE best known novels of Mrs. Gaskell (1810-1865) *are "Mary Barton," a realistic picture of life in a Northern manufacturing town of her own day; "Ruth," "Cranford," and the unfinished "Wives and Daughters." Mrs. Gaskell was the intimate friend of Charlotte Brontë, and her biographer.* (*See page* 336, *Vol.* 4). *Charles Dickens had a great regard for Mrs. Gaskell, and she contributed to "Household Words," which he edited, the delightful sketches of society in a little country town, which were later published under the title of "Cranford." Cranford is a small town in Lancashire, whose real name is Knutsford.*

Mrs. Gaskell has little of the irony of Jane Austen; there are few exciting events, and no thrilling scenes in "Cranford"; its pleasant, sympathetic pages contain charming and often humorous descriptions of nineteenth century domestic life. The ladies of Cranford knew all each other's proceedings. They quarrelled just enough to prevent the even tenour of their lives from becoming too flat; their code of etiquette was severe. "It is the third day; I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

And we have this further peep at the Cranford ladies.

IMAGINE that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs, if she had not been

assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant," and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour-grapeism which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighbouring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite.

We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If he walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the captain and his daughters only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common-sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary

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GALLANT CAPTAIN BROWN.

One slippery morning the Captain met an old woman carrying her dinner and trying to preserve her equilibrium on the ice at the same time. He relieved her of her burden and gravely carried it home for her.

place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew, and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but, meanwhile, the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the captain heartily; she set to work, and by and by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in gray flannel in London? . . .

* * *

Captain Brown became a favourite with the Cranford ladies and would be found sometimes at their card parties.

While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Misses Brown came in; and I could see that, somehow or other, the captain was a favourite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room; attended to every one's wants, lessened the pretty maid-servant's labour by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for threepenny points with as grave an interest as if they had been pounds; and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter—for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards; but she talked to the sitters-out, who, before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang, too, to an old cracked piano, which I think had been a spinet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang "Jock o' Hazeldean" a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so.

It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this; for I had seen that, a little before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (*a propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough—for the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at the card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shop-keeper's niece! But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed the next morning) *would* repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required, "through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland

goods of any one in Edinbro'." It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music; so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by and by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of *The Pickwick Papers*?" said he (they were then publishing in parts). "Capital thing!"

Now, Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great doctor for his model?"

This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam——" he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. *I* did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said with mild dignity—

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book-room."

When I brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown, "Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favourite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched majestic voice; and when she had ended, she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction."

The captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was *The Rambler* published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters—I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favourite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

It is said—I won't vouch for the fact—

that Captain Brown was heard to say, *sotto voce*, "D—n Dr. Johnson!" If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he stand near Miss Jenkyns's armchair and endeavouring to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable. The next day she made the remark I have mentioned about Miss Jessie's dimples.

It was impossible to live a month at Cranford and not know the daily habits of each resident; and long before my visit was ended I knew much concerning the whole Brown trio. . . . Some little anecdotes were talked about for some time after they occurred. As we did not read much, and as all the ladies were pretty well suited with servants, there was a dearth of subjects for conversation. We therefore discussed the circumstance of the captain taking a poor old woman's dinner out of her hands one very slippery Sunday. He had met her returning from church, and noticed her precarious footing; and, with the grave dignity with which he did everything, he relieved her of her burden, and steered along the street by her side, carrying her baked mutton and potatoes safely home.

This was thought very eccentric; and it was rather expected that he would pay a round of calls on the Monday morning to explain and apologise to the Cranford sense of propriety; but he did no such thing: and then it was decided that he was ashamed, and was keeping out of sight. In a kindly pity for him, we began to say, "After all, the Sunday morning's occurrence showed great goodness of heart," and it was resolved that he should be comforted on his next appearance amongst us; but, lo! he came down upon us, untouched by any sense of shame, speaking loud and bass as ever, his head thrown back, his wig as jaunty and well-curled as usual, and we were obliged to conclude he had forgotten all about Sunday. . . .

Captain Brown endeavoured to make peace with Miss Jenkyns soon after the memorable dispute I have named, by a present of a wooden fire-shovel (his own making), having heard her say how much the grating of an iron one annoyed her. She received the present with cool gratitude, and thanked him formally. When he was gone, she bade me put it away in the lumber-room; feeling, probably that no present from a man who preferred Mr. Boz to Dr. Johnson could be less jarring than an iron fire-shovel. . . .

Captain Brown and Miss Jenkyns were not very cordial to each other. The literary dispute, of which I had seen the beginning, was a "raw," the slightest touch on which made them wince. It was the only difference of opinion they had ever had; but that difference was enough. Miss Jenkyns could not refrain from talking *at* Captain Brown; and, though he did not reply, he drummed with his fingers, which action she felt and resented as very disparaging to Dr. Johnson. He was rather ostentatious in his preference of the writings of Mr. Boz; would walk through the streets so absorbed in them that he all but ran against Miss Jenkyns; and though his apologies were earnest and sincere, and though he did not, in fact, do more than startle her and himself, she owned to me she had rather he had knocked her down, if he had only been reading a higher style of literature. The poor, brave captain! he looked older, and more worn, and his clothes were very threadbare. . . .

* * *

Captain Brown soon disappears from the story; he was killed on the railroad by a passing train. Miss Jenkyns read: "The gallant gentleman was deeply engaged in the perusal of a number of 'Pickwick,' which he had just received." Miss Jenkyns shook her head long and solemnly, and then sighed out, "Poor, dear, infatuated man!"

One of the chief characters in the novel is Miss Jenkyns's sister, Matilda, or, as she was called, Miss Matty. The elder sister, on whom Miss Matty relied for everything, died, and she was left alone, very much alone, for her one little love romance had died also. Matty, the daughter of the late rector, was timid and nervous, kind and gentle, she was beloved by all; she had her own private income,

and led her own quiet life; she was not, perhaps, so overpowered as other ladies were with a sense of their own gentility, as members of the old blue-blooded inhabitants of Cranford. There was Miss Pole, and deaf Mrs. Forrester, and Mrs. FitzAdam who, however, was not "recognised" by the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson. It was at a card party that Mrs. Jamieson, after partaking of a little cherry brandy, electrified the other humbler ladies by exclaiming, "My sister-in-law, Lady Glenmire, is coming to stay with me."

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AN OLD-FASHIONED COMPLIMENT.

After dinner Mr. Holbrook asked Miss Matty to fill his pipe. She disliked smoking, but, pleased with the distinction the request implied, she daintily filled the pipe.

Early the next morning—directly after twelve—Miss Pole made her appearance at Miss Matty's. Some very trifling piece of business was alleged as a reason for the call; but there was evidently something behind. At last out it came.

"By the way, you'll think I'm strangely ignorant, but, do you really know, I am puzzled how we ought to address Lady Glenmire. Do you say 'Your ladyship,' where you would say 'you' to a common person? I have been puzzling all morning; and are we to say 'My lady,' instead of 'Ma'am'? Now you knew Lady Arley—will you kindly tell me the most correct way of speaking to the peerage?"

Poor Miss Matty! she took off her spectacles and she put them on again—but how Lady Arley was addressed she could not remember.

"It is so long ago," she said. "Dear! dear! how stupid I am! I don't think I ever saw her more than twice. I know we used to call Sir Peter 'Sir Peter'—but he came much oftener to see us than Lady Arley did. Deborah would have known in a minute. 'My lady'—'Your ladyship.' It sounds very strange, and as if it was not natural. I never thought of it before; but, now you have named it, I am all in a puzzle."

It was very certain Miss Pole would obtain no wise decision from Miss Matty, who got more bewildered every moment, and more perplexed as to etiquettes of address.

"Well, I really think," said Miss Pole, "I had better just go and tell Mrs. Forrester about our little difficulty. One sometimes grows nervous; and yet one would not have Lady Glenmire think we were quite ignorant of the etiquettes of high life in Cranford."

"And will you just step in here, dear Miss Pole, as you come back, please, and tell me what you decide upon? Whatever you and Mrs. Forrester fix upon will be quite right, I'm sure. 'Lady Arley,' 'Sir Peter,'" said Miss Matty to herself, trying to recall the old form of words.

"Who is Lady Glenmire?" asked I.

"Oh, she's the widow of Mr. Jamieson—that's Mrs. Jamieson's late husband, you know—widow of his eldest brother. Mrs. Jamieson was a Miss Walker, daughter of Governor Walker. 'Your ladyship.' My dear, if they fix on that way of speaking, you must just let me practise a little on you first, for I shall feel so foolish and hot saying it the first time to Lady Glenmire."

It was really a relief to Miss Matty when Mrs. Jamieson came on a very unpolite errand. I notice that apathetic people have more quiet impertinence than others; and Mrs. Jamieson came now to insinuate pretty plainly that she did not particularly wish that the Cranford ladies should call upon her sister-in-law. I can hardly say how she made this clear; for I grew very indignant and warm, while with slow deliberation she was explaining her wishes to Miss Matty, who, a true lady herself, could hardly understand the feeling which made Mrs. Jamieson wish to appear to her noble sister-in-law as if she only visited "county" families. Miss Matty remained puzzled and perplexed long after I had found out the object of Mrs. Jamieson's visit.

When she did understand the drift of the honourable lady's call, it was pretty to see with what quiet dignity she received the intimation thus uncourteously given. She was not in the least hurt—she was of too gentle a spirit for that; nor was she exactly conscious of disapproving of Mrs. Jamieson's conduct; but there was something of this feeling in her mind, I am sure, which made her pass from the subject to others in a less flurried and more composed manner than usual. Mrs. Jamieson was, indeed, the more flurried of the two, and I could see she was glad to take her leave.

A little while afterwards Miss Pole returned, red and indignant. "Well! to be sure! You've had Mrs. Jamieson here, I find from Martha; and we are not to call on Lady Glenmire. Yes! I met Mrs. Jamieson, half-way between here and Mrs. Forrester's, and she told me; she took me so by surprise, I had nothing to say. I wish I had thought of something very sharp and sarcastic; I dare say I shall to-night. And Lady Glenmire is but the widow of a Scotch baron after all! I went on to look at Mrs. Forrester's *Peerage*, to see who this lady was that is to be kept under a glass case: widow of a Scotch peer—never sat in the House of Lords—and as poor as Job, I dare say; and she fifth daughter of some Mr. Campbell or other. You are the daughter of a rector, at any rate, and related to the Arleys; and Sir Peter might have been Viscount Arley, every one says."

Miss Matty tried to soothe Miss Pole, but in vain. That lady, usually so kind and good-humoured, was now in a full flow of anger.

"And I went and ordered a cap this morning, to be quite ready," said she at last, letting out the secret which gave sting to Mrs. Jamieson's intimation. "Mrs. Jamieson shall see if it is so easy to get me to make fourth at a pool when she has none of her fine Scotch relations with her!"

In coming out of church, the first Sunday on which Lady Glenmire appeared in Cranford, we sedulously talked together, and turned our backs on Mrs. Jamieson and her guest. If we might not call on her, we would not even look at her, though we were dying with curiosity to know what she was like. We had the comfort of questioning Martha in the afternoon. Martha did not belong to

a sphere of society whose observation could be an implied compliment to Lady Glenmire, and Martha had made good use of her eyes.

"Well, ma'am! is it the little lady with Mrs. Jamieson, you mean? I thought you would like more to know how young Mrs. Smith was dressed, her being a bride." (Mrs. Smith was the butcher's wife.)

Miss Pole said, "Good gracious me! as if we cared about a Mrs. Smith"; but was silent as Martha resumed her speech.

"The little lady in Mrs. Jamieson's pew had on, ma'am, rather an old black silk, and a shepherd's plaid cloak, ma'am, and very bright, black eyes she had, ma'am, and a pleasant, sharp face; not over young, ma'am, but yet, I should guess, younger than Mrs. Jamieson herself. She looked up and down the church like a bird, and nipped up her petticoats, when she came out, as quick and sharp as ever I see. I'll tell you what, ma'am, she's more like Mrs. Deacon, at the Coach and Horses, nor any one."

"Hush, Martha!" said Miss Matty, "that's not respectful."

"Isn't it, ma'am? I beg pardon, I'm sure; but Jem Hearn said so as well. He said, she was just such a sharp, stirring sort of a body——"

"Lady," said Miss Pole.

"Lady—as Mrs. Deacon."

Another Sunday passed away, and we still averted our eyes from Mrs. Jamieson and her guest, and made remarks to ourselves that we thought were very severe—almost too much so. Miss Matty was evidently uneasy at our sarcastic manner of speaking.

Perhaps by this time Lady Glenmire had found out that Mrs. Jamieson's was not the gayest, liveliest house in the world; perhaps Mrs. Jamieson had found out that most of the county families were in London, and that those who remained in the country were not so alive as they might have been to the circumstance of Lady Glenmire being in their neighbourhood. Great events spring out of small causes; so I will not pretend to say what induced Mrs. Jamieson to alter her determination of excluding the Cranford ladies, and send notes of invitation all round for a small party on the following Tuesday. Mr. Mulliner himself brought them round. He *would* always ignore the fact of there being a back door to any house, and gave a louder rat-tat than his mistress, Mrs. Jamieson. He had three little notes, which he carried in a large basket, in order to impress his mistress with an idea of their great weight, though they might easily have gone into his waistcoat pocket.

Miss Matty and I quietly decided we would have a previous engagement at home: it was the evening on which Miss Matty usually made candle-lighters of all the notes and letters of the week; for on Mondays her accounts were always made straight—not a penny owing from the week before; so, by a natural arrangement, making candle-lighters fell upon a Tuesday evening, and gave us a legitimate excuse for declining Mrs. Jamieson's invitation. But before our answer was written, in came Miss Pole, with an open note in her hand.

"So!" she said. "Ah! I see you have got your note too. Better late than never. I could have told my Lady Glenmire she would be glad enough of our society before a fortnight was over."

"Yes," said Miss Matty, "we're asked for Tuesday evening. And perhaps you would just kindly bring your work across and drink tea with us that night. It is my usual regular time for looking over the last week's bills, and notes, and letters, and making candle-lighters of them; but that does not seem quite reason enough for saying I have a previous engagement at home, though I meant to make it do. Now, if you would come, my conscience would be quite at ease, and luckily the note is not written yet."

I saw Miss Pole's countenance change while Miss Matty was speaking.

"Don't you mean to go, then?" asked she.

"Oh, no!" said Miss Matty quietly. "You don't either, I suppose?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Pole. "Yes, I think I do," said she rather briskly; and, on seeing Miss Matty looked surprised, she added, "You see,

one would not like Mrs. Jamieson to think that anything she could do, or say, was of consequence enough to give offence; it would be a kind of letting down of ourselves, that I, for one, should not like. It would be too flattering to Mrs. Jamieson if we allowed her to suppose that what she had said affected us a week, nay, ten days, afterwards."

"Well! I suppose it is wrong to be hurt and annoyed so long about anything; and, perhaps, after all, she did not mean to vex us. But I must say, I could not have brought myself to say the things Mrs. Jamieson did about our not calling. I really don't think I shall go."

"Oh, come! Miss Matty, you must go; you know our friend Mrs. Jamieson is much more phlegmatic than most people, and does not enter into the little delicacies of feeling which you possess in so remarkable a degree."

"I thought you possessed them too, that day Mrs. Jamieson called to tell us not to go," said Miss Matty innocently.

But Miss Pole, in addition to her delicacies of feeling, possessed a very smart cap, which she was anxious to show to an admiring world; and so she seemed to forget all her angry words uttered not a fortnight before, and to be ready to act on what she called the great Christian principle of "Forgive and forget"; and she lectured dear Miss Matty so long on this head that she absolutely ended by assuring her it was her duty, as a deceased rector's daughter, to buy a new cap and go to the party at Mrs. Jamieson's. So "we were most happy to accept," instead of "regretting that we were obliged to decline."

The expenditure on dress in Cranford was principally in that one article referred to. If the heads were buried in smart new caps, the ladies were like ostriches, and cared not what became of their bodies. Old gowns, white and venerable collars, any number of brooches up and down and everywhere (some with dog's eyes painted in them; some that were like small picture-frames with mausoleums and weeping-willows neatly executed in hair inside; some, again, with miniatures of ladies and gentlemen sweetly smiling out of a nest of stiff muslin), old brooches for a permanent ornament, and new caps to suit the fashion of the day—the ladies of Cranford always dressed with chaste elegance and propriety, as Miss Barker once prettily expressed it.

And with three new caps and a greater array of brooches than had ever been seen together at one time since Cranford was a town, did Mrs. Forrester, and Miss Matty, and Miss Pole appear on that memorable Tuesday evening. I counted seven brooches myself on Miss Pole's dress. Two were fixed negligently in her cap (one was a butterfly made of Scotch pebbles, which a vivid imagination might believe to be the real insect); one fastened her net neckerchief; one her collar; one ornamented the front of her gown, midway between her throat and waist; and another adorned the point of her stomacher. Where the seventh was I have forgotten, but it was somewhere about her, I am sure.

But I am getting on too fast, in describing the dresses of the company. I should first relate the gathering on the way to Mrs. Jamieson's. That lady lived in a large house just outside the town. A road which had known what it was to be a street ran right before the house, which opened out upon it without any intervening garden or court. Whatever the sun was about, he never shone on the front of that house. To be sure, the living-rooms were at the back, looking on to a pleasant garden; the front windows only belonged to kitchens and house-keepers' rooms, and pantries, and in one of them Mr. Mulliner was reported to sit. Indeed, looking askance, we often saw the back of a head covered with hair-powder, which also extended itself over his coat collar down to his very waist; and this imposing back was always engaged in reading *The St. James's Chronicle*, opened wide, which, in some degree, accounted for the length of time the said newspaper was in reaching us—equal subscribers with Mrs. Jamieson, though, in right of her honourableness, she always had the reading of it first. This very Tuesday, the delay in forwarding the last number had been particularly aggravating; just when both

Miss Pole and Miss Matty, the former more especially, had been wanting to see it, in order to coach up the court news, ready for the evening's interview with aristocracy. Miss Pole told us she had absolutely taken time by the forelock, and been dressed by five o'clock, in order to be ready if *The St. James's Chronicle* should come in at the last moment—the very *St. James's Chronicle* which the powdered head was tranquilly and composedly reading as we passed the accustomed window this evening.

"The impudence of the man!" said Miss Pole in a low, indignant whisper. "I should like to ask him whether his mistress pays her quarter-share for his exclusive use."

We looked at her in admiration of the courage of her thought; for Mr. Mulliner was an object of great awe to all of us. He seemed never to have forgotten his condescension in coming to live at Cranford. Miss Jenkyns, at times, had stood forth as the undaunted champion of her sex, and spoken to him on terms of equality; but even Miss Jenkyns could get no higher. In his pleasantest and most gracious moods he looked like a sulky cockatoo. He did not speak except in gruff monosyllables. He would wait in the hall when we begged him not to wait, and then look deeply offended because we had kept him there, while, with trembling, hasty hands, we prepared ourselves for appearing in company.

Miss Pole ventured on a small joke as we went upstairs, intended, though addressed to us, to afford Mr. Mulliner some slight amusement. We all smiled, in order to seem as if we felt at our ease, and timidly looked for Mr. Mulliner's sympathy. Not a muscle of that wooden face had relaxed · and we were grave in an instant.

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A CRANFORD TEA-PARTY.

The comfortable arm-chair, the heat of the room and the three pieces of seed-cake had been too much for the baron's daughter-in-law. She was sound asleep.

Mrs. Jamieson's drawing-room was cheerful; the evening sun came streaming into it, and the large square window was clustered round with flowers. The furniture was white and gold; not the later style, Louis Quatorze, I think they call it, all shells and twirls; no, Mrs. Jamieson's chairs and tables had not a curve or bend about them. The chair and table legs diminished as they neared the ground, and were straight and square in all their corners. The chairs were all a-row against the walls, with the exception of four or five which stood in a circle round the fire. They were railed with white bars across the back, and knobbed with gold; neither the railings nor the knobs invited to ease. There was a japanned table devoted to literature, on which lay a Bible, a *Peerage*, and a Prayer-book. There was another square Pembroke table dedicated to the fine arts, on which were a kaleidoscope, conversation-cards, puzzle cards (tied together to an interminable length with faded pink satin ribbon), and a box painted in fond imitation of the drawings which decorate tea-chests. Carlo lay on the worsted-worked rug, and ungraciously barked at us as we entered. Mrs. Jamieson stood up, giving us each a torpid smile of welcome, and looking helplessly beyond us at Mr. Mulliner, as if she hoped he would place us in chairs, for, if he did not, she never could. I suppose he thought we could find our way to the circle round the fire, which reminded me of Stonehenge, I don't know why. Lady Glenmire came to the rescue of our hostess, and, somehow or other, we found ourselves for the first time placed agreeably, and not formally, in Mrs. Jamieson's house. Lady Glenmire, now we had time to look at her, proved to be a bright little woman of middle age, who had been very pretty in the days of her youth, and who was even yet very pleasant-looking. I saw Miss Pole appraising her dress in the first five minutes, and I take her word when she said the next day—

"My dear! ten pounds would have purchased every stitch she had on—lace and all."

It was pleasant to suspect that a peeress could be poor, and partly reconciled us to the fact that her husband had never sat in the House of Lords; which, when we first heard of it, seemed a kind of swindling us out of our respect on false pretences; a sort of "A Lord and No Lord" business.

We were all very silent at first. We were thinking what we could talk about, that should be high enough to interest My Lady. There had been a rise in the price of sugar, which, as preserving-time was near, was a piece of intelligence to all our house-keeping hearts, and would have been the natural topic if Lady Glenmire had not been by. But we were not sure if the peerage ate preserves—much less knew how they were made. At last Miss Pole, who had always a great deal of courage and *savoir faire*, spoke to Lady Glenmire, who on her part had seemed just as much puzzled to know how to break the silence as we were.

"Has your ladyship been to Court lately?" asked she; and then gave a little glance round at us, half timid and half triumphant, as much as to say, "See how judiciously I have chosen a subject befitting the rank of the stranger."

"I never was there in my life," said Lady Glenmire, with a broad Scotch accent, but in a very sweet voice. And then, as if she had been too abrupt, she added: "We very seldom went to London—only twice, in fact, during all my married life; and before I was married my father had far too large a family" (fifth daughter of Mr. Campbell was in all our minds, I am sure) "to take us often from our home, even to Edinburgh. Ye'll have been in Edinburgh, maybe?" said she, suddenly brightening up with the hope of a common interest. We had none of us been there; but Miss Pole had an uncle who once had passed a night there, which was very pleasant.

Mrs. Jamieson, meanwhile, was absorbed in wonder why Mr. Mulliner did not bring the tea; and at length the wonder oozed out of her mouth.

"I had better ring the bell, my dear, had not I?" said Lady Glenmire briskly.

"No—I think not—Mulliner does not like to be hurried."

We should have liked our tea, for we

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THE "FATHER OF THE FAITHFUL."

Mr. Peter's Indian stories were as good as the "Arabian Nights." Week by week they gained charm and colour, only becoming comparatively tame when his sister happened to be present.

dined at an earlier hour than Mrs. Jamieson. I suspect Mr. Mulliner had to finish *The St. James's Chronicle* before he chose to trouble himself about tea. His mistress fidgeted and fidgeted, and kept saying, "I can't think why Mulliner does not bring tea. I can't think what he can be about." And Lady Glenmire at last grew quite impatient, but it was a pretty kind of impatience after all; and she rang the bell rather sharply, on receiving a half-permission from her sister-in-law to do so. Mr. Mulliner appeared in dignified surprise. "Oh!" said Mrs. Jamieson, "Lady Glenmire rang the bell; I believe it was for tea."

In a few minutes tea was brought. Very delicate was the china, very old the plate, very thin the bread-and-butter, and very small the lumps of sugar. Sugar was evidently Mrs. Jamieson's favourite economy. I question if the little filigree sugar-tongs, made something like scissors, could have opened themselves wide enough to take up an honest, vulgar, good-sized piece; and when I tried to seize two little minnikin pieces at once, so as not to be detected in too many returns to the sugar-basin, they absolutely dropped one, with a little sharp clatter, quite in a malicious and unnatural manner. But before this happened, we had had a slight disappointment. In the little silver jug was cream, in the larger one was milk. As soon as Mr. Mulliner came in, Carlo began to beg, which was a thing our manners forbade us to do, though I am sure we were just as hungry; and Mrs. Jamieson said she was certain we would excuse her if she gave her poor dumb Carlo his tea first. She accordingly mixed a saucerful for him, and put it down for him to lap; and then she told us how intelligent and sensible the dear little fellow was; he knew cream quite well, and constantly refused tea with only milk in it: so the milk was left for us;

but we silently thought we were quite as intelligent and sensible as Carlo, and felt as if insult were added to injury when we were called upon to admire the gratitude evinced by his wagging his tail for the cream which should have been ours.

After tea we thawed down into common-life subjects. We were thankful to Lady Glenmire for having proposed some more bread-and-butter, and this mutual want made us better acquainted with her, than we should ever have been with talking about the Court, though Miss Pole did say she had hoped to know how the dear queen was from some one who had seen her.

The friendship began over bread-and-butter extended on to cards. Lady Glenmire played preference to admiration, and was a complete authority as to ombre and quadrille. Even Miss Pole quite forgot to say "my lady," and "your ladyship," and said "Basto! ma'am"; "you have spadille, I believe," just as quietly as if we had never held the great Cranford parliament on the subject of the proper mode of addressing a peeress.

As a proof of how thoroughly we had forgotten that we were in the presence of one who might have sat down to tea with a coronet, instead of a cap, on her head, Mrs. Forrester related a curious little fact to Lady Glenmire—an anecdote known to the circle of her intimate friends, but of which even Mrs. Jamieson was not aware. It related to some fine old lace, the sole relic of better days, which Lady Glenmire was admiring on Mrs. Forrester's collar.

"Yes," said that lady, "such lace cannot be got now for either love or money; made by the nuns abroad, they tell me. They say that they can't make it now, even there. But perhaps they can now they've passed the Catholic Emancipation Bill. I should not wonder. But, in the meantime, I treasure up my lace very much. I daren't even trust the washing of it to my maid" (the little charity schoolgirl I have named before, but who sounded well as "my maid"). "I always wash it myself. And once it had a narrow escape. Of course, your ladyship knows that such lace must never be starched or ironed. Some people wash it in sugar and water, and some in coffee, to make it the right yellow colour; but I myself have a very good receipt for washing it in milk, which stiffens it enough, and gives it a very good creamy colour. Well, ma'am, I had tacked it together (and the beauty of this fine lace is that, when it is wet, it goes into a very little space), and put it to soak in milk, when, unfortunately, I left the room; on my return, I found pussy on the table, looking very like a thief, but gulping very uncomfortably, as if she was half-choked with something she wanted to swallow and could not. And, would you believe it?—at first I pitied her, and said, 'Poor pussy! poor pussy!' till, all at once, I looked and saw the cup of milk empty—cleaned out! 'You naughty cat!' said I; and I believe I was provoked enough to give her a slap, which did no good, but only helped the lace down—just as one slaps a choking child on the back. I could have cried, I was so vexed; but I determined I would not give the lace up without a struggle for it. I hoped the lace might disagree with her, at any rate; but it would have been too much for Job, if he had seen, as I did, that cat come in, quite placid and purring, not a quarter of an hour after, and almost expecting to be stroked. 'No, pussy!' said I, 'if you have any conscience you ought not to expect that!' And then a thought struck me; and I rang the bell for my maid, and sent her to Mr. Hoggins, with my compliments, and would he be kind enough to lend me one of his top-boots for an hour? I did not think there was anything odd in the message; but Jenny said the young men in the surgery laughed as if they would be ill at my wanting a top-boot. When it came, Jenny and I put pussy in, with her fore-feet straight down, so that they were fastened, and could not scratch, and we gave her a teaspoonful of currant-jelly in which (your ladyship must excuse me) I had mixed some tartar emetic. I shall never forget how anxious I was for the next half-hour. I took pussy to my own room, and spread a clean towel on the floor. I could have kissed her when she returned the lace to sight, very much

as it had gone down. Jenny had boiling water ready, and we soaked it and soaked it and spread it on a lavender-bush in the sun before I could touch it again, even to put it in milk. But now your ladyship would never guess that it had been in pussy's inside."

We found out in the course of the evening that Lady Glenmire was going to pay Mrs. Jamieson a long visit, as she had given up her apartments in Edinburgh, and had no ties to take her back there in a hurry. On the whole, we were rather glad to hear this, for she had made a pleasant impression upon us; and it was also very comfortable to find, from things which dropped out in the course of conversation, that, in addition to many other genteel qualities, she was far removed from the "vulgarity of wealth."

"Don't you find it very unpleasant walking?" asked Mrs. Jamieson, as our respective servants were announced. It was a pretty regular question from Mrs. Jamieson, who had her own carriage in the coach-house, and always went out in a sedan-chair to the very shortest distances. The answers were nearly as much a matter of course.

"Oh dear, no! it is so pleasant and still at night!" "Such a refreshment after the excitement of a party!" "The stars are so beautiful!" This last was from Miss Matty.

"Are you fond of astronomy?" Lady Glenmire asked.

"Not very," replied Miss Matty, rather confused at the moment to remember which was astronomy and which was astrology—but the answer was true under either circumstance, for she read, and was slightly alarmed at, Francis Moore's astrological predictions; and, as to astronomy, in a private and confidential conversation, she had told me she never could believe that the earth was moving constantly, and that she would not believe it if she could, it made her feel so tired and dizzy whenever she thought about it.

In our pattens we picked our way home with extra care that night, so refined and delicate were our perceptions after drinking tea with "my lady."

The remainder of the novel is the story of Miss Matty's misfortunes, and the further career of Lady Glenmire, who fell from grace by her second marriage.

WALDEN

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Thoreau's "Walden" is one of the great books of the world, and, it may be said, unlike any other. He was a remarkable man, as original in thought as he was independent in his actions. Much of his writing is concerned with the ways and doings of animals, and with country sights and sounds generally, but it is in his character of philosopher and witty commentator on human affairs that his title to fame consists. He was a philosopher who was not afraid to fashion his life to his philosophy. The truths he conceived were, "roughly speaking, these three—that this earth is a garden of delights; that the world crowds round the individual, leaving him no vista, and shuts out the beauty of the earth; and that the wholesome wants of man are few. Your quite everyday citizen has a very fair glimmering of all this when, in a moment of petulance, he swears he would rather eat bread in a cottage than be such a slave. But with the words on his lips, he runs head first in a silk hat to catch an early train to the city."

Thoreau was determined to live his life, therefore, as he pleased; he cared nothing at all about the conventions of life or what people thought. Except for the time he spent at Harvard University, he never left the village of Concord, where he was born in 1817. He built a hut and lived for two

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

years a primitive sort of life in the Walden woods, a mile from this little village. It is this life he describes in the book which made him famous. "Where I lived was as far off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers." Here is a glimpse of the life he lived with the birds as his neighbours.

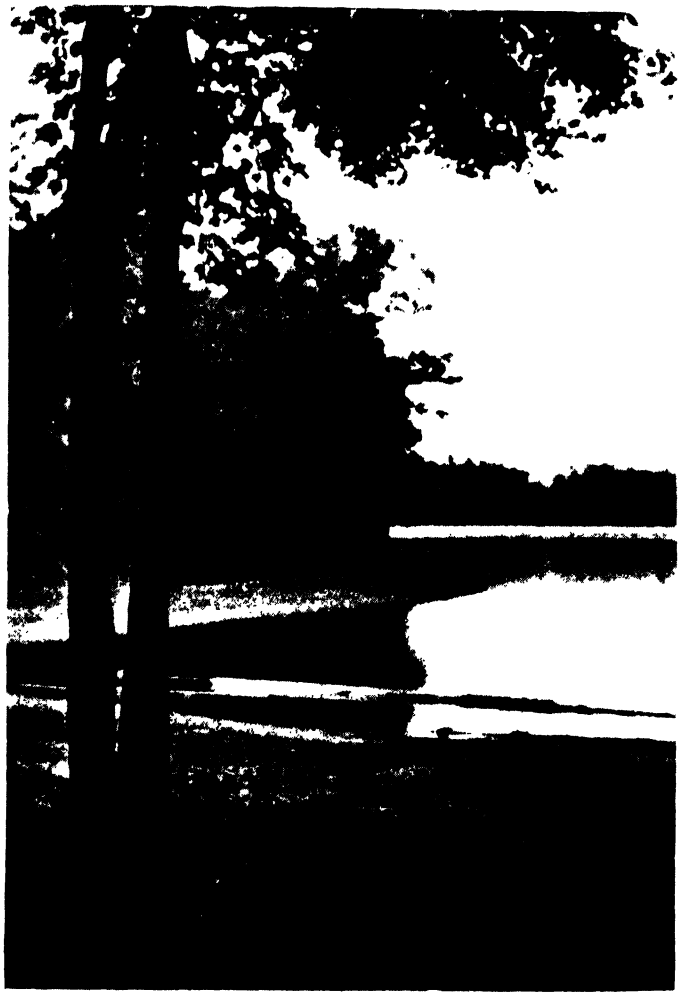
EVERY morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond: that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of king Tching-thang to this effect: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again." I can understand that. Morning brings back the heroic ages. I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn, when I was sitting with door and windows open, as I could be by any trumpet that ever sang of fame. It was Homer's requiem; itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air, singing its own wrath and wanderings. There was something cosmical about it; a standing advertisement, till forbidden, of the everlasting vigour and fertility of the world.

The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour. Then there is least somnolence in us; and for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day and night. . . . That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour than he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his Genius tries again what noble life it can make.

All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas say, "All intelligences awake with the morning." Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men, date from such an hour. All poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labours of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? They are not such poor calculators. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labour; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face? . . .

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could

not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy Him forever."



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THOREAU'S COVE, JUST BELOW HIS DWELLING.

Still, we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half-a-dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilised life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a-day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. . . .

Shams and delusions are esteemed for

soundest truths, while reality is fabulous. If men would steadily observe realities only, and not allow themselves to be deluded, life, to compare it with such things as we know, would be like a fairy tale and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. If we respected only what is inevitable and has a right to be, music and poetry would resound along the streets. When we are unhurried and wise, we perceive that only great and worthy things have any permanent and absolute existence,—that petty fears and petty pleasures are but the shadow of the reality. This is always exhilarating and sublime.

By closing the eyes and slumbering, and consenting to be deceived by shows, men establish and confirm their daily life of routine and habit everywhere, which still is built on purely illusory foundations. Children, who play life, discern its true law and relations more clearly than men, who fail to live it worthily, but who think that they are wiser by experience, that is, by failure. I have read in a Hindoo book, that "there was a king's son, who, being expelled in infancy from his native city, was brought up by a forester, and, growing up to maturity in that state, imagined himself to belong to the barbarous race with which he lived. One of his father's ministers having discovered him, revealed to him what he was, and the misconception of his character was removed, and he knew himself to be a prince. So soul," continues the Hindoo philosopher, "from the circumstances in which it is placed, mistakes its own character, until the truth is revealed to it by some holy teacher, and then it knows itself to be *Brahme*." I perceive that we inhabitants of New England live this mean life that we do because our vision does not penetrate the surface of things. We think that that *is* which *appears* to be. . . .

Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast, or break fast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry,—determined to make a day of it. Why should we knock under and go with the stream? Let us not be upset and overwhelmed in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner, situated in the meridian shallows. Weather this danger and you are safe, for the rest of the way is down hill.

With unrelaxed nerves, with morning vigour, sail by it, looking another way, tied to the mast like Ulysses. If the engine whistles, let it whistle till it is hoarse for its pains. If the bell rings, why should we run? We will consider what kind of music they are like. Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and prejudice, and tradition, and delusion, and appearance, that alluvion which covers the globe, through Paris and London, through New York and Boston and Concord, through church and state, through poetry and philosophy and religion, till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call *reality*, and say, This is, and no mistake; and then begin, having a *point d'appui*, below freshet and frost and fire, a place where you might found a wall or a state, or set a lamp-post safely, or perhaps a gauge, not a Nilometer, but a Realometer, that future ages might know how deep a freshet of shams and appearances had gathered from time to time.

If you stand right fronting and face to face to a fact, you will see the sun glimmer on both its surfaces, as if it were a cimeter, and feel its sweet edge dividing you through the heart and marrow, and so you will happily conclude your mortal career. Be it life or death, we crave only reality. If we are really dying, let us hear the rattle in our throats and feel cold in the extremities; if we are alive, let us go about our business.

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars.

* * *

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THE SITE OF THOREAU'S HOUSE IN MARCH.

In a delightful chapter, Thoreau describes the sounds of the countryside. His love of the open air and of the life of Nature was no affectation, and he had no desire of disciples or imitators. He was a passionate observer of Nature, but "the poet in him was stronger than the naturalist."

I did not read books the first summer; I hoed beans. Nay, I often did better than this. There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or hands. I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes, in a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a reverie, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around or flitted noiseless through the house, until by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveller's waggon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time.

I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been. They were not time subtracted from my life, but so much over and above my usual allowance. I realised what the Orientals mean by contemplation and the forsaking of works. For the most part, I minded not how the hours went. The day advanced as if to light some work of mine; it was morning, and lo! now it is evening, and nothing memorable is accomplished. Instead of singing like the birds, I silently smiled at my incessant good fortune. As the sparrow had its trill, sitting on the hickory before my door, so had I my chuckle or suppressed warble which he might hear out of my nest. My days were not days of the week, bearing the stamp of any heathen deity, nor were they minced into hours and fretted by the ticking of a clock; for I lived like the Puri Indians, of whom it is said that "for yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow they have only one word, and they express the variety of meaning

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CONCORD BATTLE GROUND.

by pointing backward for yesterday, forward for to-morrow, and overhead for the passing day." This was sheer idleness to my fellow-townsmen, no doubt; but if the birds and flowers had tried me by their standard, I should not have been found wanting. A man must find his occasions in himself, it is true. The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove his indolence.

I had this advantage, at least, in my mode of life, over those who were obliged to look abroad for amusement, to society and the theatre, that my life itself was become my amusement and never ceased to be novel. It was a drama of many scenes and without an end. If we were always indeed getting our living, and regulating our lives according to the last and best mode we had learned, we should never be troubled with ennui. Follow your genius closely enough, and it will not fail to show you a fresh prospect every hour. Housework was a pleasant pastime. When my floor was dirty, I rose early, and, setting all my furniture out of doors on the grass, bed and bedstead making but one budget, dashed water on the floor, and sprinkled white sand from the pond on it, and then with a broom scrubbed it clean and white; and by the time the villagers had broken their fast the morning sun had dried my house sufficiently to allow me to move in again, and my meditations were almost uninterrupted.

It was pleasant to see my whole household effects on the grass, making a little pile like a gipsy's pack, and my three-legged table, from which I did not remove the books and pen and ink, standing amid the pines and hickories. They seemed glad to get out themselves and as if unwilling to be brought in. I was sometimes tempted to stretch an awning over them and take my seat there. It was worth the while to see the sun shine on these things, and hear the free wind blow on them; so much more interesting most familiar objects look out of doors than in the house. A bird sits on the next bough, life-everlasting grows under the table, and blackberry vines run round its legs; pine cones, chestnut burs, and strawberry leaves are strewn about. It looked as if

this was the way these forms came to be transferred to our furniture, to tables, chairs, and bedsteads,—because they once stood in their midst. . . .

As I sit at my window this summer afternoon, hawks are circling about my clearing; the tantivy of wild pigeons, flying by twos and threes athwart my view, or perching restless on the white-pine boughs behind my house, gives a voice to the air; a fish-hawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond and brings heel and home-sick. He had never seen such a dull and out-of-the-way place; the folks were all gone off somewhere; why, you couldn't even hear the whistle!

He watched the passage of the morning cars in the distance as he did the rising of the sun. "The train of clouds stretching far behind and rising higher and higher, going to heaven while the cars are going to Boston, conceals the sun for a minute and

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CONCORD — THE BUSINESS CENTRE.

up a fish; a mink steals out of the marsh before my door and seizes a frog by the shore; the sedge is bending under the weight of the reed-birds flitting hither and thither; and for the last half-hour I have heard the rattle of railroad-cars, now dying away and then reviving like the beat of a partridge, conveying travellers from Boston to the country. For I did not live so out of the world as that boy, who, as I hear, was put out to a farmer in the east part of the town, but ere long ran away and came home again, quite down at the

casts my distant field into the shade, a celestial train beside which the petty train of cars which hugs the earth is but the barb of the spear."

Warned by the whizzing sound, I look up from my book and see some tall pine, hewn on far northern hills, which has winged its way over the Green Mountains and the Connecticut, shot like an arrow through the township within ten minutes, and scarce another eye beholds it: going

"to be the mast
Of some great ammiral."

And hark! here comes the cattle-train bearing the cattle of a thousand hills, sheepcots, stables, and cow-yards in the air, drovers with their sticks, and shepherd boys in the midst of their flocks, all but the mountain pastures, whirled along like leaves blown from the mountains by the September gales.

The air is filled with the bleating of calves and sheep, and the hustling of oxen, as if a pastoral valley were going by. When the old bell-wether at the head rattles his bell, the mountains do indeed skip like rams and the little hills like lambs. A car-load of drovers, too, in the midst, on a level with their droves now, their vocation gone, but still clinging to their useless sticks as their badge of office. But their dogs, where are they? It is a stampede to them; they are quite thrown out; they have lost the scent. Methinks I hear them barking behind the Peterboro' Hills, or panting up the western slope of the Green Mountains. They will not be in at the death. Their vocation, too, is gone. Their fidelity and sagacity are below par now. They will slink back to their kennels in disgrace, or perchance run wild and strike a league with the wolf and the fox. So is your pastoral life whirled past and away. But the bell rings, and I must get off the track and let the cars go by —

> "What's the railroad to me?
> I never go to see
> Where it ends.
> It fills a few hollows,
> And makes banks for the swallows,
> It sets the sand a-blowing,
> And the blackberries a-growing."

but I cross it like a cart-path in the woods. I will not have my eyes put out and my ears spoiled by its smoke, and steam, and hissing.

Now that the cars are gone by and all the restless world with them, and the fishes in the pond no longer feel their rumbling, I am more alone than ever. For the rest of the long afternoon, perhaps, my meditations are interrupted only by the faint rattle of a carriage or team along the distant highway.

Sometimes, on Sundays, I heard the bells, the Lincoln, Acton, Bedford, or Concord bell, when the wind was favourable, a faint, sweet, and, as it were, natural melody, worth importing into the wilderness. At a sufficient distance over the woods this sound acquires a certain vibratory hum, as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. All sound heard at the greatest possible distance produces one and the same effect, a vibration of the universal lyre, just as the intervening atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth interesting to our eyes by the azure tint it imparts to it. . . .

Regularly at half-past seven, in one part of the summer, after the evening train had gone by, the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half-an-hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridge pole of the house. They would begin to sing almost with as much precision as a clock, within five minutes of a particular time, referred to the setting of the sun, every evening. I had a rare opportunity to become acquainted with their habits. Sometimes I heard four or five at once in different parts of the wood, by accident one a bar behind another, and so near me that I distinguished not only the cluck after each note, but often that singular buzzing sound like a fly in a spider's web, only proportionally louder. Sometimes one would circle round and round me in the woods a few feet distant as if tethered by a string, when probably I was near its eggs. They sang at intervals throughout the night, and were again as musical as ever just before and about dawn.

When other birds are still the screech owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient u-lu-lu. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt tu-whit tu-who of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves.

Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the woodside; reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark

and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape nightly walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in the scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the grey oaks. Then *That I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and—*bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

* * *

The following passage illustrates Thoreau, the naturalist. "Why do precisely these objects which we behold make a world?" he asks "Why has man just these species of animals for his neighbours; as if nothing but a mouse could have filled this crevice?"

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BRISTER'S SPRING.

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet.

It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

A phœbe soon built in my shed, and a

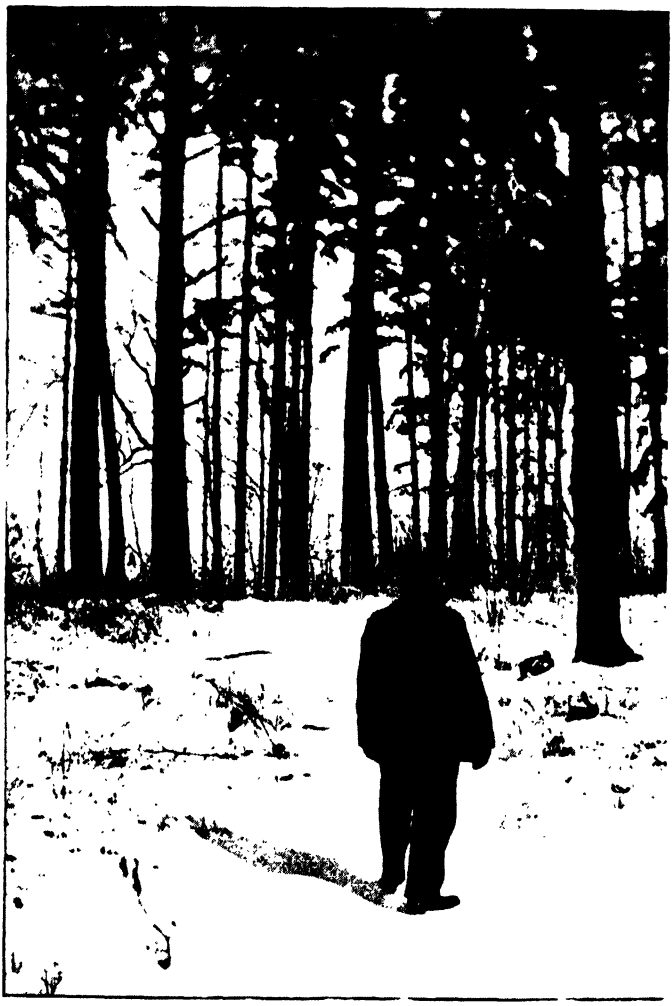
robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*), which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behaviour proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whirr of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighbourhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of a creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling.

So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such a gem. The traveller does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens. . . .

Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch-pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring, and made a well of clear grey water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest.

Thither too the woodcock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep, single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There too the turtle-doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white-pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half



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AMONG THE PINES BORDERING THE POND.

an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black.

The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my woodyard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out.

The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat.

It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some

Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar--for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red -he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it the less the difference. And certainly there is not a fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—"Fire! for God's sake, fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a threepenny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half-an-hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavouring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half-an-hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war: but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

THE DUCHESS OF WREXE

HUGH WALPOLE

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Photo: Bassett & Fry, Ltd.

HUGH WALPOLE.

Hugh Walpole was born in 1884, and holds a high place among the writers of the day. He is the author of "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail," "The Prelude to Adventure," "The Secret City," "The Cathedral" and other novels.

The dominant character in this novel is the Duchess of Wrexe, a fierce old martinet, who, although compelled by infirmity to remain confined to her room, dominated her family by her iron will. Here is a description of her portrait as painted by Yale Ross, another character in this story.

The Duchess sat, leaning forward a little, bending with one of her dry wrinkled hands over a black ebony cane, a high carved chair supporting and surrounding her. She seemed, herself, to be carved there, stone, marble, anything lifeless save for her eyes, the tense clutch of her fingers about the cane, and the dull but brooding gleam that a large jade pendant, the only colour against the black of her dress, flung at the observer. Her mouth was a thin hard line her nose small but sharp, her colour so white that it seemed to cut into the paper, and the skin drawn so tightly over her bones that a breath, a sigh, might snap it.

Her little body was, one might suppose, shrivelled with age, with the business and pleasure of the world, with the pursuit of some great ambition or prize, with the battle, unceasing and unyielding, over some weakness or softness

Indomitable, remorseless, unhumorous, proud, the pose of the body was absolutely, one felt, the justest possible.

On either side of the chair were two white and green Chinese dragons, grotesque with open mouths and large flat feet; a hanging tapestry of dull gold filled in the background.

Out upon these dull colours the little body, with the white face, the shining eyes, the clenched hand, was flung, poised, sustained by its very force and will.

Nothing in the world could be so fierce as that determined absence of ferocity, nothing so energetic as that negation of all energy, nothing so proud as that contemptuous rejection of all that had to do with pride.

It was as though she had said: "They shall see nothing of me, these people. I will give them nothing" . . . and then the green jade on her bosom had betrayed her.

Maliciously the dragons grinned behind her back.

Her only affection was for Sir Roderick (Roddy) Seddon, the only one of her acquaintances to stand up to her. But she had an intense dislike for his wife, Rachel, who reciprocated the dislike, feeling that she had been driven by the Duchess into marrying Roddy. When they married it was not a question of love on Rachel's part; she married him for safety and protection, as she put it. The Duchess hated also Francis Breton; Breton and Rachel, having much in common, came together. She came for sympathy, and he made a passionate declaration of his love. The Duchess greedily listens to tittle-

tattle of an affair between the two; she carried the scandal to Roddy, who, injured in a riding accident, is forced to spend the remainder of his days on his back.

Roddy, after much brooding, plots to bring all three, his wife, the Duchess, and Breton, together in his room. The scene which follows describes the ensuing conflict of wills. Rachel, anxious to unburden some secret to her husband, has been unsuccessful in persuading him to give up the afternoon to her; he pleads that he cannot, as he has visitors coming; in a word, his plot is about to be executed.

"RODDY, who *are* your visitors?" The servant answered her question by opening the door and announcing—

"Mr. Breton, my lady."

She took it with a composure that was simply panic frozen into stillness. She saw him come, straight from the square immobility of Peters, out to meet her, noticed that he looked "most horribly ill" and that his eyes cowered, as it were, behind their lashes, as though they feared a blow—she saw him catch the picture of her, hold her for an instant whilst his cheeks flooded with colour, then all expression left him; he walked towards her as though the real Francis Breton after that first glance had turned and left the room, and only the lifeless husk of him remained.

For herself, after the word from Peters, her mind had flown to Roddy. He knew everything—there could no longer be doubt of that—but oh! how she turned furiously now upon the indecision that had allowed to surrender her courage and her self-respect! With that she wondered what it was that her grandmother had told him. Perhaps he believed worse than the truth. Perhaps he thought that nothing too bad . . .

And what, after all, did he intend to do? This meeting had sprung from some arranged plan and he had, doubtless, now, some end in view. Had he meditated some vengeance upon Breton? At all costs, he must be protected.

Meanwhile Breton had, apparently, taken it for granted that she had known about his coming.

"How do you do, Lady Seddon?" he said, shaking her hand.

"You don't know my husband," she said quietly. "Roddy, this is Mr. Breton." . . .

Breton, before he sat down, turning to Roddy, said, "I was very nearly wiring to you my excuses, Sir Roderick. I've been most awfully unwell lately and all that thunder yesterday laid me up. I got sunstroke once in Africa and I've always had to be careful since."

"Jolly good of you to come," said Roddy. "Sorry it was such short notice. But I can never tell, you know, quite how I'll be from day to day."

Breton sat down and the two men looked at one another. To Breton, whose imagination led him to live in an alternation of consternation and anticipation, the whole affair was utterly bewildering. He had reached his rooms, on the night before, soaked to the skin, and had found Roddy's note waiting for him. It had seemed to him then as though it were, in all probability, some trick of the devil's, but he had of course accepted it as he accepted all challenges.

He had supposed that he would be confronted by a raging, tempestuous husband. He would welcome anything that would bring him again into contact with Rachel and he always enjoyed a scene. But he had never, for an instant, imagined that Rachel would be present. The sight of her took all calmer deliberation away from him because he wished so eagerly to speak to her and hear her voice. . . .

Breton brought the cup to Rachel and then stood there, with his back to Roddy, his eyes upon Rachel's face, trying to tell her what he was feeling. Quietly Roddy's voice came to them both.

"There *is* one little thing—one reason why I wanted you to come this afternoon, Mr. Breton."

Rachel got up, her eyes fixed intently upon Roddy's face. "No, Rachel, don't go. It concerns us all three." Roddy laughed. "I don't want any of us to take it very seriously. It is entirely between ourselves. I do hope," he went on more gravely, "that I haven't been takin' any liberty in arrangin' things like

this, but it seemed to me the only way—just to stop, you know, the thing once and for all."

Breton had left the table and was standing in the middle of the room. A thousand wild thoughts had come to him. This was a trap - a trap that Rachel . . .

The room whirled about him—he put his hand on to the back of a chair to steady himself, then turned to Rachel, seeking her with his eyes.

He saw instantly in her white face and eyes, that never left, for an instant, her husband, that there was nothing here of which she had had any foreknowledge.

"It's only," said Roddy, "that somebody came to me, a few days ago, and told me that you, Mr. Breton, and my wife were on friendlier terms than I—well, than I would, if I had known, have cared for——"

Breton started forward. "I ——" he began.

Duchess sat, leaning forward a little, a high carved chair supporting and surrounding her."

"No, please," said Roddy. "It isn't anythin' that I myself have taken, don't you know, for a second, seriously. I have only arranged that we three should come like this because — for all our sakes—if people are sayin' those things it ought to be stopped. It's hard for me, you see, bein' like this to know quite *how* to stop it, so I thought we'd just meet and talk it over."

Roddy drew a deep breath. He hated explaining things, he disliked intensely having to say much about anything. He looked round at Rachel with a reassuring smile to tell her that she need not really be alarmed.

She had left the table and stood facing both the men. Full at her heart, was a deep, glad relief that, at last, at last, the moment had come when she could tell everything, when she might face Roddy with all concealment cleared, when she might, above all, meet her grandmother's definite challenge and withstand it.

But, indeed, she was to meet it, more immediately and more dramatically than she had expected. Even as she prepared to speak, she caught, beyond the door, strange shuffling sounds.

The door, rather clumsily, as though handled with muffled fingers, slowly opened.

Framed in it, leaning partly upon Peters, and partly upon a footman, staring at the room and its occupants from beneath the sinister covering of a black high-peaked bonnet, was the Duchess.

The old lady caught, for a second, the vision of her grandchildren, beat down from her face the effect that their presence had upon her, then moved slowly, between her supporters, towards the nearest chair.

Rachel came forward: Roddy from his sofa said something.

She was, it seemed, unconscious of them all, fixing her eyes upon a large black-leather arm-chair, settling slowly down into it, dismissing Peters and the footman with "Thank you—That is very kind": then, at last leaning her hands upon her ebony cane, raised her eyes and smiled grimly, almost triumphantly, at Roddy. . . .

But the smile that the Duchess flung to him had in it no fear. It said to him: "Oh, young man, *this* is your little plot, is it? Oh, Roddy, my friend, *how* young you are and *how* little you know me if you think that I am in the least embarrassed by this little gathering. I'm glad that you've given me a chance of showing what I can do."

She dominated the room; she was, from the minute of her appearance, mistress of the situation. They realized her power as they had never realized it before.

Sitting there, leaning forward upon her cane, she remarkably resembled Yale Ross's portrait. She was even wearing the green jade pendant, and her black dress, her bonnet, her fine white wrists, a gold chain with its jangling cluster of things—a gold pencil, a card case, a netted purse—these flung into fine relief the sharp white face lit now with an amused, an ironic vitality.

"Well, my dear," she said to Rachel, "I'm sure this is all very pleasant and most unexpected. Let's have some tea." . . .

Breton did not move from the corner where he was sitting; he waited there, his hand pressing hard upon his knee.

Roddy said, "Most awfully good of you, Duchess, to come out again. I wouldn't have dared asked you to come if Christopher hadn't said that last time did you no harm."

"Only for you, Roddy," she answered him almost gaily, "and Rachel of course. To-day's a nice day. All that thunder has cleared the air."

What her voice must have seemed to Francis Breton, coming back to him again after so vast a distance, bringing to him a thousand memories, scenes and faces that had been buried, a whole world of regrets, and disappointments.

Rachel gave her her tea; brought a little table to her side.

"Thank you, my dear. How *are* you, Rachel? You're not looking very well. Richard, who came to see me this morning, told me that you were ill at dinner last night. He seemed quite anxious."

"It was nothing, thank you, grandmamma. That thunder always upsets me. I was sorry to interfere with Lady Carloes' dinner-party."

"Not much of a party from what Richard told me. And she had in a harpist afterwards. Why a harpist? Poor Aggie Carloes! Always done the wrong thing ever since she was a child. Yes, her little drawing-room's so stuffy, they tell me—must have been intolerable last night."

It was for all three of them a quite unbearable situation. Roddy had never, even when he was a boy of sixteen, been afraid of her: now at last he understood what the power was that had kept her family at her feet for so many years, indeed, he seemed now to perceive in all of them—in Breton, in Rachel, as well as in the Duchess—a strain of some almost hysterical passion, that, held in check though it was, for the moment, promised to flare into the frankest melodrama at the slightest pretext.

Anything better than this pause; he plunged.

"You won't forgive me, Duchess," he said abruptly. "I believe I've done a pretty rotten thing. I didn't intend it

that way. I only meant just to clear everything up and make it all straight for everybody, but if I've been unpardonable just say so and give it me hot."

He paused and cleared his throat. "I wonder if you'd mind, Rachel," said the Duchess, "passing me that little stool that I see over there—that little brown stool. Just put it under my feet, will you? Thank you."

Roddy desperately proceeded.

"It's only this. You said the last time you came that you had heard—that you knew—that you were afraid that Rachel and your grandson, Mr. Breton, were—had been—seein' too much of one another. You just put it to me, you know— Well," he went on, trying to make his voice cheerful and ordinary and failing completely, "lyin' on one's back one gets thinkin' and broodin', specially a feller who hasn't been used to it, like me. I got worried—not because I didn't trust Rachel—and Mr. Breton, of course, all the way, because I do; but simply that, you know, it's rotten for a feller to be lyin' helpless on his back, thinkin' that people are talkin' about his wife—you know how malicious people are, Duchess—and I thought it jolly well must be stopped, don't you know, and I wanted it stopped quick and straight and clean, and I didn't see how it was goin' to be stopped unless I'd got us all friendly together here and just squashed it, all of us. And so—well, to speak—well, here we are . . . And," he concluded, trying to smile upon every one present, "I do hope it's all right. It didn't seem then a poor sort of thing to do, but somehow gettin' you all here as a surprise . . ." He broke off, made noises in his throat, and felt that the room was of a burning heat.

He remembered, vaguely that he had designed this meeting as a punishment to the old lady; he had only succeeded, however, in revealing his own cowardice; the first glimpse of her had made a poor creature of him. Oh! how he wished himself now well out of it! And yet, behind that thought was the knowledge of the little speech that he was soon to make and the way that, with it, he would win Rachel and hold her for ever! After all, it came to that, absolutely: Rachel was the only thing in all the world that mattered.

The Duchess flung upon him a kindly satiric glance, then, turning from him, bent her sharp little eyes upon Rachel, leaning forward upon her cane so that it appeared that it was now only with Rachel that she had any concern.

"Had I known that my few careless words!"—She broke off with a little impatient gesture.

"Ah! Rachel, my dear, I'm truly sorry. My stupidity . . ."

But Rachel, her eyes upon Roddy, had got up, had moved across to Roddy's sofa, and stood there, above him. Her eyes moved, then, slowly to her grandmother.

"There was no need," she said, her voice low and trembling, "for this. If I'd done as I should, it couldn't have happened. I'm responsible for all of it and only I. Roddy *has* got you here on false pretences, grandmamma. If you'd rather go now . . ."

"Thank you," the Duchess said, "I'd much rather stay. It amuses me to see you all together here."

"Then," said Rachel, "I'll say what I ought to have said before. Roddy," turning passionately round to him, "you shall have everything—everything—from the very beginning. Mr. Breton—Francis—will agree that that's what we should have done long ago."

Breton made a movement as though he would rise, then stayed.

"Aren't we, my dear Rachel," said the Duchess, "making a great deal of a very small affair?"

But Rachel, speaking only to Roddy, sinking her voice and bending a little down to him, began, "Roddy, one thing you've got to know—it's been from the beginning only myself that was to blame. Francis"—she paused, for an instant, over the name—"Francis, please," as he moved again from his corner, "let *me* tell Roddy . . ."

She went on then more firmly, turning a little round to her grandmother again: "Roddy, I don't want to defend myself—it's the very last thing I can try to do—I only want to tell you—all three of you—exactly the truth. You know, Roddy, that when I said I'd marry you it wasn't

a question of love between us at all. We had that out quite straight from the beginning. I was awfully young: I wanted safety and protection and so I took you. You rather wanted me, and grandmother wanted you to marry me, and so there you were too. Then I met my cousin—I'd heard about him since I'd been a baby and he'd heard about me. We had a lot in common, tastes and dislikes all kinds of things. We met and he stirred in me all those things that you, Roddy, had never touched. I had found marriage wasn't the freedom I had thought that it would be. I was fond of you, you were fond of me, but there was something always there jogging both of us—just putting us out of patience with one another. Things got worse. You never could explain what you felt. I tried, but the whole trouble wouldn't go into words somehow.

"Francis and I wrote to one another a little and then one day as grandmamma has so kindly told you (here her voice was sharp for a moment)—I went to his rooms." Rachel stopped. She was looking straight in front of her, her hands clenched. She seemed to dive deep for courage, to remain for an instant struggling, then to rise with it in her hands. Her voice was strong and unfaltering. "We found that we loved one another. We told each other . . . it seemed to Francis then that the only thing was for us to go away together. But I refused. Odd though it may seem, Roddy, I cared for you then more than I'd ever cared for you before, and I think it's gone on since then, getting stronger always. I wouldn't go and I wouldn't see Francis again and we weren't to write again—unless I found that our living together, Roddy—you and I—was hopeless. Then I said I'd go to him."

Her voice sank and faltered—"There did come a day when I thought that—we couldn't get on any longer. You know what finally . . . Lizzie Rand found out. She knew that I intended to go away with Francis. She fought to prevent it—she was splendid about it, splendid! We quarrelled, and in the middle of it came your accident . . . I wrote afterwards to Francis and told him that it was all over—absolutely—for ever. Since then—only once . . ." She broke off, recovered: "Since then there's been nothing—no letter, no meeting—nothing. My whole life now is wrapped up in you, Roddy, and Francis knows that. I've told you the whole truth!" She turned from him, fiercely, round to her grandmother. "I don't know what *you* told Roddy, what you made him believe—you've wanted, always, to harm me with Roddy if you could. At least, now, you can't tell him more than I've done."

The Duchess stared first at Rachel, then at Roddy. She had behaved from the beginning as though Breton did not exist.

Some of her amiability had left her. Her lips were tightly drawn together as she listened and her rings tapped one against the other.

"This is all rather tiresome," she said sharply. "Very like you, Rachel, to do these things in public. You get that from your mother. But you're strangely lacking in humour. It all comes from my own very unfortunate remark the other day. Not like you, Roddy dear, to arrange this kind of thing. Stupid . . . distinctly—I'm sure now, however, that you're satisfied. Rachel's certainly been very frank—and now perhaps we might leave it."

It was then that Francis Breton came forward into the middle of the room, his face grey with anger, something suddenly unrestrained and savage in his eyes so that the room was filled with a wind of angry agitation.

He stood in front of his grandmother, but turned his head, sharply, now and again, round to Roddy. So agitated was he that his words came in little gasps, flung out, in little bundles together, and strangely accented as though he were speaking in a language that was strange to him.

The sarcastic smile came back into the old lady's eyes and she leaned forward on her stick again, looking up into his eyes.

"I didn't know—I didn't know—that we were going to meet like this. You didn't know either or you wouldn't have come, but I've been waiting for years

"Aren't we, my dear Rachael," said the Duchess, "making a great deal of a very small affair?'

for this. It's been nice for me, hasn't it, to sit by whilst you've done everything to make things wretched for me, to ruin me, to push me back to where . . ."

Roddy's voice interrupted.

"Mr. Breton, I think you forget——"

Instantly Breton stopped. He forced control upon his voice, he stammered, "I'm ashamed—I oughtn't to have—But sitting there—not being allowed to speak—you must excuse me——"

He turned round to Roddy. "You must think me the most complete blackguard. It's only a climax to everything that's happened since I came back. I don't want to defend myself, but it isn't—it isn't all so simple as just talking about it makes it look. You're the kind of man to whom everything's just black or white—you do it or you don't—but I—I've never found that. I've been in things without knowing I've been in them. I've done things that would have turned out straight for any other fellow, but they've always been crooked for me. Something always blinds me just when I need to see straightest. That's no excuse, but it's an awful handicap.

"I won't hide or pretend about it. Why should I? I loved Rachel. We've only met so little—really only that once in my rooms—that you can't grudge us that. We had things—heaps of things—in common long before we knew one another. It wasn't like any ordinary two people meeting, and I knew so well that she could make all the difference to my life that I took the chance of knowing her even though she wasn't ever going to belong to me. I don't think I ever really believed that I'd be the man. . . . I've no confidence in myself, you see. If I thought I were the kind of man just to carry her off and make her happy for ever and ever, then I suppose I'd have been bolder about her long ago, but I know, even if she didn't belong to you at all, that I should be afraid that I'd spoil her life just as I've always spoiled my own.

"I expect this is all very confused. It's all so difficult and you don't want long explanations, but I'm only trying to say that you needn't ever have any fear again that I'm going to step in or try to have any part in her. We've got our things together that nobody can take from us. We've seen each other so little that most people would say it wasn't much to give up. But things don't happen only when you're together . . ." He stopped suddenly, seemed to stand there confused, turned and flung a fierce, defiant look at his grandmother—exactly the glance that an angry small boy flings at some one in authority who has seen fit to punish him—then went back to his corner and stood there in the shadow, watching them all.

Even as he finished speaking he had realized finally that his relationship with Rachel was over, closed, done for. He had known it on that afternoon in the park—He had realized it perhaps again in the heart of the storm last night, but now, when he had seen the soul pierce, through Rachel's eyes, to her husband, he knew that Roddy, one way or another, had at last won her. . . .

Now, as he looked this last time upon Rachel, his was no mean spirit.

Rachel drew a sharp breath, and looked at Roddy with wide eyes, flooded with fear. He had heard now everything that they had to say; although she had watched him so closely she could not say what he would do. As she saw the two men there before her she felt that she knew Francis Breton exactly, that she could tell what he would say, how he would see things, what would anger him or surprise him.

But about Roddy she was always uncertain: she was only now, very slowly, beginning to know him, but she was sure that if Roddy were to beat her she would care for him the more, but if Francis Breton were to beat her she would leave him for ever.

A flush meanwhile was rising over Roddy's neck, up into his face, to the very roots of his hair.

"It's rather beastly," he said, speaking very slowly and trying to choose his words, "all this talkin'. I might have known, if I'd been able to think about it, what it would be like, but there, I never did. I had a kind of idea that we'd all get it over sort of in five minutes and then have tea, don't you know, and

all go away comfortably. I don't feel now that you've rightly got all that everybody thinks about it. It was very decent of you, Mr. Breton, to say exactly so plainly, you know—how you felt. But I don't want to talk a lot —I can't, you know, anyhow.

"It's only this. I wanted the Duchess to hear me say, amongst ourselves, that I know *all* about it, that we *all* know all about it and that there isn't anything for any one to talk about because there isn't anything in it, and if I hear of any one sayin' a word they've just got to reckon with me. Rachel and I know one another and, Mr. Breton, I hope you'll go on bein' a friend of ours and come and see us often. Of course you and Rachel have a lot in common and it's only natural you should have.

"Now, Duchess, you can just tell any one who's talkin' that Mr. Breton is welcome here just as often as he pleases and he's a friend of mine and my wife's—and they can jolly well shut their mouths. Thank God, all *that's* over.

But he was very swiftly to realize that it was *not* all over. Sharply, quivering through the air like an arrow from a bow, came the Duchess's words.

"Good God, Roddy, are you completely insane?"

She was twisted, distorted with anger, she seemed to take her rage and fling it about her so that the chairs, the tables, Roddy's innocent little sporting sketches and even the case of birds' eggs were saturated with it.

The gleaming park, the peaceful evening sky, the sharp curve of an apricot-tinted moon, these things were blotted out and the noises of the town deadened by this indignant fury. Rachel had known it in other days, to Breton it evoked long-distant nursery hours, to Roddy it was something utterly new and unsuspected. For the first time in his life he caught a shadow of the terror that had darkened Rachel's young days.

To the Duchess it was simply that she now clearly discovered that she was the victim of an elaborate plot. The three of them! Oh! she saw it all! and Roddy, Roddy—who had been the one living soul to whom her hard independence had made concession! This came, the definite climax to the year's accumulations, the final decision flung at her, before she died, by those two—Rachel and Breton—from whom, of all living souls, she could endure it least.

With her rage rose her fighting spirit. She would show them, these young fools, the kind of woman that an earlier and a finer generation than theirs could produce!

They had more there before them than one old woman, sick and ailing, and they should see it.

Her voice shook a little, but she gave no other sign, after that first challenge: her little eyes flamed from the mask of her face like candles behind holes in a screen.

"This is your sense of fun, Roddy, I suppose," she said. "You always *were* lacking in that. I've told you so before. As you asked me here I suppose you're ready for my opinion. You shall have it. I'll only ask you to cast your eye over any friend of yours: see what you would say if this—this idiotic folly committed by some one else had come to your ears. I suppose you'd arranged this, the three of you. Well, you shall know what I think. Your tenderness to Rachel is magnificent—she has obviously reckoned on it, knew that her frankness would serve her well enough. You've already been more patient with her than men would have been in my day. I only hope that your patience may not be too severely tried. . . .

"As for my grandson, to whom you have so tenderly entrusted Rachel, your acquaintance with him is quite recent, is it not? I am sure that if you were to enquire of any man at one of your clubs he would give you quite excellent reasons for my grandson's long unhappy absence from his relations and his country. At any rate you don't know him as well as I do. I could tell you, if you asked me, that it is a long time now since any decent man or woman has sought his society. Do you suppose that his family have not the best of reasons for trying to forget his

existence—an attempt that he makes unpleasantly difficult?

"Have you heard *nothing*, Roddy? Do you really want a man who has been kicked out of society for the most excellent reasons, who has disgraced his name as no member of his family has ever disgraced it before him, for your wife lover? If she must have one . . ."

Rachel, trembling had come forward, Roddy had cried out, but, quietly, stronger than either of them, Breton had faced her. She had not, throughout the afternoon, looked at him nor spoken one word to him. Now, her anger carrying her beyond all physical control, she was compelled to meet his gaze.

He stood very quietly beside her chair, looking at the three of them. "My grandmother is wrong," he said, "I am not quite as deserted as she thinks. Just before I came here this afternoon Uncle John called upon me. I had half an hour's very pleasant talk with him: he told me that, although his mother had not altered her opinion of me, Uncle Vincent and Aunt Adela and himself considered that I had earned" he smiled a little—"forgiveness. He hoped that I would understand that—while my grandmother was alive—I could not be invited to 104 Portland Place, but that he thought that I would like to know that they had realized my—well, improvement, and that he hoped that we would be friends. I said that I should be delighted."

The Duchess spoke to him then, her voice shaking so that it was difficult to catch her words.

"John—came—said that—to *you*?"

"Yes. It was a curious coincidence that to-day——"

Her eyes had dropped. She murmured to herself—

"John . . . John . . . Adela . . . behind my back . . . Adela . . . Vincent——

They were all silent. She sat there, her head down, leaning on her hands, brooding. Her anger seemed to have departed, her fire, her fury had fled: she was a very old woman—and the room was suddenly chilly. Before her were Rachel and Breton: they faced the ancient enemy. But as Rachel stood there, realizing that there had flashed between them the climax of all their lives together, yes, and a climax of forces greater and more powerful than anything that their own small histories could contain, she had no sense of drama nor of revenge nor of any triumphant victory. A little while before she had been almost insane with anger. . . . Now something had occurred. Rachel only knew that the three of them—Roddy, Francis, and herself—were young and immensely vigorous, with all life before them; but that one day they would be old, as this old woman, and would be deserted and sick and past any one's need of them.

"Oh! I wish we hadn't! I wish we hadn't!" she thought.

In that moment's silence they all might have heard the sound of the soft, sharp click—the click that marked the supreme moment of their relationship to the situation that had, for all of them, been so long developing—

Breton surrendered Rachel, Roddy received her, and, beyond them all, the Duchess definitely abandoned her world.

For them all, grouped there so closely together, the heart of their relations the one to the other had been revealed to them.

Other dramas, other comedies, other tragedies—This had claimed its moment and had passed. . . .

After the silence the Duchess said, "My family—I no longer . . ." She stopped, collected, with all her will, her words, then in a low voice said, looking at Breton, "I owe you, I suppose—an apology. I owe that perhaps to you all. My children are wiser in their own generation. I no longer understand—the way things go—all too confused for my poor intelligence." She pulled herself together as an old ship rights itself after a roller's stinging blow. "This has lasted long enough. . . . We've all talked—My family are—wiser—it seems.

But she could not go on. "Please Roddy," she said at length, "I think it's time—if you'd ring.

"I m sorry——" he said and then stopped.

Soon Peters and a footman appeared. She leaned heavily upon them and, staring before her at the door, slowly went out.

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IF YOUR FATHER COULD SEE YOU, MY POOR LITTLE ONE, HOW DELIGHTED HE WOULD BE."

(*See page* 324.)

OLD-TIME FAIRY STORIES

THE BENEVOLENT FROG

COUNTESS D'AULNOY

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SHE SAW STANDING NEAR HER A WOMAN OF GIGANTIC STATURE.

The master-hands in the telling of the good old-fashioned fairy tales are, of course, Hans Andersen, Grimm, and Charles Perrault, who gave us "Blue Beard," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Little Red Riding Hood." Another writer of old-time "fairy tales" is Madame d'Aulnoy, a contemporary of Perrault, whose "The Benevolent Frog" is given here as being less familiar than other of the old favourites mentioned.

When Louis XIV. was the king of France it was the fashion to write fairy-tales for the pleasure of his Majesty. One of the leading ladies of the Court was the Countess d'Aulnoy, who was one of the most charming writers who ever chronicled the tales of fairy-land. Her own life had its season of romance. Her mother placed her in a convent and was set upon her taking the irrevocable vows; but her father, going one day to see her, took her for a walk in the garden, where she was seized and carried off by a band of masked cavaliers, while her father rushed back into the convent shouting for help. One of these cavaliers was Comte d'Aulnoy, who had planned the whole thing with her father. To the Comte she was immediately married, but, unfortunately, in this romance of real life, the lovers did not live happily ever after. Indeed, the young Countess conceived so strong a dislike for her husband that she ran away in disguise, and eventually married again.

Many of her fairy-tales are known by heart in every nursery in the world. Such are "The Blue Bird," "The Yellow Dwarf," and "The White Cat." If not, perhaps, so widely known, "The Benevolent Frog" is no less charming.

THERE was once a King who for many years had been at war, and whose enemy at last laid siege to his capital. The King begged the Queen to retire to a fortified castle; but she endeavoured to persuade him to allow her to remain beside him and

to share his fate, and it was with cries of grief that she was put into her chariot by the King to be driven away. He promised to visit her, although he knew that there was little chance of it, for the castle stood a long distance off, surrounded by a thick forest, and only those who were well acquainted with the roads could possibly find their way to it.

The Queen at last reached the castle, feeling low-spirited and distressed. When sufficiently rested, she walked about the country, but found nothing to interest her or divert her thoughts. She saw only far-spreading desert tracts on either side. Sadly she gazed around her, exclaiming at intervals, "What a contrast to the place in which I have lived all my life! If I stay here long I shall die! What have I done to the King that he should banish me to this miserable castle?"

Although the King wrote daily to her, and sent her good news of the progress of the siege, she grew more and more unhappy, and at last determined that she would return to him. She kept her design secret, but ordered a small chariot to be built for her, in which there was only room for one, saying that she should like sometimes to accompany the hunt. She drove herself, and followed so closely on the hounds, that the huntsmen were left behind; by which means she had sole command of her chariot, and could get away whenever she liked. Her only difficulty was her ignorance of the roads that traversed the forest. She gave word that there was to be a great hunt, and that she herself would go in her chariot. Everything was done according to her orders.

While everybody was occupied with the pleasures of the hunt, she gave rein to her horses, encouraging them with voice and whip; and soon their quickened pace became a gallop. Then, taking the bit between their teeth, they flew along at such a speed that the chariot seemed borne by the winds. Too late the poor Queen repented of her rashness: "What could I have been thinking of?" she said. "How could I have imagined that I should be able to control such wild and fiery horses? Alas! what will become of me?" The air resounded with her piteous lamentations; she invoked Heaven; she called the fairies to her assistance; but it seemed that all the powers had abandoned her. The chariot was overthrown. She had not sufficient strength to jump quickly enough to the ground, and her foot was caught between the wheel and the axle-tree.

She remained stretched on the ground at the foot of a tree; her heart scarcely beat, she could not speak, and her face was covered with blood. When at last she opened her eyes she saw standing near her a woman of gigantic stature clothed only in a lion's skin, with bare arms and legs; her hair tied up with the dried skin of a snake, the head of which dangled over her shoulders. In her hand was a club made of stone, which served her as a walking-stick, and a quiver full of arrows was fastened to her side. When the Queen caught sight of this extraordinary figure, she felt sure that she was dead, for she did not think it was possible that she could be alive after such a terrible accident, and she said in a low voice to herself, "I am not surprised that it is so difficult to resolve to die, since what is in the other world is so frightful." The giantess, who overheard her words, could not help laughing at the Queen's idea that she was dead. "Take courage," she said to her, "for you are still among the living; but your fate is none the less sad. I am the Fairy Lioness, whose dwelling is near here; you must come and live with me." The Queen looked sorrowfully at her, and said, "If you will be good enough, Madam Lioness, to take me back to my castle, and tell the King what ransom you demand, he loves me so dearly that he will not refuse you even the half of his kingdom." "No," replied the giantess, "I am rich enough, but for some time past my lonely life has seemed dull to me; you are intelligent, and will be able perhaps to amuse me." As she finished speaking, she took the form of a lioness, and placing the Queen on her back she carried her to the depths

of her cave, and there rubbed her with a spirit which quickly healed the Queen's wounds. This dreadful abode was only reached by ten thousand steps, which led down to the centre of the earth. There was no light but that shed by a number of tall lamps, which were reflected in a lake of quicksilver. This lake was full of monsters, filling the air with discordant sounds. In the distance could be seen a mountain whence flowed the sluggish waters of a stream composed of all the tears shed by unhappy lovers. The trees were bare of leaves and fruit, the ground covered with briars and nettles.

A few dried roots, some horse-chestnuts, and thorn-apples were all that was provided by the Fairy Lioness to appease the hunger of those who fell into her hands.

The fairy told the Queen she could build herself a hut, as she was going to remain with her for the rest of her life. On hearing this, the Queen could no longer restrain her tears. But the Lioness only scoffed at her, and told her that the best thing she could do was to dry her tears and try to please; for if she acted otherwise, she would be the most miserable person in the world.

"What must I do then," replied the Queen, "to soften your heart?" "I am fond of fly-pasties," said the Lioness. "You must find means of procuring a sufficient number of flies to make me a large and sweet-tasting one." "But," said the Queen, "I see no flies here, and even were there any, it is not light enough to catch them; and if I were to catch some, I have never in my life made pastry." "No matter," said the pitiless Lioness; "that which I wish to have, I will have."

The Queen thought to herself that she had but one life to lose, and in the condition in which she then was, what was there to fear in death? So instead of going in search of flies, she sat herself down under a yew tree and began to weep and complain: "Ah, my dear husband, when you go to the castle to fetch me, and find I am not there, you will think that I am dead. Perhaps some one will find the remains of my chariot and all the ornaments which I took with me to please you; and when you see these, you will no longer doubt that death has taken me." She was interrupted by a dismal croaking above her head. She lifted her eyes, and saw a large raven with a frog in its bill, and about to swallow it. So picking up the first stick she could find, she made the raven drop its prey.

The frog fell to the ground, where it lay for a time half stunned, but finally recovering its senses, it began to speak, and said: "Beautiful Queen, you are the first benevolent person that I have seen since my curiosity brought me here."

"By what wonderful power are you enabled to speak, little Frog?" responded the Queen, "and what kind of people do you see here? for as yet I have seen none."

"All the monsters that cover the lake," replied the little Frog, "were once in the world: some on thrones, some in high positions at court. There are even here some royal ladies, who caused much strife and bloodshed."

"But you, my little Frog friend," said the Queen, "what are you doing here?"

"It was curiosity which led me here," she replied. "I am half a fairy; my powers are restricted with regard to certain things, but far-reaching in others; if the Fairy Lioness knew that I was in her dominions, she would kill me. When I have my little cap of roses on my head, I fear nothing, as in that resides most of my power. Unfortunately, I had left it in the marsh when that ugly raven pounced upon me. If it had not been for you, madam, I should be no more; and as you have saved my life, you have only to command, and I will do all in my power to alleviate the sorrows of your own."

"Alas! dear Frog," said the Queen, "the wicked fairy who holds me captive wishes me to make her a fly-pasty; but there are no flies here, and if there were any, I could not see in the dim light to catch them. I run a chance, therefore, of being killed by her blows."

"Leave it to me," said the Frog.

" I will soon get you some." Whereupon the Frog rubbed herself over with sugar, and more than six thousand of her frog friends did likewise. Then they went to a place where the fairy kept a large store of flies, for the purpose of tormenting some of her unhappy victims. As soon as the flies smelt the sugar they flew to it, and stuck to the frogs, and these kind helpers returned at a gallop to the Queen. There had never been such a fly-catching before, nor a better pasty than that the Queen made for the fairy. The latter was greatly surprised when the Queen handed it to her, and could not imagine how she had been clever enough to catch the flies.

The Frog, who thought of everything that was necessary for the Queen's comfort, made her a bed of wild thyme. When the wicked fairy found out that the Queen did not sleep on the ground, she sent for her: " What gods or men are they who protect you ? " she asked. " This land, watered only by showers of burning sulphur, has never produced even a leaf of sage ; I am told, nevertheless, that sweet-smelling herbs spring up beneath your feet ! " " I cannot explain it, madam," said the Queen, " unless the cause is due to the child I hope one day to have, who will perhaps be less unhappy than I am."

Meanwhile the Queen was continually thinking by what means she could escape. She confided her longing to the Frog, who said to her, " Madam, allow me first to consult my little cap." She took her cap, placed it on some straw, and then burned in front of it a few sprigs of juniper, some capers, and two green peas. She then croaked five times, and the ceremony being then completed, she put on her cap again and began speaking like an oracle. " Fate, the ruler of all things, forbids you to leave this place. You will have a little Princess, more beautiful than Venus herself. Do not trouble yourself about anything else. Time alone can comfort you." The Queen's head dropped, a few tears fell from her eyes, but she resolved to trust her friend. " At least," she said to her, " do not leave me here alone ; and befriend me when my little one is born." The Frog promised to remain with her, and comforted her as best she could.

But it is now time to return to the King. While the enemy kept him shut up in his capital he could not continually send messages to the Queen ; but after several sorties he obliged the besiegers to retire, and he rejoiced at his success less on his own account than on that of the Queen, whom he could now bring back in safety. He was in total ignorance of the disaster which had befallen her, for none of his officers had dared to tell him of it. They had been into the forest and found the remains of the chariot, the runaway horses, and the driving apparel which she had put on when going to find her husband. As they were fully persuaded that she was dead, and had been eaten by wild beasts, their only care was to make the King believe that she had died suddenly. On receiving this mournful intelligence, he thought he should die himself of grief. For some days he would see no one, nor allow himself to be seen. He then returned to his capital, and entered on a long period of mourning.

Meanwhile a little Princess had been born to the Queen, as beautiful as the Frog had predicted, to whom they gave the name of Moufette. The Queen had great difficulty in persuading the fairy to allow her to bring up the child, for so ferocious was she, that she would have liked to eat it.

Moufette, a wonder of beauty, was now six months old ; and the queen, as she looked upon her with a tenderness mingled with pity, continually said : " Ah ! if your father could see you, my poor little one, how delighted he would be ! how dear you would be to him ! But even already, maybe, he has begun to forget me ; he believes, no doubt, that we are lost to him in death."

The Frog, seeing her cry like this, said to her : " If you would like me to do so, madam, I will go and find the King, your husband. The journey is long, and I travel but slowly ; but, sooner or later, I shall arrive." The Queen clasped her hands, and made Moufette clasp hers too, in sign of the gratitude

she felt towards Madam Frog. "But," she continued, "of what use will it be to him to know that I am in this melancholy abode; it will be impossible for him to deliver me from it?" "Madam," replied the Frog, "we must leave that to Heaven; we can only do that which depends on ourselves."

The Queen sent a message to the King, written with her blood on a piece of rag; for she possessed neither ink nor paper. She begged him to give attention to everything the good Frog told him, and to believe all she said.

The Frog, was a year and four days climbing up the ten thousand steps which lead from the dark country, in which she had left the Queen, up into the world. It took her another year to prepare her equipage, for she had too much pride to allow herself to appear at the Court like a poor, common frog from the marshes. She had a little sedan-chair made, large enough to hold two eggs comfortably. It was covered on the outside with tortoise-shell, and lined with lizard-skin. Then she chose fifty maids of honour from the little green frogs which hop about the meadows. Each was mounted on a snail, furnished with a light saddle. Several water-rats, dressed as pages, ran before the snails, as her body-guard. In short, nothing so pretty had ever been seen before, and to crown it all, her cap of crimson roses, always fresh and in full bloom, suited her in the most admirable manner.

The journey lasted seven years, during which time the poor Queen went through unspeakable pains and suffering, and if it had not been for the beautiful Moufette, who was a great comfort to her, she would have died a hundred times over. This wonderful little creature could not open her mouth or say a word without filling her mother with delight. Indeed, everybody, with the exception of the Fairy Lioness, was enchanted with her. At last, when the Queen had lived six years in this horrible place, the fairy said that, provided she herself received everything that was killed the Queen might go hunting with her.

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THE BENEVOLENT FROG.

The joy of the Queen at once more seeing the sun may be imagined. So unaccustomed had she grown to its light, that at first she thought it would blind her. As for Moufette, she was so quick and intelligent, that even at five or six years of age she never failed to hit her mark, and so, in this way, the mother and daughter succeeded in somewhat lessening the ferocity of the fairy.

The Frog travelled over mountains and valleys, never stopping day or night. When she drew near the capital, where the King was in residence, she was surprised to see dancing and

festivity in every direction. There was laughter and singing, and the nearer she got to the town, the more joyous and jubilant the people seemed. Her rural equipage caused great astonishment. Every one went after it, and so large did the crowd become that she had great difficulty in making her way to the palace. Here everything was as magnificent as possible, for the King, who had been a widower for nine years, had at last yielded to the prayers of his subjects, and was on the eve of marriage with a Princess.

The kind Frog, having descended from her sedan-chair, entered the royal presence, followed by her attendants. She had no need to ask for audience, for the King, his affianced bride, and all the princes were all much too curious to know the reason of her coming to think of interrupting her. "Sire," said she, "I hardly know whether the news I bring you will give you joy or sorrow. The marriage which you are about to celebrate convinces me of your infidelity to the Queen."

"Her memory is dear to me as ever," said the King, unable to prevent the falling of a tear or two; "but you must know, kind frog, that kings are not always able to do what they wish. For the last nine years, my subjects have been urging me to marry. I owe them an heir to the throne, and I have therefore chosen this young Princess, who appears to me all that is charming." "I advise you not to marry her, for the Queen is not dead. I bring you a letter from her, written with her own blood. A little daughter, Moufette, has been born to you, more beautiful than the heavens themselves." The King took the rag on which the Queen had scrawled a few words. He kissed it, he bathed it in his tears, he showed it to the whole assembly, saying that he recognised his wife's handwriting. He asked the Frog a thousand questions, which she answered with vivacity and intelligence.

The betrothed Princess and the ambassadors who had come to be present at the marriage began to pull long faces. One of the most important of the guests turned to the King, and said, "Sire, can you think of breaking so solemn an engagement on the word of a toad like that? This scum of the marshes has the insolence to come and tell lies before the whole Court for the pleasure of being heard!"

"Know, your Excellency," replied the Frog, "that I am no scum of the marshes, and since I am forced to exhibit my powers: Come forth, fairies all!" And thereupon all the frogs, rats, snails, and lizards, with the frog at their head, suddenly appeared; not, however, in the usual form of these reptiles, but with tall, majestic figures, pleasing countenances, and eyes more brilliant than stars. Each wore a jewelled crown on his head, and over his shoulders a regal mantle of velvet, lined with ermine, with a long train which was borne by dwarfs. At the same time was heard the sound of trumpets, kettle-drums, hautboys, and drums, filling the air with melodious and warlike music, and all the fairies began to dance a ballet, their every step so light that the slightest spring lifted them to the vaulted ceiling of the room. The King and his future Queen, surprised as they were at this, were no less astonished when they saw these fairy ballet dancers suddenly change into flowers, which continued to dance as if they had legs and feet. It was like a living flower-bed, of which every movement delighted both the eye and the sense of smell. Another moment, and the flowers had disappeared. In their place several fountains threw their waters into the air and fell into an artificial lake at the foot of the castle walls. This was covered with little painted and gilded boats, so pretty and dainty that the Princess invited the ambassadors to go for a trip on the water. They were all pleased to do so, thinking it was all a merry pastime, which would end happily in the marriage festivities. But they had no sooner embarked than the boats, water, and fountains disappeared, and the frogs were frogs again. The King asked what had become of the Princess. The Frog replied, "Sire, no queen is yours but your wife. Were I less attached to her

than I am I should not interfere; but she is so deserving, and your daughter Moufette is so charming that you ought not to delay a moment in going to their deliverance."

"I assure you, Madam Frog," said the King, "that if I did not believe my wife to be dead, there is nothing in the world I would not do to see her again."

"Here is a ring which will furnish you with the means of seeing the Queen, and of speaking with the Fairy Lioness, although she is the most terrible creature in the world."

The King departed, refusing to have any one to accompany him. "Do not be discouraged," said the Frog to him; "you will meet with terrible difficulties, but I hope that you will succeed according to your wishes." Somewhat comforted by her words, the King started in search of his dear wife, with no other guide than his ring.

As Moufette grew older, her beauty became more perfect, and all the monsters of the quicksilver lake fell in love with her; and the dragons, with their hideous and terrifying forms, came and lay at her feet. Although Moufette had seen them ever since she was born, her beautiful eyes could not accustom themselves to the sight of these creatures, and she would run away and hide in her mother's arms. "Shall we remain here long?" she asked her; "is there to be no end to our misery?" The Queen spoke hopefully in order to cheer her child, but in her heart she had no hope; the absence of the Frog, her unbroken silence, the long time that had elapsed since she had news of the King, all these things filled her with sorrow and despair.

The Fairy Lioness had gradually made it a practice to take them with her hunting. She was fond of good things, and liked the game they killed for her, and although all they got in return was the gift of the head or the feet, it was something to be allowed to see again the light of day. The fairy took the form of a lioness, the Queen and her daughter seated themselves on her back, and thus they went hunting through the forests.

The King happened to be resting in a forest one day, whither his ring had guided him, and saw them pass like an arrow shot from the bow. He was unseen of them, and when he tried to follow them, they vanished completely from his sight. He longed for her to return to him, and feeling sure that the young Princess who was with her was his dear little Moufette, he determined to face a thousand deaths rather than abandon his design of rescuing her.

By the help of his ring, he found his way into the obscure region where the Queen had been so many years, and was not a little surprised when he found himself descending to the centre of the earth, but every fresh thing he saw astonished him more and more. The Fairy Lioness, who knew everything, was aware of the day and the hour when he would arrive. She would have given a great deal if the powers in league with her had ordained otherwise; but she determined at least to oppose his strength with the full might of her own.

She built a palace of crystal, which floated in the centre of the lake of quicksilver, and rose and fell with its waves. In it she imprisoned the Queen and her daughter, and then harangued all the monsters who were in love with Moufette. "You will lose this beautiful Princess," she said to them, "if you do not help me to protect her from a knight who has come to carry her away." The monsters promised to leave nothing in their power undone, and they surrounded the palace of crystal; the lightest in weight taking their stations on the roof and walls, the others keeping guard at the doors, and the remainder in the lake.

The King, advised by his faithful ring, went first to the Fairy's Cave. She was awaiting him in her form of lioness. As soon as he appeared she threw herself upon him; but he handled his sword with a valour for which she was not prepared, and as she was putting out one of her paws to fell him to the earth, he cut it off at the elbow joint. She uttered a loud cry and fell. He put his foot on her throat and swore that he would kill her, and in spite of

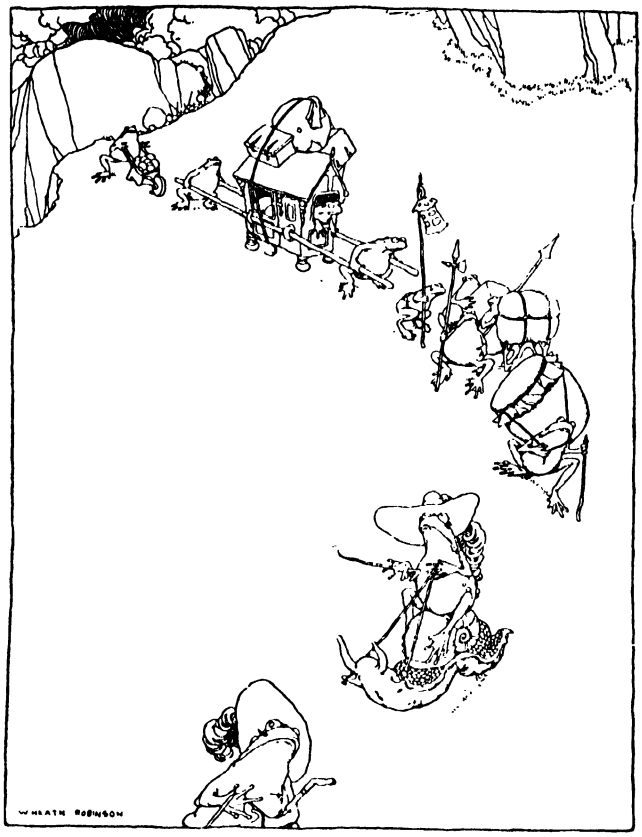
her ungovernable fury and invulnerability, she felt a little afraid. "What do you wish to do with me?" she asked. "I wish to punish you," he replied proudly, "for having carried away my wife, and you shall give her up to me or I will strangle you on the spot." "Look towards the lake," she said, "and see if I have the power to do so." The King turned in the direction towards which she pointed, and saw the Queen and her daughter in the palace of crystal, which was floating like a vessel, without oars or rudder, on the lake of quicksilver. He was ready to die with mingled joy and sorrow, and called to them with all his might. He ran round and round the lake, but whenever the palace came close enough for him to spring upon it, it suddenly floated away again with terrible swiftness, and so his hopes were continually disappointed. The Queen, fearing he would at length grow weary, called to him not to lose courage. She and Moufette then stretched out their hands towards him with imploring gestures. Seeing this, the King was filled with renewed courage. No king on earth ever spent such a wretched time before. He had only the ground, covered with briars and thorns, for his bed; his food consisted of wild fruits, more bitter than gall, and he was incessantly engaged in defending himself from the monsters of the lake.

Three years passed in this manner, and the King could not flatter himself that he had gained the least advantage. He was running one day as usual, first to one side of the lake, then to the other, when one of the most hideous of the dragons called and said to him: "If you will swear to me by your crown and sceptre, by your wife and child, to give me, whenever I shall ask for it, a certain delicate morsel to eat, for which I have a taste, I will take you on my back, and I promise you that none of the monsters of this lake, who guard the palace, shall prevent us from carrying off the Queen and Princess Moufette."

"Ah! my beloved Dragon!" cried the King, "I swear to you, and to all the family of dragons, that I will give you your fill to eat of what you like." "Do not make any promises," replied the Dragon, "if you have any thought of not fulfilling them." The King renewed his protestations; for he was dying of impatience to get possession of his dear Queen. He mounted on the Dragon's back, as if it was the finest horse in the world, but the other monsters now advanced to bar his passage. They fought together; nothing was to be heard but the sharp hissing of the serpents, nothing to be seen but fire, and sulphur, and saltpetre, falling in every direction. At last the King reached the palace, but here the entrances were defended by bats, owls, and ravens; but the Dragon, with his claws, his teeth and tail, cut to pieces even the boldest of these. The Queen, who was looking on at this fierce encounter, kicked away pieces of the wall, and armed herself with these to help her dear husband. They were at last victorious. They ran into one another's arms, and the work of disenchantment was completed by a thunderbolt, which fell into the lake and dried it up.

The friendly Dragon had disappeared with all the other monsters, and the King, by what means he could not guess, found himself again in his own capital, seated, with his Queen and Moufette, in a magnificent dining-hall, with a table spread with exquisite meats in front of them. Such joy and astonishment as theirs were unknown before. All their subjects ran in to see the Queen and the young Princess, who, to add to the wonder of it all, was so superbly dressed that the eye could hardly bear to look upon her dazzling jewels.

It is easy to imagine the festivities that now went on at the castle. Masquerades, running at the ring, and tournaments attracted the greatest princes in the world; but even more were they attracted by the bright eyes of Moufette. Among those who were the handsomest and most accomplished in feats of arms, Prince Moufy everywhere was the most conspicuous. He was universally admired and applauded, and Moufette, who hitherto had been only in the company of dragons and serpents, did not withhold her share of praise. No day passed but Prince



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"The journey lasted seven years."

Moufy showed her some fresh attention, in the hope of pleasing her, for he loved her deeply; and having offered himself as a suitor, he made known to the King and Queen that his principality was of great beauty and extent.

The King replied that Moufette was at liberty to choose a husband, and that he only wished to please her and make her happy. The Prince was delighted with this answer, and having already become aware that he was not indifferent to the Princess, offered her his hand. She assured him that if he was not her husband, no other man should be, and Moufy, overcome with joy, threw himself at her feet, and in affectionate terms begged her to remember the promise she had given him. The Prince and Princess were betrothed, and Prince Moufy then returned to his principality to make preparations for the marriage. Moufette shed many tears at his departure, for she was troubled with a presentiment of evil which she could not explain.

One day, when she was in the Queen's room, the King rushed in, and taking his daughter in his arms: "Alas, my child," he cried. "Alas! wretched father, unhappy King!" He could say no more, for his voice was stifled with sobs. The Queen and Princess, in great alarm, asked him what was the matter, and at last he was able to tell them that a giant of an enormous height, who gave himself out to be an ambassador from the Dragon of the lake, had just arrived; that in accordance with the promise, made by the King in return for the help he had received in fighting the monsters, the Dragon demanded him to give up the Princess, as he wished to devour her for a meal. The King added that he had bound himself by solemn oaths to give him what he asked, and in those days no one ever broke his word.

When the Queen heard this dreadful news she uttered piercing cries, and clasped her child to her breast. "My life shall be taken," she said, "before my daughter shall be delivered up to that monster; let him rather take our kingdom and all that we possess. Unnatural father! can you possibly consent to such a cruel thing? The thought of it is intolerable! Send me this terrible ambassador, maybe the sight of my anguish may touch his heart."

The King made no reply, but went in search of the giant and brought him to the Queen, who threw herself at his feet. She and her daughter implored him to have mercy upon them, and to persuade the Dragon to take everything they possessed and to spare Moufette's

life; but the giant replied that the matter did not rest with him, and that the Dragon was so obstinate and so fond of good things that all the powers combined would not prevent him eating whatever he had taken into his head he would like for a meal.

No sooner was the sad news spread through the palace than the whole town knew it. Nothing was heard but weeping and wailing, for Moufette was greatly beloved. The King could not bring himself to give her up, and the giant, who had already waited some days, began to grow impatient and to utter terrible threats. He now told them that he had received a message from his master, and that if the Princess would agree to marry a nephew of his the Dragon would let her live; that the nephew was young and handsome; that, moreover, he was a Prince, and that she would be able to live with him very happily. This proposal somewhat lessened their grief. The Queen spoke to the Princess, but found her still more averse to this marriage than to the thought of death. "I cannot save my life by being unfaithful," said Moufette. "You promised me to Prince Moufy, and I will marry no one else. Let me die; my death will ensure the peace of your lives." The King then came and endeavoured with all the tenderest of expressions to persuade her; but nothing moved her, and finally it was decided that she should be conducted to the summit of a mountain, there to await the Dragon.

Everything was prepared for this great sacrifice, and nothing so mournful had before been seen. Four hundred maidens of the highest rank, dressed in long white robes and crowned with cypress, accompanied the Princess, who was carried in an open litter of black velvet, that all might look on her. Her hair, tied with crape, hung over her shoulders, and she wore a crown of jasmine, mingled with a few marigolds. The grief of the King and Queen, who followed, overcome by their deep sorrow, appeared the only thing that moved her. The giant, armed from head to foot, marched beside the litter, and looked with hungry eyes at the Princess, as if anticipating his share of her when she came to be eaten.

"Ah! Frog, Frog," cried the Queen, "you have indeed forsaken me! Alas! why did you give me help in that unhappy region, and now withhold it from me! Would that I had then died, I should not now be lamenting the loss of all my hopes, I should not now have the anguish of seeing my dear Moufette on the point of being devoured!" The procession at last reached the summit of the fatal mountain. Here the cries and lamentations were redoubled. The giant ordered every one to say farewell and to retire.

The King and Queen, and all the Court, now ascended another mountain, whence they could see all that happened to the Princess: and they had not to wait long before they saw a Dragon, half a league long, coming through the air. His body was so heavy that, notwithstanding his six large wings, he was hardly able to fly. He was covered with immense blue scales and poisonous tongues of flame. Each of his claws was the size of a windmill, and three rows of teeth, as long as those of an elephant, could be seen inside his wide-open jaw. As the Dragon slowly made his way towards the mountain, the good, faithful Frog, mounted on the back of a hawk, flew rapidly to Prince Moufy. She wore her cap of roses, and although he was locked in his private room, she entered without a key, and said, "What are you doing here, unhappy lover? You sit dreaming of Moufette, and at this very moment she is exposed to the most frightful danger. Here is a rose-leaf: by blowing upon it, I can change it into a superb horse, as you will see."

There immediately appeared a horse, green in colour, and with twelve hoofs and three heads, of which one emitted fire, another bomb-shells, and the third cannon-balls. She gave the Prince a sword, eight yards long, and lighter than a feather. She clothed him with a single diamond, which he put on like a coat, and which, although as hard as a rock, was so pliable that he could move in it at his ease. "Go," she said, "run, fly to the rescue of her whom you love; the green horse I have given you will

take you to her, and when you have delivered her, let her know the share I have had in the matter."

"Generous fairy," cried the Prince, "I cannot show you all my gratitude; but from henceforth, I am your faithful servitor."

He mounted the horse with the three heads, which instantly galloped off on its twelve hoofs, so that in a very little time the Prince reached the mountain, when he found his dear Princess all alone, and saw the Dragon slowly drawing near. The green horse immediately began to send forth fire, bomb-shells, and cannon-balls, which not a little astonished the monster. He received twenty balls in his throat, and his scales were somewhat damaged, and the bomb-shells put out one of his eyes. The Prince's long sword was so finely-tempered that he could use it as he liked, thrusting it in at times up to the hilt, and at others using it as a whip. The Prince, on his side, would have suffered defeat from the Dragon's claws, had it not been for his diamond coat, which was impenetrable.

Moufette had recognised her lover, for the diamond that covered him was transparent and bright, and she was seized with mortal terror at the danger he was in. The King and Queen, however, were filled with renewed hope; for it was such an unexpected thing to see a horse with three heads and twelve hoofs, sending forth fire and flame, and a Prince in a diamond suit armed with a formidable sword, arrive at such an opportune moment, and fight with so much valour. The King put his hat on the top of his stick, and the Queen tied her handkerchief to the end of another, as signals of encouragement to the Prince; and all their Court followed suit. And what efforts did he not make! The ground was covered with stings, claws, horns, wings, and scales of the Dragon. The earth was coloured blue and green with the mingled blood of the Dragon and the horse. Five times the Prince fell to the ground, but each time he rose again and leisurely mounted his horse, and then there were cannonades, and rushing of flames, and explosions, such as were never heard or seen before. At last the Dragon's strength gave way and he fell. The Prince gave him a final blow, and nobody could believe their eyes when from this last great wound there stepped forth a handsome and charming prince. He rushed, his arms outspread, towards Prince Moufy, and embraced him. "What do I not owe you, valiant liberator?" he cried. "You have delivered me from a worse prison than ever before enclosed a king; I have languished there for sixteen years. The Fairy Lioness condemned me to it; and such was her power that she would have forced me, against my will, to devour that adorable Princess. Lead me to her feet that I may explain to her my misfortune."

Prince Moufy, surprised and delighted at this extraordinary termination to his adventure, showered civilities on the newly-found Prince. They hastened to rejoin Moufette, who thanked Heaven a thousand times for her unhoped-for happiness. The King, the Queen, and all the Court were already with her. Everybody spoke at once. Nobody listened to anybody else, and they all shed nearly as many tears of joy as they had before of grief. Finally, that nothing might be wanting to complete their rejoicing, the good Frog appeared flying through the air on her hawk, which had little bells of gold on its feet. When the tinkle, tinkle, of these was heard, every one looked up, and saw the cap of roses shining like the sun, and the Frog as beautiful as the dawn.

The Queen ran towards her, and took her by one of her little paws, and in the same moment the wise Frog became a great Queen, with a charming countenance. "I come," she cried, "to crown the faithful Moufette, who preferred to risk her life rather than be untrue to Prince Moufy." She thereupon took two myrtle wreaths and placed them on the heads of the lovers.

They all wended their way back to the town, singing wedding songs, as gaily as they had before mournfully bewailed the sacrifice of the Princess. The marriage took place the following day, and the joy with which it was celebrated may be imagined.

POEMS

JOHN KEATS

John Keats (1795–1821) *is one of the supreme poets of all time. One of his story-poems, "Isabella, or The Pot of Basil," is given elsewhere in this work. He was only twenty-three when he published "Endymion," the story of the Mountain Shepherd and the Goddess of the Moon, the very first line of which has passed into the language—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." The opening lines are as follows:—*

LINES FROM ENDYMION

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Photo: Fredk. Hollyer. ENDYMION.

From the painting by G. F. Watts.

Diana, the Goddess of the Moon, caught sight of Endymion, the young shepherd, asleep on the hillside. She bent down and kissed him, and night after night she stopped her milk-white steeds for a hasty blissful moment.

TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thy happiness,—
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stained mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

TO FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar,
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming:
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.

Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her;
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost,
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather,
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.

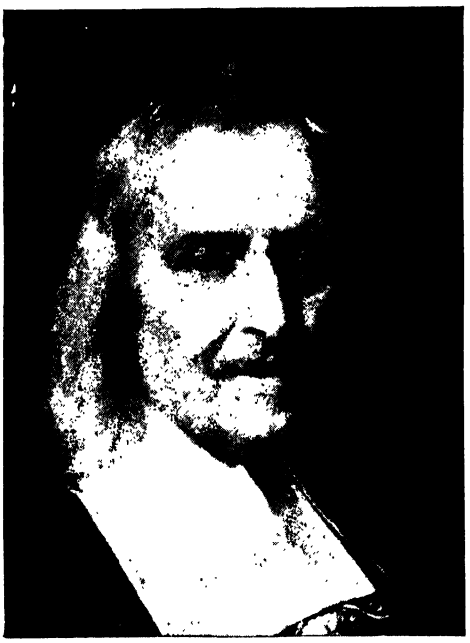
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin!
Freckled nest eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Every thing is spoilt by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face

One would meet in every place ?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft ?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind :
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide ;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash ;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

IZAAK WALTON



Rischgitz Collection.

IZAAK WALTON.
From the painting by J. Huysman, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Izaak Walton was born in 1593 *and died in* 1683. *To a large extent "The Compleat Angler" is a practical handbook of the angler's art, but it is very much more than that, as is indicated in the sub-title, "Or the contemplative Man's Recreation." In "The Compleat Angler" we have Walton's attitude to life in general. We find pleasantly and whimsically intermingled practical advice on baits, recipes for cooking fish, and reflections on life, the characteristic note being one of thankfulness and appreciation. The postscript which appears at the end of the last page, "Study to be Quiet," is the keynote to the whole. Izaak contemplates rather than studies nature ; he takes pleasure in the sight of wood and stream, and certainly his delightful picture of the countryside is one which would turn a man's mind to peace and quietude. The book is written in the form of a discourse between Piscator (an Angler) and Venator (a Hunter).*

Izaak is not read in these days for his practical advice on fishing or as an authority on natural history, but for the delectable, unique qualities that have made "The Compleat Angler" the classic that it is. In the following passage the discourse is between Piscator and Venator.

AND now, scholar, let's go to my rod. Look you, scholar, I have a fish too, but it proves a logger-headed chub ; and this is not much amiss, for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother Peter, and honest Coridon. Come, now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again : and we will even retire to the sycamore tree, and there I will give you more directions concerning fishing, for I would fain make you an artist.

Venator. Yes, good master, I pray let it be so.

Piscator. Well, scholar, now we are sate down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of trout fishing, before I speak of the salmon, which I purpose shall be next, and then of the pike or luce.

You are to know there is night as well as day-fishing for a trout, and that, in the night, the best trouts come out of their holes: and the manner of taking them is, on the top of the water, with a great lob or garden worm, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a place where the waters run somewhat quietly, for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned. I say, in a quiet or dead place, near to some swift: there draw your bait over the top of the water, to and fro; and if there be a good trout in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark; for then he is bold, and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog, or water-rat, or mouse that swims between him and the sky: these he hunts after if he sees the water but wrinkle or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old trouts usually lie near to their holds; for you are to note, that the great old trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold, but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare does in her form, for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great trout feeds very boldly.

And you must fish for him with a strong line, and not a little hook; and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing. And if the night be not dark, then fish so with an artificial fly of a light colour, and at the snap: nay, he will sometimes rise at a dead mouse, or a piece of cloth, or anything that seems to swim across the water, or to be in motion. This is a choice way, but I have not oft used it, because it is void of the pleasures that such days as these, that we two now enjoy, afford an angler.

And you are to know, that in Hampshire, which I think exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of trouts, they used to catch trouts in the night, by the light of a torch or straw, which, when they have discovered, they strike with a trout-spear or other ways. This kind of way they catch very many; but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it, nor do I like it now I have seen it.

Venator. But, master, do not trouts see us in the night?

Piscator. Yes, and hear and smell too, both then and in the day-time: for Gesner observes, the otter smells a fish forty furlongs off him in the water: and that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon, in the eighth century of his *Natural History*, who there proves that water may be the medium of sounds by demonstrating it thus: "that if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water." He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall, by a very long cable or rope, on a rock, or the sand within the sea. And this being so well observed and demonstrated as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that eels unbed themselves and stir at the noise of thunder; and not only, as some think by the motion or stirring of the earth which is occasioned by that thunder.

The Tyrant of the Fresh Waters.

Piscator. The mighty Luce, or Pike, is taken to be the tyrant, as the salmon is the king of the fresh waters. It is not to be doubted, but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not, as namely, of a weed called pickerel weed, unless learned Gesner be much mistaken, for he says, this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds apted for it by nature, do become pikes. But, doubtless, divers pikes are bred after this manner, or are brought into some ponds some such other ways as is past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimonies.

Sir Francis Bacon, in his *History of Life*

and Death, observes the pike to be the longest lived of any freshwater fish; and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years; and others think it to be not above ten years; and yet Gesner mentions a pike taken in Swedeland, in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before he was last taken, as by the inscription in that ring, being Greek, was interpreted by the then Bishop of Worms. But of this no more; but that it is observed, that the old or very great pikes have in them more of state than goodness; the smaller or middle-sized pikes being, by the most and choicest palates, observed to be the best meat: and, contrary, the eel is observed to be the better for age and bigness.

All pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind; which has made him by some writers to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or the fresh-water wolf by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition; which is so keen, as Gesner relates, a man going to a pond, where it seems a pike had devoured all the fish, to water his mule, had a pike bit his mule by the lips; to which the pike hung so fast that the mule drew him out of the water, and by that accident the owner of the mule angled out the pike. And the same Gesner observes, that a maid in Poland had a pike bit her by the foot, as she was washing clothes in a pond. And I have heard the like of a woman in Killingworth pond, not far from Coventry. But I have been assured by my friend Mr. Seagrave, of whom I spake to you formerly, that keeps tame otters, that he hath known a pike in extreme hunger fight with one of his otters for a carp that the otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relate these things, and tell you they are persons of credit; and shall conclude this observation, by telling you what a wise man has observed, "It is a hard thing to persuade the belly, because it has no ears."

But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted that a pike will devour a fish of his own kind that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees; which is not unlike the ox and some other beasts, taking their meat out of their mouth immediately into their belly, but first into some place betwixt, and then chew it, or digest it by degrees after, which is called chewing the cud. And, doubtless, pikes will bite when they are not hungry; but, as some think, even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is observed that the pike will eat venomous things, as some kind of frogs are, and yet live without being harmed by them; for, as some say, he has in him a natural balsam, or antidote against all poison. And he has a strange heat, that though it appear to us to be cold, can yet digest or put over any fish-flesh, by degrees, without being sick. And others observe that he never eats the venomous frog till he have first killed her, and then, as ducks are observed to do to frogs in spawning time, at which time some frogs are observed to be venomous, so thoroughly washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger. And Gesner affirms that a Polonian gentleman did faithfully assure him, he had seen two young geese at one time in the belly of a pike. And doubtless a pike, in his height of hunger will bite at and devour a god that swims in a pond; and there have been examples of it, or the like: for, as I told you," The belly has no ears when hunger comes upon it."

The pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish: melancholy because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as roach and dace and most other fish do; and bold because he fears not a shadow, or to see or to be seen of anybody, as the trout and chub and all other fish do.

And it is observed by Gesner, that all

jaw-bones and hearts and galls of pikes are very medicinable for several diseases; or to stop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of mankind; but he observes that the biting of a pike is venomous, and hard to be cured.

* * *

A Deadly Fight.

But before I proceed farther, I am to tell you, that there is a great antipathy betwixt the pike and some frogs; and this may appear to the reader of Dubravius, a bishop in Bohemia, who in his book *Of Fish and Fishponds*, relates what he says he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader, which was:—

"As he and the Bishop Thurzo were walking by a large pond in Bohemia they saw a frog, when the pike lay very sleepily and quiet by the shore side, leap upon his head; and the frog having expressed malice or anger by his swoln cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out his legs and embrace the pike's head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing with them and his teeth, those tender parts: the pike, moved with anguish, moves up and down the water, and rubs himself against weeds and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the pike till his strength failed, and then the frog sunk with the pike to the bottom of the water; then presently the frog appeared again at the top and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a conqueror; after which he presently retired to his secret hole. The bishop that had beheld the battle called his fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the pike that they might declare what had happened: and the pike was drawn forth, and both his eyes eaten out; at which when they began to wonder, the fisherman wished them to forbear, and assured them he was certain that pikes were often so served."

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"Does not the fish look lovely?"

* * *

"A Little Direction."

Piscator. Well, scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and smaller fish, and rivers, and fish-ponds; and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience: but being as we are almost at Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part,

I will lose no time, but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to colour the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top; for a right grown top is a choice commodity, and should be preserved from the water soaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy and fish ill-favouredly, and not true; and also it rots quickly for want of painting: and I think a good top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years.

But first for your line. First note, that you are to take care that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls or scabs or frets, for a well-chosen, even clear, round hair of a kind of glass-colour, will prove as strong as three uneven scabby hairs, that are ill-chosen, and full of galls or unevenness. You shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore, if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glass-colour hair, make much of it.

And for making your line observe this rule; first let your hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; and then choose not only the clearest hair for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break altogether, which hairs of unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the angler that trusts to them.

When you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line: for those that do not so shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest at the first fishing with it, which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it and then retwisting it; and this is most visible in a seven-hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle.

And for dyeing of your hairs, do it thus: take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot and a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum; put these together, into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass-colour, or greenish; and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be. You might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpose; for doubtless the water-colour or glass-coloured hair is the most choice and the most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green.

But if you desire to colour hair greener, then do it thus: take a quart of small ale, half a pound of alum; then put these into a pan or pipkin, and your hair into it with them; then put it upon a fire, and let it boil softly for half an hour; and then take out your hair and let it dry; and having so done, then take a pottle of water and put into it two handfuls of marigolds, and cover it with a tile or what you think fit, and set it again on the fire, where it is to boil again softly for half an hour, about which time the scum will turn yellow; then put into it half a pound of copperas, beaten small, and with it the hair that you intend to colour; then let the hair be boiled softly till half the liquor be wasted, and then let it cool three or four hours with your hair in it; and you are to observe that the more copperas you put into it, the greener it will be; but, doubtless, the pale green is best: but if you desire yellow hair which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in more marigolds, and abate most of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigris instead of it.

This for colouring your hair. And as for painting your rod, which must be in oil, you must first make a size with glue and water, boiled together until the glue be dissolved, and the size of a lye-colour; then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush or pencil, whilst it is hot, that being quite dry, take white-lead and a little red-lead, and a little coal-black, so much as altogether will make an ash colour; grind these all together with linseed oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a brush or pencil; this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

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"Come live with me, and be my love"

For a green, take pink and verdigris, and grind them together in linseed-oil, as you can well grind it; then lay it smoothly on with your brush, and drive it thin; once doing, for the most part, will serve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be sure your first colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.

A Little Philosophy.

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possest my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you may also join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me, how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy, and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience, a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, every misery that I miss is a new mercy: nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money.

Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money that he may still get more

and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich": and it is true indeed: but, he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them:" and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful.

Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gim-cracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy?

No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I know another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which, being denied her, she engaged her husband in a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext, till she also chid and vext herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy.

I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and, being asked by a friend, why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." . . .

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded with more thank-

fulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God Himself, to be a man after His own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not to praise Him because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together.

What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him.

And this, and many other like blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises: but not let us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you; but I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind, with which I labour to possess my own soul: that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without them, do not make any man happy. But, let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares; and therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, "he that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy, and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest scholar: and so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

THE RIVALS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

Photo: Foulsham & Banfield.

LYDIA AND JULIA.

"If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was born in Dublin in 1751, died in 1816, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Just as Oliver Goldsmith was full of fun, Sheridan was full of wit; most of his writing is illuminated with sheer brilliance. In "The Rivals" we make the acquaintance of the three famous characters—Bob Acres, Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia Languish. In the first Act all the chief characters are at Bath. Lydia is explaining her troubles to her cousin Julia: she stands to lose her fortune if she marries without her aunt's consent (Mrs. Malaprop), and that, she declares, is what she has determined to do ever since she knew the penalty.

One of the greatest characters in "The Rivals" is Mrs. Malaprop, who has such a gift for aptly confusing her "parts of speech." She had a genius for using terms which ludicrously conveyed her intended meaning, while having the opposite signification. "Sure," she says, "if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs."

Mrs. Malaprop brings Sir Anthony Absolute to reason with her niece Lydia on her perverseness. Sir Anthony has a suggestion of his own to make, as we shall see.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

MRS. MALAPROP. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

LYDIA. Madam, I thought you once——

MRS. MALAPROP. You thought, Miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

LYDIA. Ah, madam, our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

MRS. MALAPROP. But I say it is, Miss! there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I've as much forgot your poor

dear uncle, as if he had never existed: and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, sure, she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not? ay, this comes of her reading.

LYDIA. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

MRS. MALAPROP. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But, tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

LYDIA. Madam, I must tell you plainly that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

MRS. MALAPROP. What business have you, Miss, with preference and aversion? —they don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off 'tis safest in matrimony, to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor; and yet, Miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed. But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

LYDIA. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

MRS. MALAPROP. Take yourself to your room;—you are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

LYDIA. Willingly, ma'am;—I cannot change for the worse. (*Exit.*)

MRS. MALAPROP. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

SIR ANTHONY. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art, as their alphabet!

MRS. MALAPROP. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

SIR ANTHONY. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! —she had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

MRS. MALAPROP. Those are vile places, indeed!

SIR ANTHONY. Madam, a circulating library in a town, is an evergreen tree of diaboli al knowledge!—It blossoms through the year!—and depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

MRS. MALAPROP. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, Mrs. Malaprop in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

MRS. MALAPROP. Observe me, Sir Anthony—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance —I would never let her meddle with Greek or Hebrew, or Algebra, or simony, or Fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments;—but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though, I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important

point in debate—you say, you have no objection to my proposal?

MRS. MALAPROP. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

MRS. MALAPROP. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

SIR ANTHONY. Objection!—let him object if he dare. No, no, Mrs. Malaprop; Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in their younger days, 'twas—"Jack, do this,"—if he demurred, I knocked him down; and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

MRS. MALAPROP. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent *her* to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

* * *

Lydia is carrying on a clandestine flirtation with Ensign Beverley; the romantic young lady had her heart set on an elopement. Meanwhile, Sir Anthony Absolute breaks the news of a proposal to his son, Captain Jack Absolute, who has unexpectedly turned up at Bath.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

SIR ANTHONY. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

SIR ANTHONY. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that as I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Sir, you are very good.

SIR ANTHONY. And it is my wish, while I yet live, to have my boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. . . . Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

SIR ANTHONY. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. My wife, sir?

SIR ANTHONY. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. A *wife*, sir, did you say?

SIR ANTHONY. Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Not a word of her, sir.

SIR ANTHONY. Odds so!—I mustn't forget *her* though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of, is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Sir! sir! you amaze me!

SIR ANTHONY. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I was, sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

SIR ANTHONY. What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Sure, sir, this is care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted: no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a frenzy.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

SIR ANTHONY. Now d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

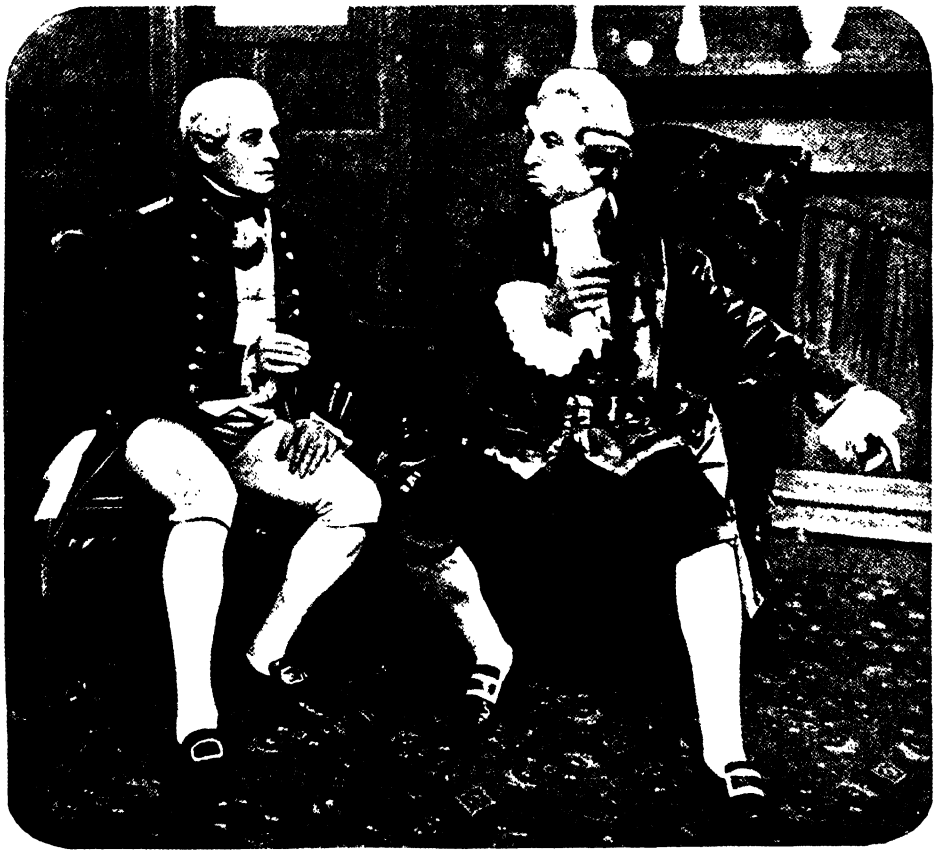

Photo: Foulsham & Banfield.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE AND JACK.

SIR ANTHONY: "Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose."

not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

SIR ANTHONY. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of. . . .

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

SIR ANTHONY. Harkye, Jack; I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Nay, sir, but hear me.

SIR ANTHONY. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't, by——

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

SIR ANTHONY. Zounds! sirrah! the

lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a lump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

SIR ANTHONY. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

SIR ANTHONY. 'Tis false, sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I'm gone, sirrah!

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

SIR ANTHONY. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please—It won't do with me, I promise you.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

SIR ANTHONY. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog—but it won't do.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Nay, sir, upon my word.

SIR ANTHONY. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can *passion* do?—Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you, I may in time forgive you—If not—zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you! I'll unget you! and d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again!

* * *

And now complications come thick and fast. Lucy, the lady's maid, is the ambassadress between Lydia and Ensign Beverley, and between other lovers, as will be seen hereafter. Lucy is a bad little maid because the nature of her services is dependent on the due notice her purse receives; in a word, she plays false. Bob Acres (of whom more hereafter) had been Lydia's suitor before he was dismissed in favour of Beverley. Lucy proceeds to play off her various clients one against the other, among them Mrs. Malaprop, to whom Sir Lucius O'Trigger is supposed to be paying his addresses. And so, by favour of Lucy, Captain Jack Absolute learns, what he did not learn from his irrascible father, that the wife chosen for him is Lydia; it is Lydia that he, under the assumed name of Beverley, is clandestinely wooing. So Jack has another interview with his father.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed!—Whimsical enough, 'faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters. However, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden indeed; but I can assure him, it is very sincere.—So, so, here he comes—he looks plaguy gruff. (*Steps aside.*)

SIR ANTHONY. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper.—An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! but I have done with him—he's anybody's son, for me—I never will see him more—never—never—never—never.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. (*Aside, coming forward*). Now for a penitential face.

Photo: Foulsham & Banfield.

LYDIA, JACK ABSOLUTE, AND MRS. MALAPROP.

LYDIA: "Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me."

SIR ANTHONY. Fellow, get out of my way!

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

SIR ANTHONY. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

SIR ANTHONY. What's that?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, sir?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention, concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, puppy?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Why, then, sir, the result of my reflections is, a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense; I never heard any thing more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I am happy in the appellation.

SIR ANTHONY. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

SIR ANTHONY. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet stay: I think I do recollect something—Languish—Languish—She squints, don't she?—A little red-haired girl?

SIR ANTHONY. Squints! A red-haired girl! Zounds! no!

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

SIR ANTHONY. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

SIR ANTHONY. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! O, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting—more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck! O, Jack! Jack!

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. And which is to be mine, sir—the niece or the aunt?

SIR ANTHONY. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The *aunt*, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Not to please your father, sir?

SIR ANTHONY. To please my father—Zounds! not to please.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Your father, sir!

SIR ANTHONY. O, my father—Oddso!—yes, yes; if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter—Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I dare say not, sir.

SIR ANTHONY. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Sir, I repeat it—if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind; now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and, though *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet, as the prejudice has always run in favour of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

SIR ANTHONY. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! a vile insensible stock! You a soldier! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life, I've a great mind to marry the girl myself.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *aunt*; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady 'tis the same to me, I'll marry the *niece*.

SIR ANTHONY. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come now, confound your demure face: come, confess, Jack, you have been lying—ha'n't you?—You have been playing the hypocrite, hey? I'll never forgive you if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

SIR ANTHONY. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me. I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back, stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself.

Accordingly Captain Jack Absolute visits Mrs. Malaprop in her rooms.

Photo : Foulsham & Banfield.

LYDIA, JULIA, MRS. MALAPROP, AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

MRS. MALAPROP : "Come, come, let's have no honour before ladies. Captain Absolute, come here. How could you intimidate us so? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you."

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair, at present, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop, of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

MRS. MALAPROP. Sir, you do me infinite honour. I beg, Captain, you'll be seated. Ah! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentle woman! Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame; they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom. Few, like Mrs. Malaprop, and the orange tree, are rich in both at once.

MRS. MALAPROP. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding. He is the very pineapple of politeness! You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eaves-dropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before. I'm not at all prejudiced against her on *that* account.

MRS. MALAPROP. You are very good and very considerate, Captain.—I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. It must be very distressing indeed to you, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. Oh, it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree! I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day I have interceded another letter from the fellow—I believe I have it in my pocket.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (*aside*). O, the devil! my last note!

MRS. MALAPROP. Ay, here it is

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (*aside*). Ay, my note, indeed! O, the little traitress, Lucy!

MRS. MALAPROP. There, perhaps you may know the writing (*gives him the letter*).

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before.

MRS. MALAPROP. Nay, but read it, Captain.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (*reads*). "My soul's idol—my adored Lydia!"—Very tender, indeed!

MRS. MALAPROP. Tender? ay, and profane too, o' my conscience.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. "I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me—the more so, as my new rival——"

MRS. MALAPROP. That's *you*, sir.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. "Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour." Well, that's handsome enough.

MRS. MALAPROP. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. But go on, sir,—you'll see presently.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. "As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you"—Who can he mean by that?

MRS. MALAPROP. Me, sir—*me*—he means *me* there—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Impudent scoundrel!—"it shall go hard, but I will elude her vigilance; as I am told, that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words, which she don't understand"——

MRS. MALAPROP. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. He deserves to be hanged and quartered.—Let me see—"same ridiculous vanity——"

MRS. MALAPROP. You need not read it again, sir!

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I beg pardon, ma'am—" does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration "—an impudent coxcomb!—" so that I have a scheme to see you shortly, with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview."—Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. Malaprop goes upstairs to bid Lydia come down that she may know Captain Absolute—" and I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman." Lydia comes reluctantly, disliking " to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger." But in the Captain she recognises her lover Beverley! And so her aunt's sagacity is overreached. Listening to overhear the conversation, she is deceived in its import.

MRS. MALAPROP (*aside*). I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

MRS. MALAPROP (*aside*). Warmth abated!—so, she has been in a passion, I suppose.

LYDIA. No, nor ever can, while I have life.

MRS. MALAPROP (*aside*). An ill-tempered little devil! She'll be in a passion all her life, will she?

LYDIA. Let *her* choice be Captain Absolute, but *Beverley* is mine.

MRS. MALAPROP. I am astonished at her assurance! to his face—this to his face!

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Thus, then, let me enforce my suit. (*Kneeling.*)

MRS. MALAPROP. Ay—poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—Why, thou vixen! I have overheard you.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (*aside*). Oh, confound her vigilance!

MRS. MALAPROP. Captain Absolute—I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (*aside*). So—all's safe, I find. I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady——

MRS. MALAPROP. Oh, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

LYDIA. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

MRS. MALAPROP. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face, that you loved another better? Didn't you say you never would be his?

LYDIA. No, madam, I did not.

MRS. MALAPROP. Good heavens! what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman. Didn't you boast that Beverley—that stroller, Beverley, possessed your heart! Tell me that, I say.

LYDIA. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley——

MRS. MALAPROP. Hold!—hold, Assurance—you shall not be so rude.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you.

MRS. MALAPROP. You are *too* good, Captain—*too* amiably patient—but come with me, Miss—let us see you again soon, Captain—remember what we have fixed.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I shall, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

LYDIA. May every blessing wait on my Beverley—my loved Bev—— (MRS. MALAPROP *prevents her speaking, turns her round, and stops her mouth.*)

* * *

Bob Acres comes on the scene, with a novelty of quaint oaths characteristic of his speech. Bob would like to be thought a man of valour, although he is a natural coward, as will be appreciated from the duel scene. But first the circumstances which lead up to the duel must be explained. Bob Acres attaches as much importance to his " honour " as his " valour," and likewise to his dress. " Indeed, dress does make a difference, David." Bob receives a visit from Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who learns from Bob that he has followed a young lady to Bath, to wit, Lydia, and is chagrined that she has found another lover in Beverley.

SIR LUCIUS. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

ACRES. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

SIR LUCIUS. Then sure you know what is to be done?

ACRES. Not I, upon my soul.

SIR LUCIUS. We wear no swords here—but you understand me.

ACRES. What! fight him?

SIR LUCIUS. Ay, to be sure; what can I mean else?

ACRES. But he has given me no provocation.

SIR LUCIUS. Now I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another, than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

ACRES. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

SIR LUCIUS. That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

ACRES. 'Gad that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it. But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

SIR LUCIUS. What the devil signifies *right* when your *honour* is concerned! Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever enquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

ACRES. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart: I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valour arising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

SIR LUCIUS. Ah, my little friend, if we had Blunderbuss-hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man. For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven, our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

ACRES. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too!—every man of them colonel, or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"——

SIR LUCIUS. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

ACRES. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage! Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

* * *

Now, Sir Lucius is an Irishman who adores the ladies and loves a fight; he revels in giving, or receiving, a challenge, and so he is not content until he has wrought up Bob to write a challenge to his rival, Beverley. Bob sends for Captain Jack Absolute, and begs him, as his friend, to hand this challenge to Ensign Beverley. Jack, alias *Beverley, enters into the spirit of the thing and undertakes to deliver the challenge.*

ACRES. Stay, stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob?

ACRES. Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I will; I will—I'll say you are called, in the country, "Fighting Bob."

ACRES. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honour.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. No!—that's very kind of you.

ACRES. Why, you don't wish me to kill him, do you, Jack?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? (*going*)

ACRES. True, true. But stay—stay,

Jack; you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before — a most devouring rage.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. I will, I will.

ACRES. Remember, Jack — a determined dog!

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Ay, ay;—"Fighting Bob."

* * *

There are further amusing meetings between Lydia and Jack in the presence of Mrs. Malaprop, who is being sadly deceived.

Sir Lucius O'Trigger, thirsting for a duel of his own, picks a quarrel with Captain Jack Absolute. Both meetings are to take place in King's Mead Fields, for, as Sir Lucius observed, "another little business will call me there about six o'clock." He is acting as second for Bob Acres.

Photo: Foulsham & Banfield.

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER AND BOB ACRES.

ACRES: "Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—valour will come and go."

The love affair of Faulkland and Julia, Lydia's cousin, is an amusing secondary plot running through the play. Lydia and Julia are bewailing their troubles; the capricious Lydia, although she is getting the man she wanted, is chagrined to find herself "made a mere Smithfield bargain of," and deprived of a romantic elopement. "Oh, I shall die of disappointment!" And to think she will be cried in a country church! "John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster (spoken in a snuffling tone). Oh, that I had lived to hear myself called a spinster!" At this point the two ladies are broken in upon by Mrs. Malaprop and David (Bob Acre's man) with the news of a bloodthirsty duel. They all rush to King's Mead Fields.

ACRES. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance.—Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

SIR LUCIUS. It is for muskets, or small field-pieces;—upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now—I'll show you (*measures paces*). There, now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

ACRES. Zounds, we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

SIR LUCIUS. 'Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius—but I should think forty, or eight - and - thirty yards——

SIR LUCIUS. Pho, pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

ACRES. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

SIR LUCIUS. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

ACRES. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

SIR LUCIUS. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

ACRES. A quietus!

SIR LUCIUS. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled, and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

ACRES. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

SIR LUCIUS. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

SIR LUCIUS. Ah, that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. —Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

ACRES. Odds files! I've practised that. There, Sir Lucius, there—(*puts himself in an attitude*) a side-front, hey?—Odd, I'll make myself small enough—I'll stand edgeways.

SIR LUCIUS. Now, you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—— (*levelling at him*)

ACRES. Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

SIR LUCIUS. Never fear.

ACRES. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

SIR LUCIUS. Pho! be easy.—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

ACRES. A vital part!

SIR LUCIUS. But, there—fix yourself so (*placing him*)—let him see the broadside of your full front. There—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

ACRES. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

SIR LUCIUS. Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

ACRES. Lookye! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

SIR LUCIUS (*looking at his watch*). Sure they don't mean to disappoint us!

SIR LUCIUS. Hah! no, 'faith—I think I see them coming.

ACRES. Hey?—what!—coming!

SIR LUCIUS. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

ACRES. There are two of them, indeed! well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius?—we—we—we—we—won't run. (*takes his arm*).

SIR LUCIUS. Run!

ACRES. No, I say—we *won't* run, by my valour!

SIR LUCIUS. What the devil's the matter with you?

ACRES. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

SIR LUCIUS. O fie! consider your honour.

ACRES. Ay, true—my honour—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

SIR LUCIUS (*looking*). Well, here they're coming.

ACRES. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—valour will come and go.

SIR LUCIUS. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

ACRES. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going

Photo: Foulsham & Banfield.

AN INTERRUPTED DUEL.

—yes, my valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

SIR LUCIUS. Your honour—your honour. Here they are.

ACRES. Oh, that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

SIR LUCIUS. Gentlemen, your most obedient—ha! what, Captain Absolute! So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account?

ACRES. What, Jack! my dear Jack! my dear friend!

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. (*To* FAULKLAND) So, Mr. Beverley, if you choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

FAULKLAND. My weapons, sir!

ACRES. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

SIR LUCIUS. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

FAULKLAND. Not I, upon my word, sir.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party, by sitting out.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

FAULKLAND. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter——

ACRES. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Lookye, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

SIR LUCIUS. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him—now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

ACRES. Why, no, Sir Lucius, I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face. If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you may please.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, this is lucky (*slaps him on the back*). Now you have an opportunity.

ACRES. What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute!—not if he were fifty Beverleys! (*shakes his hand warmly*). Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural! Don't be frightened, Jack,—I won't fight you.

SIR LUCIUS. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has *oozed* away with a vengeance!

ACRES. Not in the least! odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart and if you should get a *quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

SIR LUCIUS. Pho, pho! you are little better than a coward.

ACRES. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valour.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, sir?

ACRES. Very well sir (*gently*). Lookye, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward. Coward may be said in joke, but if you called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls——

SIR LUCIUS (*sternly*). Well, sir?

ACRES. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

SIR LUCIUS. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most *determined dog*—called in the country, Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

ACRES. Ay—at home.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, then, Captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out my little counsellor (*draws his sword*) and ask the gentleman whether he will resign the lady without forcing you to proceed against him?

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (*draws*). Come on then, sir; since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

The scene ends with mutual explanations, not the least amusing of which is Mrs. Malaprop's consternation in learning that the lady "Delia," whom Sir Lucius has been courting by letter, is not herself, but Lydia (deceitful Lucy's trick).

BLOOD AND SAND

V. B. IBAÑEZ

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Photo: Henri Manuel.

VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ.

Ibañez, born in 1867, is the most widely read of living Spanish writers. His most popular novels are "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and "Blood and Sand." They both have the qualities of exuberance, brilliant colour and fine dramatic effect. "Blood and Sand" is a brilliant study of the life of a Spanish bull-fighter; Ibañez makes no attempt to minimise the terrible horrors of the bull-ring, but rather he attacks this national sport. He has a wonderful power of description.

"Juan Gallardo, the hero of 'Blood and Sand,' has from earliest childhood exhibited a natural aptitude for the bull-ring. He is aided in his career by interested parties, and soon jumps to the forefront of his idolized profession, without having to thread his way arduously up the steep ascent of the bull-fighters' hierarchy. Fame and fortune come to him, and he is able to gratify the desires of his early days, as if the mirage of hunger and desire had suddenly been converted into dazzling reality. He lavishes largess upon his mother and his childless wife, and there comes, too, a love out of wedlock.

"But neither his powers nor his fame can last for ever. The life of even Juan Gallardo is taken into his hands every time he steps into the ring to face the wild bulls; at first comes a minor accident, then a loss of prestige, and at last the fatal day upon which he is carried out of the arena, dead. He dies a victim of his own glory, a sacrifice upon the altar of national blood-lust. That Doña Sol, who lures him from his wife and home, is in her capricious, fascinating, baffling way, almost a symbol of the fickle bull-fight audience, now hymning the praises of a favourite, now sneering him off the scene of his former triumphs."

The following passage describes the bull-fight where Gallardo becomes the hero of the

GALLARDO took his place in line with the other espadas. They neither spoke nor smiled, a grave inclination of the head being all the greeting that they exchanged. . . .

All their faces were pale, not with a dull pallor, but with the bright, hectic, moist shine of excitement. Their minds were in the arena, as yet invisible to them, and they felt the irresistible fear of things that might be happening on the other side of a wall, the terror of the unknown, the indefinite danger that is felt but not seen. How would this afternoon end?

From beyond the cuadrillas was heard the sound of the trotting of two horses, coming along underneath the outer arcades of the Plaza. . . .

The doorways of the arch were thrown wide open, as also were those of the barrier in front of them. The huge ring was revealed, the real Plaza, an immense circular expanse of sand on which would be enacted the afternoon's tragedy, one which would excite the feelings and rejoicings of fourteen thousand spectators. The confused, harmonious sounds now became louder, resolving themselves into lively reckless music, a noisy, clanging triumphal march that made the audience hip and shoulder to its martial air. Forward, fine fellows!

The bull-fighters, blinking at the sudden change, stepped out from darkness to light, from the silence of the quiet arcade to the roar of the Ring, where the crowd on the tiers of benches, throbbing with excitement and curiosity, rose to its feet en masse, in order to obtain a better view.

The toreros advanced, dwarfed immediately they trod the arena, by the immensity of their surroundings. They seemed like brilliant dolls on whose embroideries the sunlight flashed in iridescent hues, and their graceful movements fired the people with the delight that a child takes in some marvellous toy. The mad impulse which agitates a crowd, sending a shiver down its backbone and giving it goose-creeps for no particular reason, affected the entire Plaza. Some applauded, others, more enthusiastic or more nervous, shouted, the music clanged, and in the midst of this universal tumult, the cuadrillas advanced solemnly and slowly from the entrance door up to the presidential chair, making up for the shortness of their step by the graceful swing of their arms and the swaying of their bodies. Meanwhile on the circle of blue sky above the Plaza fluttered several white pigeons, terrified by the roar which arose from this crater of bricks.

They felt themselves different men as they advanced over the sand. They were risking their lives for something more than money. Their doubts and terrors of the unknown had been left outside the barricades. Now they trod the arena. They were face to face with their public. Reality had come. The longing for glory in their barbarous, ignorant minds, the desire to excel their comrades, the pride in their own strength and dexterity, all blinded them, making them forget all fears, and inspiring them with the daring of brute force.

Gallardo was quite transfigured. He drew himself up as he walked, wishing to appear the tallest. He moved with the arrogance of a conqueror, looking all round him with an air of triumph, as though his two companions did not exist. Everything was his, both the Plaza and the public. He felt himself at that moment capable of killing every bull alive on the broad pasture lands of Andalusia or Castille. All the applause was meant for him, he was quite sure of that. The thousands of feminine eyes, shaded by white mantillas, in the boxes or along the barriers, were fixed on him only, of that there could be no manner of doubt. The public adored him, and while he advanced smiling with pride, as though the ovation were intended for himself alone, cast his eyes along the rows of seats, noticing the places where the largest groups of his partizans were massed, and ignoring those where his comrades' friends had congregated.

They saluted the president, montero in hand, and then the brilliant parade broke up, peons and horsemen scattering in all directions. Whilst an alguacil caught in his hat the key thrown to him by the president, Gallardo walked towards the barrier behind which his most enthusiastic supporters stood, and gave into their charge his beautiful cape which was spread along the edge of the

palisade, the sacred symbol of a faction.

His most enthusiastic partisans stood up, waving their hands and sticks, to greet the matador, and loudly proclaiming their hopes. "Let us see what the lad from Seville will do?" . . .

And he smiled as he leant against the barrier, proud of his strength, repeating to all:

"Many thanks! He will do what he can."

It was not only his partizans who showed their high hopes on seeing him; everywhere he found adherents amongst the crowd, which anticipated deep excitement. He was a torero who promised "hule"—according to the expression of the aficionados, and such "hule" was likely to lead to a bed in the Infirmary.

Everyone thought he was destined to die, gored to death in the Plaza, and for this very reason they applauded him with homicidal enthusiasm, with a barbarous interest, like that of the misanthrope, who followed a tamer everywhere, awaiting the moment when he would be devoured by his wild beasts.

Photo: Stage Photo Co.

ROSARIO, THE WIFE OF THE MATADOR.

Gallardo laughed at the ancient aficionados, grave Doctors of Tauromachia, who judged it impossible that an accident should happen if a torero conformed to the rules of the art. Rules forsooth! . . . He ignored them and took no trouble to learn them. Bravery and audacity only were necessary to ensure victory. Almost blindly, with no other rule than his own temerity, no other help than his own bodily faculties, he had made a rapid career for himself, forcing outbursts of wonder from the people and astonishing them with his mad courage.

He had not, like other matadors, risen by regular steps, serving long years as peon and banderillero at the "maestros'" side. The bulls' horns caused him no fear. "Hunger gores worse," he said. The great thing was to rise quickly, and the public had seen him commence at once as espada, and in a few years enjoy an immense popularity.

It admired him for the very reason which made a catastrophe so certain. It was inflamed with a horrible enthusiasm by the blindness with which this man defied death, and paid him the same care and attention as are paid to a condemned man in the chapel. This torero was not one who held anything back; he gave them everything, including his life. He was worth the money he cost. And the

crowd, with the brutality of those who watch danger from a safe place, admired and hallooed on the hero. The more prudent shrugged their shoulders regarding him as a suicide playing with fate, and murmured "as long as it lasts." . . .

Amid a clash of kettledrums and trumpets the first bull rushed out. Gallardo, with his working cloak devoid of ornament hanging on his arm, remained by the barrier, close to the benches where his partizans sat, disdainfully motionless, as though the eyes of the whole audience were fixed on him. That bull was for some one else. He would give signs of existence when his own bull came out. But the applause at the cloak play executed by his companions, drew him out of this immobility, and in spite of his intentions he joined in the fray, performing several feats in which he showed more audacity than skill. The whole Plaza applauded him, roused by the delight they felt at his daring.

When Fuentes killed his first bull, and went towards the presidential chair saluting the crowd, Gallardo turned paler than before, as though any expression of gratification that was not for him was a studied insult. Now his turn had come: they would see great things. He did not know for certain what they might be, but he was disposed to startle the public.

As soon as the second bull came out, Gallardo, thanks to his mobility and his desire to shine, seemed to fill the whole Plaza. His cape was constantly close to the beast's muzzle. A picador of his own cuadrilla, the one named Potaje, was thrown from his horse, and lay helpless close to the horns. The maestro seizing the fierce beast's tail, pulled with such herculean strength, that he obliged it to turn round till the dismounted rider was safe. This was a feat that the public applauded wildly.

When the play of the banderilleros began, Gallardo remained in the passage between the barriers awaiting the signal to kill. El Nacional with the darts in his hand challenged the bull in the centre of the arena. There was nothing graceful in his movements, nor any proud daring, "simply the question of earning his bread." Down in Seville he had four little ones, who, if he died, would find no other father. He would do his duty and nothing more, stick in his banderillas like a journeyman of Tauromachia, not desiring applause, and trying to avoid hissing.

When he had stuck in the pair, a few on the vast tiers applauded, while others, alluding to his ideas, found fault with the banderillero in chaffing tones.

Quit politics and strike better!

And El Nacional, deceived by the distance, heard these shouts, and acknowledged them smilingly like his master.

When Gallardo leapt again into the arena, the crowd, hearing the blare of trumpets and drums which announced the final death stroke, became restless and buzzed with excitement. That matador was their own, now they would see something fine.

He took the muleta from the hands of Garabato, who offered it to him folded from inside the barrier, and drew the rapier, which his servant also presented to him. Then with short steps he went and stood in front of the president's chair, carrying his montero in one hand. All stretched out their necks, devouring their idol with their eyes, but no one could hear the "brindis." The proud figure with its magnificent stature, the body thrown back to give more strength to his voice, produced the same effect on the masses as the most eloquent harangue. As he ended his speech, giving a half turn and throwing his montero on the ground, the noisy enthusiasm broke out. Olé for the lad from Seville! Now they would see real sport! And the spectators looked at one another, mutely promising each other tremendous happenings. A shiver ran over all the rows of seats, as if they awaited something sublime.

Then silence fell on the crowd, a silence so deep that one would have thought that the Plaza had suddenly become empty. The life of thousands of people seemed concentrated in their eyes. No one seemed even to breathe.

Gallardo advanced slowly towards the bull, carrying the muleta resting against

his stomach like a flag, and with sword waving in his other hand, swinging like a pendulum to his step.

Turning his head for an instant, he saw he was being followed by El Nacional and another peon of his cuadrilla, their cloaks on their arms ready to assist him.

"Go out, everybody!"

His voice rang out in the silence of the Plaza reaching up to the furthest benches, and was answered by a roar of admiration. . . . "Go out everybody!" . . . He had said "go out" to everybody! . . . What a man!

He remained completely alone close to the beast, and instantly there was again silence. Very calmly he unrolled the muleta, and spread it, advancing a few steps at the same time, till he flung it almost on the muzzle of the bull who stood bewildered and frightened at the man's audacity.

The audience did not dare to speak, nor scarcely to breathe, but admiration flashed in their eyes. What a man! He was going up to the very horns. . . . He stamped impatiently on the sand with one foot, inciting the animal to attack, and the enormous mass of flesh, with its sharp defences fell bellowing upon him. The muleta passed over its horns, which grazed the tassels and fringes of the matador's costume. He remained firm in his place, his only movement being to throw his body slightly back. A roar from the masses replied to this pass of the muleta, "Olé!" . . .

The brute turned, once more attacking the man and his rag, and the pass was again repeated amid the roars of the audience. The bull, each time more infuriated by the deception, again and again attacked the fighter who repeated the passes with the muleta, scarcely moving off his ground, excited by the proximity of danger and the admiring acclamations of the crowd, which seemed to intoxicate him.

Gallardo felt the wild beast's snorting close to him. Its breath moist with slaver fell on his face and right hand. Becoming familiar with the feeling he seemed to look on the brute as a good friend who was going to let himself be killed, to contribute to his glory.

At last the bull remained quiet for a few instants as if tired of the game, looking with eyes full of sombre reflection at this man and his red cloth, suspecting in his limited brain the existence of some stratagem that, by attack after attack, would lead him to his death.

Gallardo felt the great heart-beat of his finest feats. Now then! He caught the muleta with a circular sweep of his left hand, rolling it round the stick, and raised his right to the height of his eyes standing with the sword bending down towards the nape of the brute's neck. A tumult of surprised protest broke from the crowd: "Don't strike!" . . . shouted thousands of voices: "No! . . . No!" . . .

It was too soon. The bull was not well placed, it would charge and catch him. He was acting outside all rules of the art. But what did rules or life itself signify to that reckless man! . . .

Suddenly he threw himself forward with his sword at the same instant that the beast fell upon him. The encounter was brutal, savage. For an instant man and beast formed one confused mass, and thus advanced a few paces. No one could see who was the conqueror; the man with one arm and part of his body between the two horns; or the brute lowering his head and fighting to catch on those horns the brilliantly coloured golden puppet which seemed to be slipping away from him.

At last the group separated. The muleta remained on the ground like a rag, and the fighter, his hands empty, emerged staggering from the impetus of the shock, till some distance away he recovered his equilibrium. His clothes were disordered, and the cravat floating outside the waistcoat was gashed and torn by the bull's horns.

The bull continued its rush with the impetus of the first charge. On its broad neck, the red pommel of the sword, buried up to the hilt scarcely could be seen. Suddenly it stopped short in its career, rolling with a painful curtseying motion; then folded its fore-legs, bent its head till its bellowing muzzle touched the sand, and finally subsided in convulsions of agony.

It seemed as though the whole Plaza were falling down, as if all the bricks were rattling against one another; as if the crowd was going to fly in panic, when all rose suddenly to their feet, pale, trembling, gesticulating, waving their arms. Dead! What a sword thrust!... They had all thought for a second, that the matador was impaled on the bull's horns, all thought they would assuredly see him fall bleeding on the sand, but now they saw him, standing there, still giddy from the shock, but smiling!... The surprise and astonishment of it all increased their enthusiasm.

"Oh! the brute!"... they roared from the benches, not finding any better word with which to express their unbounded astonishment.... "What a savage!"...

Hats flew into the arena. Overwhelming rounds of applause ran like a torrent of hail from bench to bench, as the matador advanced through the arena, following the circle of the barriers, till he arrived opposite the presidential chair.

Then as Gallardo opened his arms to salute the president, the thundering ovation redoubled, all shouted claiming the honours of the "maestria" for the matador. "He ought to be given the ear." "Never was the honour better deserved." "Sword-thrusts like that are seldom seen," and the enthusiasm waxed even greater when one of the attendants of the Plaza presented him with a dark, hairy bloody triangle; it was the tip of one of the beast's ears.

The third bull was already in the circus, and still the ovation to Gallardo continued, as if the audience had not recovered from its astonishment, and nothing that could possibly happen during the rest of the corrida could be of the slightest interest.

The other toreros, pale with professional jealousy, exerted themselves to attract the attention of the public, but the applause they gained sounded weak and timid after the outburst that had preceded it. The public seemed exhausted by their former excess of enthusiasm, and only paid absent-minded attention to the fresh events unfolding themselves in the arena.

Soon violent disputes arose between the rows of seats.

The supporters of the other matadors who by this time had become calm, and had recovered from the wave of enthusiasm which had mastered them in common with everyone else, began to justify their former spontaneous outburst by criticising Gallardo.

"Very brave," "very daring," "suicidal," but that was not art. On the other hand the worshippers of the idol who were even more vehement and brutal, and who admired his audacity from innate sympathy, were rabid with the rage of zealots who hear doubts cast on the miracles of their own particular saint.

Various minor incidents which caused commotion amidst the benches also distracted the attention of the audience. Suddenly there was a commotion in some section of the amphitheatre. Everybody stood up, turning their backs on the arena, and arms and sticks were flourished above the sea of heads. The rest of the audience forgot the arena, and concentrated their attention on the fracas, and the large numbers painted on the walls of the inside barrier, which distinguished the blocks of seats.

"A fight in No. 3!" they yelled joyfully. "Now there's a row in No. 5!"

Finally the whole audience caught the contagion, got excited, and stood up, each trying to look over his neighbour's head, but all they were able to see was the slow ascent of the police, who pushed a way for themselves from bench to bench, and finally reached the group where the disturbance was going on.

"Sit down!"... shouted the more peaceable, who were prevented from seeing the arena, where the toreros were continuing their work.

The general tumult was gradually calmed and the rows of heads round the circular line of benches resumed their previous regularity during the progress of the corrida. But the audience seemed to have its nerves overstrained, and gave vent to its feelings, by uncalled-for animosity, or contemptuous silence towards certain of the fighters.

The crowd, exhausted by its previous

outburst of emotion, regarded all that followed as insipid, and so diverted its boredom by eating and drinking. The refreshment sellers of the Plaza walked round between the barriers, throwing up the articles asked for with marvellous dexterity. Oranges flew like golden balls up to the very highest benches, in a straight line from the hands of the seller to that of the buyer, as if drawn by a thread. Bottle of aerated drinks were opened, and the golden wine of Andalusia shone in the glasses.

Soon a current of curiosity ran round the seats. Fuentes was going to fix banderillas in his bull, and everyone expected something extraordinarily dexterous and graceful. He advanced alone into the midst of the Plaza, with the banderillas in his hand, quiet and self-possessed, moving slowly, as if he were beginning some game. The bull followed his movements with anxious eyes, astonished to see this man alone in front of him, after the previous hurly-burly of outspread cloaks, cruel pikes sticking into his neck, and horses which placed themselves in front of his horns, as if offering themselves to his attack.

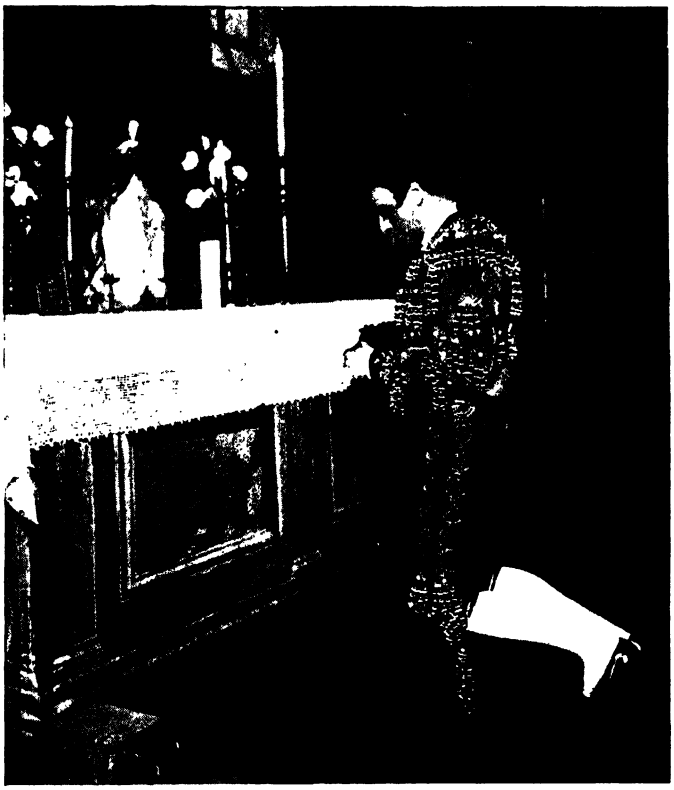

Photo: Stage Photo Co.

IN THE BULL-RING CHAPEL: THE MATADOR BEFORE THE FIGHT.

The man hypnotised the beast, approaching so close as even to touch his pole with the banderillas. Then with short tripping steps he ran away, pursued by the bull, which followed him as though fascinated, to the opposite end of the Plaza. The animal seemed cowed by the fighter, and obeyed his every movement, until at last, thinking the game had lasted long enough, the man opened his arms with a dart in either hand, drew up his graceful slim figure on tip-toe, and advancing towards the bull with majestic tranquility, fixed the coloured darts in the neck of the surprised animal.

Three times he performed this feat, amid the acclamations of the audience. Those who thought themselves "connoisseurs" now had their revenge for the explosion of admiration provoked by Gallardo. This was what a true torero should be! This was real art!

Gallardo stood by the barrier, wiping the sweat from his face with a towel handed to him by Garabato. Afterwards he drank some water, and turned his back on the circus, so as not to see the prowess of his rival. Outside the Plaza he esteemed his rivals with the fraternity established by danger; but once they trod the arena they all became his enemies and their triumphs pained him like insults. This general enthusiasm for

Fuentes which obscured his own great triumphs seemed to him like robbery. On the appearance of the fifth bull, which was his, he leapt into the arena, burning to astonish everybody by his prowess.

If a picador fell he spread his cloak and drew the bull to the other end of the arena, bewildering it with a succession of cloak play that left the beast motionless. Then Gallardo would touch it on the muzzle with one foot, or would take off his montero and lay it between the animal's horns. Again and again he took advantage of its stupefaction and exposed his stomach in an audacious challenge, or knelt close to it as though about to lie down beneath its nose.

Under their breath the old aficionados muttered "monkey tricks!" "Buffooneries that would not have been tolerated in former days!" . . . But amidst the general shouts of approval they were obliged to keep their opinion to themselves.

When the signal for the banderillas was given, the audience was amazed to see Gallardo take the darts from El Nacional, and advance with them towards the bull. There was a shout of protest. "He with the banderillas!" They all knew his failing in that respect. Banderilla play was only for those who had risen in their career step by step, who before arriving at being matadors had been banderilleros for many years by the side of their masters, and Gallardo had begun at the other end, killing bulls from the time he first began in the Plaza.

"No! No!" shouted the crowd.

Doctor Ruiz yelled and thumped inside the barrier.

"Leave that alone, lad! You know well enough what is wanted. Kill!"

But Gallardo despised his audience, and was deaf to its advice when his daring impulses came over him. In the midst of the din he went straight up to the bull, and before it moved—Zas! he stuck in the banderillas. The pair were out of place and badly driven in. One of them fell out with the animal's start of surprise, but this did not signify. With the tolerance that a crowd always has for its idol excusing, even justifying, its shortcomings, the spectators watched this daring act smilingly. Gallardo, rendered still more audacious, took a second pair of banderillas and stuck them in, regardless of the warnings of those who feared for his life. This feat he repeated a third time, badly, but with such dash, that what would have provoked hisses for another, produced only explosions of admiration for him. "What a man! How luck helped that fearless man!" . . .

The bull carried four banderillas instead of six, and those were so feebly planted that it scarcely seemed to feel the discomfort.

"He is still fresh!" shouted the aficionados from the benches, alluding to the bull, while Gallardo with his montero on his head, grasping rapier and muleta in his hands, advanced towards him, proud and calm, trusting to his lucky star.

"Out—all of you!" he cried again.

He turned his head, feeling that some one was remaining close to him regardless of his orders. It was Fuentes a few steps behind him who had followed him with his cloak on his arm pretending not to have heard, but ready to rush to his assistance, as if he foresaw some accident.

"Leave me, Antonio," said Gallardo half angrily, and yet respectfully, as if he were speaking to an elder brother.

His manner was such that Fuentes shrugged his shoulders disclaiming all responsibility. Turning his back he moved slowly away, certain that he would be suddenly required.

Gallardo spread his cloth on the very head of the wild beast, which at once attacked it. A pass "Olé!" roared the enthusiasts. The animal turned suddenly, throwing itself again on the torero with a violent toss of its head that tore the muleta out of his hand. Finding himself disarmed and attacked he was obliged to run for the barrier, but at this instant Fuentes' cloak diverted the animal's charge. Gallardo, who guessed during his flight the cause of the bull's sudden distraction, did not leap the barrier, but sat on the step and there remained some moments watching his enemy a few paces off. His flight ended in applause of this display of calmness.

He recovered his muleta and rapier, carefully re-arranged the red cloth, and once again placed himself in front of the brute's head, but this time not so calmly. The lust of slaughter dominated him, an intense desire to kill as soon as possible the animal which had forced him to fly in the sight of thousands of admirers.

He scarcely moved a step. Thinking that the decisive moment had come he squared himself, the muleta low, and the pommel of the rapier raised to his eyes.

Again the audience protested, fearing for his life.

"Don't strike! Stop!" . . . "O—h!"

An exclamation of horror shook the whole Plaza; a spasm which made all rise to their feet, their eyes starting, whilst the women hid their faces, or convulsively clutched at the arm nearest them.

As the matador struck, the sword glanced on a bone. This mischance retarded his escape, and caught by one of the horns he was hooked up by the middle of his body, and despite his weight and strength of muscle, this well-built man was lifted, was twirled about on its point like a helpless dummy until the powerful beast with a toss of its head sent him flying several yards away. The torero fell with a thump on the sand with his limbs spread wide apart, just like a frog dressed up in silk and gold.

"It has killed him!" "He is gored in the stomach!" they yelled from the seats.

But Gallardo picked himself up from among the medley of cloaks and men which rushed to his rescue. With a smile he passed his hands over his body, and then shrugged his shoulders to show he was not hurt. Nothing but the force of the blow and a sash in rags. The horn had only torn the strong silk belt.

He turned to pick up his "killing weapons." None of the spectators sat down, as they guessed that the next encounter would be brief and terrible. Gallardo advanced towards the bull with a reckless excitement, as if he discredited the powers of its horns now he had emerged unhurt. He was determined to kill or to die. There must be neither delay nor precautions. It must be either the bull or himself! He saw everything red just as if his eyes were bloodshot, and he only heard, like a distant sound from the other world, the shouts of the people who implored him to keep calm.

He only made two passes with the help of a cloak which lay near him, and then suddenly quick as thought like a spring released from its catch he threw himself on the bull, planting a thrust, as his admirers said, "like lightning." He thrust his arm in so far, that as he drew back from between the horns, one of them grazed him, sending him staggering several steps. But he kept his feet, and the bull, after a mad rush, fell at the opposite side of the Plaza, with its legs doubled beneath it and its poll touching the sand, until the "puntillero" came to give the final dagger thrust.

The crowd seemed to go off its head with delight. A splendid corrida! All were surfeited with excitement. "That man Gallardo didn't steal their cash, he paid back their entrance money with interest." The aficionados would have enough to keep them talking for three days at their evening meetings in the Café. What a brave fellow! What a savage! And the most enthusiastic looked all around them in a fever of pugnacity to find anyone that disagreed with them.

"He's the finest matador in the world! . . . If anyone dares to deny it, I'm here, ready for him."

The rest of the corrida scarcely attracted any attention. It all seemed insipid and colourless after Gallardo's great feats.

When the last bull fell in the arena, a swarm of boys, low class hangers-on, and bull-ring apprentices invaded the circus. They surrounded Gallardo, and escorted him in his progress from the president's chair to the door of exit. They pressed round him, anxious to shake his hands, or even to touch his clothes, till finally the wildest spirits, regardless of the blows of El Nacional and the other banderilleros, seized the "Maestro" by the legs, and hoisting him on their shoulders, carried him in triumph round the circus and galleries as far as the outbuildings of the Plaza.

Gallardo raising his montero saluted the groups who cheered his progress. With his gorgeous cape around him he let himself be carried like a god, erect and motionless, above the sea of Cordovan hats and Madrid caps, whence issued enthusiastic rounds of cheers.

The bull-fight audience is notoriously fickle. Juan Gallardo's fame wavers; his last fight is pictured in a tremendous climax. "The popular hero has just been gored to death, but the crowd, knowing that the spectacle is less than half over, sets up yells for the continuance of the performance. In the bellowing of the mob Blasco Ibañez divines the howl of the real and only animals. Not the sacrificial bulls, but the howling, bloodthirsty assembly is the genuine beast!"

Gallardo threw himself on the bull, and all the populace breathed loudly after their breathless expectation. But from the encounter the animal emerged, rushing with furious bellowing, while the benches broke out into whistling and protests. The same thing had happened once again. Gallardo had turned away his face and shortened his arm at the moment of killing. The animal carried off the rapier in his neck, loose and bending, and after a few steps the steel blade flew out of the flesh, rolling on the sand.

Some of the people blamed Gallardo, and the spell which had united them to the espada at the beginning of the fiesta was broken. Their distrust of the torero reappeared and their irritating censures. All seemed to have forgotten their late enthusiasm.

Gallardo picked up his rapier, with bent head, and without the heart to protest against the discontent of a crowd so tolerant to others, so harsh and unjust towards himself, and turned again towards the bull.

In his confusion he thought some other torero placed himself by his side. It was El Nacional.

"Steady, Juan! Don't get flurried."

Curse it!... Was this same thing always going to happen to him? Could he not put his arm between the horns as formerly and drive the rapier in up to the hilt? Was he going to spend the rest of his life as a laughing-stock for the public? An ox whom they had been obliged to fire!...

He placed himself opposite the animal, who seemed waiting for him, steady on its legs. He thought it useless to make any more passes with the muleta. So he placed himself "in profile" with the red cloth hanging on the ground, and the rapier horizontal at the height of his eye. Now to thrust in his arm!

With a sudden impulse the audience rose to their feet, for a few seconds the man and the bull formed one single mass, and so moved on some steps. The connoisseurs were already waving their hands anxious to applaud. He had thrown himself in to kill as in his best day. That was a "true" estocade!

But suddenly the man was thrown out from between the horns by a crushing blow, and rolled on the sand. The bull lowered his head, picking up the inert body, lifting it for an instant on his horns to let it fall again, then rushing on his mad career with the rapier plunged up to the hilt in his neck.

Gallardo rose slowly, the whole Plaza burst out into uproarious, deafening applause, anxious to repair their injustice. Olé for the man! Well done the lad from Seville! He had been splendid!

But the torero did not acknowledge these outbursts of enthusiasm. He raised his hand to his stomach, crouching in a painful curve, and with his head bent began to walk forward with uncertain step. Twice he raised his head as if he were looking for the door of exit and fearing not to be able to find it, finally staggering like a drunken man, and falling flat on the sand.

Four of the Plaza servants raised him slowly on their shoulders, El Nacional joining the group, to support the espada's pale livid head, with its glassy eyes just showing through the long lashes.

The matador is carried into the infirmary to die. The noisy cries of delight burst out in the circus, applauding the continuation of the spectacle. "It was the roaring of the wild beast, the true and only one."

Photo: Photochrom Co., Ltd.

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

THE RAVEN

EDGAR ALLAN POE

From "The Saturday Evening Post."

"But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust."

Poe is represented elsewhere in this work (page 390, Vol. I, and page 187, Vol. IV) as a writer of mystery stories in which he was supreme. As a poet he had still finer accomplishments. His two most familiar poems, "The Bells" and "The Raven," do not represent his best work, which is scattered through many poems.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston in 1809; his mother was abandoned by her husband, and Poe was taken into the household of John Allan, a wealthy tobacco merchant. He acquired a taste for gambling and extravagance. He died at Baltimore in 1849. What precisely happened during the last three or four days of his life remains obscure—always mysterious, it was Poe's fate to die mysteriously.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

THE WOMAN IN WHITE

WILKIE COLLINS

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

WILKIE COLLINS.

Wilkie Collins (1824-89), *an intimate friend of Charles Dickens, excelled in the melodramatic novel. "He was a master of complex plot, fascinating mystery, sensational episode, thrilling situation, and startling denouement." "The Moonstone" is one of the greatest detective stories in English literature. But "The Woman in White" is perhaps even more popular. The complex plot, which is narrated and unfolded by several of the chief characters, does not lend itself to summarising. In "The Woman in White" Wilkie Collins has given the world one character at least which is a great creation, and will live as a permanent character in English literature. This is, of course, Count Fosco, the consummate villain, and friend of another villain, Sir Percival Glyde.*

The story is told by several pens, among them Walter Hartwright, a teacher of drawing, who opens the narrative and tells how he became on a friendly footing with Miss Halcombe and her friend Laura Fairlie. We are also introduced to Anna Catherick, the Woman in White, who bore a striking resemblance to Laura Fairlie, with whom Hartwright was hopelessly in love. Laura, who had an estate worth £20,000, was engaged to Percival Glyde, and she had been warned by an anonymous letter against the marriage, which, however, took place. Laura had also a life interest in £10,000, which, on her death would pass to her aunt, the wife of Count Fosco.

The story is continued by Miss Halcombe in a series of extracts from her diary, and the mysteries begin to thicken. But, as has been indicated, the intricate plot does not lend itself to a short summary. What manner of person Count Fosco, the most amazing character in the book, is, may, however, be appreciated from the following passage, where he is so well described.

THE two guests—the Count and Countess Fosco—come next in my catalogue. I will dispose of the Countess first, so as to have done with the woman as soon as possible.

Laura was certainly not chargeable with any exaggeration, in writing me word that I should hardly recognise her aunt again, when we met. Never before have I beheld such a change produced in a woman by her marriage as has been produced in Madame Fosco.

As Eleanor Fairlie (aged seven-and-thirty), she was always talking pretentious nonsense, and always worrying the unfortunate men with every small exaction which a vain and foolish woman can impose on long-suffering male humanity. As Madame Fosco (aged three-and-forty), she sits for hours together without saying a word, frozen up in the strangest manner in herself. The hideously ridiculous love-locks which

used to hang on either side of her face, are now replaced by stiff little rows of very short curls, of the sort that one sees in old-fashioned wigs. A plain, matronly cap covers her head and makes her look, for the first time in her life, since I remember her, like a decent woman. Nobody (putting her husband out of the question, of course) sees now in her what everybody once saw—I mean the structure of the female skeleton, in the upper regions of the collar-bones and the shoulder-blades. Clad in quiet black or gray gowns, made high round the throat—dresses that she would have laughed at, or screamed at, as the whim of the moment inclined her, in her maiden days—she sits speechless in corners; her dry, white hands (so dry that the pores of her skin look chalky) incessantly engaged, either in monotonous embroidery work, or in rolling up endless little cigarettes for the Count's own particular smoking.

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Mr. Gilmore, the solicitor, requests Mr. Fairlie to dismiss the valet in order that they may discuss Laura Fairlie's marriage settlement.

On the few occasions when her cold blue eyes are off her work, they are generally turned on her husband, with the look of mute submissive inquiry which we are all familiar with in the eyes of a faithful dog. The only approach to an inward thaw which I have yet detected under her outer covering of icy constraint has betrayed itself, once or twice, in the form of a suppressed tigerish jealousy of any woman in the house (the maids included) to whom the Count speaks, or on whom he looks with anything approaching to special interest or attention. Except in this one particular, she is always, morning, noon, and night, indoors and out, fair weather or foul, as cold as a statue, and as impenetrable as the stone out of which it is cut. For the common purposes of society the extraordinary change thus produced in her, is, beyond all doubt, a change for the better, seeing that it has transformed her into a civil, silent, unobtrusive woman, who is never in the way. How far she is really reformed or deteriorated in her secret self is another question. . . .

And the magician who has wrought this wonderful transformation — the foreign husband who has tamed this once wayward Englishwoman till her own relations hardly know her again—the Count himself? What of the Count?

This, in two words: he looks like a man

who could tame anything. If he had married a tigress, instead of a woman, he would have tamed the tigress. If he had married *me*, I should have made his cigarettes as his wife does —I should have held my tongue when he looked at me, as she holds hers.

I am almost afraid to confess it, even to these secret pages. The man has interested me, has attracted me, has forced me to like him. In two short days, he has made his way straight into my favourable estimation—and how he has worked the miracle is more than I can tell.

It absolutely startles me, now he is in my mind, to find how plainly I see him! —how much more plainly than I see Sir Percival, or Mr. Fairlie, or Walter Hartright, or any other absent person of whom I think, with the one exception of Laura herself! I can hear his voice, as if he were speaking at this moment. I know what his conversation was yesterday, as well as if I were hearing it now. How am I to describe him? There are peculiarities in his personal appearance, his habits, and his amusements, which I should blame in the boldest terms, or ridicule in the most merciless manner, if I had seen them in another man. What is it that makes me unable to blame them, or to ridicule them, in *him*.

For example, he is immensely fat. Before this time, I have always especially disliked corpulent humanity. I have always maintained that the popular notion of connecting excessive grossness of size and excessive good-humour as inseparable allies was equivalent to declaring, either that no people but amiable people ever get fat, or that the accidental addition of so many pounds of flesh has a directly favourable influence over the disposition of the person on whose body they accumulate. I have invariably combated both these absurd assertions by quoting examples of fat people who were as mean, vicious, and cruel, as the leanest and the worst of their neighbours. I have asked whether Henry the Eighth was an amiable character? Whether Pope Alexander the Sixth was a good man? Whether Mr. Murderer and Mrs. Murderess Manning were not both unusually stout people? Whether hired nurses, proverbially as cruel a set of women as are to be found in all England, were not, for the most part, also as fat a set of women as are to be found in all England?—and so on, through dozens of other examples, modern and ancient, native and foreign, high and low. Holding these strong opinions on the subject with might and main as I do at this moment, here, nevertheless, is Count Fosco, as fat as Henry the Eighth himself, established in my favour, at one day's notice, without let or hindrance from his own odious corpulence. Marvellous indeed!

Is it his face that has recommended him?

It may be his face. He is a most remarkable likeness, on a large scale, of the great Napoleon. His features have Napoleon's magnificent regularity; his expression recalls the grandly calm, immovable power of the Great Soldier's face. This striking resemblance certainly impressed me, to begin with; but there is something in him besides the resemblance, which has impressed me more. I think the influence I am now trying to find is in his eyes. They are the most unfathomable gray eyes I ever saw; and they have at times a cold, clear, beautiful, irresistible glitter in them, which forces me to look at him, and yet causes me sensations, when I do look, which I would rather not feel. Other parts of his face and head have their strange peculiarities. His complexion, for instance, has a singular sallow fairness, so much at variance with the dark-brown colour of his hair, that I suspect the hair of being a wig; and his face, closely shaven all over, is smoother and freer from all marks and wrinkles than mine, though (according to Sir Percival's account of him) he is close on sixty years of age. But these are not the prominent personal characteristics which distinguish him, to my mind, from all the other men I have ever seen. The marked peculiarity which singles him out from the rank and file of humanity lies entirely, so far as I can tell at present, in the extraordinary expression and extraordinary power of his eyes.

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Sir Percival Glyde endeavours to induce his wife, Laura, to sign a document, of the contents of which she is ignorant, in order that he may obtain money to help him out of his difficulties.

His manner and his command of our language may also have assisted him, in some degree, to establish himself in my good opinion. He has that quiet deference, that look of pleased, attentive interest, in listening to a woman, and that secret gentleness in his voice, in speaking to a woman, which, say what we may, we can none of us resist. Here, too, his unusual command of the English language necessarily helps him. I had often heard of the extraordinary aptitude which many Italians show in mastering our strong, hard, Northern speech; but, until I saw Count Fosco, I had never supposed it possible that any foreigner could have spoken English as he speaks it. There are times when it is almost impossible to detect, by his accent, that he is not a countryman of our own; and as for fluency, there are very few born Englishmen who can talk with as few stoppages and repetitions as the Count. He may construct his sentences, more or less, in the foreign way; but I have never yet heard him use a wrong expression or hesitate for a moment in his choice of a word.

All the smallest characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and perplexingly contradictory in them. Fat as he is, and old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a room as any of us women; and, more than that, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as nervously sensitive as the weakest of us. He starts at chance noises as inveterately as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday, when Sir Percival beat one of the spaniels, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility, by comparison with the Count.

The relation of this last incident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned—his extraordinary fondness for pet animals.

Some of those he has left on the Continent, but he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canary-birds, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to all the necessities of these strange favourites himself, and he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly

fond of him, and familiar with him. The cockatoo, a most vicious and treacherous bird towards every one else, absolutely seems to love him. When he lets it out of his cage, it hops on to his knee, and claws its way up his great big body, and rubs its top-knot against his sallow double chin in the most caressing manner imaginable. He has only to set the doors of the canaries' cages open, and to call them; and the pretty little cleverly-trained creatures perch fearlessly on his hand, mount his fat outstretched fingers one by one, when he tells them to "go upstairs," and sing together as if they would burst their throats with delight, when they get to the top finger.

His white mice live in a little pagoda of gaily-painted wirework, designed and made by himself. They are almost as tame as the canaries, and they are perpetually let out, like the canaries. They crawl all over him, popping in and out of his waistcoat, and sitting in couples, white as snow, on his capacious shoulders. He seems to be even fonder of his mice than of his other pets, smiles at them, and kisses them, and calls them by all sorts of endearing names. If it be possible to suppose an Englishman with any taste for such childish interests and amusements as these, that Englishman would certainly feel rather ashamed of them, and would be anxious to apologise for them, in the company of grown-up people. But the Count apparently sees nothing ridiculous in the amazing contrast between his colossal self and his frail little pets. He would blandly kiss his white mice and twitter to his canary-birds, amid an assembly of English fox-hunters, and would only pity them as barbarians when they were all laughing their loudest at him.

It seems hardly credible, while I am writing it down, but it is certainly true, that this same man, who has all the fondness of an old maid for his cockatoo, and all the small dexterities of an organ-boy in managing his white mice, can talk, when anything happens to rouse him, with a daring independence of thought, a knowledge of books in every language, and an experience of society in half the capitals of Europe, which would make him the prominent personage of any assembly in the civilised world. This trainer of canary-birds, this architect of a pagoda for white mice, is (as Sir Percival himself has told me) one of the first experimental chemists living, and has discovered, among other wonderful inventions, a means of petrifying the body after death, so as to preserve it, as hard as marble, to the end of time.

This fat, indolent, elderly man, whose nerves are so finely strung that he starts at chance noises, and winces when he sees a house-spaniel get a whipping, went into the stable-yard on the morning after his arrival, and put his hand on the head of a chained bloodhound—a beast so savage that the very groom who feeds him keeps out of his reach. His wife and I were present, and I shall not forget the scene that followed, short as it was.

"Mind that dog, sir," said the groom; "he flies at everybody!"

"He does that, my friend," replied the Count quietly, "because everybody is afraid of him. Let us see if he flies at *me*." And he laid his plump, yellow-white fingers, on which the canary-birds had been perching ten minutes before, upon the formidable brute's head; and looked him straight in the eyes. "You big dogs are all cowards," he said addressing the animal contemptuously, with his face and the dog's within an inch of each other. "You would kill a poor cat, you infernal coward. You would fly at a starving beggar, you infernal coward. Anything that you can surprise unawares—anything that is afraid of your big body, and your wicked white teeth, and your slobbering bloodthirsty mouth, is the thing you like to fly at. You could throttle me at this moment, you mean, miserable bully; and you daren't so much as look me in the face, because I'm not afraid of you. Will you think better of it, and try your teeth in my fat neck? Bah, not you!" He turned away laughing at the astonishment of the men in the yard; and the dog crept back meekly to his kennel. "Ah! my nice waistcoat!" he said pathetically. "I am sorry I came here. Some of that brute's slobber has got on my pretty clean

waistcoat." Those words express another of his incomprehensible oddities. He is as fond of fine clothes as the veriest fool in existence; and has appeared in four magnificent waistcoats already—all of light, garish colours, and all immensely large even for him—in the two days of his residence at Blackwater Park.

His tact and cleverness in small things are quite as noticeable as the singular inconsistencies in his character, and the childish triviality of his ordinary tastes and pursuits.

I can see already that he means to live on excellent terms with all of us, during the period of his sojourn in this place. He has evidently discovered that Laura secretly dislikes him (she confessed as much to me, when I pressed her on the subject)—but he has also found out that she is extravagantly fond of flowers. Whenever she wants a nosegay, he has got one to give her, gathered and arranged by himself; and, greatly to my amusement, he is always cunningly provided with a duplicate, composed of exactly the same flowers, grouped in exactly the same way, to appease his icily jealous wife, before she can so much as think herself aggrieved. His management of the Countess (in public) is a sight to see. He bows to her; he habitually addresses her as "my angel"; he carries his canaries to pay her little visits on his fingers, and to sing to her; he kisses her hand, when she gives him his cigarettes; he presents her with sugar-plums, in return, which he puts into her mouth playfully, from a box in his pocket. The rod of iron with which he rules her never appears in company—it is a private rod, and is always kept upstairs.

His methods of recommending himself to *me*, is entirely different. He flatters my vanity, by talking to me as seriously and sensibly as if I was a man. Yes! I can find him out when I am away from him; I know he flatters my vanity, when I think of him up here, in my own room—and yet, when I go downstairs, and get into his company again, he will blind me again, and I shall be flattered again, just as if I had never found him out at all! He can manage me as he manages his wife and Laura, as he managed the bloodhound in the stable-yard, as he manages Sir Percival himself, every hour in the day. "My good Percival! how I like your rough English humour!"—"My good Percival! how I enjoy your solid English sense!" He puts the rudest remarks Sir Percival can make on his effeminate tastes and amusements quietly away from him in that manner—always calling the baronet by his Christian name; smiling at him with the calmest superiority; patting him on the shoulder; and bearing with him benignantly, as a good-humoured father bears with a wayward son.

The interest which I really cannot help feeling in this strangely original man has led me to question Sir Percival about his past life.

Sir Percival either knows little, or will tell me little about it. He and the Count, first met many years ago, at Rome under the dangerous circumstances to which I have alluded elsewhere. Since that time, they have been perpetually together in London, in Paris, and in Vienna—but never in Italy again; the Count having, oddly enough, not crossed the frontiers of his native country for years past. Perhaps he has been made the victim of some political persecution? At all events, he seems to be patriotically anxious not to lose sight of any of his own countrymen who may happen to be in England. On the evening of his arrival, he asked how far we were from the nearest town, and whether we knew of any Italian gentlemen who might happen to be settled there. He is certainly in correspondence with people on the Continent, for his letters have all sorts of odd stamps on them; and I saw one for him this morning, waiting in his place at the breakfast-table, with a huge official-looking seal on it. Perhaps he is in correspondence with his government. And yet, that is hardly to be reconciled either, with my other idea that he may be a political exile.

How much I seem to have written about Count Fosco! And what does it all amount to?—as poor, dear Mr. Gilmore would ask, in his impenetrable business-like way. I can only repeat

that I do assuredly feel, even on this short acquaintance, a strange, half-willing, half-unwilling liking for the Count. He seems to have established over me the same sort of ascendency which he has evidently gained over Sir Percival. Free, and even rude, as he may occasionally be in his manner towards his fat friend, Sir Percival is nevertheless afraid, as I can plainly see, of giving any serious offence to the Count. I wonder whether I am afraid, too? I certainly never saw a man, in all my experience, whom I should be so sorry to have for an enemy. Is this because I like him, or because I am afraid of him? *Chi sa?* - as Count Fosco might say in his own language. Who knows?

June 16th.—Something to chronicle to-day besides my own ideas and impressions. A visitor has arrived—quite unknown to Laura and to me; and, apparently, quite unexpected by Sir Percival.

We were all at lunch, in the room with the new French windows that open into the veranda; and the Count (who devours pastry as I have never yet seen it devoured by any human beings, but girls at boarding-schools) had just amused us by asking gravely for his fourth tart, when the servant entered to announce the visitor.

"Mr. Merriman has just come, Sir Percival, and wishes to see you immediately."

Sir Percival started, and looked at the man with an expression of angry alarm.

"Mr. Merriman?" he repeated, as if he thought his own ears must have deceived him.

"Yes, Sir Percival; Mr. Merriman, from London."

"Where is he?"

"In the library, Sir Percival."

He left the table the instant the last answer was given; and hurried out of the room without saying a word to any of us.

"Who is Mr. Merriman?" asked Laura, appealing to me.

"I have not the least idea," was all I could say in reply.

The Count had finished his fourth tart, and had gone to a side table to look after his vicious cockatoo. He turned round to us, with the bird perched on his shoulder.

"Mr. Merriman is Sir Percival's solicitor," he said quietly.

Sir Percival's solicitor. It was a perfectly straight-forward answer to Laura's question; and yet, under the circumstances, it was not satisfactory. If Mr. Merriman had been specially sent for by his client, there would have been nothing very wonderful in his leaving town to obey the summons. But when a lawyer travels from London to Hampshire, without being sent for, and when his arrival at a gentleman's house seriously startles the gentleman himself, it may be safely taken for granted that the legal visitor is the bearer of some very important and very unexpected news—news which may be either very good or very bad, but which cannot, in either case, be of the common everyday kind.

Laura and I sat silent at the table, for a quarter of an hour or more, wondering uneasily what had happened, and waiting for the chance of Sir Percival's speedy return. There were no signs of his return; and we rose to leave the room.

The Count, attentive as usual, advanced from the corner in which he had been feeding his cockatoo, with the bird still perched on his shoulder, and opened the door to us. Laura and Madame Fosco went out first. Just as I was on the point of following them, he made a sign with his hand, and spoke to me, before I passed him, in the oddest manner.

"Yes," he said, quietly answering the unexpressed idea at that moment in my mind, as if I had plainly confided it to him in so many words, "yes, Miss Halcombe; something *has* happened."

I was on the point of answering. "I never said so." But the vicious cockatoo, ruffled his clipped wings, and gave a screech that set all my nerves on edge in an instant, and made me only too glad to get out of the room.

I joined Laura at the foot of the stairs. The thought in her mind was the same as the thought in mine, which Count

Fosco had surprised—and, when she spoke, her words were almost the echo of his. She, too, said to me, secretly, that she was afraid something had happened.

June 16th.—I have a few lines more to add to this day's entry before I go to bed to-night.

About two hours after Sir Percival rose from the luncheon-table to receive his solicitor, Mr. Merriman, in the library, I left my room, alone, to take a walk in the plantations. Just as I was at the end of the landing, the library door opened, and the two gentlemen came out. Thinking it best not to disturb them by appearing on the stairs, I resolved to defer going down till they had crossed the hall. Although they spoke to each other in guarded tones, their words were pronounced with sufficient distinctness of utterance to reach my ears.

"Make your mind easy, Sir Percival," I heard the lawyer say. "It all rests with Lady Glyde."

I had turned to go back to my own room, for a minute or two; but the sound of Laura's name, on the lips of a stranger, stopped me instantly. I dare-say it was very wrong and very discreditable to listen—but where is the woman, in the whole range of our sex, who can regulate her actions by the abstract principles of honour, when those principles point one way, and when her affections and the interests which grow out of them, point the other?

I listened; and, under similar circumstances, I would listen again—yes! with my ear at the keyhole if I could not possibly manage it in any other way.

"You quite understand, Sir Percival?" the lawyer went on. "Lady Glyde is to sign her name in the presence of a witness—or of two witnesses, if you wish to be particularly careful—and is then to put her finger on the seal, and say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed.' If that is done in a week's time, the arrangement will be perfectly successful, and the anxiety will be all over. If not——"

"What do you mean by 'if not?'" asked Sir Percival angrily. "If the thing *must* be done, it *shall* be done. I promise you that, Merriman."

"Just so, Sir Percival, just so; but there are two alternatives in all transactions; and we lawyers like to look both of them

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Walter Hartwright, on his way to find the entry of the marriage of Sir Percival Glyde's parents in the register in old Wilmingham Church, is set upon by two men in the employ of Sir Percival in order to prevent him discovering the forgery.

in the face boldly. If through any extraordinary circumstance the arrangement should *not* be made, I think I may be able to get the parties to accept bills at three months. But how the money is to be raised when the bills fall due——"

"Damn the bills! The money is only to be got in one way; and in that way, I tell you again, it *shall* be got. Take a glass of wine, Merriman, before you go."

"Much obliged, Sir Percival; I have not a moment to lose if I am to catch the up train. You will let me know as soon as the arrangement is complete? and you will not forget the caution I recommended——"

"Of course I won't. There's the dog-cart at the door for you. My groom will get you to the station in no time.—Benjamin, drive like mad! Jump in! If Mr. Merriman misses the train, you lose your place.—Hold fast, Merriman, and if you are upset, trust to the devil to save his own." With that parting benediction, the baronet turned about, and walked back to the library.

I had not heard much; but the little that had reached my ears was enough to make me feel uneasy. The "something" that "had happened" was but too plainly a serious money embarrassment; and Sir Percival's relief from it depended upon Laura. The prospect of seeing her involved in her husband's secret difficulties filled me with dismay, exaggerated, no doubt, by my ignorance of business, and my settled distrust of Sir Percival. Instead of going out, as I proposed, I went back immediately to Laura's room to tell her what I had heard.

She received my bad news so composedly as to surprise me. She evidently knows more of her husband's character and her husband's embarrassments than I have suspected up to this time.

"I feared as much," she said, "when I heard of that strange gentleman who called, and declined to leave his name."

"Who do you think the gentleman was, then?" I asked.

"Some person who has heavy claims on Sir Percival," she answered, "and who has been the cause of Mr. Merriman's visit here to-day."

"Do you know anything about those claims?"

"No; I know no particulars."

"You will sign nothing, Laura, without first looking at it?"

"Certainly not, Marian. Whatever I can harmlessly and honestly do to help him I will do—for the sake of making your life and mine, love, as easy and as happy as possible. But I will do nothing ignorantly, which we might one day have reason to feel ashamed of. Let us say no more about it now. You have got your hat on—suppose we go and dream away the afternoon in the grounds?"

On leaving the house we directed our steps to the nearest shade.

As we passed an open space among the trees in front of the house, there was Count Fosco, slowly walking backwards and forwards on the grass, sunning himself in the full blaze of the hot June afternoon. He had a broad straw hat on, with a violet-coloured ribbon round it. A blue blouse, with profuse white fancy-work over the bosom, covered his prodigious body, and was girt about the place where his waist might have once been, with a broad scarlet leather belt. Nankeen trousers, displaying more white fancy-work over the ankles, and purple morocco slippers, adorned his lower extremities. He was singing Figaro's famous song in the *Barber of Seville*, with that crisply fluent vocalisation which is never heard from any other than an Italian throat; accompanying himself on the concertina, which he played with ecstatic throwings-up of his arms, and graceful twistings and turnings of his head like a fat St. Cecilia masquerading in male attire. "*Figaro quá! Figaro lá! Figaro sú! Figaro giú!*" sang the Count, jauntily tossing up the concertina at arms length, and bowing to us, on one side of the instrument, with the airy grace and elegance of Figaro himself at twenty years of age.

"Take my word for it, Laura, that man knows something of Sir Percival's embarrassments," I said, as we returned the Count's salutation from a safe distance.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

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Walter Hartwright demands a full confession of the conspiracy from Count Fosco.

our journey home, and he several times checked Sir Percival's outbreaks of temper, in the most considerate manner towards *me*. Perhaps I dislike him because he has so much more power over my husband than I have. Perhaps it hurts my pride to be under any obligations to his interference. All I know is, that I *do* dislike him."

The rest of the day and evening passed quietly enough. The Count and I played at chess. For the first two games he politely allowed me to conquer him; and then, when he saw that I had found him out, begged my pardon, and, at the third game, checkmated me in ten minutes. Sir Percival never once referred, all through the evening, to the lawyer's visit. But either that event, or something else, had produced a singular alteration for the better in him. He was as polite and agreeable to all of us as he used to be in the days of his probation at Limmeridge; and he was so amazingly attentive and kind to his wife, that even icy Madame Fosco was roused into looking at him with a grave surprise. What does this mean? I think I can guess; I am afraid Laura can guess; and I am sure Count Fosco knows. I caught Sir Percival looking at him for approval more than once in the course of the evening.

"How should he have known, otherwise, that Mr. Merriman was Sir Percival's solicitor?" I rejoined. "Besides, when I followed you out of the luncheon-room, he told me, without a single word of inquiry on my part, that something had happened. Depend upon it, he knows more than we do."

"Don't ask him any questions, if he does. Don't take him into our confidence!"

"You seem to dislike him, Laura, in a very determined manner. What has he said or done to justify you?

"Nothing, Marian. On the contrary, he was all kindness and attention on

June 17th.—A day of events. I most fervently hope I may not have to add, a day of disasters as well.

Sir Percival was as silent at breakfast as he had been the evening before, on the subject of the mysterious "arrangement" (as the lawyer called it), which is hanging over our heads. An hour afterwards, however, he suddenly entered the

morning room, where his wife and I were waiting, with our hats on, for Madame Fosco to join us; and inquired for the Count.

"We expect to see him here directly," I said.

"The fact is," Sir Percival went on, walking nervously about the room, "I want Fosco and his wife in the library for a mere business formality; and I want you there, Laura, for a minute, too." He stopped, and appeared to notice for the first time, that we were in our walking costume. "Have you just come in?" he asked, "or were you just going out?"

"We were all thinking of going to the lake this morning," said Laura. "But if you have any other arrangement to propose——"

"No, no," he answered hastily. "My arrangement can wait. After lunch will do as well for it as after breakfast. All going to the lake, eh? A good idea. Let's have an idle morning; I'll be one of the party."

There was no mistaking his manner, even if it had been possible to mistake the uncharacteristic readiness which his words expressed to submit his own plans and projects to the convenience of others. He was evidently relieved at finding any excuse for delaying the business formality in the library, to which his own words had referred. My heart sank within me as I drew the inevitable inference.

The Count andhis wife joined us at that moment. The lady had her husband's embroidered tobacco-pouch, and her store of paper in her hand, for the manufacture of the eternal cigarettes. The gentleman, dressed, as usual, in his blouse and straw hat, carried the gay little pagoda-cage, with his darling white mice in it, and smiled on them, and on us, with a bland amiability which it was impossible to resist.

"With your kind permission," said the Count, "I will take my small family here—my poor-little-harmless-pretty-Mouseys—out for an airing along with us. There are dogs about the house and shall I leave my forlorn white children at the mercies of the dogs? Ah, never!"

He chirruped paternally at his small white children through the bars of the pagoda; and we all left the house for the lake.

In the plantation, Sir Percival strayed away from us. It seems to be part of his restless disposition always to separate himself from his companions on these occasions, and always to occupy himself, when he is alone, in cutting new walking-sticks for his own use. The mere act of cutting and lopping, at hazard, appears to please him. He has filled the house with walking-sticks of his own making, not one of which he ever takes up for a second time. When they have been once used, his interest in them is all exhausted, and he thinks of nothing but going on, and making more.

At the old boat-house he joined us again. I will put down the conversation that ensued, when we were all settled in our places, exactly as it passed. It is an important conversation, so far as I am concerned, for it has seriously disposed me to distrust the influence which Count Fosco has exercised over my thoughts and feelings, and to resist it, for the future, as resolutely as I can.

The boat-house was large enough to hold us all; but Sir Percival remained outside, trimming the last new stick with his pocket-axe. We three women found plenty of room on the large seat. Laura took her work, and Madame Fosco began her cigarettes. I, as usual, had nothing to do. My hands always were, and always will be, as awkward as a man's. The Count good-humouredly took a stool many sizes too small for him, and balanced himself on it with his back against the side of the shed, which creaked and groaned under his weight. He put the pagoda-cage on his lap, and let out the mice to crawl over him as usual. They are pretty, innocent-looking little creatures; but the sight of them creeping about a man's body is, for some reason, not pleasant to me. It excites a strange responsive creeping in my own nerves; and suggests hideous ideas of men dying in prison, with the crawling creatures of the dungeon preying on them undisturbed.

The morning was windy and cloudy;

and the rapid alternations of shadow and sunlight over the waste of the lake made the view look doubly wild, weird, and gloomy.

"Some people call that picturesque," said Sir Percival, pointing over the wide prospect with his half-finished walking-stick. "I call it a blot on a gentleman's property. In my great-grandfather's time, the lake flowed to this place. Look at it now! It is not four feet deep anywhere, and it is all puddles and pools. I wish I could afford to drain it, and plant it all over. My bailiff (a superstitious idiot) says he is quite sure the lake has a curse on it, like the Dead Sea. What do you think, Fosco? It looks just the place for a murder, doesn't it?"

"My good Percival," remonstrated the Count, "what is your solid English sense thinking of? The water is too shallow to hide the body; and there is sand everywhere to print off the murderer's footsteps. It is, upon the whole, the very worst place for a murder that I ever set eyes on."

"Humbug!" said Sir Percival, cutting away fiercely at his stick. "You know what I mean. The dreary scenery—the lonely situation. If you choose to understand me, you can—if you don't choose, I am not going to trouble myself to explain my meaning."

"And why not," asked the Count, "when your meaning can be explained by anybody in two words? If a fool was going to commit a murder, your lake is the first place he would choose for it. If a wise man were going to commit a murder, your lake is the last place he would choose for it. Is that your meaning? If it is, there is your explanation for you, ready-made. Take it, Percival, with your good Fosco's blessing."

Laura looked at the Count, with her dislike for him appearing a little too plainly in her face. He was so busy with his mice that he did not notice her.

"I am sorry to hear the lake view connected with anything so horrible as the idea of murder," she said. "And if Count Fosco must divide murderers into classes, I think he has been very unfortunate in his choice of expressions. To describe them as fools only, seems like treating them with an indulgence to which they have no claim. And to describe them as wise men, sounds to me like a downright contradiction in terms. I have always heard that truly wise men are truly good men, and have a horror of crime."

"My dear lady," said the Count, "those are admirable sentiments; and I have seen them stated at the tops of copy-books." He lifted one of the white mice in the palm of his hand, and spoke to it in his whimsical way. "My pretty little smooth white rascal," he said, "here is a good moral lesson for you. A truly wise Mouse is a truly good Mouse. Mention that, if you please, to your companions, and never gnaw the bars of your cage again as long as you live."

OLD BALLADS

SIR PATRICK SPENS

This fine traditional ballad, of which there are many versions, was first printed in Percy's "Reliques," in 1765. The expedition of Sir Patrick to Norway, of which it tells, is not historical; it may have reference to the death of the Maid of Norway (Princess Margaret of Scotland) on her way to Scotland in 1290.

THE king sits in Dunfermline towne,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whare shall I get a skeely[1] skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,—
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."—

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say—

[1] skilful.

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee."—
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie:

"For I brought as much white monie,
As gane[1] my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou of gude red goud[2],
Our o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn,"—
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift[3] grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly[4] grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"—

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gone a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout[5] flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap[6] them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in."—

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wrapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam in.

[1] sufficed [2] gold [3] sky [4] stormy [5] bolt [6] pack.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

From the painting by Elizabeth E. Siddal, in the Tate Gallery, London.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon !
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flotter'd[1] on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves ;
For them they'll see nae mair.

[1] floated.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims[1] in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves !
For them they'll see nair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

[1] combs.

LADY DAVERS PAYS A VISIT

From "Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded"

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

Photo: W. F. Mansell.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, BY JOSEPH HIGHMORE.
National Portrait Gallery, London.

Bookseller and novelist, Samuel Richardson may fairly be regarded as the father of the modern novel.

The creators of the English novel were Samuel Richardson (1689–1761) *and Henry Fielding* (1707–54). *Richardson's first novel was "Pamela," followed by "Clarissa," which is usually considered his masterpiece. Richardson's sincere purpose was to inculcate lessons of morality, but posterity judges him a tedious sentimentalist and his morals "somewhat musty and even at times a little rancid." Both in keeping with the spirit of the age; he wrote for his own time and particularly for the women of his own time. But he had great qualities and his popularity was not confined to England.*

"Pamela" is the history of a girl of humble circumstances who, resisting temptations, eventually marries her young master, whom she loves, and reclaims from irregular ways.

The following chapter describes a violent scene when Lady Davers, the bridegroom's sister, arrives in a rage, and refuses to believe in the marriage. The scene is described by Pamela herself.

HER woman came up to me, just as I had uttered this, and said, "How do you do, Mrs. Pamela! My lady desires to speak with you." So I must go. Sure she won't beat me.—O that my dear protector was at home!

Well, now I will tell you all that happened in this frightful interview.—And very bad it was.

I went down, dressed as I was, and my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, to be just ready to get into the chariot, when I could get away; and I thought all my trembling fits had been over now; but I was mistaken; for I trembled sadly: yet resolved to put on as good an air as I could.

So I went to the parlour, and said, making a very low curtsey.—"Your servant, my good lady."—"And your servant, again," said she, "*my lady*; for I think you are dressed out like one."

"A charming girl though," said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath; "dear aunt, forgive me, but I must kiss her:" and was coming to me. I said, "Forbear, uncivil gentleman! I won't be used freely."—"Jackey," said my lady, "sit down, and don't touch the creature: she's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air I'll assure you, since I saw her last."

"Well, child," said she, sneeringly, "how dost find thyself?—Thou'rt mightily come on, of late!—I hear strange reports about thee!—Thou'rt almost got into fool's paradise, I doubt!—And wilt find thyself terribly mistaken in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family to humour thy baby-face!"

"I see," said I, sadly vexed (her woman and nephew smiling by), "her ladyship has no very important commands for me; and I beg to withdraw."—"Beck," said she to her woman, "shut the door; my young lady and I must not have done so soon."

"Where's your well-mannered deceiver gone, child?" says she. Said I, "When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly, I shall know how to answer."

"Well, but, my dear child," said she in drollery, "don't be too pert, neither, I beseech thee. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready to take thy freedoms, as he is!—So, a little of that modesty and humility that my mother's waiting-maid used to shew, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself, since my mother's son has taught thee to forget thyself."

"I would beg," said I, "one favour of your ladyship, that if you would have me keep my distance, you will not forget your own degree."—"Why, suppose, Miss Pert, I should forget my degree, wouldst thou not keep thy distance then?"

"If you, Madam," said I, "lessen the distance yourself, you will descend to my level, and make an equality which I don't presume to think of; for I can't descend lower than I am—at least in your ladyship's esteem."

"Did I not tell you, Jackey," said she, "that I should have a wit to talk to?" He, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapping out an oath, said, drolling, "I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may be so bold as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers."—"Sir," said I, "I hope there was no need of your information, so I can't thank you for it; and am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath to convince me of the truth of it."

He looked more foolish than I, at this, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand:—and said, at last, "Why, Mrs. Pamela, you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof."—"Sir," said I, "you seem quite a fine gentleman; and it will not be easily done, I dare say."

"How now, pert one," said my lady, 'do you know whom you talk to?"—"I think I do not, Madam," replied I: "and, for fear I should forget myself more, I'll withdraw. Your ladyship's servant!" said I; and was going: but she rose, and gave me a push, and pulled a chair, and setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

"Well," said I, "I can bear any thing at your ladyship's hands;" but I was ready to cry, though. And I went, and sat down, and fanned myself at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said softly, "Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence." And my lady, though she did not hear *her*, said, "You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave."

So I stood up, and said, "When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, one might be indulged to sit down."—"But I asked you," said she, "whither your master is gone!"—"To one Mr. Carlton, Madam, about eighteen miles off, who is very sick."—"And when does he come home?"—"This evening, Madam."—"And where are you going?"—"To a gentleman's house in the town, Madam."—"And how was you to go?"—"In the chariot."—"Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure!—I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child!—Was you ever out in it with your master?"

" Pray, your ladyship," said I, a little too pertly, perhaps, " be pleased to ask half a dozen such questions together; as one answer may do for all."—" Why, Boldface," said she, " you'll forget your distance, and bring me to your level before my time."

I could no longer refrain tears, but said, " Pray, your ladyship, let me ask, what I have done to be thus severely treated? I never did your ladyship any harm. And if you think I am deceived, as you was pleased to hint, I should be more entitled to your pity than your anger."

She arose, and led me to her chair; then sat down; and still holding my hand said, " Why, Pamela, I did indeed pity you, while I thought you innocent; and when my brother seized you, and brought you down hither, without your consent, I was concerned for you." . . .

" Madam," replied I, " I must beg no hasty judgment: I have *not* lost my innocence."—" Take care, take care, Pamela!" said she: " don't lose your veracity, as well as your honour! Why are you here when at full liberty to go whither you please?—I will make one proposal; and, if you are innocent, I'm sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me?—I will instantly set out with you in my chariot, and not stay half an hour longer in this house, if you'll go with me.—Now, if you are innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can."

" I am innocent, Madam," replied I, " and willing to *keep* so; and yet I cannot consent to this."—" Then," said she, very mannerly, " thou liest, child, that's all; and I give thee up!"

And so she arose, and walked about the room in great wrath.

" Then, and please your ladyship," said I, " I am unworthy of your presence, and desire I may quit it."

" No," replied she, " I will know first what reason you can give for not accepting my proposal, if you are innocent!"—" I can give," said I, " a very good one; but I beg to be excused."

" Well, then," said she, " I'll put you to another trial. I'll set out this moment to your parents, and give you up safe to them. What say you to that?"—" Ay, Mrs. Pamela," said her nephew, " now what does your innocence say to that?—'Fore Gad, Madam, you have puzzled her now."

" Be pleased, Madam," said I, " to call off this fine gentleman. Your kindness in these proposals makes me think you would not have me baited."—" I'll be d——," said he, " if she does not make me a bull-dog! Why, she'll toss us all by-and-by!"—" Sir," said I, " you indeed behave as if you were in a bear-garden."

" Jackey, be quiet," said my lady. " You only give her a pretence to evade my questions. Come, answer me, Pamela."—" I will, Madam," said I; " and it is thus: I have no occasion to be beholden to your ladyship for this honour; for I am to set out to-morrow morning to my parents."—" Now again, thou liest, wench."—" I am not of quality," said I, " to answer such language."—" Once again," said she, " provoke me not, by these reflections, and this pertness; if thou dost, I shall do something by thee, unworthy of myself."—" That," thought I, " you have done already;" but I ventured not to say so. " But who is to carry you to them?" said she.—" Who my master pleases, Madam," said I. " Ay," said she, " I doubt not, thou wilt do every thing he pleases, if thou hast not already. Now tell me, Pamela." I was quite shocked at this, and said, " I wonder how your ladyship can use me thus! I am sure you can expect no answer; my sex, and my tender years, might exempt me from such treatment, from a person of your ladyship's birth and quality, and who, be the distance ever so great, is of the same sex with me."

" Thou art a confident wench," said she, " I see!"—" Pray," said I, " let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in town to dinner."—" No," replied she, " I can't spare you; and whomever you are to go to, will excuse you, when told 'tis *I* that command you not to go; and *you* may excuse it too, young Lady Would-be, if you consider it is the unexpected coming of your late lady's daughter, and your master's sister, that *commands* your stay."

Photo: W. E. Mansell.

PAMELA AND MR. B. IN THE SUMMER HOUSE.

From the painting by Joseph Highmore, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

"But a pre-engagement, your ladyship will consider, is something?" — "Ay, so it is; but I know not why waiting-maids should assume these airs of *pre-engagements!* Oh, Pamela, I am sorry for thy thus aping thy betters, and giving thyself such airs; I see thou'rt quite spoiled! A modest, innocent girl thou wast, and humble too, but now art fit for only what I fear thou art."

"Why, please your ladyship," said her kinsman, "what signifies all you say? The matter is over with her, no doubt, and she likes it; she is in a fairy dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before it is out."—"Bad as you take me to be, Madam," said I, "I am not used to such language or reflections as this gentleman bestows upon me; and I won't bear it."

"Well, Jackey," said she, "be silent," and shaking her head, "Poor girl!" said she; "what a sweet innocent is here destroyed!—A thousand pities! I could cry over her, if that would do her good! But she is quite lost, quite undone: and then has assumed a carriage upon it, that all those creatures are distinguished by."

I cried sadly for vexation; and said, "Say what you please, Madam: if I can help it, I will not answer another word."

Mrs. Jewkes came in and asked, if her ladyship was ready for dinner? She said, "Yes." I would have gone out with her; but my lady said, taking my hand, she could not spare me. "Miss," said she, "you may pull off your gloves, and lay your fan by, for you *shan't* go; and if you behave well, you shall wait upon me at dinner, and then I shall have a little further talk with you."

Mrs. Jewkes said to me, "Madam, may I speak one word with you?"— "I can't tell, Mrs. Jewkes," said I

" for my lady holds my hand, and you see I am a kind of prisoner."

" What you have to say, Mrs. Jewkes," said she, " you may speak before me." But she went out, and seemed vexed for me ; and she says, I looked like the very scarlet.

The cloth was laid in another parlour, and for *three* persons. " Come, my little dear," said she, with a sneer, " I'll hand you in ; and I would have you think it as well as if it was my brother."

" What a sad case," thought I, " should I be in, if I were as naughty as she thinks me ! " It was bad enough as it was.

" Jackey," said my lady, " let us go to dinner." She said to her woman, " Do you, Beck, help Pamela to 'tend us ; we will have no men-fellows. Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves ? "—" I have not, Madam," said I, " deserved this at your ladyship's hands."

Mrs. Jewkes coming in with the first dish, she said, " Do you expect any body else, Mrs. Jewkes, that you lay the cloth for *three ?* " Said she, " I hoped your ladyship and Madam would have been reconciled."—" What means the clownish woman ? " said my lady, in great disdain : " could you think the creature should sit down with me ? "—" She does, please your ladyship, with my master."—" I doubt it not, good woman," said she, " and lies with him too, does she not ? Answer me, Fat face ! " How these ladies are privileged !

" If she does, Madam," said she, "there may be a *reason* for it, perhaps ! " and went out. " So ! " said she, " has the wench got thee over, too ! Come, my little dear, pull off thy gloves ; " and off she pulled my left glove herself, and spied my ring ! " O my dear God," said she, " if the wench has not got a ring. Well, this is a pretty piece of foolery, indeed ! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably tricked ? And so, poor innocent, thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not ? Thy honesty for this bauble : and I'll warrant, my little dear has topped her part, and paraded like any real wife ; and so mimics still the condition ! Why," said she, and turned me round, " thou art as mincing as any bride ? No wonder thou talkest of thy *pre-engagement !* Pr'ythee, child, walk before me to that glass ; survey thyself, and come back, that I may see how finely thou canst act thy theatrical part ! "

I was then resolved to try to be silent ; although most sadly vexed. So I sat me down in the window, and she took her place at the upper end of the table, and her saucy Jackey, fleering at me most provokingly, sat down by her. Said he, " Shall not the bride sit down by us, Madam ? "—" Ay, well thought of ! " said my lady : " Pray, Mrs. Bride, your pardon for taking your place ! " I said nothing.

Said she, with a poor pun, " Thou hast some modesty, however, child ! for thou canst not *stand it*, so must *sit down*, though in my presence ! " I still kept my seat, and said nothing. Thought I, " This is a sad thing, that I am hindered too from showing my duty where most due, and shall have anger there too, may-be, if my dear master arrive before me ! " . . .

" Pamela," said my lady, " help me to a glass of wine.—No, Beck," said she, " *you* shan't : " for she was offering to do it. " I will have my Lady Bride confer that honour upon me ; and then I shall see if she can *stand up*." I was silent, and never stirred.

" Dost hear, *Chastity ?* " said she ; " help me to a glass of wine, when I bid thee. What ! not stir ! Then I'll come and help *thee* to one." Still I stirred not, and fanning myself, continued silent. Said she, " When I have asked thee, meek one, half a dozen questions together, I suppose thou wilt answer them all at once !—Pretty creature, is not that ? " . . .

He arose, and brought the bottle and glass, " Come," said he, " Mrs. Bride, be pleased to help my lady, and I will be your deputy."—" Sir," replied I, " it is in a good hand ; help my lady yourself."—" Why, creature," said she, " dost thou think thyself above it ? " and then flew into a passion. " Insolence ! " continued she, " this moment, when I bid you, know your duty, and give me a glass of wine, or——"

So I took a little spirit then—Thought I, I can but be beat. " If," said I, " to

attend your ladyship at table, or even to kneel at your feet, was required of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the person you think me; but, if it be to triumph over one who has received honours, that she thinks require her to act another part, not to be utterly unworthy of them, I must say I *cannot* do it."

She seemed quite surprised, and looking now upon her kinsman, and then upon her woman. "I'm astonished! quite astonished!—Well, then, I suppose you would have me conclude you my brother's wife; would you not?"

"Your ladyship," said I, "*compels* me to say this!"—"Well," returned she, "but dost thou *thyself* think thou art so?"—"Silence," said her kinsman, "gives consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, Madam, and pay my duty to my new aunt?"

"Tell me," said my lady, "what, in the name of impudence, possesses thee to *dare* to look upon thyself as *my* sister?"—"Madam," replied I, "that is a question will better become your most worthy brother to answer, than me."

She was rising in great wrath; but her woman said, "Good your ladyship, you'll do yourself more harm than her; and if the poor girl has been deluded so as you have heard, with the sham marriage, she'll deserve more your ladyship's pity than anger."—"True, Beck," said she; "but there's no bearing the impudence of the creature, in the mean time."

I would have gone out at the door, but her kinsman ran and set his back against it. I feared bad treatment from her pride, and violent temper; but this was worse than I expected. I said to him, "Sir, when my master comes to know your rude behaviour, you may have cause to repent it;" and went and sat down in the window again.

"Another challenge, by Gad," said he; "but I am glad she says her *master!* You see, Madam, she herself does not believe she is married, and is not *so much* deluded as you think for;" and coming to me with a most barbarous air of insult, he said, kneeling on one knee before me, "My new aunt, your *blessing* or your *curse*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my dinner."

I gave him a most contemptuous look. "Tinsell'd boy!" said I (for he was laced all over), "twenty or thirty years hence, when you are *at age*, I shall know how to answer you better; mean time, sport with your footman, and not me!" so I removed to another window, nearer the door, and he look'd like a sad fool, as he is.

Beck, Beck," said my lady, "this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard? Is my kinsman and Lord Davers's, to be thus used by such a slut?" She was coming to me; and indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor heart after all. . . .

I stood up, and she tapped my cheek! "O," says she, "that scarlet glow shews what a rancorous little heart thou hast, if thou durst shew it;" and led me to her chair: "Stand there," said she, "and answer me a few question while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent master to account; then I'll have you face to face, and all this mystery of iniquity shall be unravell'd; for, between you, I will come to the bottom of it."

When she had sat down, I moved to the window on the other side, looking into the private garden; and her woman said, "Mrs. Pamela, don't make my lady angry. Stand by her ladyship, as she bids you." Said I, "Pray let it suffice *you* to attend your *lady s* commands, and don't lay *yours* upon *me*."—"Your pardon, sweet Mrs. Pamela," said she. "Times are much alter'd with you, I'll assure you!" Said I, "Her ladyship has a very good plea to be free in the house she was *born* in: but you may as well confine your freedom to the house in which you had your *breeding*."—"Why how now, Mrs. Pamela," said she: "since you provoke me to it, I'll tell you a piece of my mind."—"Hush, hush, *good woman*," said I, alluding to my lady's language to Mrs. Jewkes, "my lady wants not your assistance;—besides, I can't scold."

The woman was ready to flutter with vexation; and Lord Jackey laughed, as if he would burst his sides; "G—d

d—n me, Beck," said he, "you'd better let her alone to my lady here; for she'll be too many for twenty such as you and I." And then repeated, "I can't *scold*, quoth-a!—but, by Gad, Miss, you can speak d—d spiteful words, I can tell you that! Poor Beck, poor Beck!—'Fore Gad she's quite dumb-foundered!"

"Well, but, Pamela," said my lady, "come hither, and tell me truly, dost thou think thyself really married?" Said I, and approached her chair, "My good lady, I'll answer all your commands, if you'll have patience with me, and not be so angry as you are; but I can't bear to be used thus by this gentleman, and your ladyship's woman."—"Child," said she, "thou art very impertinent to my kinsman: thou cans't not be civil to me; and my *ladyship's woman* is much thy betters. But that's not the thing!- Dost thou think thyself really married?"

"I see, Madam," said I, "you are resolved not to be pleased with *any* answer I shall return: if I should say, I am not, then you will call me hard names, and perhaps I shall tell a fib. If I should say, I am, your ladyship will ask, how I have the impudence to be so?—and will call it a sham marriage."—"I will be," said she, "answered more directly."—"Why, what, Madam, does it signify what I think? Your ladyship will believe as you please."

"But can'st thou have the vanity, the pride, the folly," said she, "to think thyself actually married to *my* brother? He is no fool, child." . . .

"Now, pray, Madam," said I, "be pleased to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I had the *honour*, or rather *misfortune*, to come into your presence; whether you have said one thing befitting your ladyship's degree, even supposing I was the wench and the creature you imagine me to be?"—"Come hither, my pert dear," replied she; "come but within my reach for *one* moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest."

To be sure, she meant to box my ears. But I should be unworthy of my happy lot, if I could not shew some spirit.

When the cloth was taken away, I said, "I suppose I may now depart your presence, Madam."—"I suppose not," said she. "Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou may'st fast, till thy mannerly master comes home."

"Pray your ladyship," said her woman, "let the poor girl sit down at table with Mrs. Jewkes and *me*." Said I, "You are very kind, Mrs. Worden; but times, as you said, are much altered with me; and I have been of late so much honoured by better company, that I can't stoop to yours."

"Was ever such confidence?" said my lady. "Poor Beck," said her kinsman; "why she beats you quite out of the pit!"—"Will your ladyship," said I, "be so good as to tell me how long I am to tarry? For you'll please to see by that letter, that I am obliged to attend my master's commands." So I gave her the dear gentleman's letter from Mr. Carlton's, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the honour done me by him. "Ay," said she, "this is my worthy brother's hand. It is directed to Mrs. Andrews - that's to you, I suppose, child!" And so she read on, making remarks, as she went along, in this manner: . . .

I rose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room—"Beat me again, if you please," said I, "but I must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much married as your ladyship!"

At that she ran to me; but her woman interposed again, "Let the vain wicked creature go from your presence, Madam," said she. "She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship."—"Stand away, Beck," said she. "That's an assertion that I would not take from my brother. As much married as I! Is that to be borne?"—"But if the creature believes she is, Madam," said her woman, "she is to be as much pitied for her credulity, as despised for her vanity."

I was in hopes to have slipt out of the door; but she pulled me back "Pray, your ladyship," said I, "don't kill me! I have done no harm" But locking the door, she put the key in her pocket. So seeing Mrs. Jewkes at the window, I

lifted up the sash, and said, "Mrs. Jewkes, I believe the chariot had better go to your master, that he may know Lady Davers is here, and I cannot leave her ladyship."

She was resolved to be displeased, let me say what I would. Said she, "No, no; he'll then think I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her."—"I thought your ladyship," replied I, "could not have taken exception at this message."—"Thou knowest nothing, wench," said she, "of what belongs to people of condition; how should'st thou?"—"Nor," thought I, "do I desire it at this rate."

"What shall I say, Madam?" said I. "Nothing at all," replied she; "let him expect his *dearest love*, and be disappointed: it is but adding a few more *hours*, and he will make every one *a day* in his amorous account." Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whispered, "Let Robert stay at the Elms. I'll have a struggle for't by-and-bye."

"As much married as I!" repeated she. "The insolence of the creature!" So she walked about, talking to herself, to her woman, and now-and-then to me: but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent. And then it was, "Am I not worthy an answer?"—"If I speak," said I, "your ladyship is angry at me though ever so respectfully; if I do not, I cannot please. Would your ladyship tell me but how I shall oblige you, and I would do it with all my heart."

"Confess the truth," said she, "that

Photo: W. F. Mansell.

PAMELA LEAVES MR. B.'S HOUSE.

From the painting by Joseph Highmore, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

thou art an undone creature; and art sorry for it, and for the mischief thou hast occasioned between him and me; then I'll pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of guineas: some honest farmer may take pity of thee, and patch up thy shame, for the sake of the money; and if nobody will have thee, thou must vow penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee."

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and to be hindered from being where was the desire of my soul, afraid too of incurring my dear master's displeasure; and, as I sat, I saw it was no hard matter to get out of the window, the parlour being even with the yard, and so have a fair run for it; and after I had seen my lady at the other end of the room again, having not pulled down the sash, when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, was out in a minute, and ran away as fast as I could, my lady calling after me to return, and her woman at the other window; but two of her servants appearing at her crying out, and she bidding them stop me, I said, "Touch me at your peril, fellows;" but their lady's commands would have prevailed, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, was kindly ordered by Mrs. Jewkes to be within call, when she saw how I was treated, came up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, the only time I thought it ever became him, and said, he would *chine* the man (that was his word) who offered to touch his lady; so he ran along-side of me; and I heard my lady say, "The creature flies like a bird!" Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me. I never stopped till I reached the chariot, and Robert, seeing me at a distance, had got down, and held the door in his hand, with the step ready; but in I jumped, without touching it, saying, "Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach!" He mounted, and Colbrand said, "Don't be frightened, Madam: nobody shall hurt you." And shutting the door, away Robert drove; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it and my fright all the way.

RUPERT BROOKE.

RUPERT BROOKE'S POEMS

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Rupert Brooke's name will always be associated most memorably with his sonnets written during the Great War, which ended his life in 1915, *at the age of twenty-eight. He enshrined the spirit in which the volunteers of* 1914 *and* 1915 *entered the trenches.*

NOW, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

LAMB'S ESSAYS

II. WITCHES AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS

CHARLES LAMB

[*For biographical reference to Charles Lamb, the author of the famous "Essays of Elia," see page* 39, *Vol. I.*]

WE are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpably absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony? That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds uptore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *à priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolised by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much that *he* should come sometimes in that body and assert his metaphor. That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake; but that once assumed, I see no reasons for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpœna Satan! Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers. What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the "History of the Bible," by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the witch raising Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall

come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes, and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put and so quashed there seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than released from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read or heard read in church lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness but the child's strength. O how ugly sound scriptural

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"WHAT TERRIBLE SHAKING IT IS TO THEIR POOR NERVES!"

doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling! I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded, but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune, which about this time befell me. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric, driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me. But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously. That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time, solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realised its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the witch raising up Samuel—(O that old man covered with a mantle!)—I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bedfellow, when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the daylight, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was. Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice, when they wake screaming, and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candlelight and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution. That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

> Headless bear, black man, or ape;

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form. It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own "thick-coming fancies"; and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the arche-types are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that which we know in a waking sense to be false come to affect us at all?—or

> Names, whose sense we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their

capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury? O least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or without the body they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadowland of pre-existence.

My night fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional nightmare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic, seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hoped to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a daylight vividness of vision, that was all but being awake. I have formerly travelled among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps—but they are objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the inner eye to make out a shape in any way whatever of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is Coleridge at his will can conjure up icy domes, and, pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gambolling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune, when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fishwife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble Dream of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea-nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conches before me (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*), and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows, gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarisation of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me in the wafture of a placid wave or two, alone, safe and inglorious, somewhere at the foot of Lambeth Palace.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be, "Young man, what sort of dreams have you?" I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

POEMS—THOMAS MOORE

Thomas Moore (see also page 410, Vol. IV) was born in Dublin in 1779. His poem "Lalla Rookh" had a great reputation during his lifetime. The popularity of some of his lyrics still survives.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Photo: W. F. Mansell.

UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A.

Tate Gallery, London.

"One widow, in particular, Mrs. Wadman, did most notably lay siege to the citadel of my Uncle Toby's heart. A simple stratagem engaged his affectionate attentions. In fact, it did my Uncle Toby's business."

MY UNCLE TOBY

From "Tristram Shandy"

LAURENCE STERNE

Photo: W. F. Mansell.

LAURENCE STERNE
The author of "Tristram Shandy."

Laurence Sterne was born in Ireland in 1713. He went to Jesus College, Cambridge, and was ordained a priest in 1738. He obtained the living of Sutton-in-the-Forest, near York, and also became a prebendary of York Cathedral.

The first two volumes of "Tristram Shandy" (there were eight volumes) were published in 1759 and at once made Sterne famous. Few read the complete book through nowadays. Sterne was endowed with a singular and essential genius, and, says Mr. Saintsbury, "he was the representative and mouthpiece, in a way hardly surpassed by anyone, of a certain way of thought and feeling more or less peculiar to his time."

He lived in a coarse age, and coarseness is reflected in his writing. But "My Uncle Toby" remains one of the great characters in fiction. Mr. Gosse has described "Tristram Shandy" as an example "of the kind of loosely strung, reflective fiction which is hardly a narrative at all." And thus Mr. Saintsbury:

"In 'Tristram' the very last thing that the author has wished, or has been contented to do, is to follow any single and simple scheme. A constant flicker of variety, not a steady glow of illustration, is what he aims at, and no means are too odd, too apparently childish, too merely mechanical for him. In the original editions of 'Tristram Shandy,' one page, instead of being printed, is marbled like the end-papers of a bound book, and another is simply blacked all over. Blanks of various dimensions abound; asterisks and points are constant; dashes come at almost every line. Immediately above this mere machinery come the contortions and oddities of the style itself, a very admirable and, when the author chooses, a very pure style at its best, but constantly fretted by breaks and aposiopeses—now conversational, now grandiloquent, now positively vulgar, lapsing now into regular dialogue with the supposed reader, now into soliloquy; in short, into anything that may sufficiently twist and vary the thread of humdrum narration or exposition."

Uncle Toby, the elderly half-pay, wounded soldier who, with his faithful man, Corporal Trim, had as a hobby-horse the making on paper of military maps, model fortifications, instruments of warfare, and so forth, departed to the country where the two men could spend their days on a small estate, putting their fanciful projects into practice instead of playing with fiddle-faddle bits of paper, dining-room tables and pieces of furniture. In a rood and a half of ground they could plan their fortifications; they would raise citadels, bastions, ravelins, horn-works with shovels and pick-axe, and plan operations to their hearts' content, for both heroes were obsessed by their military hobby.

To the country they go, and by and by, amidst their delusive, delicious consultations, they undergo a siege in dead earnest, for Widow Wadman, their neighbour, decides to lay siege to Uncle Toby's heart.

AT present, I hope I shall be sufficiently understood, in telling the reader, my uncle *Toby fell in love:*

—Not that the phrase is at all to my liking: for to say a man is *fallen* in love, —or that he is *deeply* in love,—or up to the ears in love,—and sometimes even *over head and ears in it*,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man:—this is recurring again to *Plato's* opinion, which, with all his divinityship,—I hold to be damnable and heretical:—and so much for that.

Let love therefore be what it will,—my uncle *Toby* fell into it.

——And possibly, gentle reader, with such a temptation—so wouldst thou: For never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiscence covet anything in this world, more concupiscible than widow *Wadman*. . . .

As *Susannah* was informed by an express from Mrs. *Bridget*, of my uncle *Toby's* falling in love with her mistress fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which express, *Susannah* communicated to my mother the next day,—it has just given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle *Toby's* amours a fortnight before their existence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. *Shandy*, quoth my mother, which will surprise you greatly.——

Now my father was then holding one of his second beds of justice, and was musing within himself about the hardships of matrimony, as my mother broke silence.———

"——My brother *Toby*, quoth she, is going to be married to Mrs. *Wadman*."

——Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again as long as he lives.

It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand.

——That she is not a woman of science, my father would say—is her misfortune—but she might ask a question.—

My mother never did.——In short, she went out of the world at last without knowing whether it turned *round*, or stood *still*. My father had officiously told her above a thousand times which way it was,—but she always forgot.

For these reasons, a discourse seldom went on much further betwixt them, than a proposition,—a reply, and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes, and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worse for us,—quoth my mother.

Not a cherry-stone, said my father,—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing else.

——To be sure, said my mother: so here ended the proposition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

It will be some amusement to him, too,——said my father.

A very great one, answered my mother, if he should have children.

——Lord have mercy upon me,—said my father to himself————

* * *

Now as widow *Wadman* did love my uncle *Toby*——and my uncle *Toby* did not love widow *Wadman*, there was nothing for widow *Wadman* to do, but to go on and love my uncle *Toby*——or let it alone.

Widow *Wadman* would do neither the one or the other.

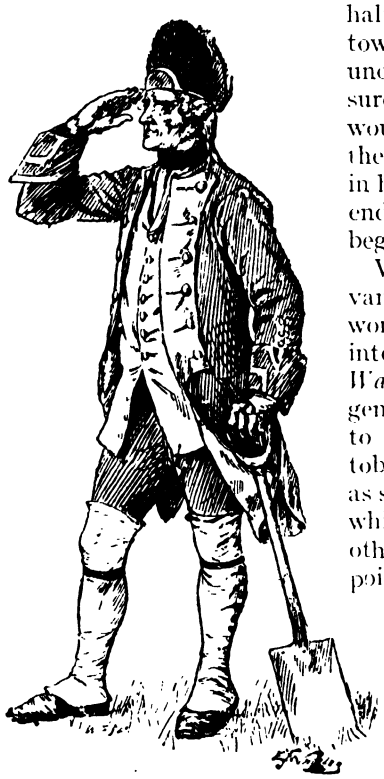
——Gracious heaven!——but I forget I am a little of her temper myself; for whenever it so falls out, which it sometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddess is so much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfast for her——and that she careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfast or no———

* * *

The Fates, who certainly all foreknew of these amours of widow *Wadman* and my uncle *Toby*, had, from the first creation of matter and motion (and with more courtesy than they usually do things of this kind), established such a chain of causes and effects hanging so fast to one another, that it was scarce possible for my uncle *Toby* to have dwelt in any other house in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in *Christendom*, but the very house and garden which join'd and laid parallel to

Mrs. *Wadman's;* this, with the advantage of a thickset arbour in Mrs. *Wadman's* garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle *Toby's*, put all the occasions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; she could observe my uncle *Toby's* motions, and was mistress likewise of his councils of war; and as his unsuspecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of *Bridget*, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the sentry-box; and sometimes out of gratitude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle *Toby* up in the very sentry-box itself. . . .

Now, through all the lumber rooms of military furniture, including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of *Venice* to the *Tower* of *London* (exclusive), if Mrs. *Wadman* had been rummaging for seven years together, and with *Bridget* to help her, she could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* so fit for her purpose, as that which the expediency of my uncle *Toby's* affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.



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CORPORAL TRIM

I believe I have not told you——but I don't know——possibly I have——be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things, which a man had better do over again, than dispute about it—That whatever town or fortress the corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaign, my uncle *Toby* always took care, on the inside of his sentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, fasten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but loose at the bottom, for the convenience of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occasions required; so that when an attack was resolved upon, Mrs. *Wadman* had nothing more to do, when she had got advanced to the door of the sentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and edging in her left foot at the same movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with out-stretched neck meeting it half way, to advance it towards her; on which my uncle *Toby's* passions were sure to catch fire——for he would instantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point;——the world will naturally enter into the reasons of Mrs. *Wadman's* next stroke of generalship——which was, to take my uncle *Toby's* tobacco-pipe out of his hand as soon as she possibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more distinctly at some redoubt or breastwork in the map, she would effect before my uncle *Toby* (poor soul!) had well march'd above half a dozen toises with it.

—It obliged my uncle *Toby* to make use of his forefinger.

The difference it made in the attack was this; That in going upon it, as in the first case, with the end of her forefinger against the end of my uncle *Toby's* tobacco-pipe, she might have travelled with it, along the lines, from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, had my uncle *Toby's* lines reach'd so far, without any effect: For as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no sentiment——it could neither give fire by pulsation——or receive it by sympathy——'twas nothing but smoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle *Toby's* forefinger with hers, close thro' all the little turns and indentings of his works —pressing sometimes against the side of it — then treading upon its nail — then tripping it up — then touching it here — then there, and so on — it set something at least in motion.

This, tho' slight skirmishing, and at a distance from the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map usually falling with the back of it, close to the side of the sentry-box, my uncle *Toby*, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. *Wadman*, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place her's close beside it; this at once opened a communication, large enough for any sentiment to pass or repass, which a person skill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making, has occasion for —

By bringing up her forefinger parallel (as before) to my uncle *Toby's* — it unavoidably brought the thumb into action — and the forefinger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle *Toby!* was never now in its right place — Mrs. *Wadman* had it ever to take up, or, with the gentlest pushings, protrusions, and equivocal compressions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving to get it press'd a hair breadth of one side out of her way.

Whilst this was doing, how could she forget to make him sensible, that it was her leg (and no one's else) at the bottom of the sentry-box, which slightly press'd against the calf of his — So that my uncle *Toby* being thus attacked and sore push'd on both his wings — was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into disorder? —

— The duce take it! said my uncle *Toby*.

— I am half distracted, captain *Shandy*, said Mrs. *Wadman*, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to her left eye, as she approach'd the door of my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box — a mote — or sand — or something — I know not what, has got into this eye of mine — do look into it — it is not in the white —

In saying which, Mrs. *Wadman* edged herself close in beside my uncle *Toby*, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up — Do look into it — said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child look'd into a raree-shew-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

— If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature I've nothing to say to it —

My uncle *Toby* never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from *June* to *January* (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months), with an eye as fine as the *Thracian Rodope's* beside him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle *Toby* to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it — looking — and looking — then rubbing his eyes — and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever *Gallileo* look'd for a spot in the sun.

— In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ — Widow *Wadman's* left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right — there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opake matter floating in it

There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine —

— If thou lookest, uncle *Toby*, in search of this mote one moment longer — thou art undone.

An eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye — and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one; However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament,

all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. *Wadman's* eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

I protest, Madam, said my uncle *Toby*, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white; said Mrs. *Wadman*: my uncle *Toby* look'd with might and main into the pupil - -

Now of all the eyes which ever were created—— from your own, Madam, up to those of *Venus* herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head—— there never was an eye of them all, so fitted to rob my uncle *Toby* of his repose, as the very eye, at which he was looking - —it was not, Madam, a rolling eye- --a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye sparkling - petulant or imperious -of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle *Toby* was made up- --but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations - --and soft responses——speaking- - —not like the trumpet stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse——but whispering soft - —like the last low accent of an expiring saint——" How can you live comfortless, captain *Shandy*, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on- ——or trust your cares to? "

It was an eye— -

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

- ——It did my uncle *Toby's* business.

* * *

My uncle *Toby* knew little of the world; and therefore when he felt he was in love with widow *Wadman*, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of, than if Mrs. *Wadman* had given him a cut with a gap'd knife across his finger: Had it been otherwise——yet as he ever look'd upon *Trim* as a humble friend; and saw fresh reasons every day of his life, to treat him as such- ——it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

sion of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, tion of "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," illustrated by E. J. Wheeler.

"I lament for him from my heart and my soul," said Trim.

" I am in love, corporal! " quoth my uncle *Toby*.

In love!——said the corporal—your honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your honour the story of the King of *Bohemia—Bohemia!* said my uncle *Toby* - - - - musing a long time - - - What became of that story, *Trim?*

—We lost it, an' please your honour, somehow betwixt us—but your honour was as free from love then, as I am—— 'twas just whilst thou went'st off with the wheel-barrow——with Mrs. *Wadman*, quoth my uncle *Toby*——She has left a ball here—added my uncle *Toby* —pointing to his breast——

She can no more, an' please your honour, stand a siege, than she can fly - cried the corporal -

——But as we are neighbours, *Trim*, - the best way I think is to let her know it civilly first—quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Now if I might presume, said the corporal, to differ from your honour——

--Why else do I talk to thee, *Trim?* said my uncle *Toby*, mildly——

—Then I would begin, an' please your honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return—and telling her civilly afterwards—for if she knows anything of your honour's being in love, before hand— -I—d help her!—she knows no more at present of it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*—than the child unborn— —

Precious souls!— --

Mrs. *Wadman* had told it, with all its circumstances, to Mrs. *Bridget* twenty-four hours before; and was at that very moment sitting in council with her, touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affairs, which the Devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before he would allow half time, to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.

I am terribly afraid, said widow *Wadman*, in case I should marry him, *Bridget*—that the poor captain will not enjoy his health, with the monstrous wound upon his groin——

It may not, Madam, be so very large, replied *Bridget*, as you think——and I believe, besides, added she -that 'tis dried up- --

——-I could like to know—merely for his sake, said Mrs. *Wadman*——

—We'll know the long and the broad of it, in ten days—answered Mrs. *Bridget*, for whilst the captain is paying his addresses to you—I'm confident Mr. *Trim* will be for making love to me—and I'll let him as much as he will—added *Bridget*—to get it all out of him——

The measures were taken at once—— and my uncle *Toby* and the corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the corporal, setting his left hand a-kimbo, and giving such a flourish with his right, as just promised success—and no more——if your honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack-----

- —Thou will please me by it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, exceedingly, and as I foresee thou must act in it as my *aid de camp*, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to steep thy commission.

Then, an' please your honour, said the corporal (making a bow first for his commission) --we will begin with getting your honour's laced cloaths out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well air'd, and have the blue and gold taken up at the sleeves—and I'll put your white ramallie-wig into pipes—and send for a taylor, to have your honour's thin scarlet breeches turn'd ---

- -I had better take the red plush ones, quoth my uncle *Toby*— -They will be too clumsy said the corporal.

—Thou wilt get a brush and a little chalk to my sword——'Twill be only in your honour's way, replied *Trim*.

- --But your honour's two razors shall be new set—and I will get my *Montero*-cap furbish'd up, and put on poor lieutenant *Le Fever's* regimental coat, which your honour gave me to wear for his sake—and as soon as your honour is clean shaved—and has got your clean shirt on, with your blue and gold, or your fine scarlet——sometimes one and sometimes t'other—and everything is ready for the attack—we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a bastion; and whilst your honour engages Mrs. *Wadman* in the parlour, to the right—— I'll attack Mrs. *Bridget* in the kitchen, to the left; and having seiz'd the pass, I'll answer for it, said the corporal, snapping his fingers over his head—that the day is our own.

I wish I may but manage it right; said my uncle *Toby* --but I declare, corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench ——

—A woman is quite a different thing—said the corporal.

—I suppose so, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

When my uncle *Toby* and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their business lay the other way; so they faced about

and marched up straight to Mrs. *Wadman's* door.

I warrant your honour; said the corporal, touching his *Montero*-cap with his hand, as he passed him in order to give a knock at the door——My uncle *Toby*, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful servant, said nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marshal'd his ideas; he wish'd for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up the three steps before the door—he hem'd twice—a portion of my uncle *Toby's* most modest spirits fled, at each explusion, towards the corporal; he stood with the rapper of the door suspended for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. *Bridget* stood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs. *Wadman*, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breathless behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

Trim! said my uncle *Toby*——but as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and *Trim* let fall the rapper.

My uncle *Toby* perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it——whistled Lillabullero.

EDMUND SPENSER'S "THE FAERY QUEEN"

With Passages from Leigh Hunt's Essay

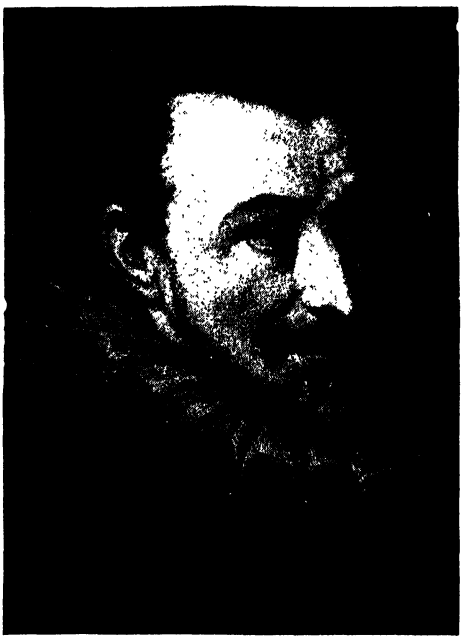


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Inasmuch as Edmund Spenser's poetry, of which "The Faery Queen" is the supreme and immortal example, is little read to-day by reason of its archaic diction and mediæval sentiment, the Editor has thought it best to present it to readers of THE WORLD'S LIBRARY OF BEST BOOKS *in a more introductory form than that which has been adopted with other poets, but with sufficient quotation to illustrate the commentary.*

The fame of Edmund Spenser is not like the fame of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Wordsworth, or of Byron. From such poets he is apart. He is apart because he had little wish or power to write about men and women, or even of Nature, directly: he saw all things in dream: allegory was his medium, the music of words his passion. Charles Lamb called him the Poet's Poet. The amazing thing is that this poet's poet began where later poets may hardly hope to end. He struck the master chord of modern English verse and we know him best by the

transfusion of his genius through successors who have been not too "wise or good for human nature's daily food." One of the greatest has called him--

"that gentle Bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace."

That lunar beauty of movement was due, in great measure to his adoption and revision of an Italian form, the ottava rima, *to which, with consummative effect, he added a longer ninth line. It is said that the ninth wave of the sea is the greatest. Spenser lavished himself on his last Alexandrine line. It breaks and faints in final music on every rock his poetry laves. Adored and adopted by Thomson, Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Tennyson, the first and last beauty of the Spenserian stanza remains with Spenser. Let us read three stanzas before we go further. It needs no tedious explanation, but the pauses marked thus | [in the first stanza] were suggested by Leigh Hunt as necessary to be observed by the reader.*

In the poem Archimago, a hypocritical magician, lures Una and the Red-cross Knight into his abode; and while they are asleep, sends to Morpheus, the god of sleep, for a false dream to produce discord between them.

A little lowly hermitage it was, |
Down in a dale, | hard by a forest's side, |
Far from resort of people | that did pass
In travel to and fro: | a little wide |
There was a holy chapel edifyde |
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
His holy things | each morn and eventide:
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play, |
Which from a sacred fountain wellèd forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Nor look for entertainment where none was;
Best is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evening so they pass.
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass:
He told of saints and popes, and evermore
He strow'd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drooping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humour, loading their eye-lids,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slumbering dew; the which to sleep them bids.
Unto their lodgings then his guests he rids;
Where, when all drown'd in deadly sleep he finds,
He to his study goes; and there amids
His magic books, and arts of sundry kinds,
He seeks out mighty charms to trouble sleepy minds.

Leight Hunt advises: "Mark the variety of pauses, of the accentuation of the syllables, and of the intonation of the vowels; all closing in that exquisite last (ninth) line, as soft and continuous as the water it describes." Spenser excelled in the description of all that is soft, continuous, ethereal. Take his picture of Morpheus, the god of sleep, asleep.

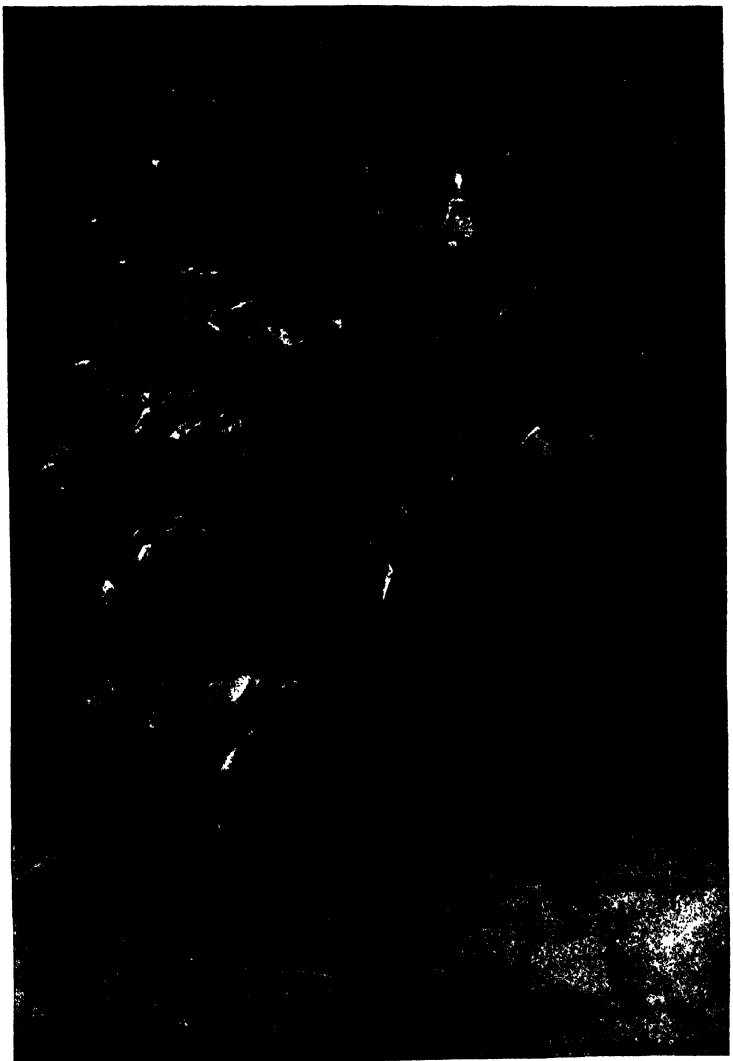
And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down

And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mix'd with a murmuring wind, much like the soun'
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon:
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
As still are wont to annoy the walled town,
Might then be heard; but careless Quiet lies
Wrapt in eternal silence, far from enemies.

All the refuge in all sleep is there.

Edmund Spenser was born in London in the year 1552, *in East Smithfield, and it seems worth while to remind the reader that Spenser, with all his detachment from corporeal things and with all his fear of them, remembered London as his "most kindly nurse." It was in his "Prothalamion," an ode written only three years before his death, for the nuptials of two daughters of the Earl of Worcester, that this famous passage occurs. He is depicting the arrival of the sister brides at Lord Essex's house in what is now Essex Street, Strand.*

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame.



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BRITOMART AND ARTEGAL.

The legend of Britomart and Artegal forms the third book of "The Faery Queen." One day, looking into the mirror of Venus, which had been given to her father, King Ryence of Wales, by Merlin, she saw Artegal therein and fell in love with him. She dons a suit of armour and goes in search of him. After many adventures she is successful in her quest, and the marriage of Britomart and Artegal is described in Book V.

There, when they came, whereas those bricky towers
The which on Thames broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilome wont the Temple Knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride:
Next whereunto stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell;
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case;
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

To annotate the allusions in this passage would require too much space, but this picture of the Temple in its Elizabethan days has a charm and a personal appeal which modern readers cannot allow to Archimago's Hermitage, the Cave of Mammon, or Acrasia's Bower of Bliss. Here, indeed, we perceive, by contrast, one of Spenser's unforeseen sacrifices to posterity. He takes us into a fairy-land all his own in which he loses even himself, and of which he gives us no map. Coleridge remarked on "the marvellous independence and true imaginative absence of particular space or lines in the 'Faery Queen.' It is in the domains neither of history nor geography; it is ignorant of all artificial boundary, all material obstacles; it is truly in land of Faerie, that is, of mental space. The poet has placed you in a dream, a charmed sleep: and you neither wish nor have the power to inquire where you are or how you got there."

The "Faery Queen" is voted by many people unreadable to-day. Its remoteness from actual life, its air of antique artificiality, and its substitution of abstract good and evil for human beings fatigues the modern reader at sight, and he is glad to be justified of his fatigue by Macaulay.

"Spenser, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the 'Fairy Queen.' We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast.'

* * *

This, however, is a one-sided judgment, taken alone. No critic has written more temperately, and yet with more poetic understanding of Spenser than Leigh Hunt, and we cannot do better than quote at length from his study of the poet in his "Imagination and Fancy."

"Three things must be conceded to the objectors against this divine poet: First, that he wrote a good deal of allegory; second, that he has a great many superfluous words; third, that he was very fond of alliteration. He is accused also (by little boys) of obsolete words and spelling; and it must be added, that he often forces his rhymes; nay, spells them in an arbitrary manner on purpose to make them fit. In short, he has a variety of faults, real or supposed, that would be intolerable in writers in general. This is true. The answer is, that his genius not only makes amends for all, but overlays them, and makes them beautiful, with riches fineless. When acquaintance with him is once begun, he repels none but the antipoetical. Others may not be able to read him continuously; but more or less, and as an enchanted stream to dip into, they will read him always.

In Spenser's time, orthography was unsettled. Pronunciation is always so. The great poet, therefore, sometimes spells his words, whether rhymed or otherwise, in a manner apparently arbitrary, for the purpose of inducing the reader to give them the sound fittest for

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BELPHOEBE AND TIMIAS.

Timias falls from his horse and is rescued by Belphoebe, the huntress, who takes him to her pavilion, where he falls in love with Auoret. In this story Spenser typifies the amour of Sir Walter Raleigh with Elizabeth Throgmorton, which drew upon Sir Walter the displeasure of Queen Elizabeth.

the sense. Alliteration, which, as a ground of melody, had been a principle in Anglo-Saxon verse, continued such a favourite with old English poets whom Spenser loved, that, as late as the reign of Edward III., it stood in the place of rhyme itself. Our author turns it to beautiful account. Superfluousness, though eschewed with a fine instinct by Chaucer in some of his latest works, where the narrative was fullest of action and character, abounded in his others; and, in spite of the classics, it had not been recognized as a fault in Spenser's time, when books were still rare, and a writer thought himself bound to pour out all he felt and knew. It accorded also with his genius; and in him is not an excess of weakness, but of will and luxury. And as to allegory, it was not only the taste of the day, originating in gorgeous pageants of church and state, but in Spenser's hands it became such an embodiment of poetry itself, that its objectors really deserve no better answer than has been given them by Mr. Hazlitt, who asks, if they thought the allegory would "bite them." The passage will be found a little further on.

Spenser's great characteristic is poetic luxury. If you go to him for a story, you will be disappointed; if for a style, classical or concise, the point against him is conceded; if for pathos, you must weep for personages half-real and too beautiful; if for mirth, you must laugh out of good breeding, and because it pleaseth the great, sequestered man to be facetious. But if you love poetry well

enough to enjoy it for its own sake, let no evil reports of his allegory deter you from his acquaintance, for great will be your loss. His allegory itself is but one part allegory, and nine parts beauty and enjoyment; sometimes an excess of flesh and blood. His forced rhymes, and his sentence written to fill up, which in a less poet would be intolerable, are accompanied with such endless grace and dreaming pleasure, fit to

'Make heaven drowsy with the harmony'

that although it is to be no more expected of anybody to read him through at once, than to wander days and nights in a forest, thinking of nothing else, yet any true lover of poetry, when he comes to know him, would as soon quarrel with repose on the summer grass. You may get up and go away, but will return next day at noon to listen to his waterfalls, and to see, 'with half shut eye,' his visions of knights and nymphs, his gods and goddesses whom he brought down again to earth in immortal beauty.

Spenser, in some respects, is more southern than the south itself. Dante, but for the covered heat which occasionally concentrates the utmost sweetness as well as venom, would be quite northern compared with him. He is more luxurious than Ariosto or Tasso, more haunted with the presence of beauty. His wholesale poetical belief, mixing up all creeds and mythologies, but with less violence, resembles that of Dante and Boccaccio; and it gives the compound the better warrant in the more agreeable impression. Then his versification is almost perpetual honey.

Spenser is the farthest removed from the ordinary cares and haunts of the world of all the poets that ever wrote, except perhaps Ovid; and this, which is the reason why mere men of business and the world do not like him, constitutes his most bewitching charm with the poetical. He is not so great a poet as Shakespeare or Dante; he has less imagination, though more fancy, than Milton. He does not see things so purely in their elements as Dante; neither can he combine their elements like Shakespeare, nor bring such frequent intensities of words, or of wholesale imaginative sympathy, to bear upon his subject as any one of them; though he has given noble diffuser instances of the latter in his Una, and his Mammon, and his accounts of Jealousy and Despair.

But when you are over-informed with thought and passion in Shakespeare, when Milton's mighty grandeurs oppress you, or are found mixed with painful absurdities, or when the world is vexatious and tiresome, and you have had enough of your own vanities or struggles in it, or when house and land themselves are gone and spent, and your riches must lie in the regions of the unknown, then Spenser is most excellent. His remoteness from everyday life is the reason perhaps why Somers and Chatham admired him; and his possession of every kind of imaginary wealth completes his charm with his brother poets. Take him in short for what he is, whether greater or less than his fellows, the poetical faculty is so abundantly and beautifully predominant in him above every other, though he had passion, and thought, and plenty of ethics, and was as learned a man as Ben Jonson, perhaps as Milton himself, that he has always been felt by his countrymen to be the 'Poet's Poet.' He has had more idolatry and imitation from his brethren than all the rest put together. The old undramatic poets, Drayton, Browne, Drummond, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, were as full of him as the dramatic were of Shakespeare. Milton studied and used him, calling him the sage and serious Spenser; and adding, that he dared be known to think him a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas. Cowley said that he became a poet by reading him. Dryden claimed him for a master.

* * *

"In spite of philosophy and fashion," says Bishop Hurd, "Faeric Spenser still ranks highest amongst the poets; I mean with all those who are either of that house, or have any kindness for it. Earth-born critics may blaspheme:

'But all the gods are ravish'd with delight
Of his celestial song and musick's wondrous might,'"

This, from the average reader's point of view, is a just account of Edmund Spenser, the most vital, if the least read, of English poets.

Spenser re-created English Poetry after Chaucer. Two songless centuries had passed. Poets like Surrey, Wyatt, and Sackville had preluded his waterfall of music, but they had done no more. The Wars of the Roses and the Reformation had long hushed the choir. But a new world, tired of reality, welcomed Spenser's eruption of beauty, and the "Faery Queen" was a "best seller" in its time. It was like a dance of gnats over ice, or like the music that awakes the dreamless sleeper to a waking dream. Dean Church, in the "English Men of Letters" series, says:

"What Spenser did was to reveal to English ears as it never had been revealed before, at least, since the days of Chaucer, the sweet music, the refined grace, the inexhaustible versatility of the English tongue."

But he adds:

"Spenser's genius continued to the end under the influences which were so powerful when it first unfolded itself. To the last it allied itself, in form, at least, with the artificial. To the last it moved in a world which was not real, which never had existed, which, anyhow, was only a world of memory and sentiment. He never threw himself frankly on human life as it is; he always viewed it through a veil of mist which greatly altered its true colours, and often distorted its proportions. And thus while more than any one he prepared the instruments and the path for the great triumph, he himself missed the true field for the highest exercise of poetic power; he missed the highest honours of that in which he led the way."

Thus it was that in an age ripe for pure poetry Spenser produced it, and was then enjoyed as but few poets enjoy him now.

The "Faery Queen" is less a river to be navigated to the sea, still less to a port beyond, than it is a crystal fountain into which we may dip for a vagrant and luscious wisdom. With all its length it is a fragment, for of the twelve books its author projected we have only six. As Church says:

"'The Faerie Queen,' as a whole, bears on its face a great fault of construction. It carries with it no adequate account of its own story: it does not explain itself, or contain in its own structure what would enable a reader to understand how it arose." Yet Spenser had formed, or thought he had formed, a main idea, and that even was to portray in allegory and by many illustrations the complete character of a English "gentleman or noble person, fashioned in virtuous and gentle discipline."

And how nobly, with what gentle discipline, with what consecration of leisure, with what calmness of long intent, does the poem open!

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,

For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfry slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent as that same lambe
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

* * *

In working out his scheme Spenser went often to Chaucer for his diction and to the Arthurian Legend for his sentiment. He was inspired by Homer and Virgil among the ancients, by Ariosto and Tasso among the moderns. But to his task he brought his own exuberant soul. He overflowed himself, and it was not until he realized that his plan had become a maelstrom to his readers, and even to his friend Sir Walter Raleigh, that he attempted—too late—to explain his design. He drew, but he also over-drew, the distinction between a narrative poet and a historian, and he had to admit that the clue to the story which was broken off in the sixth book was to have been given in the twelfth! This was his confession not to Queen Elizabeth or to the public but to Sir Walter in a letter which had this lame conclusion:

"Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused."

The truth is that Spenser was too great for his allegory, and the allegory too great for Spenser. Hence the "Faery Queen" remains not as a river but as a fountain, not as a route but as an oasis. Yet it lives and will ever live as the purest and, in some ways, the most adventurous of English poems.

Time and human tedium can substract

nothing from the dedication of the "Faery Queen," "one of the boldest perhaps ever penned."

To
The Most High, Mightie, and
Magnificent Empresse,
Renowned for piety, virtue,
and all gracious government,
ELIZABETH
By the Grace of God,
Queen of England, France, and
Ireland, and of Virginia,
Defender of the Faith, etc.
Her most humble Servant
EDMUND SPENSER
Doth in all humilitie,
Dedicate, present, and consecrate
These his labours
To live with the eternitie
of her fame.

But the "Faery Queen," with all its faults, lives in its own eternity.

If it be asked what is the ultimate spell and moral value of this transcendent poem, it may be given in the considered words of Dean Church. They lie:

"(1) In the quaint stateliness of Spenser's imaginary world and its representatives; (2) in the beauty and melody of his numbers, the abundance and grace of his poetic ornaments, in the recurring and haunting rhythm of numberless passages, in which thought and imagery and language and melody are interwoven in one perfect and satisfying harmony; and (3) in the intrinsic nobleness of his general aim, his conception of human life, at once so exacting and so indulgent, his high ethical principles and ideals, his unfeigned honour for all that is pure and brave and unselfish and tender, his generous estimate of what is due from man to man of service, affection, and fidelity. His fictions embodied truths of character which with all their shadowy incompleteness were too real and too beautiful to lose their charm with time."

It is said that Spenser died, poor and proud, in King Street, Westminster. Thence he was borne to the Abbey. Dean Stanley writes in his "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey": "His hearse was attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his grave. What a funeral was that at which Beaumont, Fletcher, and, in all probability, Shakespeare attended!—What a grave in which the pen of Shakespeare may be mouldering away!"

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

[*By permission of the Author.*]

"The City of Beautiful Nonsense" is among the most widely read modern novels. Its delightful fantasy and charm have won for it innumerable friends; it has pathos, a whimsical humour, and a quality all its own. The story, almost a fairy story, has to do with John Grey, a writer, a journalist, a driver of the pen. The solution to the mystery of John Grey was this: He was an idealist, the very type of person to live in a City of Beautiful Nonsense, "where the rarest things in the world cost nothing, and the most sordid necessities are dear." He lived over Mrs. Meakin's greengrocer's shop in Fetter Lane, on the first floor, and "he could ill afford the meals which sometimes hunger compelled him to pay for." It was in Kensington Gardens he found romance. "Many a real, many a legendary person has found it there."

But the City of Beautiful Nonsense

Photo: Bacon.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

was "that far city that lies so slumberously on the breast of the Adriatic"—Venice, where two white-haired, dear old people lived; John's father and mother.

John was reading the manuscript of one of his own stories by the round pond in Kensington Gardens, or, rather, he neglected doing so in watching the children sailing their little ships on the water. A lady, sister of one of these little boys, looked in John's direction. "Their eyes met. It was the lady of the heavy fur coat who had prayed to St. Joseph in the Sardinia Street Chapel."

That was on the 18th of March, when John also was one of the worshippers in the Chapel. The story of it was this:

AT last all had gone but the lady in the heavy fur coat and the writer—the journalist—the driver of the pen. There was a flood of light from all the candles at the little altar, the church was empty, everything was still; but there these two remained, kneeling silently in their separate pews.

What need was there in the heart of her that kept her so patiently upon her knees? Some pressing desire, you may be sure—some want that women have and only women understand. And what was the need in him? Not money! Nothing that St. Joseph could give. He had no money. One penny was lying contentedly at the bottom of his pocket. That, at the moment, was all he had in the world. It is mostly when you have many possessions that you need the possession of more. To own one penny, knowing that there is no immediate possibility of owning another, that is as near contentment as one can well-nigh reach.

Then why did he wait on upon his knees? What was the need in the heart of him? Nature again—human nature, too simply the need to know the need in her. That was all.

Ten minutes passed. He watched her through the interstices of his fingers. But she did not move. At last, despairing of any further discovery than that you may wear a fur coat costing thirty guineas and still be poor, still pray to St. Joseph, he rose slowly to his feet.

Almost immediately afterwards she followed him.

He walked directly to the altar, and his penny had jangled in the box before he became aware that there was only one candle left.

He looked back. The lady was waiting. The impulse came in a moment. He stood aside and left the candle where it was. Then he slowly turned away.

There are moments in life when playful Circumstance links hands with a light-hearted Fate, and the two combined execute as dainty an impromptu dance of events as would take the wit of a man some months of thought to rehearse.

Here you have a man, a woman, and a candle destined for the altar of St. Joseph, all flung together in an empty church by the playful hand of Circumstance, and out of so strange a medley comes a fairy story—the story of the City of Beautiful Nonsense—a dream or a reality—they are one and the same thing—a little piece of colour in the great patchwork which covers the souls still sleeping.

He knew, as he slowly turned away, that the matter did not end there. You must not only be a student of human nature in order to drive a pen. Circumstance must be anticipated as well. There may be nature in everything, but it is the playful hand of Circumstance which brings it to your eyes. So he slowly turned away — oh, but very slowly! with just so much show of action as was necessary to convey that he had no intention to remain.

But every sense in him was ready for the moment when her voice arrested him.

"You have not," said she, "taken the candle that you paid for." Her voice was low to a whisper.

He came round on his heel at once.

"No—it's the last. I didn't notice that when I dropped my penny in."

"But you ought to take it."

"I left it for you."

"But why should you?"

"It seemed possible that you might want to light it more than I did."

What did he mean by that? That she was poor, poorer than he? That the generosity of St. Joseph was of greater account to her? It was. It must be surely. No one could need more sorely the assistance of the powers of heaven than she did then.

But why should he know? Why should he think that? Had it been that poor charwoman—oh, yes. But—she looked at his serviceable blue serge suit, compared it instinctively with the luxury of her heavy fur coat—why should he think that of her?

"I don't see why I should accept your generosity," she whispered.

He smiled.

"I offer it to St. Joseph," said he.

She took up the candle.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he found your offering the more acceptable of the two."

He watched her light it; he watched her place it in an empty socket. He noticed her hands — delicate — white fingers that tapered to the dainty finger-nails.

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JOHN BIDDING FAREWELL TO JILL IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

What could it have been that she had been praying for?

"Well—I don't suppose St. Joseph is very particular," he said, with a humorous twist of the lip.

"Don't you? Poor St. Joseph."

She crossed herself and turned away from the altar.

"Now—I owe you a penny," she added.

She held out the coin, but he made no motion to take it.

"I'd rather not be robbed," said he, "of a fraction of my offer to St. Joseph. Would you mind very much if you continued to owe?"

"As you wish." She withdrew her hand. "Then, thank you very much. Good-night."

"Good-night."

He walked slowly after her down the church. It had been a delicate stringing of moments on a slender thread of incident—that was all. It had yielded nothing. She left him just as ignorant as before. He knew no better why she had been praying so earnestly to poor St. Joseph.

But then, when you know what a woman prays for, you know the deepest secret of her heart. And it is impossible to learn the deepest secret of a woman's heart in ten minutes; though you may more likely arrive at it then than in a lifetime.

* * *

The next meeting was by the round pond in Kensington Gardens; when John looked into the eyes of the lady of St. Joseph he knew that destiny had a hand in the matter, and that gave him boldness. They talked. What John had been thinking and wondering about her, she had been thinking and wondering about him. These clandestine meetings went on day by day, John telling his quaint little stories, making them up as he went along. He told of his father and mother, their romance; how and why they had to go to Venice, where they lived now; everything he idealised. He read some of his own short stories to her, while her little brother played by the round pond. The lady's name, John learnt, was Julie Dealtry; Jill, for short.

John cared nothing for money; sometimes he was without a penny to pay for his seat on the iron chair in the Gardens; on such a day Jill repaid the penny he had paid for her candle in the little chapel. Item by item, his cuff links, his cigarette case, tie pin, match box, watch and chain left John's possession "and were hidden in the seclusion of pledged retreat."

One morning Jill said she could not come any more. Girls of twenty-one have mothers; Ronald, the little brother, had blurted out the secret. There was a wide gulf between Fetter Lane and Prince of Wales' Terrace. Jill did not even know where John lived, for always he refused to say. Although Jill had said, "We mustn't meet again," they met again. With Jill, too, it was destiny, but they had not said a word about love.

John was given a box at the opera, and with Jill (plus Mrs. Crossthwaite as chaperon) they saw "La Bohème"; their friendship was sealed, their love realised. Their talks were now more than little thrills of make-belief, of pretty fancies, of beautiful nonsense. John declared his love, but would never ask Jill in marriage. It wouldn't be fair. They moved in different social worlds. This love-making was the most wonderful thing in Jill's life. She knew that. But now she had to tell John why she had been praying to St. Joseph. Her father's fortune was gone; Jill was to marry a husband of her parents' choosing. She would sacrifice herself for them, and for little Ronald, who was to go to Eton. During all this time John was never tired of telling Jill about his dear old father and mother in Venice—and Jill never tired of listening. John's ideals and fancies coloured his letters to the dear old people, who were made happy in the belief that he was going to marry the lady of his dreams. Jill goes to tea with John for the last time.

"Then you'll never know my people in Venice," said John, presently. He had suddenly remembered that there was nothing to tell the little old white-haired lady now. To all the thousand questions which she would whisper into

his ears, only evasive answers could be given her.

"I told my mother about you," he went on, slowly. "I told her how we met. I told her that you were praying to St. Joseph, and she's been wondering ever since—like me——" The emotion arose in his throat. "She's been wondering what you could have had to ask."

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John gives six[pence] to a ballad-monger. Afterwards he finds he has no money t[o pay] for his chair in the Gardens, and asks the man to give him a penny.

He came back to the armchair—the armchair in which he did his work—and quietly sat down. Then, as quietly, as naturally as if she had done it a thousand times before, Jill seated herself on the floor at his feet and his arm wound gently round her neck.

"Did your mother know we met again?" she asked, presently.

"Yes—I told her about the first time in Kensington Gardens. I haven't told her any more. I dared not."

"Dared not?" She looked up quickly.

"No. It's the hope of her life to see me happy—to see me married. They think I make more money than I do, because I won't take anything from them. They believe I'm in a position to marry and, in nearly every letter she writes, she makes some quaint sort of allusion to it. I believe already her mind is set on you. She's so awfully cute. She reads every single word between the lines, and sometimes sees more what has been in my mind when I wrote to her than I even did myself."

Jill's interest wakened. Suddenly this old lady, far away in Venice, began to live for her.

"What is she like?" she asked. "Describe her. You've never told me what she's like."

Diffidently John began. At first, it seemed wasting their last moments together to be talking of someone else; but, word by word, he became more interested, more absorbed. It was entering Jill into his life, making her a greater part of it than she would have been had she gone away knowing nothing more of him than these rooms in Fetter Lane. At last the little old white-haired lady, with those pathetically powerless hands of hers, was there, alive, in the room with them.

Jill looked up at him with such eyes as conceal their tears.

"She means a lot to you," she said, gently.

"Yes—she means a great deal."

"And yet, do you know, from your description of her, I seemed more to

gather how much you mean to her. She lives in you."

"I know she does."

"And your father? Thomas Grey—of the Port of Venice?" She tried to smile at the remembrance which that brought.

"Yes—he lives in me, too. They both of them do. He, for the work I shall do, carrying on where he left off; she, for the woman I shall love and the children I know she prays I may have before she dies. That is the essence of true fatherhood and true motherhood. They are perfectly content to die when they are once assured that their work and their love is going on living in their child."

She thought of it all. She tried in one grasp of her mind to hold all that that meant, but could only find herself wondering if the little old white-haired lady would be disappointed in her, would disapprove of the duty she was about to fulfil, if she knew.

After a long pause, she asked to be told where they lived; to be told all—everything about them; and in a mood of inspiration, John wove her a romance.

"Well, you've got to see Venice," he began, "you've got to see a city of slender towers and white domes, sleeping in the water like a mass of water lilies. You've got to see dark waterways, mysterious threads of shadows, binding all these flowers of stone together. You've got to hear the silence in which the whispers of lovers of a thousand years ago, and the cries of men betrayed, all breathe and echo in every hush. These are the only noises in Venice—these and the plash of the gondolier's oar or his call—'Ohé!' as he rounds a sudden corner. You've got to see it all in the night—at night, when the great white lily flowers are blackened in shadow, and the darkened waterways are lost in an impenetrable depth of gloom. You've got to hear the stealthy creeping of a gondola and the lapping of the water against the slimy stones as it hurries by. In every little burning light that flickers in a barred window up above, you must be able to see plotters at work, conspirators planning deeds of evil or a lover in his mistress's arms. You've got to see magic, mystery, tragedy, and romance, all compassed by grey stone and green water, to know the sort of place where my mother and father live, to know the place where I should have taken you, if—if things had been different."

"Should we have gone there together?" she said, in a breath.

"Yes—I've always sort of dreamed, when I've thought of the woman with God's good gift of understanding, I've always sort of dreamed of what we should do together there."

She looked up into his face. The picture of it all was there in his eyes. She saw it as well. She saw the vision of all she was losing, and, as you play with a memory that hurts, as a mother handles the tiny faded shoe of the baby she has lost, she wanted to see more of it.

"Should we have gone there together?" she whispered.

He smiled down at her—mock bravery—a smile that helped him to bear the pain.

"Yes—every year—as long as they lived and every year afterwards, if you wished. Every morning, we'd have got up early—you know those early mornings when the sun's white and all the shadows are sort of misty, and the water looks cleaner and fresher than at any other time because the dew has purged it. We'd have got up early and come downstairs and outside in the little Rio, the gondolier would be blowing on his fingers, waiting for us. The shadows can be cold those early mornings in Venice. Then we'd have gone to the Giudecca, where all the ships lie basking in the sun—all the ships that have come from Trieste, from Greece, from the mysterious East, up through the Adriatic, threading their way through the patchwork of islands, past Fort San Nicolo and Lido, till they reach the Giudecca Canal. They lie there in the sun in the early mornings like huge big water-spiders, and up from all the cabins you'll see a little curl of pale blue smoke where the sailors are cooking their breakfasts."

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JOHN AND JILL.

"And how early will that be?" asked Jill in a whisper.

"Oh—six o'clock, perhaps."

"Then I shall be awfully sleepy. I never wake up till eight o'clock, and even then it's not properly waking up."

"Well, then, you'll put your head on my shoulder and you'll go to sleep. It's a wonderful place to sleep in, is a gondola. We'll go away down towards Lido and you can go to sleep."

"But the gondolier?"

"Oh!" he laughed gently. "The hood's up—he stands behind the hood. He can't see. And if he can, what does it matter? He understands. A gondolier is not a London cabby. He plies that oar of his mechanically. He's probably dreaming, too, miles away from us. There are some places in the world where it is natural for a man to love a woman; where it isn't a spectacle, as it is here, exciting sordid curiosity—and Venice is one of them. Well, then, you'll go to sleep with your head on my shoulder. And when we're coming back again, I shall wake you up—how shall I wake you?"

He leant over her. Her eyes were in Venice already. Her head was on his shoulder. She was asleep. How should he wake her? He bent still lower, till his face touched hers.

"I shall kiss you," he whispered; "I shall kiss your eyes, and they'll open." And he kissed her eyes—and they closed.

"We'll go back to breakfast then," he went on, scarcely noticing how subtly the tense had changed since he had begun. "What do you think you'd like for breakfast?"

"Oh—anything. It doesn't matter much what one eats, does it?"

"Then we'll eat anything," he smiled; "whatever they give us. But we shall be hungry, you know. We shall be awfully hungry."

"Well," said Jill, under her breath, "I'm sure they'll give us enough. And what do we do then?"

"After breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Well, I finish just one moment before you do, and then I get up, pretending that I'm going to the window."

She looked up, surprised.

"Pretending? What for?"

"Because I want to get behind your chair."

"But why?"

"Because I want to get my arms round your neck, and kiss you again."

He showed her how. He showed her what he meant. She took a deep breath, and closed her eyes once more.

"When, without complaint, you take whatever is given you, that's the only grace for such a meal as that. Well, when we've said grace, then out we go again."

"In the gondola?"

"Yes, to the Palazzo Capello in the Rio Marin."

"That's where your people live?"

"Yes. Well, perhaps we take them out, or we go and sit in the garden. I expect father will want us to go and sit in the garden, and see the things he's planted, and mother of course'll consent, though she'll be longing to go out to the Piazza San Marco and look at the lace in the shops under the Arcade."

"Well, then, I'll go out with her," said Jill.

"If you go, I go," said John.

She laughed and forced him to a compromise. He would stay in the garden for half an hour; it need not be more.

"There might be things we wanted to buy in the shops," she said; "shops where you might not be allowed to come." So he could understand that it ought to be half an hour. But it must not be more.

"And then—what then?" she asked.

"Well, then, directly after lunch, we'd take a gondola once more, and set off for Murano."

"Directly after? Wouldn't it be cruel to leave them so soon? If we only go for a month every year, wouldn't it be cruel?"

This is where a man is selfish. This is where a woman is kind. It was natural enough, but he had not thought so much of them.

He consented that they should stay till tea-time was over—tea in those little wee cups without any handles, which the little old white-haired lady could just manage to grasp in her twisted hands, and, accordingly, loved so much because they did not jeer at her powerlessness, as did the many things which she had once been able to hold.

"You didn't want not to come out with me, did you?" he asked, when the tea-time picture had passed before their eyes.

"Not—not want? But you'd get tired, perhaps, if you saw too much of me alone?"

"Get tired?"

Threescore years and ten were the utmost that a man might hope for in this life. Get tired!

Well, then, tea was over at last. The light of a pearl was creeping into the sky. That was the most wonderful time of all to cross the Lagoon to Murano.

"Then it was much better we stayed to tea?" she whispered.

Much better, since the shadows were deepening under the arches, and he could take her head in his hands and kiss her as he kissed her then—without being seen. Oh, it was much better that they had stayed to tea.

Now they had started, past the Chiesa San Giacomo into the Grand Canal, down the broad waterway, past the Ca' d'Oro, which the Contarini built, to the narrow Rio di Felice; then out into the Sacca della Misericordia, and there, before them, the broad stretch of the silent Lagoon—a lake of opal water that never ended, but as silently became the sky, with no line of light or shade to mark the alchemy of change.

"And across this," said John, "with their hour-glasses spilling out the sand, come the gondolas with the dead, to the cemetery that lies in the water in the midst of the Lagoon. They churn up the water with the speed they go, and if you ask a gondolier why they go so fast, he will tell you it is because the dead cannot pay for that last journey of theirs. That is their humour in the city they call *La citta del riso sangue*. But we shall creep through the water.

We can pay—at least" —he thought of his two quarters' rent— "I suppose we can. We shall steer through the water like the shadow of a little cloud gliding across the sea. Oh!"—he pressed his hands to his eyes—"but it would be wonderful there with you! And at night, when the whole city is full of darkness—strange, silent, mysterious darkness—where every lighted taper that burns and every lamp that is lit seems to illuminate a deed of mystery, we would go out into the Grand Canal, when we had said good-night to those dear old people of mine, and we'd listen to them singing—and, oh, they sing so badly; but it sounds so wonderful there. At last, one by one, the lights would begin to flicker out. The windows that were alive and awake would close their eyes and hide in the mysterious darkness; a huge white lamp of a moon would glide up out of the breast of the Adriatic, and then—"

"Then?" she whispered.

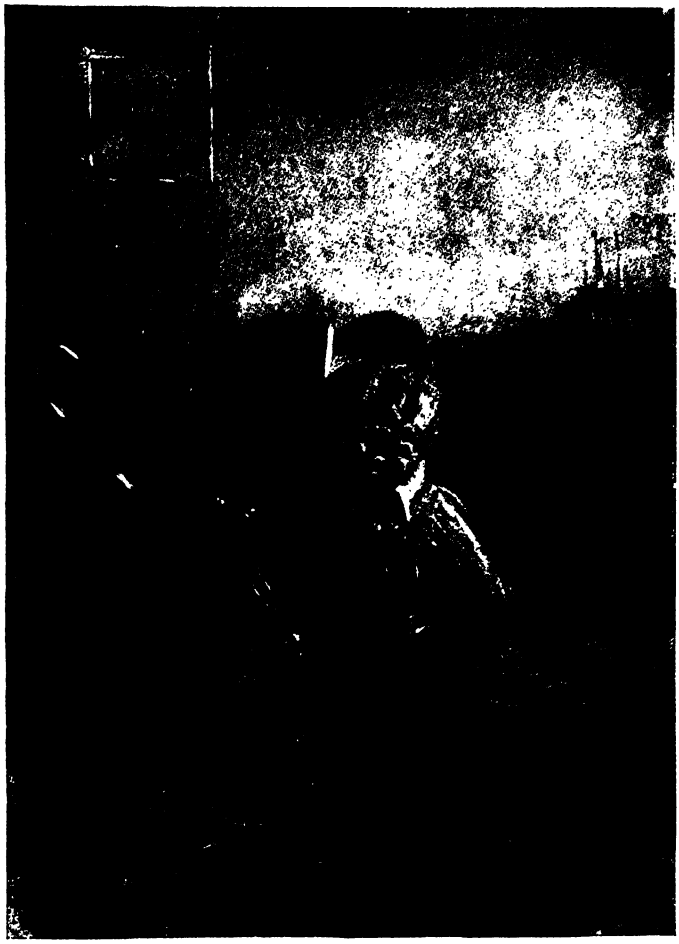
"Then we should turn back to the little room amongst all those other little rooms in the great darkness—the gondolier would row home, and I should be left alone with my arms tight round you, and my head resting on the gentlest place in the world."

He lifted his hands above his head; he laughed bitterly with the unreality of it all.

"What beautiful nonsense all this is," said he.

She looked up with the tears burning in her eyes. She looked up and her glance fell upon a picture that his father had painted and given him—a picture of the Rialto lifting with its white arches over the green water. She pointed to it. He followed with his eyes the white line of her finger.

"Then that," said Jill, and her voice quivered, "that's the City—the City of Beautiful Nonsense."



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HE SHOWED HER HOW.

John goes to Venice. The gentle, white-haired old lady, his mother, plies him with questions, and understands that it is because of the lady of St. Joseph he is unhappy. She decided they had

quarrelled. One day John went to the Shrine of St. Anthony in the Duomo, there he found Jill.

In amazement, John put out his hand. He touched her to see if she was real. Her hand answered. She caught a finger. Then she let it fall.

"Are you sorry?" she whispered.

He looked up at the image of St. Anthony, then back at her, around the church, then back once more at her.

"Where have you come from?" he asked.

"From home—from London."

"When?"

"I arrived last night."

"Alone?"

"No! No! With the Crossthwaites."

"Then what has happened?"

"Why—nothing has happened—and——" Her voice dropped below the whisper—that strange pitch in which you hear not a syllable, yet know the worst. "And everything has happened?"

"You're going to be married?"

It sounded no less terrible in his voice because he knew it.

"Yes."

"Then why have you come here?"

"The Crossthwaites were going. They asked me to come too. It was the only chance I knew I should ever have—our City of Beautiful Nonsense—I had to come."

Still John gazed at her as though she were unreal. One does not always believe one's own eyes, for there are some things in which the readiness to see will constitute the power of vision. He put out his hand again.

"I can hardly believe it," he said, slowly. "Here, just a minute ago, I was telling St. Anthony all I had lost. You—the best thing in my life—my ideal as well—even my sense of humour."

She looked up at his face wondering. There had been strange lost things for which she had prayed to St. Anthony—things to which only a woman can act as valuer. But to pray for a lost sense of humour! She touched the hand that he put out.

"You're very funny," she said, gently, "you're very quaint. Do you think you'll find the sense of humour again?"

"I've found it," said John.

"Already?"

"Yes—already." One eye lifted to St. Anthony.

Then he told her about the hawker and that rare, that valuable coin—the English penny—and in two minutes, they were laughing with their heads in their hands.

This is not a reverent thing to do in a church. The least that you can offer is to hide your face, or, turning quickly to the burial service in the Prayer Book—granted that you understand Latin—read that. Failing that of burial, the service of matrimony will do just as well.

But before the image of St. Anthony, to whom you have been praying for a lost gift of laughter well, you may be sure that St. Anthony will excuse it. After all, it is only a compliment to his powers; and the quality of saintliness, being nothing without its relation to humanity, must surely argue some little weakness somewhere. What better then than the pride that is pardonable?

At length, when she had answered all his questions, when he had answered all hers, they rose reluctantly to their feet.

"I must go back to them," she said, regretfully.

"But I shall see you again?"

"Oh, yes."

"Does Mrs. Crossthwaite know that you have seen me?"

"Yes. Her husband doesn't. He wouldn't understand."

John smiled.

"Men never do," said he. "They have too keen a sense of what is wrong for other people. When shall I see you?"

"This afternoon."

"Where?"

"Anywhere——" She paused.

"You were going to say something," said John, quickly; "what is it?"

She looked away. In the scheme of this world's anomalies there is such a thing as a duty to oneself. They have not thought it wise to write it in the catechism, for truly it is but capable

of so indefinite a rendering into language that it would be only dangerous to set it forth. For language, after all, is merely a sound-box, full of words, in the noisy rattling of which the finer expression of all thought is lost.

But a thousand times, Jill had thought of it—that duty. Its phrases form quite readily in the mind; they construct themselves with ease; the words flow merrily.

Why, she had asked herself, should she sacrifice her happiness to the welfare of those who had brought her into the world? What claim had they upon her, who had never questioned her as to a desire for existence?

All this is so simply said. Its justice is so palpably apparent. And if she had gained nothing herself by the transaction, it would have been so easy of following. But the mere knowledge that she stood to win the very heart of her desire, at the cost of some others' welfare, filled her with the apprehension that she was only inventing this duty of self for her own gratification, as a narcotic to the sleeplessness of her own conscience.

The education of the sex has so persistently driven out egotism from their natures that the woman who finds paramount the importance of herself has but a small place in this modern community.

Fast in her very blood, was bred in Jill that complete annihilation of selfishness, that absolute abandonment to Destiny. Strive as she might, she could not place her own desires before the needs of her father and mother; she could not see the first essential of happiness in that gain to herself which would crush the prospects of her brother Ronald.

To such women as these—and notwithstanding the advent of the tradeswoman into the sex, there are many—to be able to give all is their embarrassment of riches, to withhold nothing is their conception of wealth.

In the ideal which she had formed of John, Jill knew that he was possessed of more in himself than ever would be the bounty bequeathed to those three people dependent upon her generosity. And so she had given her consent of marriage to one whom she might have valued as a friend, whom, as a man, she respected in every way, but who—well, since brevity is invaluable—like poor St. Joseph, had a brown beard.

All this, in the pause that had followed John's question, had passed for the thousandth time through Jill's mind, bringing her inevitably once more to the realisation of her duty to others. And when he pressed her again, offering, not perhaps the penny for her thoughts, but an equivalent just as valuable as that most valuable of coins, the promise of his eyes, she shook her head.

"Ah, but you were going to say something!" he pleaded.

"I was going to ask you," said she, "if you would take me to see your people." She hesitated—"I—I want to have tea with them out of the little blue and white cups with no handles. I want to go and buy lace with the little old white-haired lady in the arcades."

He seized her hand so that she winced.

"You've not forgotten! You shall come this afternoon." And there, with a smile, she left him, still standing by the silent image of St. Anthony; and, gratitude being that part of prayer which belongs to the heart and has nothing in common with delay, John knelt down again. When Jill looked back over her shoulder, his head was buried in his hands.

The little old white-haired lady was waiting over the midday meal for him when he returned. His father had taken his food and gone out again, leaving her alone to keep John company. She was sitting patiently there at the head of the table, and by the side of her empty plate stood a small bottle containing white pills, over which she hurriedly laid her hand as he entered.

But clever as they are, in their cunning, childish ways, old people lose all the superior craft of deceit. They go back to childhood, when they imagine that once a thing is hidden, it is out of sight.

That is not at all the case. There comes a moment when it is too late to conceal; when curiosity will bring the hidden thing twice vividly before the eyes. Under the very nose of John was the best place for that secret bottle of pills, had she needed it not to be seen.

As it was, his eyes travelled more quickly than her hand. She made a gentle little effort to hide her concern as well. She smiled up at him, asking where he had been. But it would not do. The child is parent to the man, he is parent to the woman too—a stern parent, moreover, who will brook no simple trifling with his authority, who overlooks nothing, and whose judgments are the blind record of an implacable justice. John could not let that little deception pass. Instead of answering her question, instead of taking his place at the table, he came to her side and put one arm gently round her neck.

"What are you hiding, dearest?" he asked.

Like a child who is discovered in the act of nefarious negotiations with the good things of this world, she quietly took her hand away. There stood the innocent little bottle in all its nakedness. John stared at it questioningly— then at his mother.

"Is it something that you have to take, dearest?" he asked. "Aren't you well?"

"Yes, I'm quite well," she said, and she played nervously with the cork in the little bottle. It was a delicate subject. She began to wish that she had never embarked upon it at all. But faith brings with it a rare quality of courage, and so firmly did she believe, with the quaint simplicity of her heart, in the course she had determined to adopt, that the wish broke like a bubble on the moment.

"Well, what is in the bottle?" persisted John.

"Ignatia."

There was just the faintness of a whisper in her voice. She had not found full courage as yet. Even in their firmest beliefs, old people are pursued by the fear of being thought foolish. The new generation always frightens them; it knows so much more than they.

"Ignatia?" John repeated.

"Yes—I—I want you to take it."

She began uncorking the bottle.

"Me? What for? I'm all right. I'm not ill."

"No—but——" She paused.

"But what?"

"It'll do you good. Try it, to please me."

"But what for, dearest?"

"Have you never heard of Ignatia?" she asked.

John shook his head.

"It's a plant. It's a homœopathic medicine. It's a cure for all sorts of things. People take it when their nerves are bad, for worry, for insomnia. It's a cure for trouble when -when you're in love."

She said it so simply, in such fear that he would laugh; but when he looked down and found the hopefulness in her eyes, laughter was impossible. He caught it back, but his nostrils quivered.

"And do you want to cure me of being in love?" he asked, with a straightened face.

"I thought you'd be happier, my dear, if you could get over it."

"So you recommended Ignatia?"

"I've known it do wonders," she asserted. "Poor Claudina was very much in love with a worthless fellow Tina, one of the gondoliers—surely you remember him. He lived on the Giudecca."

John nodded, smiling.

"Well, she came to me one day, crying her heart out. She declared she was in love with the most worthless man in the whole of Venice. 'Get over it then, Claudina,' I said. But she assured me that it was impossible. He had only to put up his little finger, she said, and she had to go to his beckoning, if only to tell him how worthless she thought he was. Well, I prescribed Ignatia, and she was cured of it in a week. She laughs when she talks about him now."

John was forced to smile, but as quickly it died away.

"And is that what you want me to do?" he asked. "Do you want me to be able to laugh when I talk about the lady of St. Joseph? You'd be as sorry as I should, if I did. It would hurt you as much as it would me."

"Then you won't take it, John?" She looked up imploringly into his face.

"No—no charms or potions for me. Besides," he bent down close to her ear, "the lady of St. Joseph is in Venice. She's coming to see you this afternoon."

With a little cry of delight, she threw the bottle of Ignatia down upon the table and caught his face in her trembling hands.

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JOHN'S FATHER.

'Make as I have made mine."

And so Jill paid a tender visit to John's parents. She drank tea from the china of blue and white, and the little white-haired lady loved her, and Jill was equally glad to know the old people. But she fled back to London, the fairy dream unfulfilled. John followed her. Soon he received a letter telling him his father was seriously ill. His parents thought John was now married, for, to quiet the fretting, eager, old lady he had written to say he was going to be married. John and Jill met once more in Kensington Gardens before he returned to Venice, for his father was about to die. He trembled to break the news to the old people; they had sent him presents on his imaginary wedding-day. Back in Venice he wrote, in his distress, to tell Jill everything, and begged a line that he might repeat to his parents with a conscience made clear. Jill's reply from London was, "Meet me on Friday

morning on the Piazetta at twelve o'clock." And so the dear old white-haired lady welcomed Jill again, and the old man died happy.

"To-morrow," said Jill to John, "we tell her everything. I'm going to live with her as much of the year as you'll let me—all of it, if you will."

But the serving-woman, Claudina, found on the morrow that the white-haired old lady, too, had passed away happy.

At her accustomed hour of the morning, came Claudina into the little room. Feeling her way to the window, she threw open wide the jalousies. A flood of sunshine beat into the room and made all dazzling white. Claudina felt thankful for it. It was a new day. It was a wonderful day.

She turned to the bed. There was the still white head alone upon the pillow, the powerless hand just showing from beneath the coverlet still holding tightly its string of beads.

"*Buon giorno, signora,*" she said, trying to make the note of some cheerfulness in her voice.

But there was no reply.

Far away out in the wonderful city, she heard the cry of a gondolier. "Ohé!" —and in through the window there floated a butterfly of white, that had been beating its wings against the jalousies outside. Into the room it flew, dipping and dancing, swaying and lifting in the free air of the day just born.

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES

Jean de la Fontaine, born in 1621 at Chateau Thierry in Champagne, was poet and philosopher, as well as fabulist. Something of the charm of his writing may be gathered from the following translation of two of his fables.

THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO

THE peacock to the queen of heaven
Complained in some such words:
"Great goddess, you have given
To me, the laughingstock of birds,
A voice which fills, by taste quite just,
All nature with disgust;
Whereas that little paltry thing,
The nightingale, pours from her throat
So sweet and ravishing a note,
She bears alone the honors of the spring."

In anger Juno heard,
And cried, "Shame on you, jealous bird!
Grudge you the nightingale her voice,
Who in the rainbow neck rejoice,
Than costliest silks more richly tinted,
In charms of grace and form unstinted,
Who strut in kingly pride,
Your glorious tail spread wide
With brilliants which in sheen do
Outline the jeweller's bow window?

"Is there a bird beneath the blue
That has more charms than you?
No animal in everything can shine.
By just partition of our gifts divine,

Each has its full and proper share :
Among the birds that cleave the air,
The hawk's a swift, the eagle is a brave one,
For omens serves the hoarse old raven,
The rook's of coming ills the prophet ;
And if there's any discontent,
I've heard not of it.
Cease, then, your envious complaint ;
Or I, instead of making up your lack,
Will take your boasted plumage from your back."

THE DOG THAT DROPPED THE SUBSTANCE FOR THE SHADOW

This world is full of shadow chasers,
Most easily deceived.
Should I enumerate these racers,
I should not be believed.
I send them all to Æsop's dog,
Which, crossing water on a log,
Espied the meat he bore, below ;
To seize its image, let it go ;
Plunged in ; to reach the shore was glad,
With neither what he hoped, nor what he'd

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

CHARLES DARWIN

Darwin's "Origin of Species," first published in 1859, still remains the one book essential for the student of evolution. The evolution theory has certainly been confirmed by the progress of Science, and is almost unanimously accepted by competent judges to-day. There were evolutionists before Darwin, but Charles Darwin and his fellow worker, Alfred Russel Wallace, thought out a coherent theory of the factors ; a theory that fitted the facts so reasonably well that it soon won the conviction of a large body of naturalists. The essence of the Darwinian theory is in the two words, Variation and Selection : and Darwin stated it in a couple of sentences :—

As many more individuals of each species are born than can possibly survive, and as, consequently, there is a frequently recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it vary however slightly in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and sometimes varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be naturally selected. From the strong principle of inheritance any selected variety will tend to propagate its new and modified form.

Professor Arthur Thomson expands these sentences thus :

Proposition I. Variability is a fact of life. Offspring are usually somewhat different from their parents and from the other members of the family. Some of these variations make for success—success in getting food, in avoiding enemies, in securing mates, in giving the next generation a good start, and in other ways. Individuals that have varied in a profitable way will succeed better than those that have varied in the opposite direction, and better than those that have not varied at all.

Proposition II.—If the individuals that

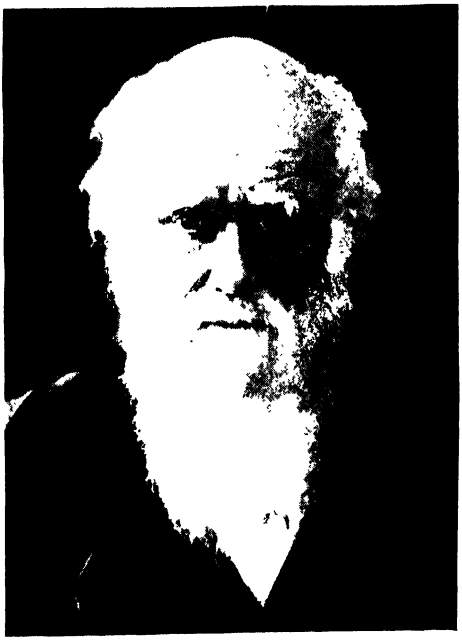


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

CHARLES DARWIN.

From the painting by the Hon. John Collier, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

have varied profitably get the reward of their superiority, and if the individuals that have varied unprofitably, or not at all, are handicapped by their inferiority, this will have an effect on the character of the stock, or race, or species, *provided* that the novel peculiarities are hereditarily entailed on successive generations. If the individuals with profitable peculiarities (let us say, *plus* variants) are consistently favoured, and if their virtues are consistently handed on, their type will come to be that of the race. Whereas those with unprofitable peculiarities or none at all (let us say, *minus* variants) will be weeded out and will gradually disappear.

Darwin's great book cannot be summarised in the short space available here. It must be sufficient to quote a few passages illustrating the processes of nature, and first we quote the following passage from his chapter on the "Struggle for Existence."

STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

BEFORE entering on the subject of this chapter, I must make a few preliminary remarks, to show how the struggle for existence bears on Natural Selection. It has been seen in the last chapter that amongst organic beings in a state of nature there is some individual variability: indeed I am not aware that this has ever been disputed. It is immaterial for us whether a multitude of doubtful forms be called species or sub-species or varieties; what rank, for instance, the two or three hundred doubtful forms of British plants are entitled to hold, if the existence of any well-marked varieties be admitted. But the mere existence of individual variability and of some few well-marked varieties, though necessary as the foundation for the work, helps us but little in understanding how species arise in nature. How have all those exquisite adaptations of one part of the organisation to another part, and to the conditions of life, and of one organic being to another being, been perfected? We see these beautiful co-adaptations most plainly in the woodpecker and the mistletoe; and only a little less plainly in the humblest parasite which clings to the hairs of a quadruped or feathers of a bird; in the structure of the beetle which dives through the water: in the plumed seed which is wafted by the gentlest breeze; in short, we see beautiful adaptations everywhere and in every part of the organic world.

Again, it may be asked, how is it that varieties which I have called incipient species, become ultimately converted into good and distinct species, which in most cases obviously differ from each other far more than do the varieties of the same species? How do those groups of species, which constitute what are called distinct genera, and which differ from each other more than do the species of the same genus, arise? All these results, as we shall more fully see in the next chapter, follow from the struggle for life. Owing to this struggle, variations, however slight and from whatever cause proceeding, if they be in any degree profitable to the individuals of a species, in their infinitely complex relations to other organic beings and to their physical conditions of life, will tend to the preservation of such individuals, and will generally be inherited by the offspring. The offspring, also, will thus have a better chance of surviving, for, of the

Photo: James's Press Agency.

YELLOW-CROWNED PENGUIN.

The penguin is an example of a flightless bird, have become flappers adapted for swimming.

many individuals of any species which are periodically born, but a small number can survive. I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term Natural Selection, in order to mark its relation to man's power of selection. But the expression often used by Mr. Herbert Spencer of the Survival of the Fittest is more accurate, and is sometimes equally convenient. . . .

Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult—at least I have found it so—than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet unless it be thoroughly engrained in the mind, the whole economy of nature, with every fact on distribution, rarity, abundance, extinction, and variation, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood. We behold the face of nature bright with gladness, we often see superabundance of food; we do not see or we forget, that the birds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life; or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey; we do not aways bear in mind, that, though food may be now superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of each recurring year.

The Nature of the Struggle.

I should premise that I use this term in a large and metaphorical sense including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny. Two canine animals, in a time of dearth, may be truly said to struggle with each other which shall get food and live. But a plant on the edge of a desert is said to struggle for life against the drought, though more properly it should be said to be dependent on the moisture. A plant which annually produces a thousand seeds, of which only one of an average comes to maturity, may be more truly said to struggle with the plants of the same and other kinds which already clothe the ground. The mistletoe is dependent on the apple and a few other trees, but can only in a far-fetched sense be said to struggle with these trees, for, if too many of these parasites grow on the same tree, it languishes and dies. But several seedling mistletoes, growing close together on the same branch, may more truly be said to struggle with each other. As the mistletoe is disseminated by birds, its existence depends on them; and it

may metaphorically be said to struggle with other fruit-bearing plants, in tempting the birds to devour and thus disseminate its seeds. In these several senses, which pass into each other, I use for convenience' sake the general term of Struggle for Existence.

A struggle for existence inevitably follows from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase. Every being, which during its natural lifetime produces several eggs or seeds, must suffer destruction during some period of its life, and during some season or occasional year, otherwise, on the principle of geometrical increase, its numbers would quickly become so inordinately great that no country could support the product. Hence, as more individuals are produced than can possibly survive, there must in every case be a struggle for existence, either one individual with another of the same species, or with the individuals of distinct species, or with the physical conditions of life. . . .

Increase and Destruction.

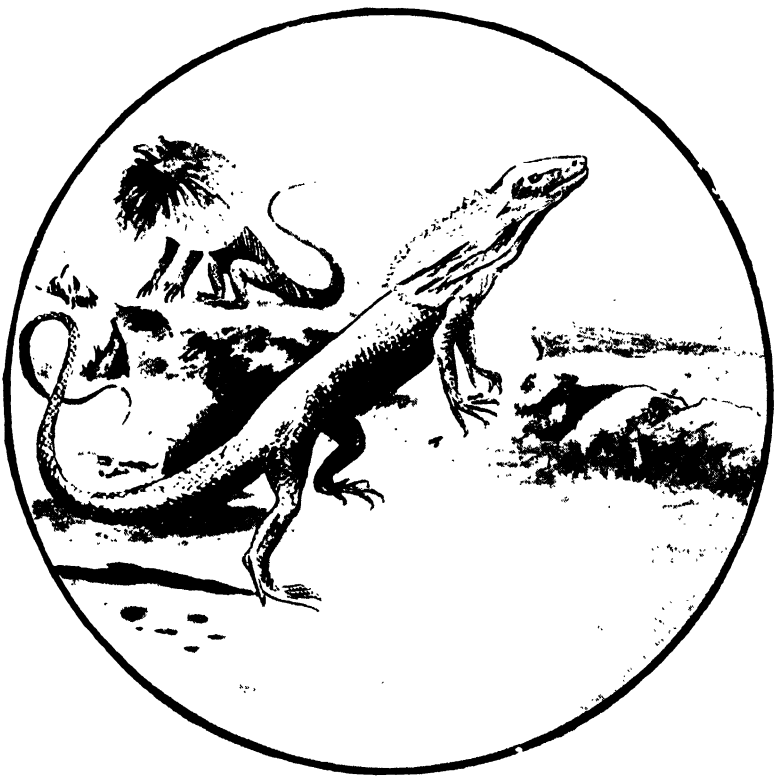
There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate, in less than a thousand years, there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny. Linnæus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase; it will be safest to assume that it begins breeding when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving till one hundred years old; if this be so, after a period of from 740 to 750 years there would be nearly nineteen million elephants alive, descended from the first pair. . . .

In a state of nature almost every full-grown plant annually produces seed, and amongst animals there are very few which do not annually pair. Hence we may confidently assert, that all plants and animals are tending to increase at a geometrical ratio,—that all would rapidly stock every station in which they could anyhow exist,—and that this geometrical tendency to increase must be checked by destruction at some period of life. Our familiarity with the larger domestic animals tends, I think, to mislead us: we see no great destruction falling on them, but we do not keep in mind that thousands are annually slaughtered for food, and that in a state of nature an equal number would have somehow to be disposed of.

The only difference between organisms which annually produce eggs or seeds by the thousand, and those which produce extremely few, is, that the slow-breeders would require a few more years to people, under favourable conditions, a whole district, let it be ever so large. The condor lays a couple of eggs and the ostrich a score, and yet in the same country the condor may be the more numerous of the two; the Fulmar petrel lays but one egg, yet it is believed to be the most numerous bird in the world. One fly deposits hundreds of eggs, and another, like the hippobosca, a single one; but this difference does not determine how many individuals of the two species can be supported in a district. A large number of eggs is of some importance to those species which depend on a fluctuating amount of food, for it allows them rapidly to increase in number. But the real importance of a large number of eggs or seeds is to make up for much destruction at some period of life; and this period in the great majority of cases is an early one. If an animal can in any way protect its own eggs or young, a small number may be produced, and yet the average stock be fully kept up; but if many eggs or young are destroyed, many must be produced, or the species will become extinct. It would suffice to keep up the full number of a tree, which lived on an average for a thousand years, if a single seed were

produced once in a thousand years, supposing that this seed were never destroyed, and could be ensured to germinate in a fitting place. So that, in all cases, the average number of any animal or plant depends only indirectly on the number of its eggs or seeds.

In looking at Nature, it is most necessary to keep the foregoing considerations always in mind—never to forget that every single organic being may be said to be striving to the utmost to increase in numbers; that each lives by a struggle at some period of its life; that heavy destruction inevitably falls either on the young or old, during each generation or at recurrent intervals. Lighten any check, mitigate the destruction ever so little, and the number of the species will almost instantaneously increase to any amount.



Evolution in progress.

THE AUSTRALIAN FRILLED LIZARD, WHICH IS AT PRESENT TRYING TO BECOME A BIPED.

When it gets up on its hind-legs and runs for a short distance folds its big collar round its neck.

The Checks to Increase.

The causes which check the natural tendency of each species to increase are most obscure. Look at the most vigorous species; by as much as it swarms in numbers, by so much will it tend to increase still further. We know not exactly what the checks are even in a single instance. Nor will this surprise any one who reflects how ignorant we are on this head, even in regard to mankind, although so incomparably better known than any other animal. This subject of the checks to increase has been ably treated by several authors, and I hope in a future work to discuss it at considerable length, more especially in regard to the feral animals of South America. Here I will make only a few remarks, just to recall to the reader's mind some of the chief points. Eggs or very young animals seem generally to suffer most, but this is not invariably the case. With plants there is a vast destruction of seeds, but, from some observations which I have made, it appears that the seedlings suffer most from germinating in ground already thickly stocked with other plants. Seedlings, also, are destroyed in vast numbers by various enemies; for instance, on a piece of ground three feet long and two wide, dug and cleared, and where there could

be no choking from other plants, I marked all the seedlings of our native weeds as they came up, and out of 357 no less than 295 were destroyed, chiefly by slugs and insects. If turf which has long been mown, and the case would be the same with turf closely browsed by quadrupeds, be let to grow, the more vigorous plants gradually kill the less vigorous, though fully grown plants; thus out of twenty species growing on a little plot of mown turf (three feet by four) nine species perished, from the other species being allowed to grow up freely.

The amount of food for each species of course gives the extreme limit to which each can increase; but very frequently it is not the obtaining food, but the serving as prey to other animals, which determines the average numbers of a species. Thus, there seems to be little doubt that the stock of partridges, grouse, and hares on any large estate depends chiefly on the destruction of vermin. If not one head of game were shot during the next twenty years in England, and, at the same time, if no vermin were destroyed, there would, in all probability, be less game than at present, although hundreds of thousands of game animals are now annually shot. On the other hand, in some cases, as with the elephant, none are destroyed by beasts of prey; for even the tiger in India most rarely dares to attack a young elephant protected by its dam.

* * *

Darwin proceeds to explain the part that climate plays, and the complex relations of all animals and plants to each other in the Struggle for Existence. He illustrates how cattle determine the existence of the Scotch fir, and how, in several parts of the world, insects determine the existence of cattle. "Battle within battle is continually recurring with varying success." He found from experiments that humble-bees are almost indispensable to the fertilisation of the heartsease (viola tricolor) for other bees do not visit this flower. Then he gives the following graphic picture:

Cats and Clover.

I have also found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilisation of some kinds of clover; for instance, twenty heads of Dutch clover (Trifolium repens) yielded 2,290 seeds, but twenty other heads protected from bees produced not one. Again, 100 heads of red clover (T. pratense) produced 2,700 seeds, but the same number of protected heads produced not a single seed. Humble-bees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. It has been suggested that moths may fertilise the clovers; but I doubt whether they could do so in the case of the red clover, from their weight not being sufficient to depress the wing petals. Hence we may infer as highly probable that, if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartseases and red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great measure upon the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Col. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that "more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England." Now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Col. Newman says, "Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice." Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district!

* * *

Here is another interesting passage illustrating how the seeds of plants are distributed.

Strange Facts.

Living birds can hardly fail to be highly effective agents in the transportation of seeds. I could give many facts showing how frequently birds of many kinds are blown by gales to vast distances across the ocean. We may safely assume that under such circumstances their rate of flight would often be thirty-five miles an hour; and some authors have given a

Photo : J. J. Ward.

A FLOWER-HEAD OF CLOVER, SHOWING HOW THE FLORETS TURN DOWN OUT OF THE WAY AFTER THEY ARE POLLINATED OR FERTILISED BY THE VISITING BEES.

The fourth flower-head shows only one floret left upstanding. In the last flower-head thay have all turned down. Of all the linkages in the web of life this inter-relation between flowers and their appropriate visitors is perhaps the most important.

far higher estimate. I have never seen an instance of nutritious seeds passing through the intestines of a bird ; but hard seeds of fruit pass uninjured through even the digestive organs of a turkey. In the course of two months, I picked up in my garden twelve kinds of seeds, out of the excrement of small birds, and these seemed perfect, and some of them, which were tried, germinated. But the following fact is more important : the crops of birds do not secrete gastric juice, and do not, as I know by trial, injure in the least the germination of seeds ; now, after a bird has found and devoured a large supply of food, it is positively asserted that all the grains do not pass into the gizzard for twelve or even eighteen hours. A bird in this interval might easily be blown to the distance of 500 miles, and hawks are known to look out for tired birds, and the contents of their torn crops might thus readily get scattered. Some hawks and owls bolt their prey whole, and, after an interval of from twelve to twenty hours, disgorge pellets, which, as I know from experiments made in the Zoological Gardens, include seeds capable of germination. Some seeds of the oat, wheat, millet, canary, hemp, clover, and beet germinated after having been from twelve to twenty-one hours in the stomachs of different birds of prey ; and two seeds of beet grew after having been thus retained for two days and fourteen hours. Fresh-water fish, I find, eat seeds of many land and water plants ; fish are frequently devoured by birds, and thus the seeds might be transported from place to place. I forced many kinds of seeds into the stomachs of dead fish, and then gave their bodies to fishing-eagles, storks, and pelicans ; these birds, after an interval of many hours, either rejected the seeds in pellets or passed them in their excrement ; and several of these seeds retained the power of germination. Certain seeds, however, were always killed by this process. . . .

Although the beaks and feet of birds are generally clean, earth sometimes adheres to them : in one case I removed sixty-one grains, and in another case twenty-two grains, of dry argillaceous earth from the foot of a partridge, and

in the earth there was a pebble as large as the seed of a vetch. Here is a better case: the leg of a woodcock was sent to me by a friend, with a little cake of dry earth attached to the shank, weighing only nine grains; and this contained a seed of the toad-rush (Juncus bufonius) which germinated and flowered. Mr. Swaysland, of Brighton, who during the last forty years has paid close attention to our migratory birds, informs me that he has often shot wagtails (Motacillæ), wheatears, and whinchats (Saxicolæ), on their first arrival on our shores, before they had alighted; and he has several times noticed little cakes of earth attached to their feet. Many facts could be given showing how generally soil is charged with seeds. For instance, Prof. Newton sent me the leg of a red-legged partridge (Caccabis rufa) which had been wounded and could not fly, with a ball of hard earth adhering to it, and weighing six and a half ounces. The earth had been kept for three years, but when broken, watered and placed under a bell-glass, no less than eighty-two plants sprung from it: these consisted of twelve monocotyledons, including the common oat, and at least one kind of grass, and of seventy dicotyledons, which consisted, judging from the young leaves, of at least three distinct species. With such facts before us, can we doubt that the many birds which are annually blown by gales across great spaces of ocean, and which annually migrate—for instance, the millions of quails across the Mediterranean—must occasionally transport a few seeds embedded in dirt adhering to their feet or beaks? But I shall have to recur to this subject.

* * *

The three great problems before the evolutionist Professor Arthur Thomson says are: — (1) What is the origin of the new? (2) What are the laws of inheritance? (3) What are the sifting methods that operate on the raw materials provided, and determine survival? In other words: What are the originative factors, what are the laws of entail, and what are the directive or sifting factors? Evolution depends on new departures, peculiarities, divergences, freaks, sports, a little more of this, a little less of that—in short, organic or constitutional changes. These are technically called variations and mutations.

These things Darwin illustrates with a wealth of detail, and it may be said the fountain of change has been found to be even more copious than Darwin supposed. Darwin had no theory of the origin of variations, and we must join with him in saying, "our ignorance of the laws of variation is profound." A great impetus to the study of heredity was given by Mendel whose theories have revolutionised the whole subject.

On the subject of Extinction, Darwin writes: –

Extinction of Species.

We have as yet only spoken incidentally of the disappearance of species and of groups of species. On the theory of natural selection, the extinction of old forms and the production of new and improved forms are intimately connected together. The old notion of all the inhabitants of the earth having been swept away by catastrophes at successive periods is very generally given up, even by those geologists, as Élie de Beaumont, Murchison, Barrande, etc., whose general views would naturally lead them to this conclusion. On the contrary, we have every reason to believe, from the study of the tertiary formations, that species and groups of species gradually disappear, one after another, first from one spot, then from another, and finally from the world. In some few cases, however, as by the breaking of an isthmus and the consequent irruption of a multitude of new inhabitants into an adjoining sea, or by the final subsidence of an island, the process of extinction may have been rapid. Both single species and whole groups of species last for very unequal periods; some groups, as we have seen, have endured from the earliest known dawn of life to the present day; some have disappeared before the close of the palæozoic period. No fixed law seems to determine the length of time during which any single species or any single genus endures. There is reason to believe that the extinction of a whole group of

Photo: Royal Scottish Museum

GREAT AUK (WITH EGG).

Example of a bird that became flightless and finally became extinct about the middle of last century.

species is generally a slower process than their production: if their appearance and disappearance be represented, as before, by a vertical line of varying thickness the line is found to taper more gradually at its upper end, which marks the progress of extermination, than at its lower end, which marks the first appearance and the early increase in number of the species. In some cases, however, the extermination of whole groups, as of ammonites, towards the close of the secondary period, has been wonderfully sudden.

The extinction of species has been involved in the most gratuitous mystery. Some authors have even supposed that, as the individual has a definite length of life, so have species a definite duration.

No one can have marvelled more than I have done at the extinction of species. When I found in La Plata the tooth of a horse embedded with the remains of Mastodon, Megatherium, Toxodon, and other extinct monsters, which all coexisted with still living shells at a very late geological period, I was filled with astonishment; for, seeing that the horse, since its introduction by the Spaniards into South America, has run wild over the whole country and has increased in numbers at an unparalleled rate, I asked myself what could so recently have exterminated the former horse under conditions of life apparently so favourable. But my astonishment was groundless. Professor Owen soon perceived that the tooth, though so like that of the existing horse, belonged to an extinct species. Had this horse been still living, but in some degree rare, no naturalist would have felt the least surprise at its rarity; for rarity is the attribute of a vast number of species of all classes, in all countries. If we ask ourselves why this or that species is rare, we answer that something is unfavourable in its conditions of life; but what that something is we can hardly ever tell. On the supposition of the fossil horse still existing as a rare species, we might have felt certain, from the analogy of all other mammals, even of the slow-breeding elephant, and from the history of the naturalisation of the domestic horse in South America, that under more favourable conditions it would in a very few years have stocked the whole continent. But we could not have told what the unfavourable conditions were which checked its increase, whether some one or several contingencies, and at what period of the horse's life, and in what degree they severally acted. If the conditions had gone on, however slowly, becoming less and less favourable, we assuredly should not have perceived the fact, yet the fossil horse would certainly have become rarer and rarer, and finally

extinct; its place being seized on by some more successful competitor.

It is most difficult always to remember that the increase of every creature is constantly being checked by unperceived hostile agencies; and that these same unperceived agencies are amply sufficient to cause rarity, and finally extinction. So little is this subject understood, that I have heard surprise repeatedly expressed at such great monsters as the Mastodon and the more ancient Dinosaurians having become extinct; as if merely bodily strength gave victory in the battle of life. Mere size, on the contrary, would in some cases determine, as has been remarked by Owen, quicker extermination from the greater amount of requisite food. Before man inhabited India or Africa, some cause must have checked the continued increase of the existing elephant. A highly capable judge, Dr. Falconer, believes that it is chiefly insects which, from incessantly harassing and weakening the elephant in India, check its increase; and this was Bruce's conclusion with respect to the African elephant in Abyssinia. It is certain that insects and blood-sucking bats determine the existence of the larger naturalized quadrupeds in several parts of South America. . . .

Natural Selection.

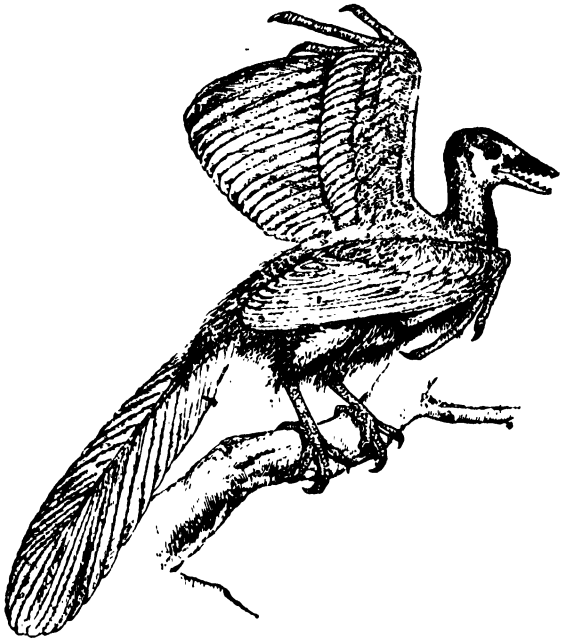
The theory of natural selection is grounded on the belief that each new variety and ultimately each new species, is produced and maintained by having some advantage over those with which it comes into competition; and the consequent extinction of the less-favoured forms almost inevitably follows. It is the same with our domestic productions; when a new and slightly improved variety has been raised, it at first supplants the less improved varieties in the same neighbourhood; when much improved it is transported far and near, like our short-horn cattle, and takes the place of other breeds in other countries. Thus the appearance of new forms and the disappearance of old forms, both those naturally and those artificially produced, are bound together. In flourishing groups, the number of new specific forms which have been produced within a given time has at some periods probably been greater than the number of the old specific forms which have been exterminated; but we know that species have not gone on indefinitely increasing, at least during the later geological epochs, so that, looking at later times, we may believe that the production of new forms has caused the extinction of about the same number of old forms.

The competition will generally be most severe, as formerly explained and illustrated by examples, between the forms which are most like each other in all respects. Hence the improved and modified descendants of a species will generally cause the extermination of the parent-species; and if many new forms have been developed from any one species, the nearest allies of that species, *i.e.*, the species of the same genus, will be the most liable to extermination. Thus, as I believe, a number of new species descended from one species, that is a new genus, comes to supplant an old genus, belonging to the same family. But it must often have happened that a new species belonging to some one group has seized on the place occupied by a species belonging to a distinct group, and thus have caused its extermination. If many allied forms be developed from the successful intruder, many will have to yield their places; and it will generally be the allied forms, which will suffer from some inherited inferiority in common. . . .

Thus, as it seems to me, the manner in which single species and whole groups of species become extinct accords well with the theory of natural selection. We need not marvel at extinction; if we must marvel, let it be at our own presumption in imagining for a moment that we understand the many complex contingencies on which the existence of each species depends. If we forget for an instant that each species tends to increase inordinately, and that some check is always in action, yet seldom perceived by us, the whole economy of Nature will be utterly obscured.

* * *

Proceeding, Darwin explains the affinities of extinct species to each other, and to



THE ARCHEOPTERYX.
(*After William Locke of Stockholm.*)

Darwin believed that all animals are descended fr
some one prototype. The interval between birds a
reptiles has been shown to be partially bridged ov
by the extinct Archæopteryx. The i
what this oldest known bird was like It
the size of a crow; it had teeth on b
claws on the thumb and two fingers; and it l
lizard-like tail. But it had feathers, provir
true bird.

living forms. "Even the wide interval between birds and reptiles has been shown to be partially bridged over in the most unexpected manner; on the one hand by the ostrich and extinct Archeopteryx (the oldest known bird), and on the other hand by the Compsognathus, one of the Dinosaurians, that group which includes the most gigantic of all terrestrial reptiles." Thus, if we "look at the mutual affinities of extinct and living species, they all fall into a few grand classes; and this fact is at once explained on the principle of descent. The more ancient any form is, the more, as a general rule, it differs from living forms."

Theory of Descent.

I cannot doubt that the theory of descent with modification embraces all the members of the same great class or kingdom. I believe that animals are descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number.

Analogy would lead me one step farther, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants are descended from some one prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide. Nevertheless all living things have much in common, in their chemical composition, their cellular structure, their laws of growth, and their liability to injurious influences. We see this even in so trifling a fact as that the same poison often similarly affects plants and animals; or that the poison secreted by the gall-fly produces monstrous growths on the wild rose or oak-tree. With all organic beings, excepting perhaps some of the very lowest, sexual reproduction seems to be essentially similar. With all, as far as is at present known, the germinal vesicle is the same; so that all organisms start from a common origin. If we look even to the two main divisions — namely, to the animal and vegetable kingdoms — certain low forms are so far intermediate in character that naturalists have disputed to which kingdom they should be referred. As Professor Asa Gray has remarked, "the spores and other reproductive bodies of many of the lower algæ may claim to have first a characteristically animal, and then an unequivocally vegetable existence." Therefore, on the principle of natural selection with divergence of character it does not seem incredible that, from some such low and intermediate form, both animals and plants may have been developed; and, if we admit this, we must likewise admit that all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth may be descended from some one primordial form. But this inference is chiefly grounded on analogy, and it is immaterial whether or not it be accepted. . . .

From one Parent.

When we can feel assured that all the individuals of the same species, and all the closely allied species of most genera,

have within a not very remote period descended from one parent, and have migrated from some one birth-place; and when we better know the many means of migration, then, by the light which geology now throws, and will continue to throw, on former changes of climate and of the level of the land, we shall surely be enabled to trace in an admirable manner the former migrations of the inhabitants of the whole world. Even at present, by comparing the differences between the inhabitants of the sea on the opposite sides of a continent, and the nature of the various inhabitants on that continent in relation to their apparent means of immigration, some light can be thrown on ancient geography.

The noble science of Geology loses glory from the extreme imperfection of the record. The crust of the earth with its imbedded remains must not be looked at as a well-filled museum, but as a poor collection made at hazard and at rare intervals. The accumulation of each great fossiliferous formation will be recognised as having depended on an unusual concurrence of favourable circumstances, and the blank intervals between the successive stages as having been of vast duration. But we shall be able to gauge with some security the duration of these intervals by a comparison of the preceding and succeeding organic forms. We must be cautious in attempting to correlate as strictly contemporaneous two formations, which do not include many identical species, by the general succession of the forms of life. As species are produced and exterminated by slowly acting and still existing causes, and not by miraculous acts of creation; and as the most important of all causes of organic change is one which is almost independent of altered and perhaps suddenly altered physical conditions, namely, the mutual relation of organism to organism—the improvement of one organism entailing the improvement or the extermination of others; it follows, that the amount of organic change in the fossils of consecutive formations probably serves as a fair measure of the relative, though not actual lapse of time. A number of species, however, keeping in a body might remain for a long period unchanged, whilst within the same period, several of these species by migrating into new countries and coming into competition with foreign associates, might become modified; so that we must not overrate the accuracy of organic change as a measure of time.

In the future I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be securely based on the foundation already well laid by Mr. Herbert Spencer, that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation. Much light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history.

Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. When I view all beings not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled. Judging from the past, we may safely infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity. And of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped, shows that the greater number of species in each genus, and all the species in many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far take a prophetic glance into futurity as to foretell that it will be the common and widely-spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups within each class, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species. As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Cambrian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been

broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of great length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction; Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; Variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse: a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the Extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of Nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved.

POEMS: ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Tennyson is represented in an earlier part of this work (page 44, Vol. I.) by his greatest poem, "In Memoriam." He was born in 1809, at his father's rectory, at Somersby, in Lincolnshire. He became Poet Laureate at the death of Wordsworth, and he died October 6th, 1892. In range, Tennyson, as a poet, had no rival, and more than any poet he had the power of appealing to the human heart.

"The Lady of Shalott" was written when he was at the summit of his power—a summit on which he was to remain till he was nearly eighty—verse more vivid never was written. In the "Idylls of the King" Tennyson takes for his subject matter the legendary stories of the Knights of the Round Table (see page 401 and 412, Vol. III.), including the great love of the Fair Maid of Astolat for Lancelot. In the following poem this story is somewhat the same--

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:

And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To wave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
All her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer ;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot :
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, " She has a lovely face ;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

* * *

Among Tennyson's simpler and lighter work " The Brook " is a good example ; the poet's extreme skill in using words is like the magic of a conjuror. Edmund, of the poem, who had gone to Italy, and himself a maker of verse, loved the brook of his native land,

" ' O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
' Whence come you ? ' and the brook, why not ? replies.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I skip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

THE KINGFISHER

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

Photo: Elliott & Fry, Ltd.
W. H. DAVIES.

[*By permission of the Author and Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd.*]

W. H. Davies was born in Wales in 1870. *After completing an apprenticeship at picture-frame making, he left England and spent six years as a tramp in America, and making trips with cattle to England. He returned finally to England on a cattle boat and lived in common lodging houses in London. During the next eight years he made several walking tours, peddling laces, pins and needles, and sometimes singing hymns in the street. He became a poet at the age of thirty-four. Among his works are "The Soul's Destroyer," "Songs of Joy," and "The Bird of Paradise." He has also written several volumes of prose, including "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." "The Kingfisher" given below is from his "Collected Poems."*

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
  And left thee all her lovely hues;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
  So runs it in thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,
  Live with proud Peacocks in green parks
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
  Let every feather show its marks;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain;
  Thou hast no proud ambitious mind;
I also love a quiet place
  That's green, away from all mankind;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

PETER SIMPLE

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

From the painting by J. Simpson, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Captain Marryat died in 1848; his three best known books—"Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy," and "Masterman Ready"—are still read by a wide circle of readers. As a youth Marryat was an intractable lad, a trouble to schoolmasters and parents. The following anecdote is told about him. "It is said that on one occasion he was found to be engaged in the pursuit of knowledge while standing on his head, and that he accounted for the circumstance with a humorous philosophy almost worthy of Jack Easy: 'Well! I've been trying for three hours to learn it on my feet, but I couldn't, so I thought I would try whether it would be easier to learn it on my head.' He was constantly running away to sea, and finally entered the Navy at fourteen years of age.

Marryat excels in graphic descriptions of varied scenes and exciting experiences, all of which he gives with dramatic effect. "Both as midshipman and lieutenant, he evinced the cool, daring and manly independence that characterises his novels, with a dash, perhaps, of Jack Easy's philosophy."

"Peter Simple" is one of his best novels and is largely drawn from his own experiences; it is rich in character and incident, with a rare atmosphere that is all Marryat's own. Peter Simple, in particular, is a fine and original character. With his friend O'Brien he was taken prisoner by the French. The following characteristic chapter tells how the two adventurers took French leave of their captors.

IF I doubted the practicability of escape when I examined the exterior, when we were ushered into the interior of the fortress, I felt that it was impossible, and I stated my opinion to O'Brien. We were conducted into a yard surrounded by a high wall; the buildings appropriated for the prisoners were built with *lean-to* roofs on one side, and at each side of the square was a sentry looking down upon us. It was very much like the dens which they now build for bears, only so much larger. O'Brien answered me with a "Pish! Peter, it's the very security of the place which will enable us to get out of it. But don't talk, as there are always spies about who understand English."

We were shown into a room allotted to six of us; our baggage was examined, and then delivered over to us. "Better and better, Peter," observed O'Brien, "they've not found it out!"

"What?" inquired I.

"Oh, only a little selection of articles, which might be useful to us by-and-by."

He then showed me what I never before was aware of: that he had a false bottom to his trunk; but it was papered over like the rest, and very ingeniously concealed. "And what is there, O'Brien?" inquired I.

"Never mind; I had them made at Montpelier. You'll see by-and-by."

The others, who were lodged in the same room, then came in, and after staying a quarter of an hour, went away at the sound of the dinner-bell. "Now, Peter," said O'Brien, "I must get rid of my load. Turn the key."

O'Brien then undressed himself, and when he threw off his shirt and drawers, showed me a rope of silk, with a knot at every two feet, about half-an-inch in size, wound round and round his body. There were about sixty feet of it altogether. As I unwound it, he, turning round and round, observed, "Peter, I've worn this rope ever since I left Montpelier, and you've no idea of the pain I have suffered; but we must go to England, that's decided upon."

When I looked at O'Brien, as the rope was wound off, I could easily imagine that he had really been in great pain; in several places his flesh was quite raw from the continual friction, and after it was all unwound, and he had put on his clothes, he fainted away. I was very much alarmed, but I recollected to put the rope into the trunk, and take out the key, before I called for assistance. He soon came to, and on being asked what was the matter, said that he was subject to fits from his infancy. He looked earnestly at me, and I showed him the key, which was sufficient.

For some days O'Brien, who really was not very well, kept to his room. During this time, he often examined the map given him by the gendarme. One day he said to me, "Peter, can you swim?"

"No," replied I; "but never mind that."

"But I must mind it, Peter; for observe, we shall have to cross the river Meuse, and boats are not always to be had. You observe, that this fortress is washed by the river on one side: and as it is the strongest side, it is the least guarded—we must escape by it. I can see my way clear enough till we get to the second rampart on the river, but when we drop into the river, if you cannot swim, I must contrive to hold you up, somehow or another."

"Are you then determined to escape, O'Brien? I cannot perceive how we are even to get up this wall, with four sentries staring us in the face."

"Never do you mind that, Peter, mind your own business; and first tell me, do you intend to try your luck with me?"

"Yes," replied I, "most certainly; if you have sufficient confidence in me to take me as your companion."

"To tell you the truth, Peter, I would not give a farthing to escape without you. We were taken together, and, please God, we'll take ourselves off together; but that must not be for this month; our greatest help will be the dark nights and foul weather."

The prison was by all accounts very different from Verdun and some others. We had no parole, and but little communication with the townspeople. Some were permitted to come in and supply us with various articles; but their baskets were searched to see that they contained nothing that might lead to an escape on the part of the prisoners. Without the precautions that O'Brien had taken, any attempt would have been useless. Still, O'Brien, as soon as he left his room, did obtain several little articles — especially balls of twine—for one of the amusements of the prisoners was flying kites. This however, was put a stop to, in consequence of one of the strings, whether purposely or not, I cannot say, catching the lock of the musket carried by one of the sentries who looked down upon us, and twitching it out of his hand; after which an order was given by the commandant for no kites to be permitted. This was fortunate for us, as O'Brien, by degrees, purchased all the twine belonging to the other prisoners; and, as we were more than three hundred in number, it amounted to sufficient to enable him, by stealth, to lay it up into very strong cord, or rather, into a sort of square plait, known only to sailors. "Now, Peter," said he one day, "I want nothing more than an umbrella for you."

"Why an umbrella for me?"

"To keep you from being drowned with too much water, that's all."

"Rain won't drown me."

"No, no, Peter; but buy a new one as soon as you can."

I did so. O'Brien boiled up a quantity of bees' wax and oil, and gave it several coats of this preparation. He then put it carefully away in the ticking of his bed. I asked him whether he intended to make known his plan to any of the other prisoners; he replied in the negative, saying, that there were so many of them who could not be trusted, that he would trust no one. We had been now about two months in Givet, when a Steel's List was sent to a lieutenant, who was confined there. The lieutenant came up to O'Brien, and asked him his Christian name. "Terence, to be sure," replied O'Brien.

"Then," answered the lieutenant, "I may congratulate you on your promotion, for here you are upon the list of August."

"Sure there must be some trifling mistake; let me look at it. Terence O'Brien, sure enough; but now the question is, has any other fellow robbed me of my name and promotion at the same time? Bother, what can it mane? I won't belave it—not a word of it. I've no more interest than a dog who drags cats'-meat."

"Really, O'Brien," observed I, "I cannot see why you should not be made; I am sure you deserve your promotion for your conduct when you were taken prisoner."

"And what did I do then, you simple Peter, but put you on my back as the men do their hammocks when they are piped down; but, barring all claim, how could any one know what took place in the battery, except you, and I, and the armourer, who lay dead? So explain that, Peter, if you can."

"I think I can," replied I, after the lieutenant had left us. And I then told O'Brien how I had written to Captain Savage, and had had the fact attested by the major who had made us prisoners.

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On the third day after his entrance into the Navy Peter finds himself involved in his first duel. He is encouraged by his second and told not to be frightened.

"Well, Peter," said O'Brien, after a pause, "there's a fable about a lion and a mouse. If, by your means, I have obtained my promotion, why then the mouse is a finer baste than the lion; but instead of being happy, I shall now be miserable until the truth is ascertained one way or the other, and that's another reason why I must set off to England as fast as I can."

For a few days after this O'Brien was very uneasy; but fortunately letters arrived by that time; one to me from my father, in which he requested me to draw for whatever money I might require, saying that the whole family would retrench in every way to give me all the comfort which might be obtained in my unfortunate situation. I wept at his kindness, and more than ever longed to throw myself in his arms, and thank him. He also told me that my uncle William was dead, and that there was only one between him and the title, but that my grandfather was in good health, and had been very kind to him lately. My mother was much afflicted at my having been made a prisoner, and requested I would write as often as I could. O'Brien's letter was from Captain Savage; the frigate had been sent home with despatches, and O'Brien's conduct represented to the Admiralty, which had, in consequence, promoted him to the rank of lieutenant. O'Brien came to me with the letter, his countenance radiant with joy as he put it into my hands. In return I put mine into his, and he read it over.

"Peter, my boy, I'm under great obligations to you. When you were wounded and feverish, you thought of me at a time when you had quite enough to think of yourself; but I never thank in words. I see your uncle William is dead. How many more uncles have you?"

"My uncle John, who is married, and has already two daughters."

"Blessings on him; may he stick to the female line of business! Peter, my boy, you shall be a lord before you die."

"Nonsense, O'Brien; I have no chance. Don't put such foolish ideas in my head."

"What chance had I of being a lieutenant, and am I not one? Well, Peter, you've helped to make a lieutenant of me, but I'll make a *man* of you, and that's better. Peter, I perceive, with all your simplicity, that you're not over and above simple, and that, with all your asking for advice, you can think and act for yourself on an emergency. Now, Peter, these are talents that must not be thrown away in this cursed hole, and therefore, my boy, prepare yourself to quit this place in a week, wind and weather permitting; that is to say, not fair wind and weather, but the fouler the better. Will you be ready at any hour of any night that I call you up?"

"Yes, O'Brien, I will, and do my best."

"No man can do much more that ever I heard of. But, Peter, do me one favour, as I am really a lieutenant, just touch your hat to me only once, that's all; but I wish the compliment, just to see how it looks."

"Lieutenant O'Brien," said I, touching my hat, "have you any further orders?"

"Yes, sir," replied he; "that you never presume to touch your hat to me again, unless we sail together, and then that's a different sort of thing."

About a week afterwards, O'Brien came to me, and said, "The new moon's quartered in with foul weather; if it holds, prepare for a start. I have put what is necessary in your little haversack; it may be to-night. Go to bed now, and sleep for a week if you can, for you'll get but little sleep, if we succeed, for the week to come."

This was about eight o'clock. I went to bed, and about twelve I was roused by O'Brien, who told me to dress myself carefully, and come down to him in the yard. I did so without disturbing any body, and found the night as dark as pitch (it was then November), and raining in torrents; the wind was high, howling round the yard, and sweeping the rain in every direction as it eddied to and fro. It was some time before I could find O'Brien, who was hard at work; and, as I had already been made acquainted with all his plans, I will now explain them.

At Montpelier he had procured six large pieces of iron, about eighteen inches long, with a gimlet at one end of

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Peter is sneered at by his messmate because he "reads the Bible," upon which Peter "knocks him down for his trouble."

each, and a square at the other, which fitted to a handle which unshipped. For precaution he had a spare handle, but each handle fitted to all the irons. O'Brien had screwed one of these pieces of iron between the interstices of the stones of which the wall was built, and sitting astride on that, was fixing another about three feet above. When he had accomplished this, he stood upon the lower iron, and supporting himself by the second, which about met his hip, he screwed in a third, always fixing them about six inches on one side of the other, and not one above the other.

When he had screwed in his six irons, he was about half up the wall, and then he fastened his rope, which he had carried round his neck, to the upper iron, and lowering himself down, unscrewed the four lower irons: then ascending by the rope, he stood upon the fifth iron, and supporting himself by the upper iron, recommenced his task. By these means he arrived in the course of an hour and a half to the top of the wall, where he fixed his last iron, and making his rope fast, he came down again.

"Now, Peter," said he, "there is no fear of the sentries seeing us; if they had the eyes of cats, they could not until we were on the top of the wall; but then we arrive at the glacis, and we must creep to the ramparts on our bellies. I am going up with all the materials. Give me your haversack—you will go up lighter; and recollect, should any accident happen to me, you run to bed again. If, on the contrary, I pull the rope up and down three or four times, you may sheer up it as fast as you can." O'Brien then loaded himself with the other rope, the two knapsacks, iron crows, and other implements he had procured; and, last of all, with the umbrella.

"Peter, if the rope bears me with all this, it is clear it will bear such a creature

as you are, therefore don't be afraid." So whispering, he commenced his ascent; in about three minutes he was up, and the rope pulled. I immediately followed him, and found the rope very easy to climb, from the knots at every two feet, which gave me a hold for my feet, and I was up in as short a time as he was. He caught me by the collar, putting his wet hand on my mouth, and I lay down beside him while he pulled up the rope. We then crawled on our stomachs across the glacis till we arrived at the rampart. The wind blew tremendously, and the rain pattered down so fast, that the sentries did not perceive us; indeed, it was no fault of theirs, for it was impossible to have made us out. It was some time before O'Brien could find out the point exactly above the drawbridge of the first ditch; at last he did—he fixed his crow-bar in, and lowered down the rope.

"Now, Peter, I had better go first again; when I shake the rope from below, all's right." O'Brien descended, and in a few minutes the rope again shook; I followed him, and found myself received in his arms upon the meeting of the drawbridge; but the drawbridge itself was up. O'Brien led the way across the chains, and I followed him. When we had crossed the moat, we found a barrier gate locked; this puzzled us. O'Brien pulled out his picklocks to pick it, but without success; here we were fast.

"We must undermine the gate, O'Brien; we must pull up the pavement until we can creep under."

"Peter, you are a fine fellow; I never thought of that."

We worked very hard until the hole was large enough, using the crow-bar which was left, and a little wrench which O'Brien had with him. By these means we got under the gate in the course of an hour or more. This gate led to the lower rampart, but we had a covered way to pass through before we arrived at it. We proceeded very cautiously, when we heard a noise: we stopped, and found that it was a sentry, who was fast asleep, and snoring. Little expecting to find one here, we were puzzled; pass him we could not well, as he was stationed on the very spot where we required to place our crow-bar to descend the lower rampart into the river. O'Brien thought for a moment.

"Peter," said he, "now is the time for you to prove yourself a man. He is fast asleep, but his noise must be stopped. I will stop his mouth, but at the very moment that I do so you must throw open the pan of his musket, and then he cannot fire it."

"I will, O'Brien; don't fear me." We crept cautiously up to him, and O'Brien motioning to me to put my thumb upon the pan, I did so, and the moment that O'Brien put his hand upon the soldier's mouth, I threw open the pan. The fellow struggled, and snapped his lock as a signal, but of course without discharging his musket, and in a minute he was not only gagged but bound by O'Brien, with my assistance. Leaving him there, we proceeded to the rampart, and fixing the crow-bar again, O'Brien descended; I followed him, and found him in the river, hanging on to the rope; the umbrella was opened and turned upwards; the preparation made it resist the water, and, as previously explained to me by O'Brien, I had only to hold on at arm's length to two beckets which he had affixed to the point of the umbrella, which was under water. To the same part O'Brien had a tow-line, which taking in his teeth, he towed me down with the stream to about a hundred yards clear of the fortress, where we landed. O'Brien was so exhausted that for a few minutes he remained quite motionless; I also was benumbed with the cold.

"Peter," said he, "thank God we have succeeded so far; now must we push on as far as we can, for we shall have daylight in two hours."

O'Brien took out his flask of spirits, and we both drank a half tumbler at least, but we should not in our state have been affected with a bottle. We now walked along the river-side till we fell in with a small craft, with a boat towing astern: O'Brien swam to it, and cutting the painter without getting in, towed it on shore. The oars were fortunately in the boat. I got in, we shoved off, and rowed away down the stream till the dawn of day.

"All's right, Peter; now we'll land. This is the Forest of Ardennes." We landed, replaced the oars in the boat, and pushed her off into the stream, to induce people to suppose that she had broken adrift, and then hastened into the thickest of the wood. It still rained hard; I shivered, and my teeth chattered with the cold, but there was no help for it. We again took a dram of spirits, and, worn out with fatigue and excitement, soon fell fast asleep upon a bed of leaves which we had collected together.

It was not until noon that I awoke, when I found that O'Brien had covered me more than a foot deep with leaves to protect me from the weather. I felt quite warm and comfortable; my clothes had dried on me, but without giving me cold. "How very kind of you, O'Brien!" said I.

"Not a bit, Peter: you have hard work to go through yet, and I must take care of you. You're but a bud, and I'm a full-blown rose." So saying, he put the spirit-flask to his mouth, and then handed it to me. "Now, Peter, we must make a start, for depend upon it they will scour the country for us; but this is a large wood, and they may as well attempt to find a needle in a bundle of hay, if we once get into the heart of it."

"I think," said I, "that this forest is mentioned by Shakespeare, in one of his plays."

"Very likely, Peter," replied O'Brien; "but we are at no playwork now; and what reads amazing prettily, is no joke in reality. I've often observed, that your writers never take the weather into consideration."

"I beg your pardon, O'Brien; in King Lear the weather was tremendous."

"Very likely; but who was the king that went out in such weather?"

"King Lear did, when he was mad."

"So he was, that's certain, Peter; but runaway prisoners have some excuse; so now for a start."

We set off, forcing our way through the thicket, for about three hours, O'Brien looking occasionally at his pocket compass; it then was again nearly dark, and O'Brien proposed a halt. We made up a bed of leaves for the night, and slept much more comfortably than we had the night before. All our bread was wet, but as we had no water, it was rather a relief: the meat we had with us was sufficient for a week. Once more we laid down and fell fast asleep. About five o'clock in the morning I was roused by O'Brien, who at the same time put his hand gently over my mouth. I sat up, and perceived a large fire not far from us. "The Philistines are upon us, Peter," said he; "I have reconnoitred, and they are the gendarmes. I'm fearful of going away, as we may stumble upon some more of them. I've been thinking what's best before I waked you; and it appears to me, that we had better get up the tree and lie there."

At that time we were hidden in a copse of underwood, with a large oak in the centre, covered with ivy. "I think so too, O'Brien; shall we go up now, or wait a little?"

"Now, to be sure, that they're eating their prog. Mount you, Peter, and I'll help you."

O'Brien shoved me up the tree, and then waiting a little while to bury our haversacks among the leaves, he followed me. He desired me to remain in a very snug position, on the first fork of the tree, while he took another, amongst a bunch of ivy, on the largest bough. There we remained for about an hour, when day dawned. We observed the gendarmes mustered at the break of day, by the corporal, and then they all separated in different directions, to scour the wood. We were delighted to perceive this, as we hoped soon to be able to get away; but there was one gendarme who remained. He walked to and fro, looking everywhere, until he came directly under the tree in which we were concealed. He poked about, until at last he came to the bed of leaves upon which we had slept; these he turned over and over with his bayonet, until he routed out our haversacks.

"Pardi!" exclaimed he, "where the nest and eggs are, the birds are near." He then walked round the tree, looking up into every part, but we were well concealed, and he did not discover us for

some time. At last he saw me, and ordered me to come down. I paid no attention to him, as I had no signal from O'Brien. He walked round a little farther, until he was directly under the branch on which O'Brien lay. Taking up this position, he had a fairer aim at me, and levelled his musket, saying, "*Descendez, ou je tire.*" Still I continued immoveable, for I knew not what to do. I shut my eyes, however; the musket shortly afterwards was discharged, and, whether from fear or not I can hardly tell, I lost my hold of a sudden, and down I came. I was stunned with the fall, and thought that I must have been wounded, and was very much surprised, when, instead of the gendarme, O'Brien came up to me, and asked whether I was hurt. I answered, I believed not, and got upon my legs, when I found the gendarme lying on the ground, breathing heavily, but insensible. When O'Brien perceived the gendarme level his musket at me, he immediately dropped from the bough, right upon his head; this occasioned the musket to go off, without hitting me, and at the same time, the weight of O'Brien's body from such a height killed the gendarme, for he expired before we left him.

"Now, Peter," said O'Brien, "this is the most fortunate thing in the world, and will take us half through the country; but we have no time to lose."

He then stripped the gendarme, who still breathed heavily, and dragging him to our bed of leaves, covered him up, threw off his own clothes, which he tied in a bundle, and gave to me to carry, and put on those of the gendarme. I could not help laughing at the metamorphosis, and asked O'Brien what he intended.

"Sure, I'm a gendarme, bringing with me a prisoner, who has escaped."

He then tied my hands with a cord, shouldered his musket, and off we set. We now quitted the wood as soon as we could; for O'Brien said that he had no fear for the next ten days; and so it proved. We had one difficulty, which was, that we were going the wrong way; but that was obviated by travelling mostly at night, when no questions were asked, except at the cabarets, where we lodged, and they did not know which way we came. When we stopped at night, my youth excited a great deal of commiseration, especially from the females; and in one instance I was offered assistance to escape. I consented to it, but at the same time informed O'Brien of the plan proposed. O'Brien kept watch—I dressed myself, and was at the open window, when he rushed in, seizing me, and declaring that he would inform the Government of the conduct of the parties. Their confusion and distress were very great. They offered O'Brien twenty, thirty, forty Napoleons, if he would hush it up, for they were aware of the penalty and imprisonment. O'Brien replied that he would not accept of any money in compromise of his duty; that after he had given me into the charge of the gendarme of the next post, his business was at an end, and he must return to Flushing, where he was stationed.

"I have a sister there," replied the hostess, "who keeps an inn. You'll want good quarters, and a friendly cup; do not denounce us, and I'll give you a letter to her, which, if it does not prove of service, you can return and give the information."

O'Brien consented; the letter was delivered, and read to him, in which the sister was requested, by the love she bore to the writer, to do all she could for the bearer, who had the power of making the whole family miserable, but had refused so to do. O'Brien pocketed the letter, filled his brandy-flask, and saluting all the women, left the cabaret, dragging me after him with a cord. The only difference, as O'Brien observed after he went out, was, that he (O'Brien) kissed all the women, and all the women kissed me. In this way, we had proceeded by Charleroy and Louvain, and were within a few miles of Malines, when a circumstance occurred which embarrassed us not a little. We were following our route, avoiding Malines, which was a fortified town, and at the time were in a narrow lane, with wide ditches, full of water, on each side. At the turning of a sharp corner, we met the gendarme who had supplied O'Brien with a map

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PETER UNDERGOES AN EXAMINATION IN SEAMANSHIP.

of the town of Givet. "Good morning, comrade," said he to O'Brien, looking earnestly at him, "whom have we here?"

"A young Englishman, whom I picked up close by, escaped from prison."

"Where from?"

"He will not say; but I suspect from Givet."

"There are two who have escaped from Givet," replied he; "how they escaped no one can imagine; but," continued he, again looking at O'Brien, "*avec les braves, il n'y a rien d'impossible.*"

"That is true," replied O'Brien; "I have taken one, the other cannot be far off. You had better look for him."

"I should like to find him," replied the gendarme, "for you know that to retake a runaway prisoner is certain promotion. You will be made a corporal."

"So much the better," replied O'Brien; "*adieu, mon ami.*"

"Nay, I merely came for a walk, and will return with you to Malines, where of course you are bound."

"We shall not get there to-night," said O'Brien, "my prisoner is too much fatigued."

"Well, then, we will go as far as we can; and I will assist you. Perhaps we may find the second, who, I understand, obtained a map of the fortress by some means or other."

We at once perceived that we were discovered. He afterwards told us that the body of a gendarme had been found in the wood, no doubt murdered by the prisoners, and that the body was stripped naked. "I wonder," continued he, "whether one of the prisoners put on his clothes, and passed as a gendarme."

"Peter," said O'Brien, "are we to murder this man or not?"

"I should say not: pretend to trust him, and then we may give him the slip." This was said during the time that the gendarme stopped a moment behind us.

"Well, we'll try; but first I'll put him off his guard." When the gendarme came up with us, O'Brien observed, that the English prisoners were very liberal; that he knew that a hundred Napoleons were often paid for assistance, and he thought that no corporal's rank was equal to a sum that would in France make a man happy and independent for life.

"Very true," replied the gendarme; "and let me only look upon that sum, and I will guarantee a positive safety out of France."

"Then we understand each other," replied O'Brien; "this boy will give two hundred—one half shall be yours, if you will assist."

"I will think of it," replied the gendarme, who then talked about indifferent subjects, until we arrived at a small town, called Acarchot, where we proceeded to a cabaret. The usual curiosity passed over we were left alone, O'Brien telling the gendarme that he would expect his reply that night or to-morrow morning. The gendarme said, to-morrow morning. O'Brien requesting him to take charge of me, he called the woman of the cabaret to show him a room; she showed him one or two, which he refused, as not sufficiently safe for the prisoner. The woman laughed at the idea, observing, "What had he to fear from a *pauvre enfant* like me?"

"Yet this *pauvre enfant* escaped from Givet," replied O'Brien; "these Englishmen are devils from their birth." The last room showed to O'Brien suited him, and he chose it—the woman not presuming to contradict a gendarme. As soon as they came down again, O'Brien ordered me to bed, and went up-stairs with me. He bolted the door, and pulling me to the large chimney, we put our heads up, and whispered, that our conversation should not be heard. "This man is not to be trusted," said O'Brien, "and we must give him the slip. I know my way out of the inn, and we must return the way we came, and then strike off in another direction."

"But will he permit us?"

"Not if he can help it; but I shall soon find out his manœuvres."

O'Brien then went and stopped the key-hole, by hanging his handkerchief across it, and stripping himself of his gendarme uniform, put on his own clothes; then he stuffed the blankets and pillow into the gendarme's dress, and laid it down on the outside of the bed, as if it were a man sleeping in his clothes—indeed, it was an admirable deception. He laid his musket by the side of the image, and then did the same to my bed,

making it appear as if there was a person asleep in it, of my size, and putting my cap on the pillow. "Now, Peter, we'll see if he is watching us. He will wait till he thinks we are asleep." The light still remained in the room, and about an hour afterwards we heard a noise of one treading on the stairs, upon which, as agreed, we crept under the bed. The latch of our door was tried, and finding it open, which he did not expect, the gendarme entered, and looking at both beds, went away.

"Now," said I, after the gendarme had gone down-stairs, "O'Brien, ought we not to escape?"

"I've been thinking of it, Peter, and I have come to a resolution that we can manage it better. He is certain to come again in an hour or two. It is only eleven. Now I'll play him a trick."

O'Brien then took one of the blankets, made it fast to the window which he left wide open, and at the same time disarranged the images he had made up, so as to let the gendarme perceive that they were counterfeit. We again crept under the bed, and as O'Brien foretold, in about an hour more the gendarme returned; our lamp was still burning, but he had a light of his own. He looked at the beds, perceived at once that he had been duped, went to the open window, and then exclaimed, "*Sacre Dieu! ils m'ont echappés et je ne suis plus caporal. F—tre! à la chasse!*" He rushed out of the room, and in a minute afterwards we heard him open the street door, and go away.

"That will do, Peter," said O'Brien, laughing; "now we'll be off also, although there's no great hurry." O'Brien then resumed his dress of a gendarme; and about an hour afterwards we went down, and wishing the hostess all happiness, quitted the cabaret, returning the same road by which we had come.

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PETER MEETS CELESTE WHOM HE AFTERWARDS MARRIES.

GREAT HYMNS

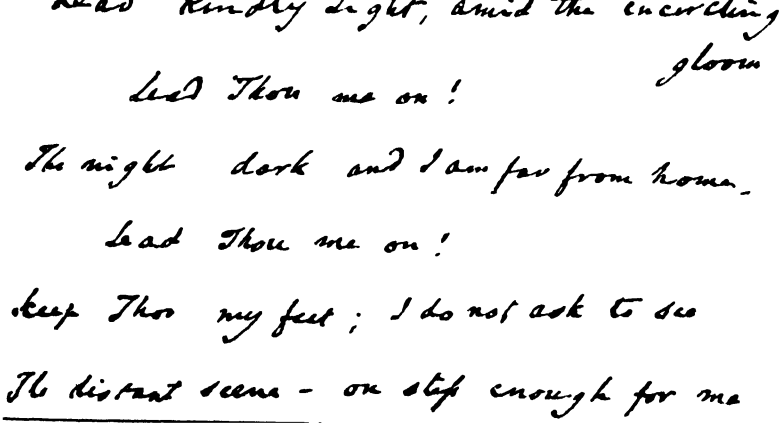
The Editor believes that he cannot conclude THE WORLD'S LIBRARY OF BEST BOOKS *in a more fitting way than by presenting a few of the greatest British hymns. These will necessarily be familiar to all readers.*

A hymn may be literature or it may not. Essentially it is a cry from the heart. Some of the poorest hymns (considered as literature) have been the most potent to move and redeem. The best are literature. The late Mrs. Alice Meynell wrote: "I think—against the usual literary opinion—that many popular hymns are very beautiful, and that their authors made literature without knowing it. Personally, I have none of those early associations with hymns. I never heard any in my childhood. Consequently, I think I have been touched by the real beauty of hymns and not by the mere accident of association."

Hymns admit of much personal preference and even rejection, if only on account of their great number, which is said to reach half a million. Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology" deals with thirty thousand. But the greatest hymns emerge of themselves, because they touch the master chords of emotion. "Erewhon" Butler was not really irreverent when, recalling his visit to Peterborough in 1893, as the guest of Bishop Creighton, he wrote: The hymns were very silly, and of the usual Gounod-Barnby character. Their numbers were posted up in a frame, and I saw there were to be five, so I called the first Farringdon Street, the second King's Cross, the third Gower Street, the fourth Portland Road, and the fifth Baker Street, those being my stations on my way to Rickmansworth, where I frequently go for a walk in the country." That is not really very far from the attitude of thousands of sensible men and women when they are asked to sing weak words.

Great hymns come to the top by spiritual attraction. They have woven their spells in those depths of personal experience from which prayers and memories rise: they secrete the garden scents of Eden, the thunders of Sinai, or the whisper of leaves in Gethsemane. Coming from the heart, they rise above theology and nationality.

Here it is not possible to attempt to present any general history of the Hymn, nor even to make a selection of great hymns which will appear to every reader to be the best that could have been made, but the following examples may be given with confidence.


Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night dark and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

Lead, Kindly Light.

Protestants, Catholics, Spiritualists and even Agnostics have all expressed their great love of this touching prayer for divine leading. It is one of the favourite hymns of Mr. Thomas Hardy. In his "Apologia pro

Vita Sua," Cardinal Newman tells how he wrote the lines in the summer of 1833. *After recovering from an illness at Castro Giovanni, he wished to go to Palermo on his way back to England. " Before starting from my inn," he wrote, " I sat down on my bed and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, ' I have a work to do in England.' I was aching to get home ; yet, for want of a vessel, I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines, ' Lead, Kindly Light,' which have since become well known. I was writing verses nearly the whole time of my passage." The spirit of the hymn is one of quiet trust and resignation, beautifully expressed in the tune.*

Photo : Rischgitz Collection.
CARDINAL NEWMAN.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on :
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on :
I loved to choose and see my path : but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Rock of Ages.

There are many who think that Augustus Montague Toplady's hymn is the greatest in the language. This Devonshire Calvinist was much more given to controversial writing than to the production of sacred song, but his "Rock of Ages," written in 1776, has survived all other words he wrote or uttered. Dr. Pusey thought it "the most deservedly popular hymn, perhaps the favourite." It is a hymn which makes a peculiar appeal in the crises of life; it has been sung countless times on battle-fields and on storm-tossed ships; and it has been translated into many languages.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

Cowper's finest hymn has appealed to millions in time of adversity and discouragement. He wrote it shortly before he fell a victim to intermittent religious mania, and after he had contemplated suicide by drowning in the Ouse, near Olney. When his purpose was frustrated, or he had repented of it, he wrote this hymn.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break,
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sens
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Land of Hope and Glory.

Writing to Mr. A. B. Cooper, who quoted his words in "John o' London's Weekly" on January 9th, 1925, the late Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, author of this noble anthem, said: "As far as I can remember, the first draft of 'Land of Hope and Glory' was written to form part of a Cantata which was to have been performed at a Gala Night at Covent Garden on the occasion of the Coronation of King Edward. Owing to King Edward's illness, the Coronation was put off, and when it eventually took place, the proceedings were of a very simple character. Sir Edward Elgar suggested the air from 'Pomp and Circumstance,' and I wrote the song to that. Then, at a later date, he suggested making out of it a song for general use, for solo and chorus, and I modified it for that purpose."

The original song, written for the Cantata differed very considerably from the song which is now sung, to quote Mr. Cooper, "at all public functions in which music and patriotism have a part to play." The late A. C. Benson, who was the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, always attributed the success of his anthem to Sir Edward Elgar's inspiring music.

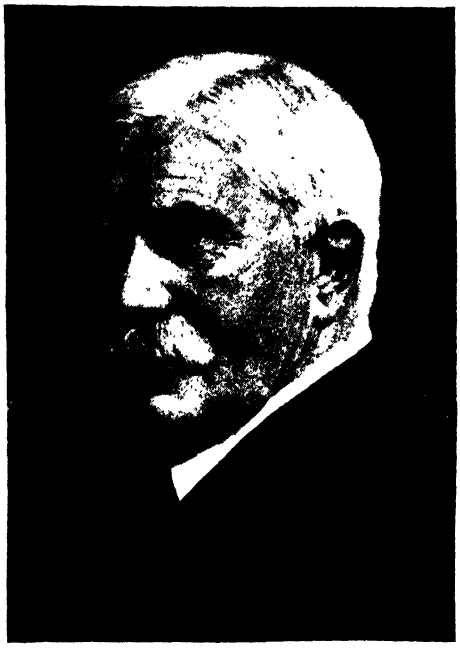


Photo: Palmer Clarke.

DR. A. C. BENSON.

LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY.

DEAR Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,
Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,
Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, Who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As Ocean large and wide;
A pride that dares and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride;
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.

Land of Hope and Glory, etc.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.
REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.
After a painting by J. King.

Abide with Me.

This beautiful evening hymn was written in 1847 by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte when both bodily and mental suffering had necessitated his resignation of the Vicarage of Brixham, where he had laboured for many years among the fishermen. After preaching his last sermon on a summer evening, he walked, as was his custom, along the sea-shore. On returning to his home he went to his study and within an hour had produced the words of "Abide with me," with music which he had also composed. His own tune, however, has been supplanted by Dr. Monk's beautiful composition, "Eventide." On the day after writing "Abide with Me," Lyte left Brixham for Nice, where, a few months later, he died and was buried. Dr. Monk is said to have written his exquisite tune in ten minutes, to meet an emergency.

ABIDE WITH ME.

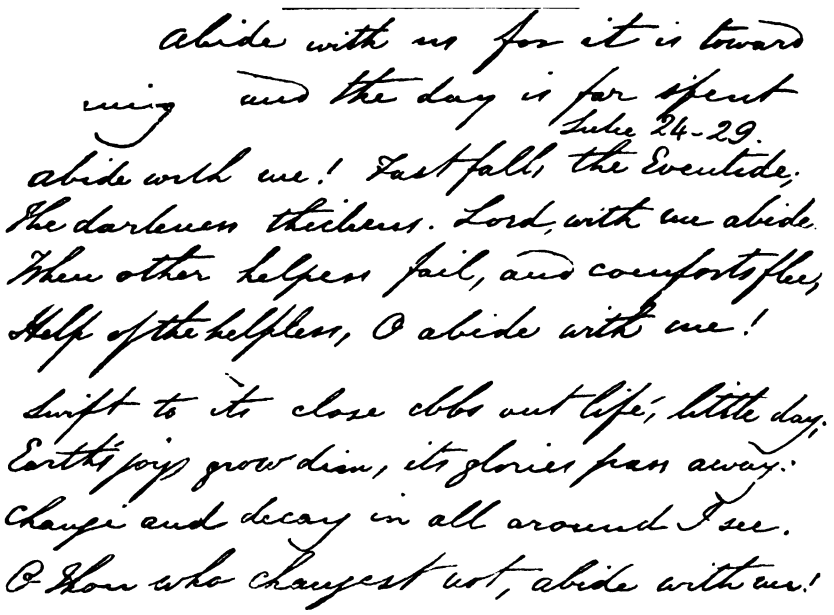
ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day!
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be!
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory!
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.


abide with us for it is towards
ning and the day is far spent
Luke 24-29.
abide with me! Fast fall, the Eventide,
The darkness thickens. Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life, little day.
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

FACSIMILE OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "ABIDE WITH ME."

The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

America has absorbed and loved so many British hymns that it seems fitting to include the great battle-march which a woman, Julia Ward Howe, wrote when the American War of Secession broke out in 1860. *The John Brown of her ringing chorus was an Abolitionist who was hanged after his unsuccessful attempt to lead the slaves of Kansas to freedom. His judges were slave-owners. A year later war between the Northern and Southern States was declared, and the memory of John Brown's death on the gallows led the North like a pillar of fire.*

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Chorus: John Brown's body is lying in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps:
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His Day is marching on. *Chorus.*

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel—
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on. *Chorus.*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet,—
Our God is marching on. *Chorus.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. *Chorus.*

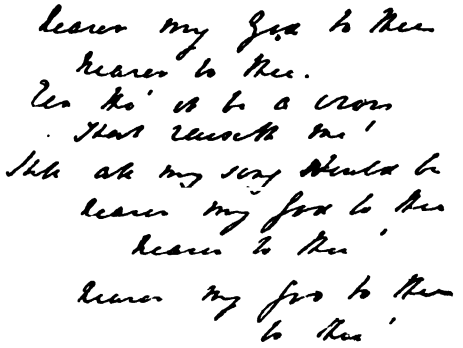
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

It is probably forgotten by many that this noble hymn was written by a woman. She was Sarah Adams, nèe Flower, and the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Flower, a staunch Nonconformist. She has been described as a tall and singularly beautiful woman. What adds interest to the personal history of this hymn is that its exquisite music was composed by Sarah Flower's elder sister, Eliza. It is the only hymn by the two sisters that is included in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." In her "Memoir of Mrs. Adams," Mrs. Bridell Fox says: "How she composed her hymns can hardly be stated. . . . They were the spontaneous expression of some strong impulse of feeling of the moment; she was essentially a creature of impulse." Both sisters died at an early age, within less than two years of each other, Eliza in December, 1846, and Sarah in August, 1848.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.
After a drawing by Margaret Gillies.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

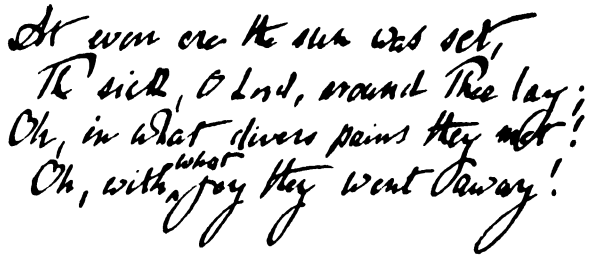
There let my way appear
Steps unto Heav'n,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-el I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

At Even ere the Sun was Set.

One of the best-loved of evening hymns. Its author, Canon Henry Twells, wrote it in 1868 *at the request of his friend, Sir Henry Baker, at that time Chairman of the Committee which was revising and extending "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The lines are founded on the passage in the Gospel of St. Mark which begins, "At even, when the sun did set." The tune is that of Johann Scheffler's "Angelus." It has been calculated that more than sixty million separate copies of this favourite hymn have been circulated in this country and in America.*

CANON TWELLS.



FACSIMILE OF FIRST FOUR LINES OF "AT EVEN ERE THE SUN WAS SET."

AT EVEN ERE THE SUN WAS SET.

AT even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay:
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;
What if Thy Form we cannot see!
We know and feel that Thou are here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free
And some have friends who give them pain
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

An Ode.

This noble "Ode," which is essentially a hymn of praise, untouched by creed or dogma, was written by Joseph Addison, and first appeared in his "Spectator."

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

When Mr. W. T. Stead was applying to his readers, and to many notable men and women for statements concerning the hymns which had helped them most in their lives, Mr. Asquith, now the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, wrote to him: "My favourite among hymns is, and has for a long time been 'Our God, our Help in Ages Past.'" Dr. Watts wrote "Our God," but here the invocation "O God" is transcribed from "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The hymn is founded on the Ninetieth Psalm, which, as Mr. Stead reminded readers of his book, "Hymns that have Helped," had been "sung or read over the graves of our fathers ever since 1662," and was chanted over the grave of John Hampden. To-day this hymn is accepted as being, perhaps, the supreme hymn for occasions alike of mourning and of solemn triumph.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

O G
(

Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the Same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

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